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❧

VOLUME IX.

JULY, 1898, TO DECEMBER, 1898

❧

G. O. SHIELDS (Coquina), Editor and Manager

❧

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1898

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NUMBER 1

JULY, 1898

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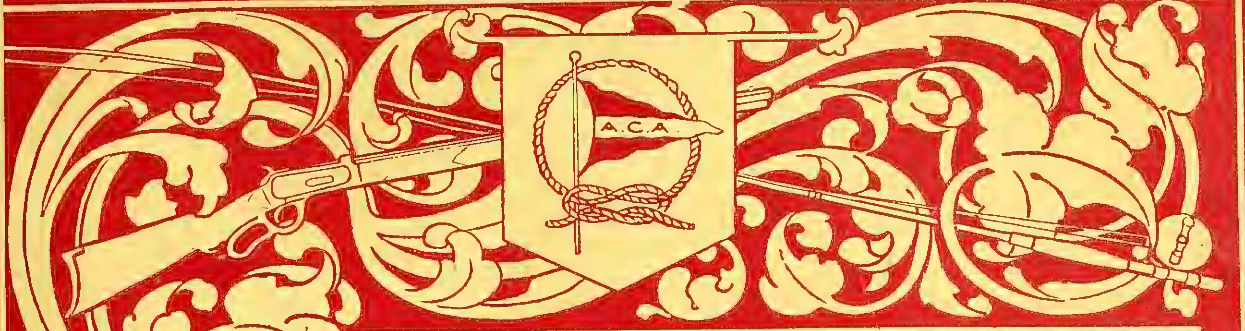

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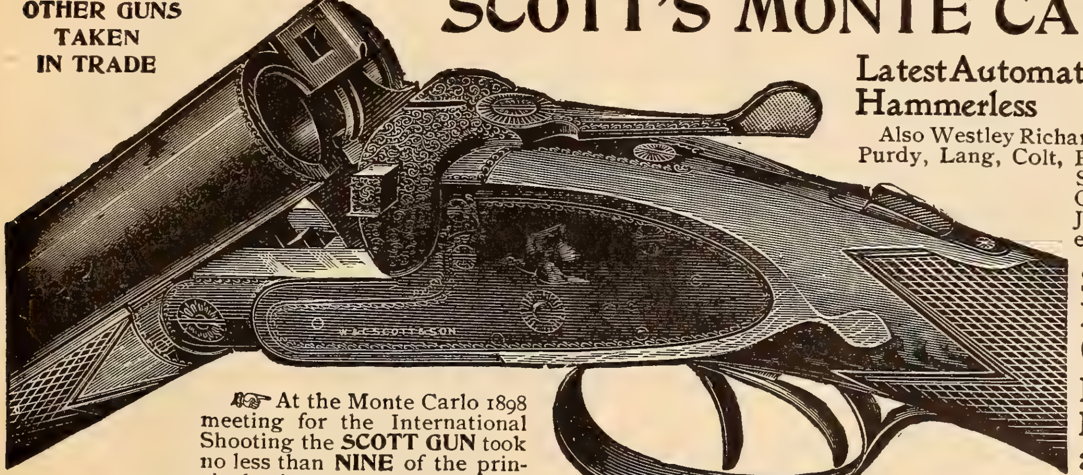

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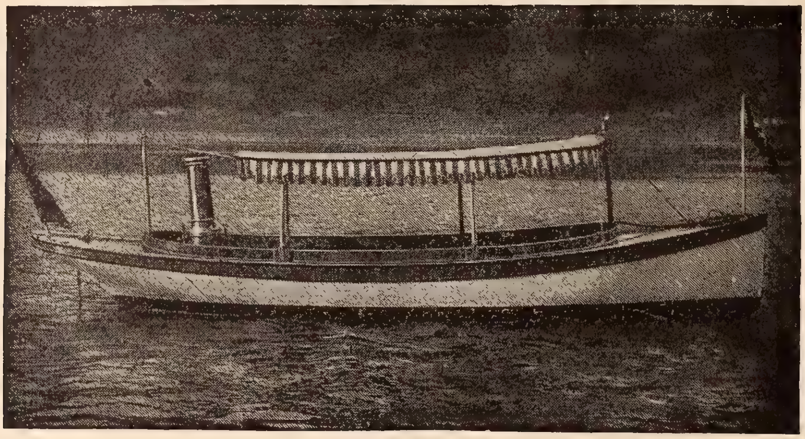

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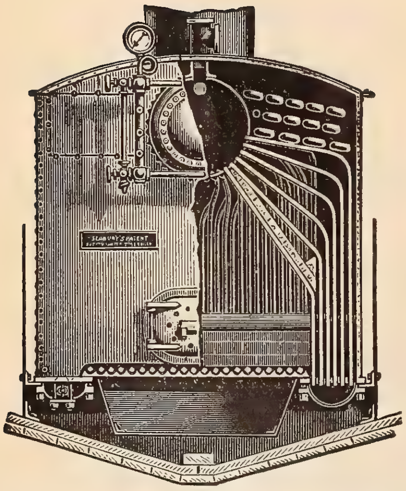

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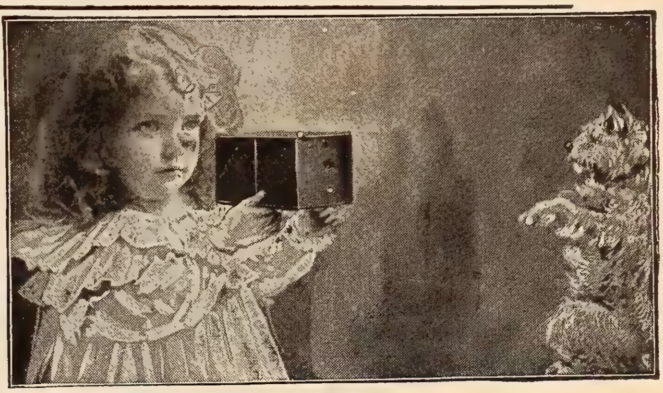

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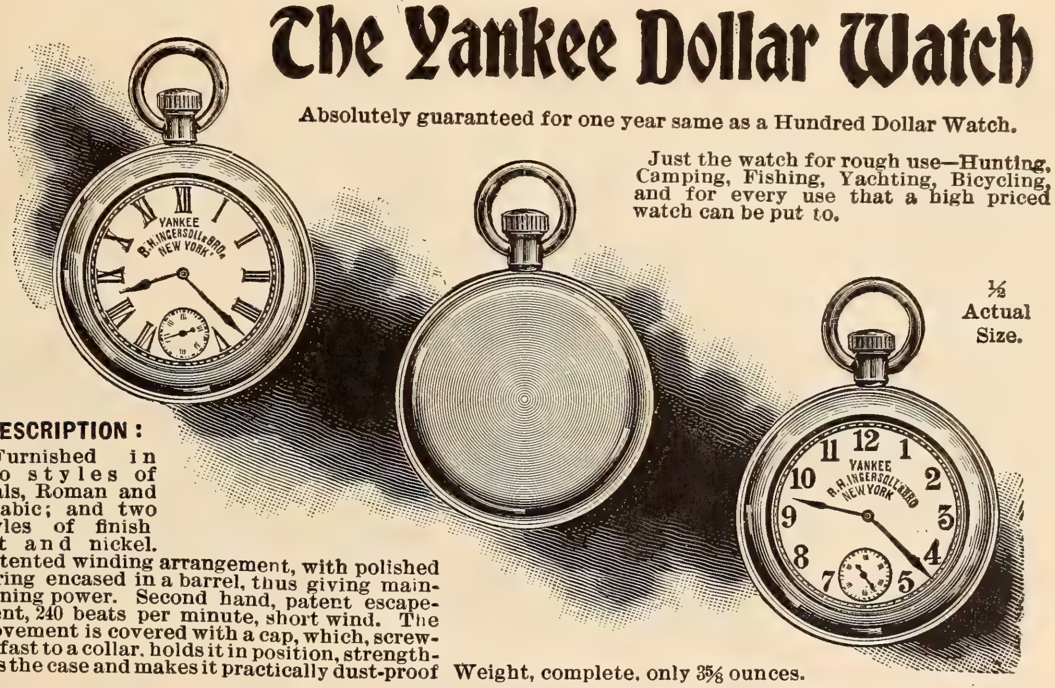

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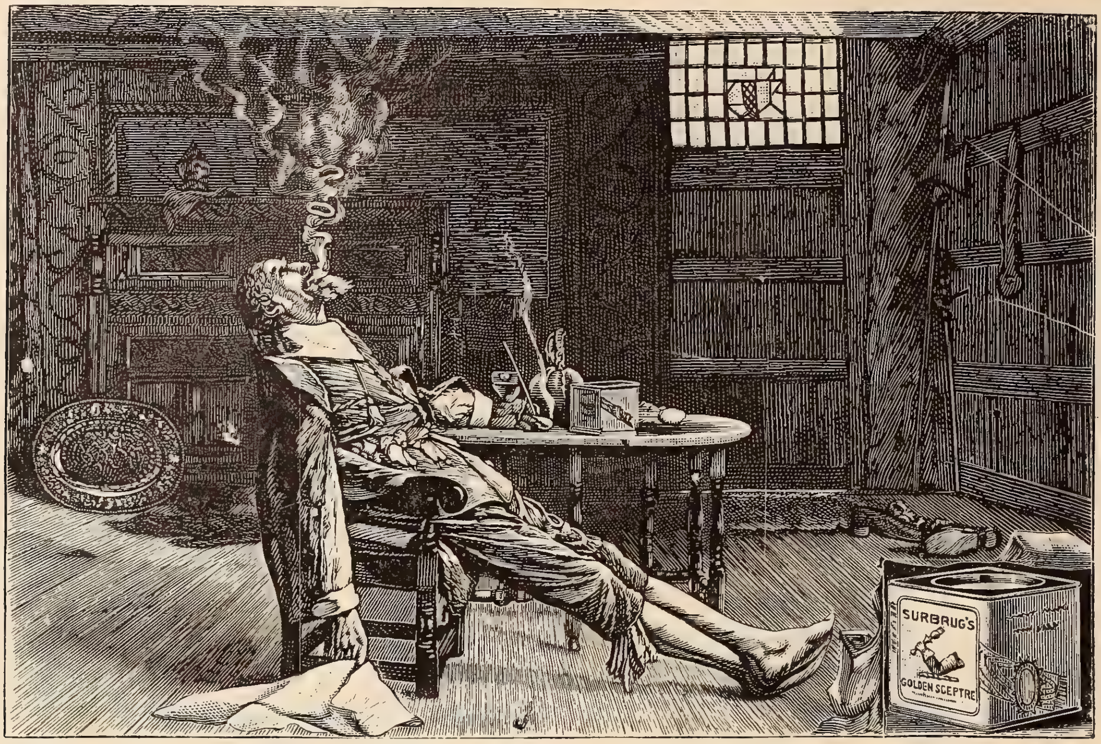
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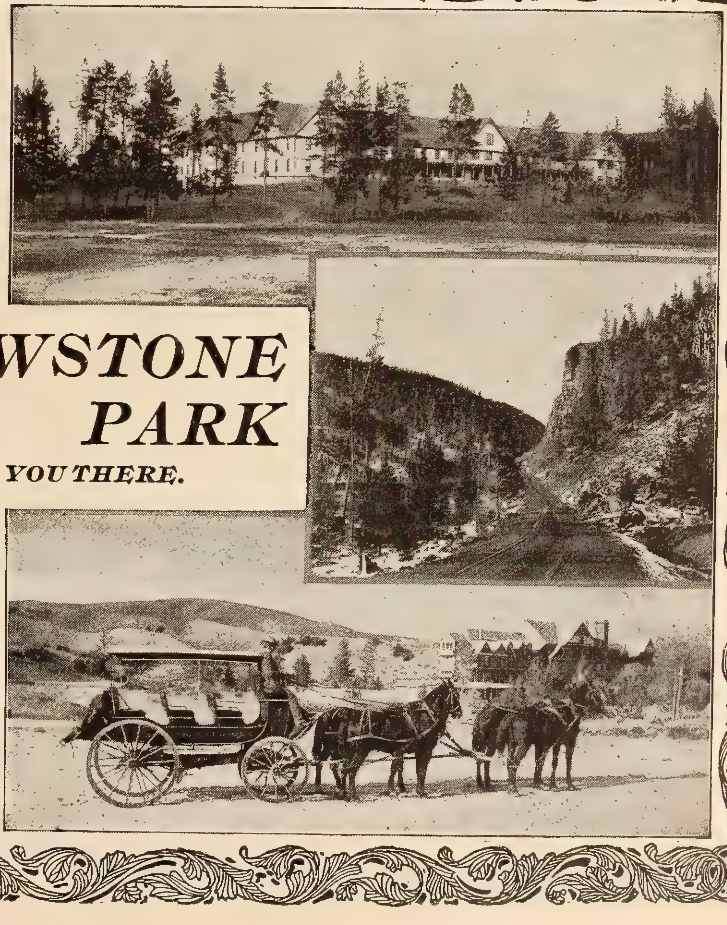

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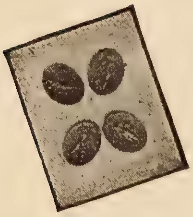

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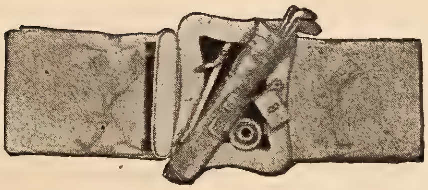

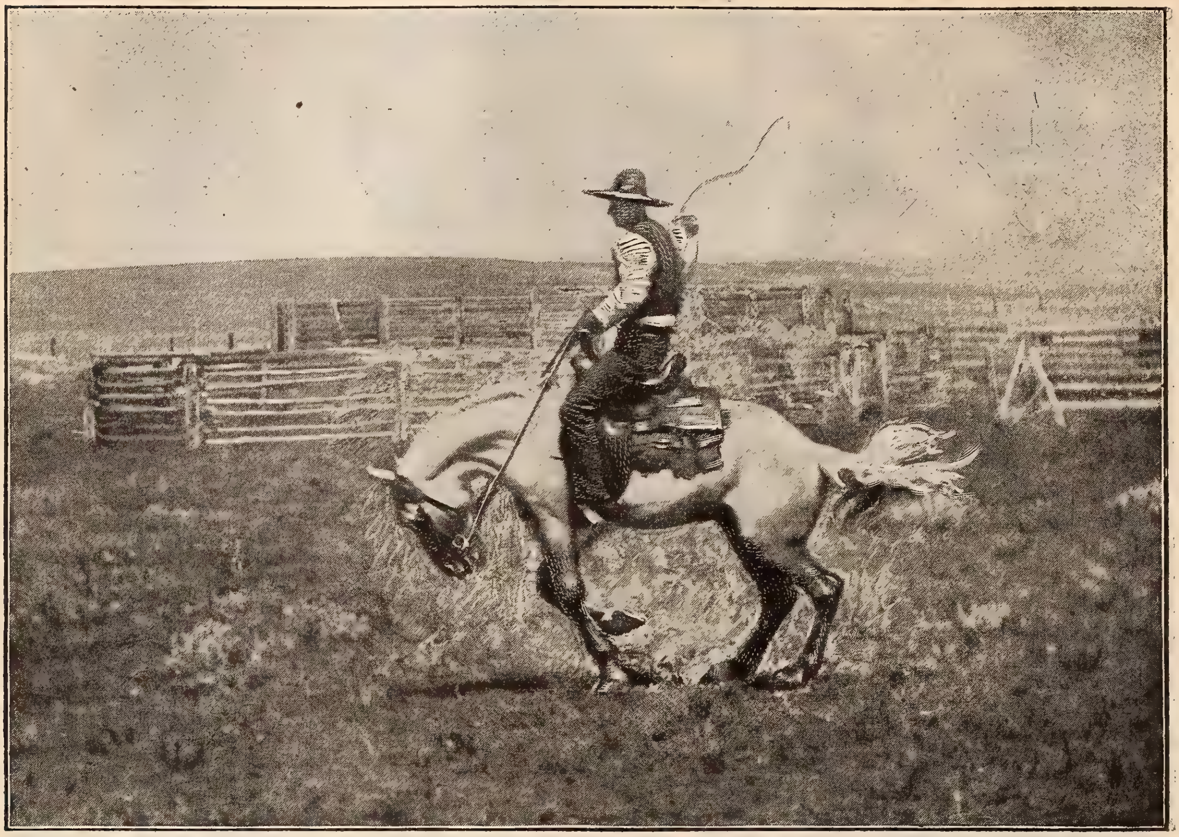

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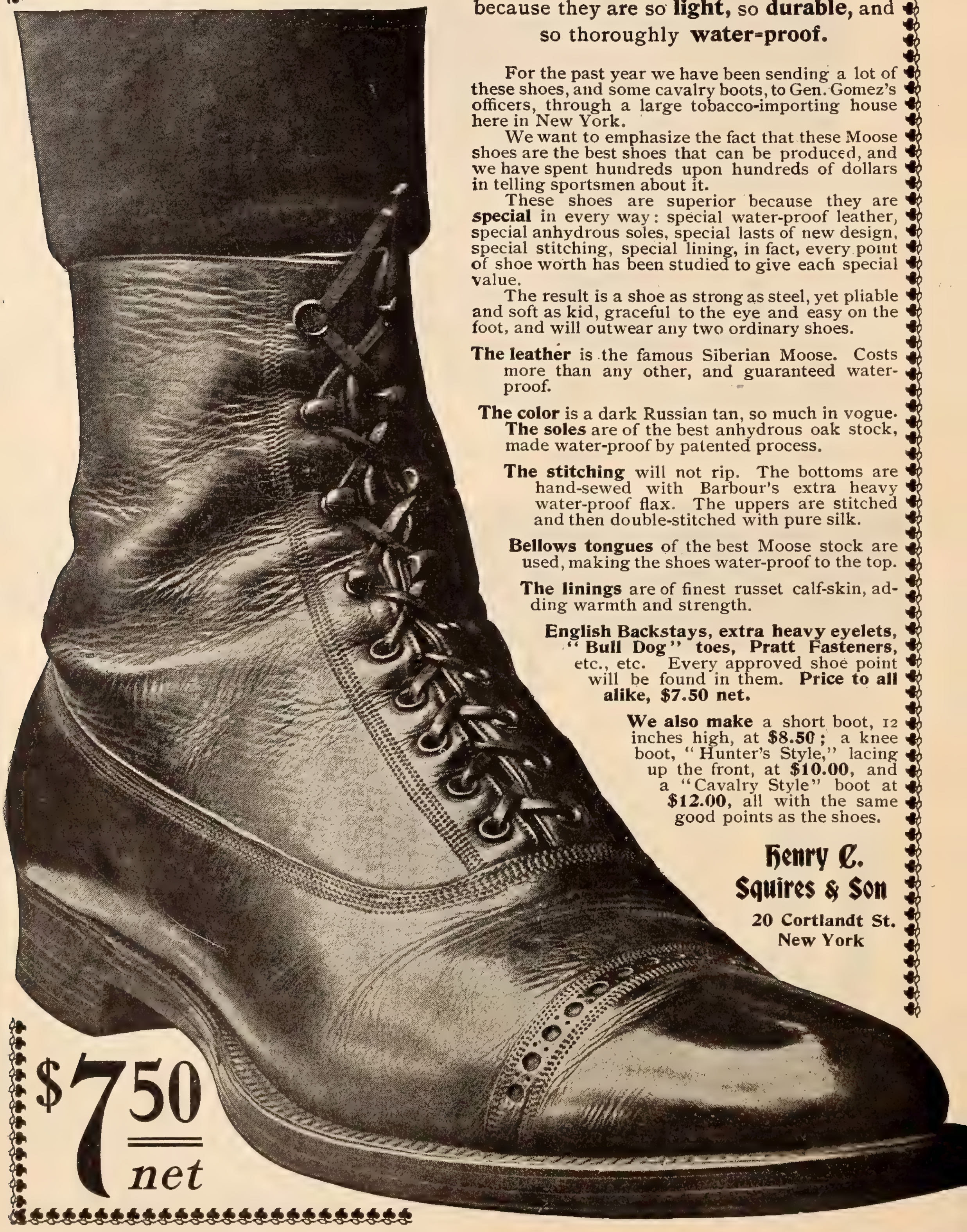

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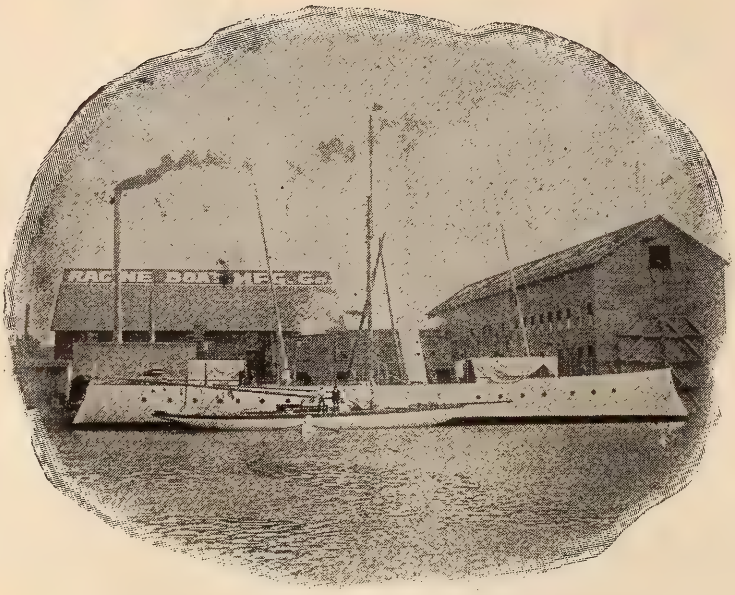

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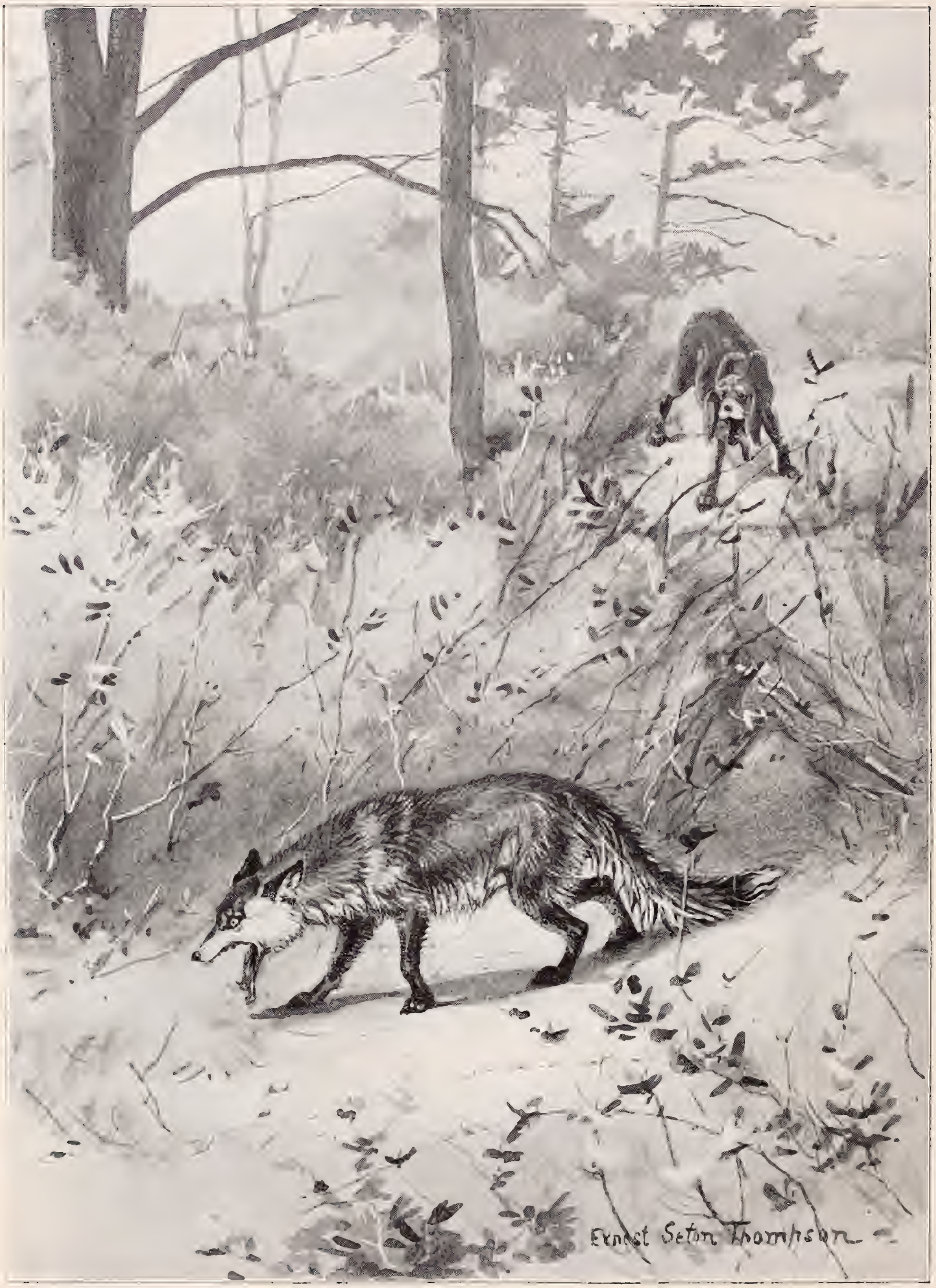

Ernest Seton Thompson

"OUT WALKED OLD BALDY AND PASSED WITHIN 10 FEET OF US, WITHOUT RAISING HIS HEAD."

RECREATION.

Volume IX. JULY, 1898. Number 1.

G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA), Editor and Manager.

# BOSTON AND BALDY.

HERB.

On the James river, a few years ago, there lived a red fox with a record. He had been unsuccessfully run with many a pack of hounds, drawn from half a dozen counties. He would so completely outrun them that, within an hour, the dogs would be on a cold trail. Every one knew him, for he was a monster in size and had a large patch of white almost covering his mask. From this he derived the name of Old Baldy. The season before the one in which this hunt took place, I had jumped him twice, but each time, after a short run, had lost him.

One day in December, 1887, I met a foxhunter from an adjoining county. He inquired if Old Baldy still lived, and said, "If he does, I should like to go up and give him a chase." I told him I intended hunting Baldy's range in a few days, and invited him to come and ride with me on the following Monday.

The gentleman, whom I will call Bob, arrived with his pack of 12 dogs, on Sunday evening. We looked over my 9 black and tans. He seemed pleased with their condition, but thought, of course, they would trail behind his dogs on the morrow. After supper Capt. D—, one of the most noted hunters in Virginia, rode over to spend the night, so as to start early with us.

An hour before daybreak next morning we were in the saddle, and blowing our horns were off to the low lands. On reaching them we started up the river. Having gone a short distance my dog Rattler opened, at the mouth of a near by branch. As the pack struck in with him, we heard Old Trupe treeing, some distance in advance. We found they had a small coon up a willow tree. As the quickest way of getting the dogs off, I climbed up and sent the squealer down, to be torn apart in a jiffy. While at the tree we were joined by several neighbors, who had with them 6 dogs.

The sun was rising and, not having had a strike in the low grounds, we decided to try the high lands. Taking an old wood road we kept on for 4 or 5 miles; the dogs working well, but without a cry except from Music as she started a gang of turkeys. Circling toward the river, we reached the bluffs and paused to rest. Luck seemed against us.

While standing, pondering what course to pursue, we heard Boston's loud voice. Let me digress for a moment to describe that puppy, for puppy he was, being only 14 months old. He was a big, bony, powerful black and light tan; scraggly looking, rough coated, long eared and with a voice like a fog-horn. He had been in at the death of a number of foxes, but had not shown that there was much in him. As his voice rang out that morning there seemed a touch of business in it which I had never noticed before.

I at once "hushed" the pack to him, and they began working up the river on a cold trail, but warming it at every jump.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY H. G. READING.

CONTENTMENT.

Winner of First Prize in RECREATION'S Third Annual Photo Competition.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY CHARLES W. LONG.

PUNCTURED.

Winner of Second Prize in RECREATION'S Third Annual Photo Competition.

Bill — I don't suppose our fashionable people will go to the seashore this season.

Jill—Oh, I don't know. I guess there'll be a few big guns down there.

Following it a mile or so, still keeping to the bluffs, we came to a large gully down which the pack turned into the low grounds. As they reached a piece of corn stubble they broke into full chorus. "He is up and gone! He is up and gone!" was the cry. What a moment of excitement! What a picture was unfolded to our eyes as from the bluffs we could see the pack straightening out along the false bank! A few hundred yards ahead of them, a flock of crows were darting at something which we concluded was the fox.

The spell was broken by Capt. D. Putting spurs to his horse, and yelling, "Ride like the Devil, boys, he will cross at the Point!" And ride we did. We cut a swath through the sassafras brush, that looked like the track of a tornado. At the edge of an opening, we paused to listen. The pack was almost out of hearing, still going up the river; but in a few moments, the fox having doubled, we heard them returning. The word was passed, "Keep still, and we will see him." When the pack was about opposite, and but half a mile away, out popped the fox within 50 yards of us. We were in luck. It was Old Baldy himself, patch and all. Away he went, his brush standing straight to the wind.

Now all was commotion. Whose dog was leading? we queried. What a chorus came up the hill! Is there any music to be compared with that of a pack of dogs in full cry?

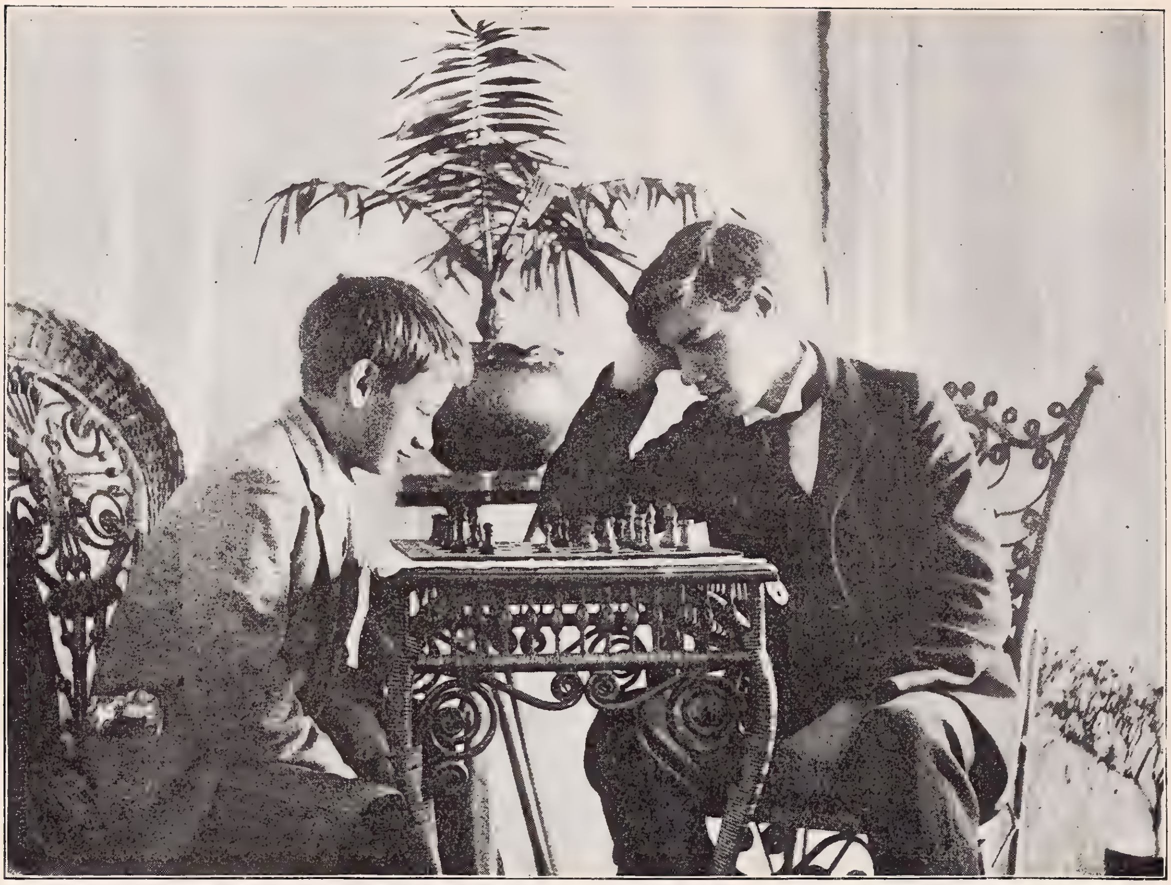
The first dog to appear in sight was Boston, his head up and running like the wind. He was at least a minute in advance of the others, and was only opening once in each hundred yards. The rest of the pack was well bunched. They were led by my dogs Tempest and Colonel, who were running neck and neck. We swung in behind them, cheering like mad. After 6 or 8 miles of very rough riding, we heard the dogs stop. There were only 4 of us up then; the rest having been thrown out. We rode up to where we expected to find Old Baldy's torn and mangled remains, but found instead that the dogs had lost his trail.

Here we circled for a while without a strike, but at last Forest, an old coon dog of mine, "hit it off." That darned fox had taken to fence-running. Forest followed him along the fence for at least half a mile. Then we again lost the scent in a field where Old Baldy had run through a flock of sheep. In vain we circled the enclosure. We thought we had lost him for the day, and decided to call the dogs off and return home. As we reached the main road we met an old negro, who said he had seen a fox cross the road about a mile above. We rode up there, and some of the dogs opened; but the scent was cold. We kept up a constant cheering to encourage the pack. After 10 or 15 minutes spent in this way, and just as we were about to give up, we heard a series of squeals. Looking up we saw Old Baldy flying along the road, with Tyrant, Boston and Black close behind him. "He is ours," I yelled. "He can never get away from those dogs in a sight race." But I did not know Old Baldy yet, for he simply faded away before the dogs.

In a moment we had the pack all in. Away we went again as fast as our tired horses could take us. We kept with the dogs for nearly an hour, but at last, they ran out of hearing. Following more slowly we met a friend who asked us into his house to partake of refreshments. He also had the kindness to stable our horses, and generously lent us fresh mounts.

After resting half an hour, we again moved up the river, hoping to meet the pack returning. We kept on, mile after mile, but did not get within hearing again. We met 8 or 10 of the oldest and youngest dogs, who had quit and were coming back.

About sundown we rode to a large plantation, and inquired if the pack had been seen. We were told that both the fox and dogs had passed an hour before. The fox had a long lead, and was running well, with his brush still to the wind. We were nearly 35 miles from home; so we decided to



AMATEUR PHOTO BY JAMES WILSON.

WHITE TO MOVE.

Winner of Third Prize in RECREATION's Third Annual Photo Competition.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY FRANK S. WARNER.

ARION TROTTING IN $2.10^3/_4$. Copyright, 1898.

Winner of Fifth Prize in RECREATION's Third Annual Photo Competition.

" Money makes the mare go."
I seek a deeper truth;
Woman makes the money go—
Especially in youth.

But what makes the woman go?
The secret I reveal—
Obviously, fast or slow,
The omnipresent wheel.
—Ally Sloper.

remain where we were, if we could be accommodated. The owner of the plantation invited us to remain over night. Putting up the dogs and horses, we repaired to the house, where we demolished a substantial supper. As we were about retiring, one of the servants came in and told us there were some dogs going down the river, howling. We took our horns and going out on the lawn, blew the dogs in, putting them with the rest.

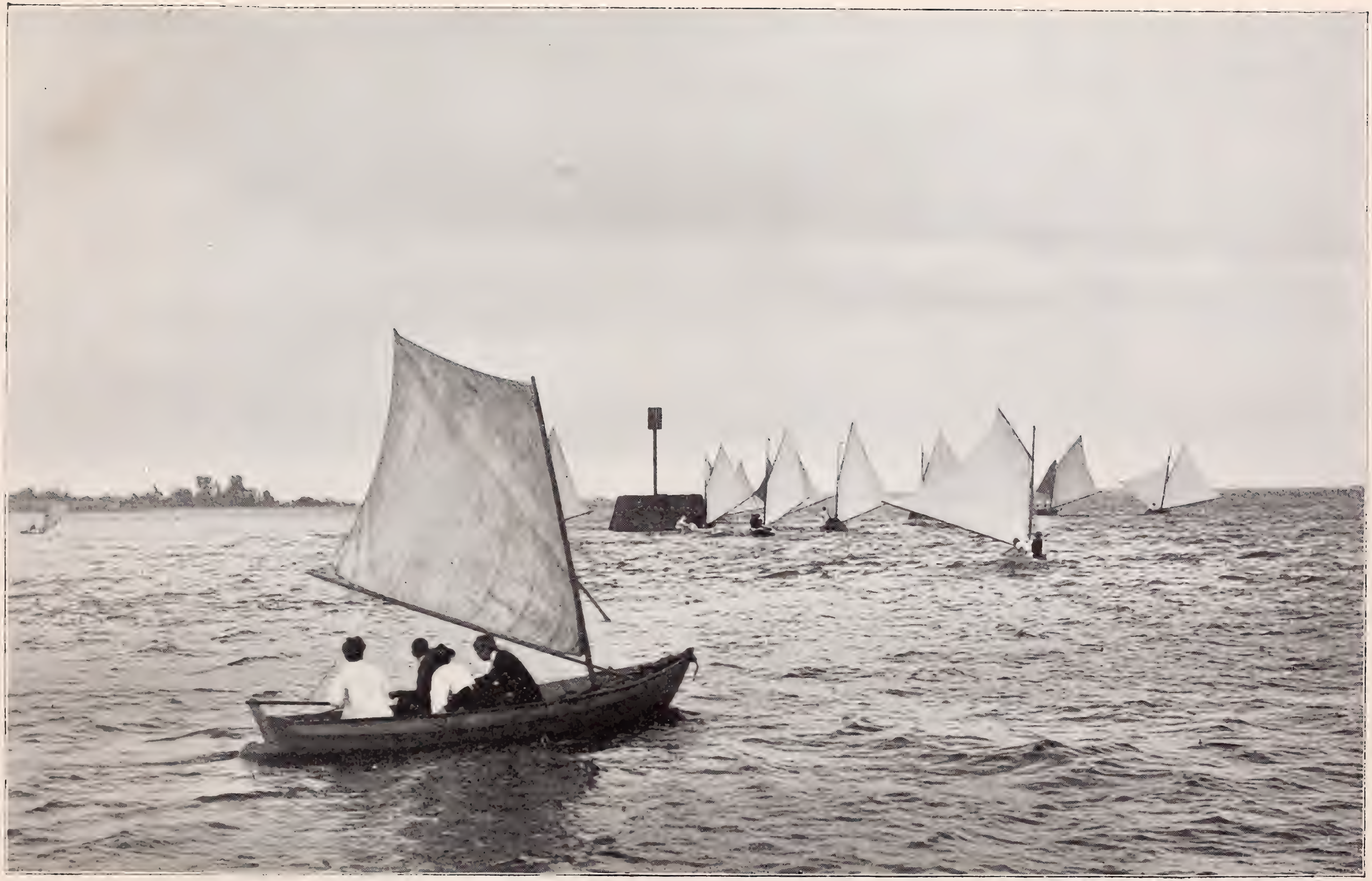
About 6.30 the next morning, as we were finishing breakfast, a servant came running in with the information, that a fox, with one dog close behind him, and 2 others some distance behind, had just gone down the river.

Bidding our host good-by, we saddled our horses and went on down to the low grounds. We did not hear or see anything of the chase until we arrived at the place where we had left our horses the day before. While waiting the saddling of our then well rested mounts, one of the negroes said he had seen Old Baldy, and 3 dogs, a short time before. The fox was almost played, for his brush was dragging the ground. Our host having joined us, we rode on at a smart pace. A mile or so further on, I saw by their tracks that dogs and fox had again gone to the bluffs. Soon we came up to Colonel, who was staggering along, completely worn out. I took him up on my saddle, and carried him onward. Two miles further we overtook Rattler going down the road, howling every few yards. Bob took him up in front of him. Both these hounds were badly broken up, and had worn the pads from off their feet. A little later I heard a hound give tongue away down in a bottom, to our left. I recognized it as Boston's cry, but it was a very weak and faltering note. Leaving the dogs that were with us in an old tobacco barn on the road, with a negro to watch them, we rode down to the bottom. There in a patch of briars in a small clearing we could see, by the shaking of the briar tops, the position of both fox and dog. They were about 20 yards apart. The dog had ceased giving tongue except when cheered.

Leaving our horses, we went down along the edge of the patch, which was about an acre in extent. For an hour we saw neither dog nor fox. They kept doubling near the centre, but at last, Old Baldy stepped from cover a few yards above us. He passed within 10 feet of us without even raising his head. His tongue, greatly swollen and almost black, hung from his mouth. His brush was covered with mud, and was tightly tucked. A few yards away a large tree trunk had fallen across a path; this the tired fox tried in vain to climb over. As he slipped back Boston came out of the bushes and saw him. The dog raised his head and uttered one clear, long drawn note, a cry of triumph, more expressive than words. As Boston staggered toward him, Old Baldy suddenly fell to the ground, where he lay limp and motionless. When within a few feet of his quarry, Boston stumbled and fell. Then he got up, staggered to the fox, throttled him, and gave him a feeble shake. At this juncture I ran in and finished Reynard.

I then gave Boston a little liquor from my flask, and bringing water from the creek, cooled his head and his blood-shot eyes. He gradually recovered, but was never himself again, and died at the age of 3 years.

So ended one of the longest chases ever run. At one time during the night the fox was fully 50 miles from the place where he was jumped. We did not care to take Old Baldy's brush, but buried him, with stately honors, where the chase ended.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY CHARLES W. GLINES.

WATER RATS.

Winner of Fourth Prize in RECREATION's Third Annual Photo Competition.

# THREE GREAT APES.

## II.

## THE CHIMPANZEE.

WILLIAM T. HORNADAY.

The most incredible yarn ever seriously put forth by a modern traveler, concerning the chimpanzee, is one that was vouched for by Emin Pasha—the Austrian doctor in Equatoria whom Stanley went to rescue, and found indifferent to the succor that was thrust upon him. In "Darkest Africa," I., page 449, Stanley quotes verbatim the following as one of the "natural history facts" related to him by Emin:

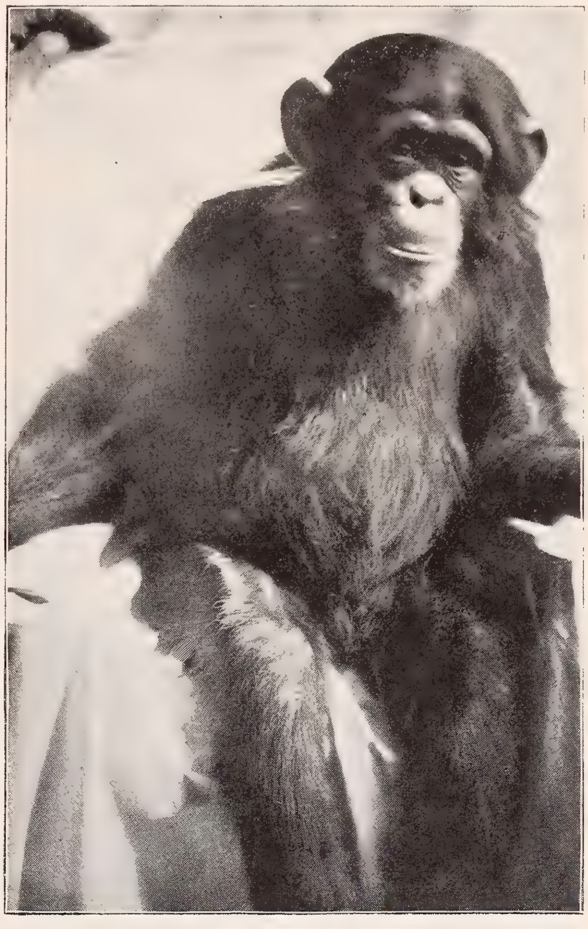
"The forest of Msongwa is infested with a large tribe of chimpanzees. In summer time, at night, they frequently visit the plantations of Mswa station to steal the fruit. But what is remarkable about this is the fact that they use torches to light the way. Had I not witnessed this extraordinary spectacle personally, I should never have credited that any of the Simians understood the art of making fire."

Had I "witnessed this extraordinary spectacle personally," I should have sought the nearest physician, and asked for a prescription.

The chimpanzee inhabits a wider territory than any other of the anthropoid apes, great or small. It is found throughout a wide belt of Equatorial Africa, extending from the West coast to the Western shore of Lake Tanganyika, and the Eastern limit of the great equatorial forest, in Lon. 30° E., a total distance of 1,200 miles. Nowhere, however, is this creature plentiful. In all Stanley's 4 journeys between the lake region and the West coast, he never once saw a chimpanzee, though several times he speaks of having heard their hoarse, guttural cries coming from the gloomy depths of the forest.

All the writers of works on natural history agree in giving the gorilla the place next to man, because of the fact that the gorilla's arms are a trifle shorter, legs a trifle longer, and feet a little more manlike, than the corresponding members of the chimpanzee. Possibly we will live to see the day when the authorities will find they are entirely wrong; for a wise zoologist changes often. It seems to me they attach too much importance to the gorilla's legs and arms, and entirely ignore his most serious defect—his brain. The cranium of a gorilla strongly resembles that of a baboon; but apparently even the dullest baboon has more sense than the most intelligent gorilla. In general brain capacity, in mental temperament, and all-around resemblance to man, the chimpanzee is infinitely superior to the gorilla, and if intelligence counts for anything, he should be given the place at the head of the line of lower animals.

It is solely because of the superior intelligence of the chimpanzee that he is the best known of all the great apes. Instead of giving himself up to sulks and slothfulness, as does the gorilla, and frequently the orang-utan, also, the chimpanzee promptly decides to take the situation like a true philosopher, and sets to work to harmonize with his environment. He takes a friendly interest in his keeper, and in doing the gymnastic tricks which he has been taught to perform when "showing off," he works up an appetite that results in good digestion and a fairly long life.



MR. CROWLEY.

"WHO SAID MISSING LINK?"

"WHERE'S MY EVENING PAPER?"

Unlike the gorilla, the chimpanzee is essentially a tree-dweller; and it may be that his more cheerful disposition is due to the fact that he lives nearer to the sunlight than his more ugly neighbor; and, being arboreal, is of more active habit. Perhaps the sullen temper of the gorilla is due to the fact that nature put him on the ground instead of in the trees; and the dark and gloomy tangle of vines, tree-trunks, spur roots and rank undergrowth of equatorial Africa is quite enough to make any animal gloomy and sullen in disposition. What is more natural than that a black denizen of the dark continent should look on the dark side of things, hate his keeper, hate his food, and even hate himself.

Several captive chimpanzees have made themselves quite famous. In this country, "Mr. Crowley" was for about 6 years the chief attraction of the New York Menagerie. A well-disposed young female, named Kitty, was procured and offered to Crowley—in an adjoining cage—as a lawful spouse. But it proved an ante-nuptial mesalliance. The sight of the gentle and virtuous "soko" maiden—or, for that matter, any other live animal, except man—always threw Crowley into a fit of jealous rage; and had he ever succeeded in breaking a hole in the partition that separated them, it is probable that poor Kitty would have been killed within 3 minutes. With his keeper, however, Crowley was always on good terms. He would take his meals at a table, sitting in his high chair. He ate with knife, fork and spoon, he drank out of a cup, he used a napkin very properly, and took his dose of cod-liver oil out of a spoon, with genuine relish. But there were times when he had "tantrums," and became a particularly mischievous and dangerous wild beast.

The successor of Crowley was a much larger and more powerful chimpanzee, of Portuguese extraction, named "Chiko." When I was told that in a fit of rage Chiko had, with his naked hands, broken a half-inch iron bar out of the side of his cage, I could not believe it until his keeper actually showed me the bar. I have seen scores of anthropoid apes in captivity, and Chiko was the second one of whom I ever felt really afraid. He was a powerful, active, ugly and thoroughly vicious brute—ever ready to thrust a long, hairy arm out between the bars of his cage, make a grab at a visitor and try to do him an injury. His keeper controlled him solely by the mastery of brute force, by making him feel afraid to molest him. On one occasion, Chiko attacked him, and for several minutes the man and the beast struggled and fought all over the cage. At last an assistant became convinced that the keeper was getting the worst of it, and offered help. But the plucky keeper declined it—on the ground that if he accepted help, his supremacy over Chiko would be at an end. He fought the ape to a finish, and hammered him into submission, at least for a time. But Chiko determined to have revenge, and not long afterward he secured it. Once when the keeper was passing close to the cage, on the outside, Chiko suddenly reached out, snatched his hand into the cage, bit off two fingers at the second joint, and terribly lacerated the others.

The latest celebrity among the apes was "Sally," of a species known as the "bald-headed chimpanzee," who until 3 years ago was an inhabitant of the London Zoological Gardens. Her keeper assured me she could count, up to 5, as well as any person. For example, when asked for 4 straws, she would pick them up with her right hand, one by one, place them in her left hand until the right number had been secured, then grasp the whole bunch and hold it forth. When asked to divide an apple between her keeper and a stranger, she invariably gave her keeper the larger piece. Small boys whom she disliked she would spit upon, as naturally as any school-boy.

The Edwards Brothers are now exhibiting in this country 2 young chimpanzees whose special mission in life seems to be to show us how narrow is the gap between the highest apes and the lowest men. Like Joe, the famous orang-utan, they permit themselves to be dressed in the garments of humanity, and sitting for pictures seems to be their chief delight. With their short legs concealed by trousers, their half prehensile feet humanized by the use of shoes, and with hair parted in the middle, their resemblance to man is certainly very striking.

A chimpanzee can always be identified at sight—and almost as far as it can be seen—by the great size of its ears. They are about twice as large as those of the gorilla, 3 times the size of those of the orang-utan, and both in shape and size they are wonderfully like the ears of the lord of creation. The skin of a living chimpanzee is nearly white. Over the body and limbs there is a rather thin growth of dark grey or black hair, which is short, and generally of uniform length. In walking, this creature goes "on all fours," but instead of placing the palm of the hand flat upon the ground, as do all the baboons and monkeys, the fingers are bent squarely at the second joint, and the chimpanzee really supports itself on its knuckles.

At home, in the African forests, it is said that often the chimpanzee piles together in a tree-top a mass of green branches, and under it takes shelter from the torrents of rain so common in that latitude. It is the beginning of the evolution of the roof, as a protection from the weather.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY BOYD C. PACKER.

THINKS IT WILL WEIGH 3 POUNDS.

Winner of Eighth Prize in RECREATION'S Third Annual Photo Competition.

SONATA RECITANDO. POCO ADAGIO.

SONATA RECITANDO. PIU VIVO.

AMATEUR PHOTOS BY H. L. STURTEVANT.

SONATA RECITANDO. MOLTO MOSSO MISERERE.

This Series of 3 Pictures won Seventh Prize in RECREATION'S Third Annual Photo Competition.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY FRANK G. WARNER.

"THE NIRVANA," OFF LARCHMONT.

Winner of Ninth Prize in RECREATION'S Third Annual Photo Competition.

# FINDING A NEW TROUT STREAM.

F. R. FOUCH.

In August, 1893, Prof. Bates, Prof. Groome and I, were camped on the Pedagogue, a famous trout stream, in Idaho. Our camp was the most convenient and picturesque I ever saw. Our horses never got farther than 200 yards away, in the rank grass. Hundreds of cords of fallen dry wood was right at hand. Within a rod of our camp a mess of the finest mountain trout could be secured. We had been told, by hunters, of a much larger stream in the vicinity, and we wished to visit it. Fishing in the Pedagogue was too good. The trout were so plentiful and voracious—though small—that we could in a short time catch all we could use. So for a little change, I proposed to Prof. Bates we drop down to the river canyon, and follow it to the mouth of the other stream; fish up that to the level of our camp and then return across country.

The trip was soon planned. Mr. Groome elected to stay and keep camp; so we left him with the warning not to be alarmed if we failed to return at night. The abrupt descent of 1,000 feet to the Payette river was quickly traversed. Bear and deer sign were plentiful. We started one bunch of deer on the way, but we were armed with fish hooks only. For 2 miles we followed the beautiful canyon of the Payette. The water was low and in places scarcely 20 feet wide; flowing through great rifts in the solid rock. In the clear water we saw innumerable white fish, some of large size.

Bates's instinct to catch everything seen, in the fish line, led him to try a cast, and as usual he was successful. An immense white fish shot across the stream taking his light trout fly with it. An inventory of our pockets revealed but one plain kirby hook; so we were reduced to the ignominy of using grasshoppers the rest of the day. The new stream, a rushing torrent, half waterfalls, ran down a wild glen to the river. We at once named it Glen Wild creek. Half a mile from the river, the banks rose abruptly to the height of 500 feet, and were clothed with a dense growth of huckleberry bushes and tall feathery tamarack. The creek averaged one 6 foot waterfall to each 100 yards, and its bed was filled with fallen trees and bowlders. Below each fall was usually a pool, 4 to 6 feet deep and frequently 30 by 75 feet, which ebbed and boiled and sent miniature waves against the moss covered banks.

Trout swarmed in those pools. So many would rise at each cast of my fly, they seemed to crowd the first that rushed, out of the water. It was awe inspiring to look at the long line of falls and dashing water, hemmed in by the high mountains which kept much of it in deep shadow. Through the notch ahead we could see Mt. Collins, piercing a cloudless sky 3,000 feet above us. Its great banks of glittering snow shone brightly, only 3 miles away. The roar of the falls rendered talking impossible.

While Prof. Bates was searching for grasshoppers I gradually got far ahead. The sport was so exhilarating I did not note the lapse of time until warned by the deeper shadows of evening. My companion was not then in sight. I ascended a low point to get a farther view and found his track cutting across the point to head me off. I then began a wild chase up the creek to find him, fearing he would suppose me ahead of him; so, valuable time was lost which we should have used in returning to camp. In this way the head of the stream was reached. The gloom of night was settling over the great forest, making it difficult to see any way except up hill. Soon the banks of snow shone out, ½ mile away, in the light of a fast declining moon. Then I knew where I was. Camp was 3 miles away, down a rugged mountain.

Under such circumstances I camp. A mountain rill, in a burnt area, across which a dead pine had fallen made a splendid camp and a rousing fire all night. I roasted trout on a stick and had a hearty laugh over the situation. The boom of the signal guns at camp could not traverse those intervening miles of pine and fir. Six miles away and 2,000 feet below, a forest fire was raging. It was a weird scene.

After a fairly comfortable night, I quickly made the descent to camp.

My companions were yet sleeping when I arrived. After all my scrambling through brush and timber, in the dark, there remained 86 trout on my string. Many prolific and beautiful trout streams are treasured in my memory, but none that can approach the rugged grandeur of Glen Wild.

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BEARING AWAY TO WINDWARD.

Copyright, 1898, by O'Keefe & Stockdorf.

BEARING AWAY TO LEEWARD.

Editor in Chief—You had a very poor paper this morning.

Managing Editor—Why, we licked the boots off the opposition. We had 4 exclusive stories.

Editor in Chief—That doesn't make any difference. Their headline was 3 inches longer than ours. — Philadelphia North American.

# ELLIOT TOLMAN SMITH.

PEMIGEWASSITT.

We are accustomed to say appreciative things of our fellow-mortals when they are no longer with us, to enlarge upon their virtues when their ears are deaf to all we say. I do not like this method. If the commendation and esteem of our friends are pleasant to hear—and certainly they should be to every rightly-constituted man—let them be said while we are alive to hear.

Thus, when it was represented to me as likely to interest many readers of RECREATION if some brief sketch of Elliot T. Smith were to accompany the excellent photograph which is here given, I acted upon the suggestion. I am glad to have the opportunity to write of him, in the belief that a partial recognition of his excellent qualities will meet the approval of the many sportsmen whose good fortune it is to know him. To those others who do not share his acquaintance I write of him as the type of man whose characteristics, both as a gentleman and a sportsman, make him worthy of general respect and long remembrance.

Mr. Smith was born 63 years ago in Rockland, Me., and in his early youth enjoyed, in the companionship of his single-barrel "muzzle-loader," that first introduction to the sport of hunting which is always looked back upon, through after years, with a pleasure no future success can surpass or perhaps even equal.

When he was 16 years old his family removed to Worcester, Mass., the city where his life has since been spent and in whose growth he has been so closely identified. Between the ages of 25 and 40 Mr. Smith was so engrossed in the cares and responsibilities of an active and successful business career that his still cherished sport was not frequently entered upon. But failing health and loyalty to his old pastime led him again to seek the pleasures of the gun. Once more he entered the lists, with all the zeal and heartiness of his nature, and soon became known throughout our Eastern country as an expert shot in the field and at the trap.

MR. SMITH AND HIS FAVORITE DOG.

I could easily fill pages with records of his skill in many matches; could cite innumerable examples of his superb achievements with the gun, but it is not upon such lines that I most wish to express emphasis. It is rather to his natural inborn traits of character that I would draw attention; to those qualities of mind and heart that make him respected, admired, I might even say loved, by the many friends which life has brought him.

His many acts of kindness, his readiness to assist in all that makes toward clean and wholesome sport, an always modest and gentle nature has shielded from a wider recognition, but those who know him best will always cherish the lesson that such a life as his can teach; and to the generation of younger sportsmen who are growing up among us, its influence will be a stimulus toward standards in sport that will command a general respect.

To see this man in his home, surrounded by the trophies of many shooting trips; to see the portraits of his well-loved dogs, to see the moisture in his eyes as he recounts their virtues and the achievements of other days; to feel the spirit of his refined and loving nature move toward all creation, is to know that here indeed is a man whose place among us is with the best.

Probably this photograph means much to him as a reminder of days gone by—of days with dogs who have preceded him to the unknown country; days of healthy outdoor sport with good companions and the thousand incidents which fill the memory of a sportsman. To those others of us who look upon it, it should mean much also, as it crystallizes, for all time, the face and figure of a true sportsman and a true gentleman.

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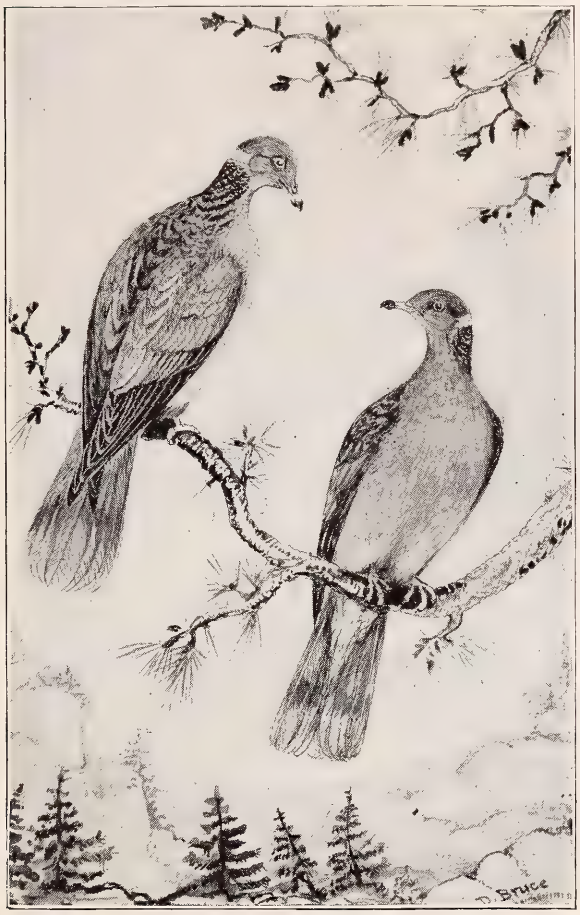
# THE BANDTAIL PIGEON, *COLUMBA FASCIATA.*

DAVID BRUCE.

The Bandtail Pigeon is a true Western species, being found from the Rocky mountains to the Pacific Coast In Colorado it is found in the Cañons, from 7,000 feet to nearly 10,000 feet elevation, nesting on pines in small colonies. It is by no means a wild or timorous bird, where not persecuted, and I have frequently walked under the trees where they were resting, without disturbing them in the least.



They feed on acorns and berries, also on roots and leaves. They are especially partial to wild gooseberries, jumping up from the ground in a comical way to pick them from the bushes.

This bird is often confounded, by sportsmen, with the true wild pigeon—which is not found in the Rocky mountains at all. The white patch on back of neck and the squarely cut tail, with the median dark band, ought to sufficiently distinguish the Western species.

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A GOODLY BUNCH OF MULE DEER.

The Chaplain — Ah, my friend, rum brought you here, of course! I, too, used to drink, but for 10 years not a drop of liquor has passed my lips——

The Convict—'Scuse me, pard; I don't want to hear no hard luck story now. I've got troubles of me own.—Life.

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WINTER IN THE FOOTHILLS.

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ON THE HOG BACK IN THE GLOAMING.

" My brother," asked the gentleman with the seedy clothes, " are you a worker in the vineyard? "

" Nit," answered the gentleman who looked like ready cash, " I find there is more money in handling the finished product."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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Yabsley—You look as if you must have had a good time last night.

Mudge—I hope not.

" You hope not? Why? "

" Because, if I did, it was wasted. I don't recollect a thing about it."—Indianapolis Journal.

First Farmer—That feller that buncoed me has been arrested at last, an' the paper says he's one of the shrewdest confidence men in the country.

Second Farmer—Don't do you much good, does it?

First Farmer—Well, it proves what I allus said:—that it takes a putty wide-awake chap to git around me.—Puck.

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Miss Typely (coquettishly)—Do you believe a pretty girl should work?

Brokerly—Well, that depends.

Miss Typely—Depends on what?

Brokerly—On whom she works.

# SURLY BILL.

T. R. WAITE.

He appeared at the ranch one morning, and the foreman set him at work with the other boys.

He was not remarkable in any way unless for the hopeless, gloomy expression on his pallid face. He wore the usual cowboy rig, and, when he walked, the butts of 2 heavy revolvers could be seen underneath his canvas coat. He said his name was William Barton, and seemed unwilling to give any other information concerning himself. From the first he was reticent and preferred to be by himself. Lanky Bob expressed his opinion of the newcomer. " Boys," he said, " that surly chap's face would curdle milk," and from that time forward he was dubbed " Surly Bill."

Bill frankly owned he was a tenderfoot at cowpunching, but he was willing to learn. As a sort of initiation they gave him " Go Devil " to ride, and if ever a mare was possessed of the evil one it was this Go Devil.

The boys gathered to see the fun as Bill led the mare out and sprang into the saddle. But they were disappointed; Bill could ride. A prettier exhibition of riding a half-wild bucker I never saw.

Bill had been on the ranch a month before he showed the stuff he was made of.

Late one afternoon, we were out looking up stray cattle; keeping about half a mile apart, with our eyes open both for cattle and Apaches.

Just as I was rising a knoll, a dozen redskins swarmed over the top and down upon me, firing as they came. My pony fell at the first fire, catching my left leg under him. In a moment they were circling around me, yelling like demons, with only a hand or a leg showing over the backs of their ponies. I had but one cartridge left in my revolver, when I heard a yell and saw Surly Bill coming like a whirlwind, with the reins lying loose on Go Devil's neck. Nearer he came, and I could see a revolver in each hand. As they began to crack, I fainted.

When I came to, Bill was bending over me. " Drink this," said he, and held a whiskey flask to my lips.

" Can you ride? " I nodded assent. He caught an Indian pony and assisted me to mount. I saw 9 dead Apaches lying around and I had wounded but 2.

" You've saved my scalp, Bill," said I.

" Ugh," he grunted.

A fortnight later he came to me. " Jim, you seem so grateful to me for saving your scalp that I am going to ask a favor of you. But first, I've a story to tell, if you'll listen."

" Go ahead, pard," I said. " You bet I'll do what I can for you."

" Ten years ago," he began, " I left college and entered business in New York, with every prospect of a bright career. After a time I married a society girl, which proved a mistake for both. I cared nothing for society and she cared for little else. Until a beautiful boy was born to us I had spent most of the time I could spare from business away from home. But when Reggie came, all the love in my nature went out to him and I was content. Last year, when Reggie was 4 years old, I found myself, through a dishonest employee, on the verge of bankruptcy. Calmly I told my wife, and asked her if it was not possible to retrench a little on our expenses. She flew into a passion and refused; blaming me entirely.

" Despairing, I knew not what to do. In a moment of temptation I used money that was intrusted to my care, thinking I could soon replace it. But the crash came, and I was ruined and disgraced. Luckily, my wife had money of her own and I had given her the house we were living in; so she and Reggie would not want.

" I stole into the house that night, packed a few necessary things and said good-bye to Reggie."

He paused a moment and then went on. " My God! I can hear him every hour in the day saying ' Papa 'ill come back to Reggie soon? Reggie 'ith lonesome 'ithout papa.'

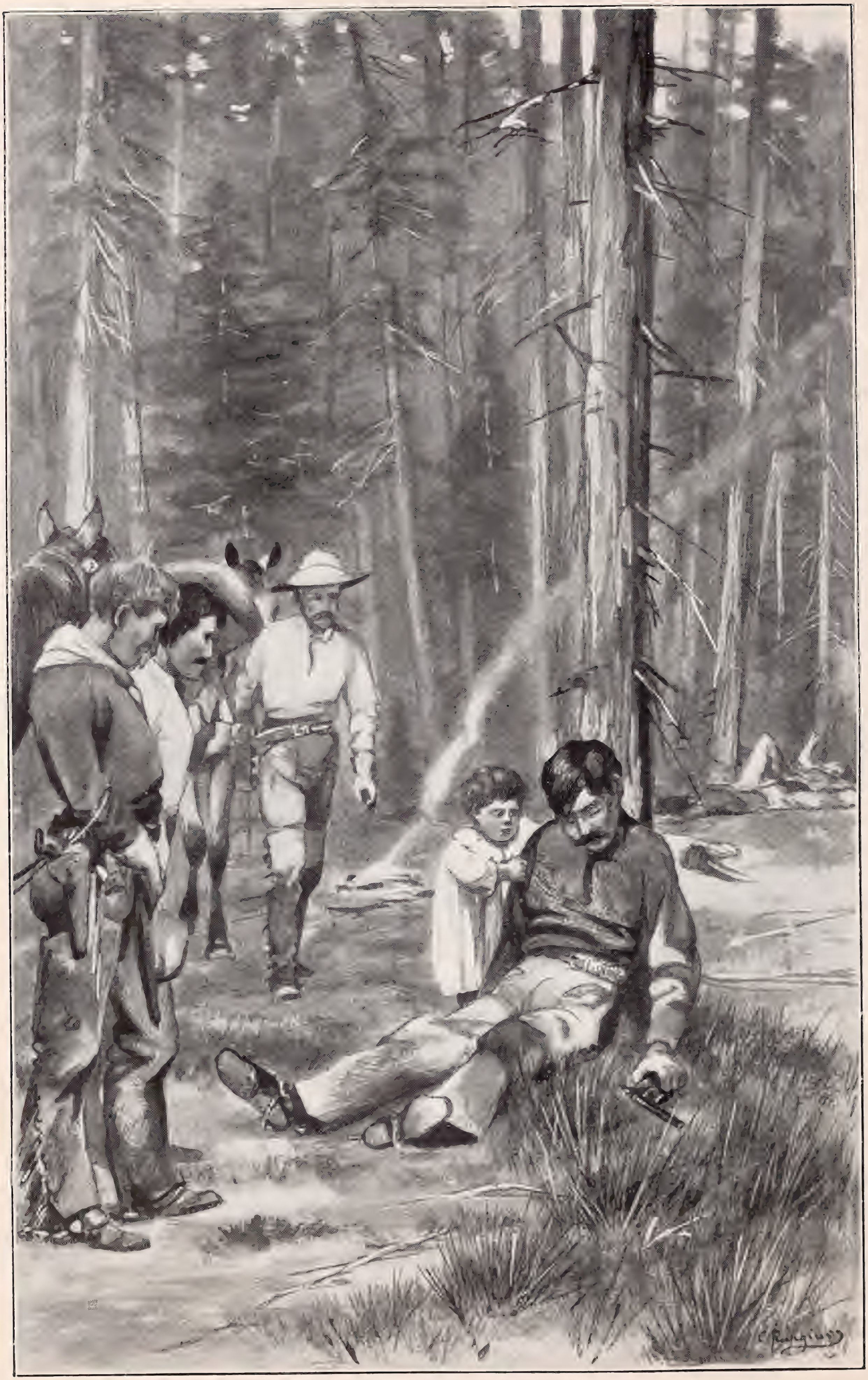
" My wife was at the theatre. I should not have seen her had she been at home, but I left a note telling her all.

" No one knows of my whereabouts but you, Jim, and my brother, who is in England. I have a presentiment I shall never see my boy again. Take this packet, Jim. You'll find my wife's address inside, and if anything should happen to me send it when you can."

I took the packet and promised to do as he asked. I thought I understood then why, in his surliest moods, he always had a pleasant word for little Jack, the 3 year old son of the foreman.

One morning, after a hard week's work, the foreman said to us: " Some of you boys can ride to the post office if you like. But git back ternight."

The post office was 25 miles away, and 6 of us, including Bill, started at a lope. Four hours later we were entering the



"AND THERE SAT BILL WITH HIS BACK AGAINST A TREE."

shanty that served as post office, store and saloon. Bill was lounging in the doorway while the postmaster was looking over the letters.

"Anybody on your ranch called William Barton?" he asked.

"That's me," said Bill, as he stepped forward and took the letter.

Lanky Bob called me back just then to get a drink, and I did not see Bill again until he rode up and said it was time to return. There was a look on his face I had never seen there before, and he was feverish and excited.

Most of the boys had been drinking a good deal, and they were yelling and singing for the first few miles on the trail, but finally began to doze in their saddles. Bill dropped back to where I was and said quietly,

"Jim, I'll start home to-morrow. My brother 's dead and has left me his money. Somehow, Jim, I can't seem to care that he is dead; we were never much together. I can only feel that I am going back to Reggie."

I did not speak, but simply held out my hand. He grasped it a moment and rode on to the front again.

When within 5 miles of the ranch, we heard hoofstrokes ahead, and Pete came dashing up shouting "Injuns at the ranch!" We needed no more, but spurred our jaded animals to a mad gallop. We soon could hear the cracking of firearms and see the light of the burning buildings.

The redskins had burst in the main ranch when we got within shooting distance. The fight was short and savage after that. They could not stand the constant popping of 6 pairs of revolvers, and stampeded in the darkness.

Four of the boys who defended the ranch were dead and Sykes, the foreman, was badly wounded.

As Bill and I entered, Mrs. Sykes was gazing around in a dazed way. "Jack!" she said. "They have got my Jack!"

With an oath, Bill snatched a Winchester, sprang out the door and mounted an Indian pony I had captured.

"Haf' ter wait till light, Bill," sang out Broncho Sam, but he galloped off in the gloom.

The boys tried to follow but had to give it up.

"Bill's crazy. Can't find no trail ter night," said Comanche Pete, "and I reckon he'll turn back." But Bill kept on.

At daybreak we were on the trail. "If Bill hadn't been in such a blamed hurry we'd ha' been with him now. His Injun pony would have followed the thieves," said Lanky Bob.

"We'll find something in yonder timber," Mexican Joe exclaimed.

In a little clearing the remains of a camp fire were still smoldering, and strewn about lay the bodies of 7 Indians.

"Hark! Yes; that's Jacky's voice." 'Wate up, Mr. Bill, wate up, somebody's tome!'" And there sat Surly Bill with his back against a tree. He held an empty gun in each hand and Jacky was trying in vain to wake him.

Silently we gathered around and instinctively bared our heads.

Poor Bill was dead.

I sent the letter as Bill requested and added a postscript of my own. Shortly after I received an answer from his wife thanking me; and saying that the night Bill died, little Reggie was restless and she heard him moan in his sleep "God bess papa and bring him back to Reggie soon. Amen."

# BE GLAD YOU'RE POOR.

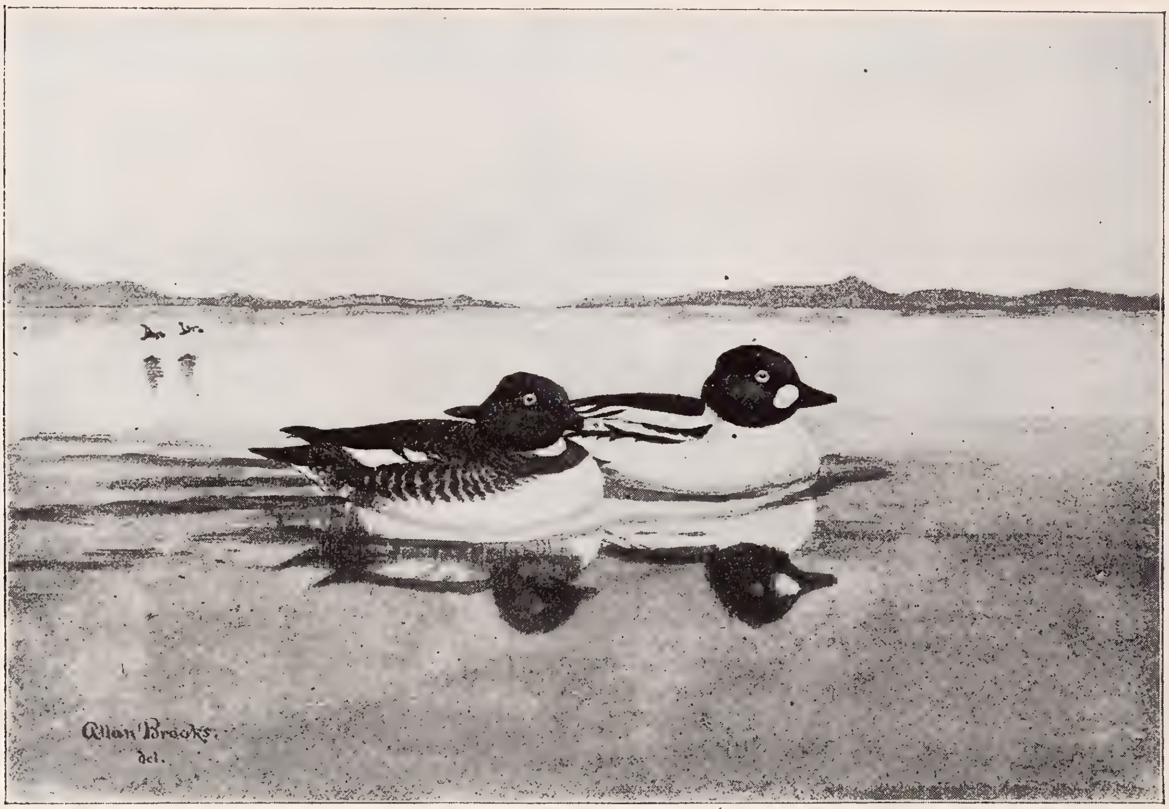
GEO. W. STEVENS.

Be glad you're poor, the clothes you wear
Won't look no worse for 'nother tear.
Be thankful that your good corn cake
Will never give you pain or ache.
Be glad you're poor and save your hairs
From wearing off with business cares,
And fearing banks are going to bust,
And who the deuce you're going to trust.
Be glad you're poor—no relative
Will grudge the time you're going to live.
Don't always worry 'bout your lot
Give thanks for what you havn't got
And be content with what you get
And let the wealthy fume and fret.
Then when financial blizzards come
And banks go tumbling round like fun
And stocks and bonds go galley west
Just thank your stars you don't invest.
Prop up your legs down at the store
And smoke—and then be glad you're poor.

# THE AMERICAN GOLDENEYE, *GLAUCIONETTA C. AMERICANA.*

ALLEN BROOKS.

This duck, more commonly known as "whistle wing," or "whistler," is one of the best known of American ducks, and in common with its near relative Barrow's goldeneye, *G. islandica,* can always be identified by the loud musical whistling made by the wings during flight.



AMERICAN GOLDENEYE.

There is a tradition among the Indians of the lower Fraser valley, that long ago 2 Indians had a dispute as to whether this noise was made by the wings, or caused by the air rushing through the nostrils. Others joined in the discussion, and eventually the whole tribe took sides on the question, and it ended in a free fight in which the majority of the contestants were killed.

The males seem to make a much louder whistling than the females, and the Indians point to their larger nostrils as supporting the theory that the noise is made by them.

It is certainly a fact that the scoters, which also have large nostrils, also make a whistling noise when flying.

The goldeneye is a rather wary duck and is always on the *qui vive,* even when not molested; in this respect differing from its little congener the bufflehead.

In Europe and Northern Asia a closely allied form occurs, of which the American form is a sub-species.

Barrow's goldeneye also occurs in N. W. Europe and Iceland. This species can always be told by the crescent shaped spot in front of the eyes, in the males; the females of the 2 species being harder to distinguish. There is much variation in the color of the bills of the females, more so than in any other duck. They can be found with black bills, olive, black with an orange-yellow terminal bar, and very rarely, pure orange-yellow entirely. The olive and black bills are the commonest, the former being generally found in young birds.

The nest is in a hollow tree. In Scandinavia the peasants put up boxes in which the ducks nest, year after year, and are systematically robbed of their eggs and down; one egg being always left to keep them laying.

Their food is small shellfish and crustacea, together with the larva of aquatic insects and a little vegetable matter; also rotten salmon and the ova of fish when they can get them. When feeding on salmon they are quite uneatable, but at other times if skinned and parboiled before roasting they are not bad eating. Sometimes they will even stand cooking in the ordinary way.

In common with all diving ducks they take an enormous amount of killing. Often after lying in the water, breast up, for a considerable length of time, apparently stone dead, they will right themselves, and fly away.

They are only moderately fast flyers compared with other ducks, and the flight is very steady with no sharp twists or turns.

The note is a horse croak. They also have a peculiar mewling cry, made only by the males in the mating season.

Young males resemble females until the second year, but can always be told by their larger size, as this is one of the ducks that show a great discrepancy in size between the sexes.

It is a curious fact that all tree building ducks are noticeable for their large, full, broad tails. Woodduck, goldeneye, bufflehead, hooded merganser and goosander all have large tails, and all breed in trees. Unfortunately for the theory, the females have smaller tails than the males, and they need them most, to steer themselves into the small nest holes.

RED LYNX, *LYNX RUFUS.*

## HOW IT HAPPENED.

This lynx was shot on Tuttle mountain, Antrim, N. H., September 29, 1897, by Mr. John Cuddihy. Its weight was 30 pounds, length 37 inches from tip of nose to root of tail. It ran an hour and treed 11 times before being killed.

Mr. Cuddihy says: I knew by the way my dog gave tongue he had found trouble. I rushed to the house for my gun and hurriedly followed him. When I got down the hill in sight the chase was crossing a meadow toward the mountain. The cat was snarling and growling and soon offered fight. The dog would not close and the lynx again ran on.

He treed for the last time in a large red oak. I reached it much out of breath and found the animal was up about 25 feet, full of music and making faces at me. My charge was 3⅛ drams black powder and 1⅛ oz. B. B. shot. I opened on him with right barrel, he dropped to the ground with a scream, and jumping to his feet snarling and screaming rushed down the mountain about 25 rods, followed closely by the dog. They stopped for a clinch and I came up to them. As the cat turned to spring at me I caught him with the second barrel, in the left shoulder, and killed him.

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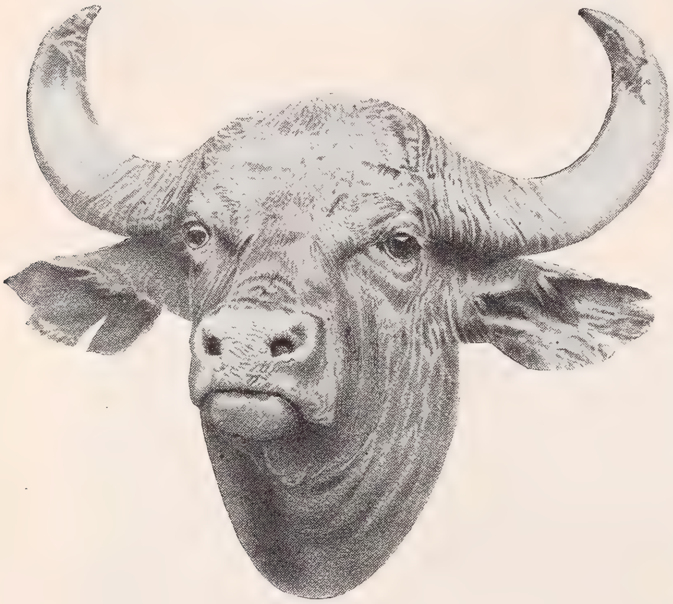
Mrs. Wellment—Poor fellow! have you no friends?

Beggar (sobbing)—No, leddy; I hain't got nuthin' but relatives.

# THE INDIAN BISON.

Probably no other land animal of equal size is so little known throughout the world as is the gaur, or Indian bison. This animal is for Hindostan, Burmah and the Malay Peninsula what the American bison, or buffalo, is to North America. The Indian buffalo, however, is quite a different kind of an animal. The gaur lives on good, solid ground, and reaches his finest development on the range of mountains that forms the Andes of Hindostan, known there as the Western Ghauts.



HEAD OF INDIAN BISON.

When the hunter measures and skins a big gaur, he is convinced that in bulk it is larger than our buffalo; but when an old bearded patriarch of our plains taxes his strength and strains his tape measure, he is sure that our bison is the finest living ruminant. It is practically certain, however, that both in shoulder height and weight, the gaur does surpass our bison. There are authentic records of gaur standing 6 feet in height at the shoulders, whereas the largest American bison measures 4 inches less. The weight of the gaur remains to be determined, for thus far a specimen of the maximum size has never been brought in contact with scales large enough to weigh him.

In appearance, the gaur looks very much like a thin-haired ox with a hump on his shoulders. Its body color is a dark mahogany brown, deepening to black on the old bulls. The forehead, and legs, from the knees down, are dirty white; and the inside of the thigh, forearm and ear is rich ochre yellow. The horns are rather short and thick, and clear white throughout. If this huge creature only had the wealth of hair that has been bestowed upon our buffalo, he would be magnificent. As it is, our buffalo is a far handsomer animal, and is much more imposing in appearance.

Ordinarily there is no more danger in hunting the gaur than in hunting Texas cattle; but on the few occasions when this animal has become infuriated and turned upon his pursuer, he has proven himself a dangerous antagonist. In Southern India, Mr. Rhodes Morgan was nearly killed by a young bull he had wounded. Only last July, Capt. H. C. Syers, of Selangor, in the Malay Peninsula, was attacked by an infuriated bull which he was pursuing, tossed 30 feet straight into the air (so his English comrade stated), after which he was again thrown with terrific force, from the effects of which, and a horn thrust in the stomach, he died in a few hours.

W. T. H.

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# SOME MICHIGAN SWINE.

Otto Supe, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., sends to a Detroit paper a record of butchery that any decent man would be ashamed of having participated in. Not so Otto. He brags of it. Nay, more. He sent with his story a photo which is reproduced in the paper. It shows 13 deer and 3 men, and Otto says of it:

" Here is shown a picture of the meat pole of our camp of 1897, and to the credit of our party it can be said that we shot and killed the entire exhibit, and 6 more that were hung up after this picture was taken."

To the " credit," eh? I should say the disgrace. What would you say, reader? Thirteen and 6 make 19—and this is the number of deer Otto and his friends claim to have killed. He says there were 5 men in the party. That would be more than 3 deer to each man.

Here are the names of the members of the party as Otto gives them:

" John A. France, court stenographer; J. H. Steele, circuit judge; M. S. Hotton, city treasurer; Otto Supe, " watch tinker "; and James Thorne, *chef.*'

It seems that all these men live in Sault Ste. Marie. The " record maker " adds " John and I each killed 5."

The laws of Michigan allow each man to kill 5 deer in a season; but no man should be a hog, simply because the law allows him to be one.

# DEWEY AT MANILA.

W. H. NELSON.

The stars died out o'er far Luzon,
Faint glowed the East with coming dawn,
Slow beat old Ocean's heart;
The morning's breath just stirred the palm,
And sweet with fragrant tropic balm,
Fanned with seductive, lotus calm
The Spaniard's orient mart.

Within Manila's placid bay,
Safe riding at their anchors lay
The ships of proud Castile;
While right and left, on either shore,
Cavité and Corregidor,
Like crouching lions, watched the door
Through which a foe might steal.

Hidden beneath the billows' breast,
Thick sown upon the sands, at rest,
Lay many a treach'rous bomb;
From each a viewless line, asleep,
Stretched to the shore across the deep;
O'er these shall silent lightnings leap
May rash invading foemen sweep
Into an instant tomb.

Lo! as the tropic morning grew,
In through that narrow gateway drew
Seven gallant ships of war;
Grim frowned their ports with many a gun,
Silent their decks, as one by one,
Straight for the Spanish ships they run,
Flinging "Old Glory" to the sun;
Stern stood each waiting tar.

Hark! from Cavité's ramparts dun
Booms loudly forth a warning gun,
The Spaniard is awake!
An answering flash, a vengeful thrust,
And upward soars a cloud of dust,
Smashed guns, and bones, and Spanish blood,
What ghastly wrack they make!

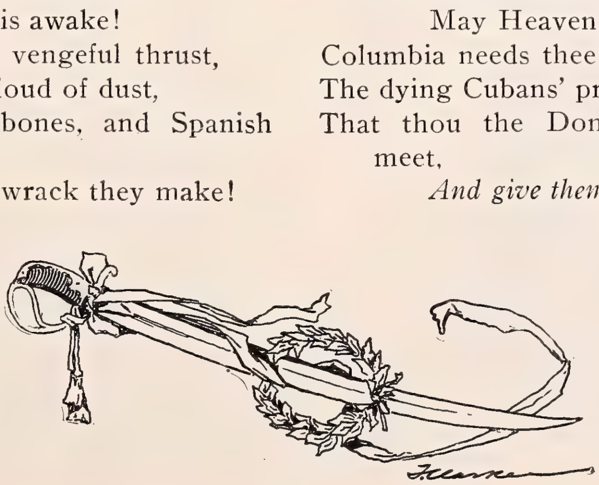
And now breaks forth the battle's swell.
The roaring gun, and shrieking shell,
As all the orchestra of Hell
Had joined in demon band;
The reeling ships are hid in smoke,
Whose dense wreaths fort and city cloak,
And shroud both sea and land.

"The Spaniard's ships are silent now;
Haul off, and let the sea-breeze blow
This blinding reek away."
Lo! yonder crush of blazing bulks,
Of battered, shot-torn, sinking hulks;
Where is their squadron, pray?

"Now for the forts that guard the door,
Cavité and Corregidor,
Train on them each great gun."
And once again the thunder-sound
That rocks the sea and shakes the ground;
On ghastly ruin strewn around,
Looks down the noonday sun.

Who says the vikings are all dead?
That victory has ceased to shed
Her glory on the wave?
That Fame with Farragut is past?
That bluff Dave Porter was the last?
Who thinks the "military mast"
Carries no sailor brave?

Hail! grand, impetuous Commodore,
Thou'rt blest at sea and blest ashore,
May Heaven guard thee well!
Columbia needs thee for her fleet;
The dying Cubans' prayers entreat
That thou the Dons once more mayst meet,
*And give them holy hell!*



## GRANDFATHER'S NINE.

Show us the team that with bat or ball,
Can match this nine on the old stone wall;
For when they bawl, in wrath or pain,
The Heavens above are rent in twain;
And when they bat, base acts are done,
'Tis then they make a swift home run;
One summer day, beneath a hill,
Once in their lives they all sat still;
They all sat still and in a line,
Now aren't they sweet, Grandfather's nine!

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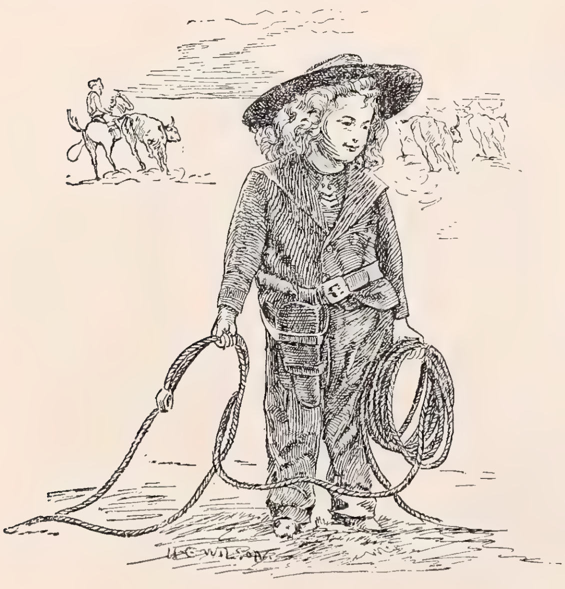
## JUVENILE PHILOSOPHY.

E. A. BRININSTOOL.

Some fellers likes to play base ball,
'N some likes foot ball, too,
'N some thinks marbles better yet,
('N plays fer keeps, they do).



But where they's any fun in them
Is more'n I kin see
Fer Buff'lo Bill 'nd cowboys
Is good 'nough fer me.

I druther hev a great big gun,
'N a big six-shooter, too,
'N lasso dogs 'nd hear 'em yell,
'At's what I like to do!
My mamma thinks I'm orful bad,
'N says she fails to see
Why Buff'lo Bill 'nd cowboys,
Is good 'nough fer me.

But then, my ma she aint a boy
So how is she to know,
Fer if she was I bet she'd guess
The reason I think so.
She never read no Dan'l Boone
Er Injuns shot out West,
Er else she'd see why Buff'lo Bill
'N cowboys is the best.

I like to put a target up
'N hit the bull's-eye—so—
My uncle says I can't be beat,
I guess he ought to know!
I'm glad I ain't no tenderfoot,
I'd heap sight ruther be
With Buff'lo Bill 'nd cowboys;
They're good 'nough fer me!

# UNCLE'S ADVENTURE.

JOHN BOYD.

We were in camp on the shores of Lake Nipissing. The day had been stormy and even now, as the euchre players dealt the cards, the wind whistled outside as if it would lift the shelter from our heads.

"Uncle" was just finishing the cleaning of his rifle, and as he passed the "iled" rag through for the last time, he startled his hearers with: "Durn us old fools anyway!"

"What's the matter, Uncle?" chorused several of the boys.

"Oh nuthin; only I wuz jist wonderin' which wuz the durndest fool, me nor that jack rabbit of a fawn I got out beyent Dredge Islan' to-day."

"Did you get a deer?" asked Ab, more to break the silence, and to show the old man we were listening, than to learn of his success; for did we not all see the "jack rabbit" hanging on the beam in the old mill?

"Yes I did, and I ain't overly proud of it nuther; but yit it wuz no slouchy job, I kin tell ye."

"Tell us about it, Uncle!" ventured his friend.

After some coaxing, and some protestations from Uncle he said:

"I don't mind spinnin' the yarn, so you young fellers kin tell what to do when you git cornered, like I wuz.

"Well—when Jack took Bluche and Spot over on the hardwood ridge, to'ard Perch lake, I knowed they would soon pick up sumthin' that might come our way. Purty soon I heern Spot lettin' out a long yowl, and then Bluche set up a shoutin' that you'd think wuz goin' to skeer every durn thing out of Americky.

"I says to myself, if that don't bring hair down this way, I wasn't born in Glengarry. But arter a while the whole music stopped. Then I laid back and cussed the whole dog and rabbit kingdom, for I knowed, as plain as writin', the blamed critters had holed up and fooled the dogs. I went back to the shanty, lit my pipe, got John's glasses and swung 'em up and down the lake from the dureway; but there wuz nuthin' to be seen ceptin' some loons, and they wuz havin' a hard time bobbin up an down on the waves; for I kin tell ye, boys, it wuz gittin' mighty choppy, and the white caps wuz chasin' one 'nother from Jessup's to the mouth of the river.

"In a few minits I went round to 'tother side of the island, jist to see if any of ye boys wuz movin' on the river, and jist as I turned the corner, I'll be durned if there wasn't a deer gittin' past the island with full steam on. He seed me as soon as I seed him, and turned for the burnt woods, up the nigh shore. My Bucko, sez I, if ye git the start of me, its goin' to be nip and tuck to catch ye before ye strikes the bottom. So I slides the canoe out stern fust, so as to make her steer easy, and jumps in. The wind wuz Noreast, as it is yit, and I made poor headway; but still I seed I wuz ketchin' up.

"It wuz tirin' work, but I stuck to it an' in about 20 minits I wuz alongside the youngster. He wuz a badly scared little feller I kin tell ye, an' as I paddled erlong, kinder easy, I thought I would jist ketch him an' tote him to camp so you fellers what hasn't seen a deer alive might take a luk at one. It seemed a durned pity to shoot him, tho I might hev killed him with the paddle, an' I had even half a mind to let him git ashore and grow bigger; but I finally made up my mind to lasso him and tow him to camp.

"I got the painter off'n the canoe, for mind ye I wuz paddlin' all the time stern fust, and made a nice slip knot, and then put on a spurt and caught up to the little feller, who wuz nearly cuttin' his throat, he pawed so hard to git away. I made a couple of shies at him, and in one of them contrived to git the rope over his nose an' one ear; I pulled thinkin' I might git it over his neck, but he didn't take to the fun like I did, and with a wicked little shake he got free agin'. I tried a good many more times, but couldn't make it go, and all this time I seed he wuz gittin madder an' madder, an' we wuz gittin' closer to shore. I wuz bound not to give up, so I made a big spurt to cut him off, and head him out inter the lake agin', and there's just where this old fool made a mistake. If I'd a shot him then and there I might hev done as I liked with him; but es long as he wuz alive an' well, he'ed a say in ther purceedins, as I found out to my sorrer."

Here Uncle stopped, as if thinking of what he had passed through, but his meditation was broken by Blackstock who could not stand the strain, asking "what did he do then, Uncle?"

"Do?" repeated Uncle, as he looked over his glasses at the speaker.

"Do? Why he jist walked clean inter the canoe, and me beltin' him all the time with the paddle. Ef ever ye seed fightin' it wuz right there, and it wuz purty nigh my last fight, for he'ed one foot over the gunnel, an' wuz pawin air with tother, an' the air was durn near my old carcase. At last, he settled his fightin' foot erlongside the other and looked at me, and so that I might keep things square in the canoe, I shifted to the other gunnel and watched for sumthin' to take place. We wuz this way for some time, when the durn little spike horn slipped off'n made for shore.

"If I wuz ever tender hearted, it wuzn't than, for I plugged a 44 behind his ear with'ut feelin' a bit sorry.

" So now boys, you've heern my yarn, and I'd like to know what eny of ye would hev done if ye wuz in my place."

## A TRIBUTE TO THE DOG.

An exchange prints the following story:

Some years ago Senator Vest went down in Missouri to try a law suit. Another case, a dog case, was on the docket just ahead of him, and he had to wait till this was disposed of. One of the lawyers in the dog case asked Vest to help their side, and the Senator said he would. So he was paid a retaining fee of $25, by the plaintiff, and the trial went on. Voluminous evidence was introduced to show that defendant had shot plaintiff's dog, in malice, and quite as much to prove that the dog was vicious and had attacked the defendant. Then the lawyers made their addresses to the Court, going over the evidence thoroughly. All this time Senator Vest sat with his big round head buried between his shoulders, without saying a word. He seemed to be asleep most of the time.

" Vest," remarked his associate counsel, " it is now our time to close. You do it."

" No," said the Senator, " you know more about the case than I do; you finish it up."

" But you must do something to earn your fee, or our client will be sore."

So Vest rose from his chair, straightened the kink out of his neck, looked first one juror and then another in the face, until he had spent several minutes in making the round of the 12 good men and true. Then he began:

" Gentlemen of the Jury—The best friend a man has in this world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or his daughter, whom he has reared with loving care, may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us; those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name, may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him perhaps when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us, may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads. The one absolutely unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world; the one who never deserts him; the one who never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog.

" Gentlemen of the jury," the Senator continued, " a man's dog stands by him in prosperity and poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer; he will lick the wounds and sores that come in contact with the roughness of the world.

" He guards the sleep of the pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert, he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens.

" If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him, to guard him against danger, to fight against his enemies; and when the last scene of all comes and death takes the master in its embrace, and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by the grave will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad, but in alert watchfulness, faithful and true, even in death."

Then Vest sat down. This remarkable speech he had delivered in a low tone, and without a gesture. No reference had he made to the merits of the case in hand. Not a word had he uttered about the evidence. When he finished judge and jury were seen to have tears in their eyes. The jury filed out, and in a minute or two returned to the court-room. The plaintiff had asked for $200 damages; the verdict gave him $500, and several of the jurymen wanted to hang the defendant.

# RUNNING THE BOISE RIVER ON A FLAT-BOAT.

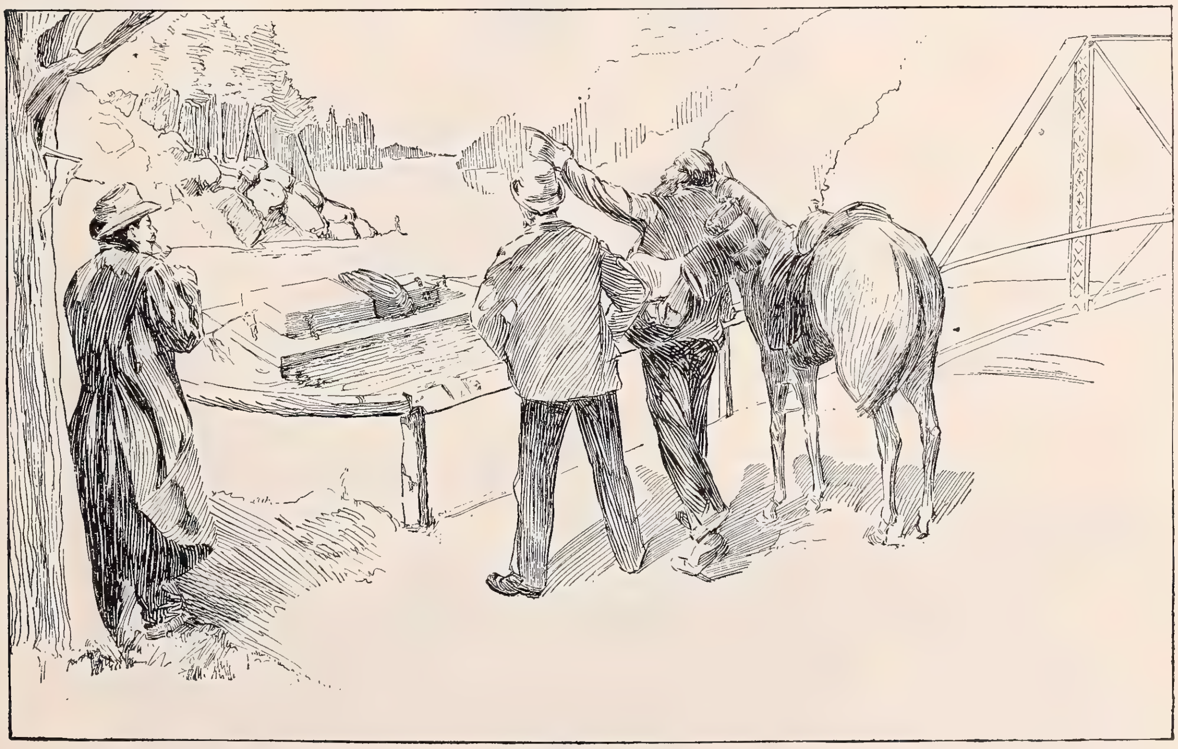
F. R. FOUCH.

In the early '90's, I was connected with a company then engaged in opening up the Boise river country. Until we built bridges, the only way of crossing the river was by means of primitive flat-bottomed boats, drawn from shore to shore by a cable. On one occasion I was directed to take one of the boats 40 miles down the river, and establish a new ferry. It was a clumsy craft, 20 by 40 feet in size. With her load of derricks, steel cable, 2 canoes and her crew of 6 men, besides myself, on board, she lay deep and loggy, and any sailor could see she would be hard to manage.

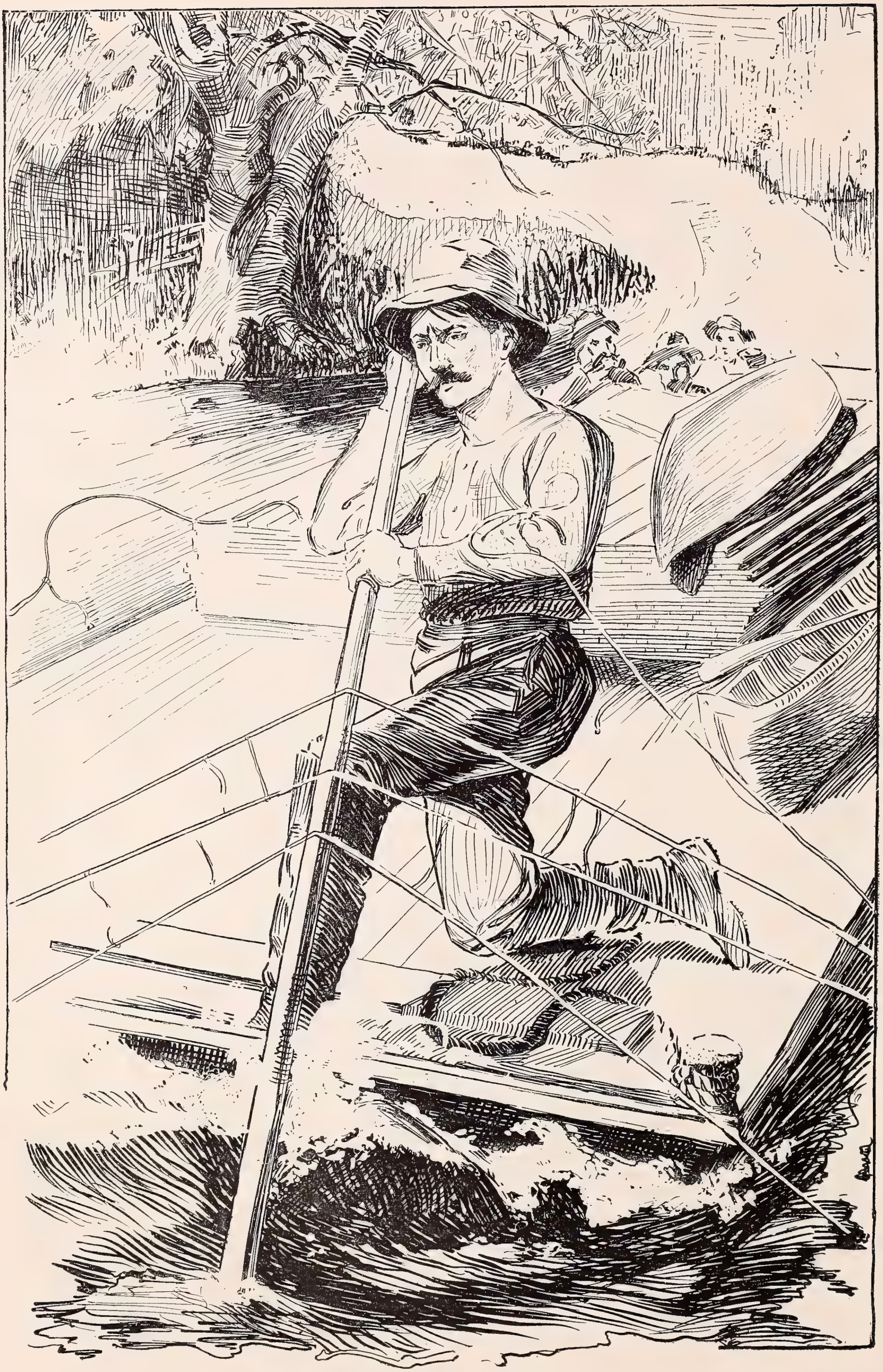
The Boise was nearly at high water mark, and an ominous roar from her continuous rapids could be heard a mile from the stream. Many large sloughs put out from it, and would draw our craft toward them. Their tortuous, brush-filled channels were even more dangerous than the main stream. Two dams and 2 bridges on our route added a spice of danger to the trip.

A fast team was sent ahead, with dinner, to the Canyon, where our first bridge and second dam were located. Although we had 5 miles farther to travel, we easily distanced the team, which came in much the worse for a 14 mile run. The trip thus far was uneventful though highly exhilarating. A few drift piles run down, a lost pike pole or 2 and some hard work in keeping the main channel, developed a cool crew and got all working well together. Young ducks and geese were just hatched and it was an interesting sight to see the anxious mothers spirit the young away, along the willow fringed banks. Once we rounded an island into 3 broods of young geese, who, in their excitement, put out into the main stream. We gradually ran them down, scattering them out for miles along the river. After an hour's rest we ran for the railroad bridge a mile below.

The water was so high there was no alternative but to run the bridge with less than 4 feet of clear space. A rock train and 100 men were busy trying to keep the bridge from washing out. I counted on the undertow from the piers to help hold us straight; so fell in the long procession of drift, took direct charge of the bow sweep and held the boat steady and true with the current. The slightest contact with the bridge would throw us across to the next pier, the boat would sink edgewise, closing the stream and bringing the unstable structure down on us. The men working on the bridge scattered right and left to be out of harm's way, and stood silently watching the novel spectacle. We



ON THE BRIDGE.



" THE DEVICE WORKED ALL RIGHT."

shot under, true as an arrow, with scarcely 2 feet of room to spare, and all fell flat on deck, as the bridge was only 3 feet above us. Then the high waves caught us, tossing the boat like cork and rolling over our bows. A mighty cheer went up from the assembled throng as we swept through.

We now had about 10 miles of easy, open water. The stream was bank full, in many places spreading far out in the meadow and grain fields. Then we ran into a long line of drift, trees, willows and stumps, a solid mass in seemingly endless procession. Our deeper draught carried us faster, but we ran several miles before finally clearing it. A new channel then caught us in its current, shot us through a tangled mass of young trees, and then out through a grain field. The channel was only 50 to 100 feet wide and so tortuous we could not swing fast enough. First we would ram the bank, shooting half our length out of water. Then the current would sweep us in, only to run aground with the other end. We changed ends 7 times in as many minutes, then shot out in the old channel again.

Every man was exhausted with the rapid work, so we rested and relaxed our vigilance.

A man plowing, ran after us, shouting and gesticulating, but we had seen so many excited natives en route, the thought of danger did not occur to us, and the warning shouted was lost in the river's sullen roar. Approaching a large island we took the left hand channel, to avoid a well-known dam in the other. The channel now was deep and narrow, the water hissing and seething like a boiling cauldron. The sun's rays on the rushing foam, glinted a blinding glare full in our faces, hiding a suspension bridge of many strands of telegraph wire, hanging tense and stable barely 2 feet above the water. There was no time to land, much less to think. I ordered all to run forward and lie down on their sweeps, except one man. I told him to take a 2 by 6 scantling and do as I did; but he got rattled and followed the example of the others. With those wires waiting to brush him off, the hardiest swimmer could scarcely hope to land from the icy waters. Dropping on one knee, I put the scantling under the bow apron, resting it on knee and shoulder to catch the wire, and by gradually raising it, shoot it over the boat. The device worked all right, but the tense wires surged down stream with us until it seemed I was sustaining a ton. Then they shot back, catching one of our canoes, breaking a 3 by 8 bow post and a board 42 inches wide from its side. After it was all over, a badly frightened lot of men unanimously voted I had saved their lives.

The rest of the journey was uneventful, and the difficult task of putting a cable over the torrent, at our destination, was successfully accomplished.

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## ON THE STREAM.

C. S. REID.

The boat glides freely on the sunlit stream,
And away we go like the flight of a dream,
Along with the current that ripples, and roars
As it whirls o'er the reefs that line the dark shores.

There the rocks glide by, and the shrubs and the trees;
In our ears rings the song of the morning breeze,
And we shout and we sing with a joyful heart
As on o'er the silvery surface we dart.

Now we glide past the oaks and down by the bend,
And on to the chute where the waters descend
With a rush and a roar through the narrow way
Where the spray and the sunlight laughingly play.

And then by the cliff, and along o'er the pool
Where the shadows of morn lie listless and cool,
And on by the brake where the hermit thrush sings
The plaintive, sweet song that the near autumn brings.

Oh, the heart beats quick, and the life bubbles o'er
In a shout or a song that rings from the shore
In an echo that meets the ripples' bright gleam,
As a-drifting we go down the sunlit stream.

# BIRD LIFE IN COLORADO.

DAVID BRUCE (PEREGRINE).

That the increasing scarcity of our native birds is by no means so evident in a mountainous or densely wooded region, can easily be explained by the fact that these regions generally are difficult of access and the birds are so hidden by their wild surroundings that their haunts are not easily detected. The sportsmen who visit these localities are generally in search of larger game. Nevertheless, from my experience, and from observations made during the last 14 years, in the Rocky mountain regions of Colorado and Utah, I can say most positively that the birds, especially those with showy plumage, are rapidly decreasing, both in the vicinity of cities, and in the Canyons as far as the Sunday cheap railway excursions extend. In many of the summer resorts within a day's ride of Denver, the birds have almost entirely disappeared.

The beautiful band-tailed pigeon used to be common in Platte and Clear Creek Canyons, 10 years ago, but now it is very rarely seen there. Last summer I examined 5 examples of this graceful species that were killed in S. W. Colorado, and found their crops were entirely filled with wild gooseberries. Later in the season they feed on acorns. The dipper, the long-crested and pinon jays and magpies, the Louisiana tanager and other conspicuous species, are now either killed off or driven higher up the mountains.

In the higher regions, around the mining camps and lumber mills, the dusky grouse used to be very abundant in the pine woods. As this is a large and well flavored bird, it is hardly to be expected that the men would neglect the chance of varying their cuisine of salt pork and canned horse. Consequently these birds are now rarely seen in these localities. The wings of this grouse, or, as every one calls it in Colorado and Utah, "Partridge,"—used to be scattered all round the camps as plentifully as the tin cans, that peculiarly modern feature of a mining community.

To the credit of the mountain men be it said, however, that these rough yet generally good-natured fellows, do, as a rule, protect the birds that frequent the camp, and very decidedly object to their destruction except for food purposes. One notable instance came under my observation in Summit Co., Colorado, in '94. It was near a saw mill, or lumber camp—at an altitude of about 10,000 feet. I was watching a family of crossbills clinging to the boughs of a small pine. The wood choppers were working all around, and they, too, soon became interested, and we had quite a talk about the birds of the mountains. One man asked me if I had ever seen a partridge (blue grouse) on its nest. I said, "No—never on its nest, but I have flushed them from the nest." He answered, "Well, if you won't disturb it, or take the eggs, I will show you one." I promised, and followed him a short distance into the timber. At the base of a large pine he showed me the nest with the bird sitting on it. He knelt down very gently, stroked the bird, and then actually lifted her enough to show the eggs! The bird acted precisely as a domestic hen would have done under the same conditions, making the same querulous note indicative of annoyance.

On my return, 2 weeks after, I was pleased to hear that the brave mother got her brood safely off. The man said to me, "We wouldn't cut that tree down till she got her brood out of the way all right." Such conduct deserves a medal.

On the very top of the Snowy Range of the Rockies, in Colorado, the white tailed ptarmigan or "mountain quail" as it is called everywhere in that State, was until lately a very abundant species. Twelve years ago I sometimes flushed from 12 to 20 pairs in a day's walk. The almost stupid tameness or indifference of this bird renders it an easy prey to the prospector or wandering tourist, who shoots it with his revolver or knocks it over with a stone or stick. Since it is quite a large bird, and excellent eating, it is no wonder that it is nearly exterminated in the neighborhood of the higher mining camps. Coyotes, foxes, "bob cats," martens, and all the rest of the weasel tribe help to keep the number down, but the agency of man is by far the most powerful factor.

An old miner who lived alone near Blue river, above South park, used to feed and protect this species every winter, and the birds would even enter his shanty. The old fellow was almost as quiet and harmless as his pets. Once when I called on him, as I always did, when in that locality, and casually asked him how his quail were getting on, I found him in a state of great indignation. He told me that a rascally saloon keeper, from Denver, had come up the mountains to see a friend in one of the mines; and had killed every one of his "chickens" with his revolver. My friend said, with flashing eyes, "I am glad I wasn't there to see it, for I would have shot him or else he should have shot me!"

On the plains and near the foothills, the avocet and Wilson's phalarope used to be common, as did several of the plovers and sandpipers, but these species are now very rarely seen. As to the ducks, the sporting clubs do all they can to preserve and protect them during the non-shooting or close season; but, unfortunately, that season generally begins too late and ends too early to adequately protect them, and they are killed off far too lavishly. As I have said the shooting season opens early, while the weather is warm, and on Sundays especially the birds killed are allowed to spoil. Thus the rather questionable satisfaction of having a good day's sport is frequently the only apology for ruthless slaughter of useful and beautiful creatures.

It is surprising to see the tenacity with which some species will hold their own, under constant persecution. Two most dissimilar species, the golden eagle and the white pelican, now and then appear in some numbers, and being large and conspicuous birds, very few escape the gunners. In the fall of '96 these birds occurred in some numbers around Denver. I saw 8 pelicans brought into Denver in one day. These were shot on or near a small pond a few miles from the city. In the West, these muddy ponds are always called lakes, and generally are kept supplied with fish, by artificial means. I saw 6 golden eagles being peddled around the city by 2 cowboys, and eventually the birds were sold for 50 cents each. They were so common that the taxidermists did not care to have them at any price, especially as they were in immature plumage.

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# HOW I LOST MY HAND.

J. B. JENNETT (OLD SILVER TIP).

Pard and I were out on a bear hunt. One night Pard made a loaf of sour dough bread. I saw the loaf when I came in the tent, and said, "What is that?" He informed me, with the ease and grace of manner of a *chef*, that it was a loaf of well made sour-dough bread. I looked at it again, then went to the wood-pile and got the largest log I could tote. It was about 10 feet long and a foot thick. When I brought it to the tent Pard's curiosity got the best of him. "What in —— are you going to do with that log?" I replied, "I am going to rig a derrick, to get that loaf to the mess-box." Then I dropped the log, and made for any place; I didn't care where, so long as I got there.

After this trouble had blown over, we went to bed and lay listening to the rippling of the brook, or the occasional hooting of an owl.

Everything has an end, and so had the night. I took my single-shot Winchester, and started after bear. I soon found a trail, and followed it quite a distance. It grew so fresh that I expected to see the bear at any moment, and—there he was—breaking open a rotten tree-trunk to get worms or ants. A better shot no man could wish for. How is it that a man can usually tell the issue of a shot, as he presses the trigger? I knew that all was not just right, as I fired. I saw the bear tumble, and then get up, with the wrong end toward me. How red his mouth looked, and fire almost flew from his eyes. I tried to withdraw the shell from my gun, but it stuck fast. There I was, with a useless gun, and a furious bear not 50 yards away, and making that distance rapidly less. I knew he was hard hit, but would he drop before he got to me? I tried to run, but my legs failed me; I was spellbound.

I worked at the rifle until it was a wonder that the finger-lever was not wrenched off. Nearer and nearer he came, and through the red foam on his lips, I could see the great white teeth. How long before they would be crunching my flesh? I could see the blood spurting from a wound in his shoulder. His green eyes were aflame with rage, hate and thirst for revenge. Now he was but a few feet away. I could feel his hot breath as it came pantingly from his distended jaws. I struck wildly at him with the rifle, and it was swept from my grasp, as smoke is swept by the wind. One spring, and his paws were on my breast. Down I went, and the great brute sank his teeth in my shoulder. Frantic with pain, and almost blinded by the blood that flowed over my face, I struck fiercely at his head with my free hand. The bear loosed his grip on my shoulder, and seized my hand between his teeth. I could hear the bones of my hand and arm splinter like match-wood. Then—then I heard Pard say,

"Will nothing do you but knocking me out of bed?" and I awoke.

# FROM A HUNTER'S NOTE-BOOK.

WILL G. EARLE.

Learning that ducks were fairly plentiful on a lake some miles from town I, with my shooting companions, Cad and Pete, planned a 3 days' trip.

We were soon ready to tramp the 5 miles to the lake. We took nothing with us but guns, cartridges, and a small snack of grub; knowing we could find board and bed with our friend Jones, whose farm was near the lake.

It was the second week in October, and the country could not have been more beautiful. The forests were crimson and gold, and the fields, filled with shocks of corn, made picturesque settings for the quaint farm houses.

Just before dusk we reached a clearing in which stood an old barn and a stack of marsh hay. There we built a fire and warmed our supper. After our meal we turned in beside the fire, on a bed of hay.

Near dawn we were awakened by the cries of a pair of loons on the lake. After eating our cold snack, we went to the lake, and erected our bough-houses near the edge of the marsh.

The ducks did not commence flying for some time, and then only in singles and small flocks of 3 to 10. The first to come over was a small bunch of teal, from which Cad dropped 2 and Pete and I one each. Then came mallards, butter-balls, and more teal, varied with an occasional shot at geese, till the flight stopped.

About the middle of the flight, I was startled by an exclamation from Pete, " What do you call them things coming? " Glancing up, I saw a flock of 5 sand-hill cranes, about ½ mile away.

They were flying low, having no thought of danger.

" Get your shells with coarse shot, boys," I exclaimed, " and don't fire too soon."

The cranes did not notice us till they were within 20 yards. Then they veered and began to mount. We rose suddenly, and the 5 birds struck the grass in obedience to our double salute.

The flight over, we piled our game in an old dug-out, which I had hidden in the marsh the previous Fall, and crossed the lake, to the home of our friend Jones.

He gave us a hearty welcome, also a hearty dinner.

Next morning when we arose, not a duck was to be seen on the lake. We were disappointed, to say the least, and were about to start for home, when our host stopped us.

" Don't be in a hurry, boys, there's lots of grouse back on the hard-wood ridge." So for the hard-wood ridge we started, accompanied by Jones's brace of setters. We had hardly entered the woods when a bunch of 7 grouse was flushed, 4 fell, as a result of the first shots of the morning. The birds were hardy and strong of wing, and it tried our skill to the utmost to bag one grouse for every 2 shots we fired.

About 2 miles from Jones's farm we sat down on a log to rest. As it happened, we were 4 or 5 rods from a deer runway, which was hidden from our view by brush. We were counting our game, when a snapping of twigs near by, caused us to look up. There stood a startled buck, which had just caught sight of us; and a doe and fawn were coming out of the bushes behind him.

They looked at us for a moment, and then dashed off down the hill.

We sat and looked at them; having nothing in our guns but 6s and 8s. The dogs, however, before we could stop them, started on the trail of the deer. We gave chase, calling and whistling, but they heeded us not. After nearly a mile of running we concluded we did not want the dogs, after all.

We started to retrace our steps but lost the runway and turned into an old path which led around the base of a hill. This brought us out to the main road; and we knew we were lost, as far as the location of our grouse went, as we had not crossed a road during our chase of the dogs.

After indulging in choice sarcasm on the wood craft of a party who could not follow a deer-path, we turned back and completed the circuit of the hill. On the opposite side we struck the runway again, and, by the luckiest of chances, walked right up to our grouse.

Securing them, we moved on toward Jones's. Fair sport was enjoyed on the way, and before we arrived at the farm we had added enough birds to our score to make 18 brace.

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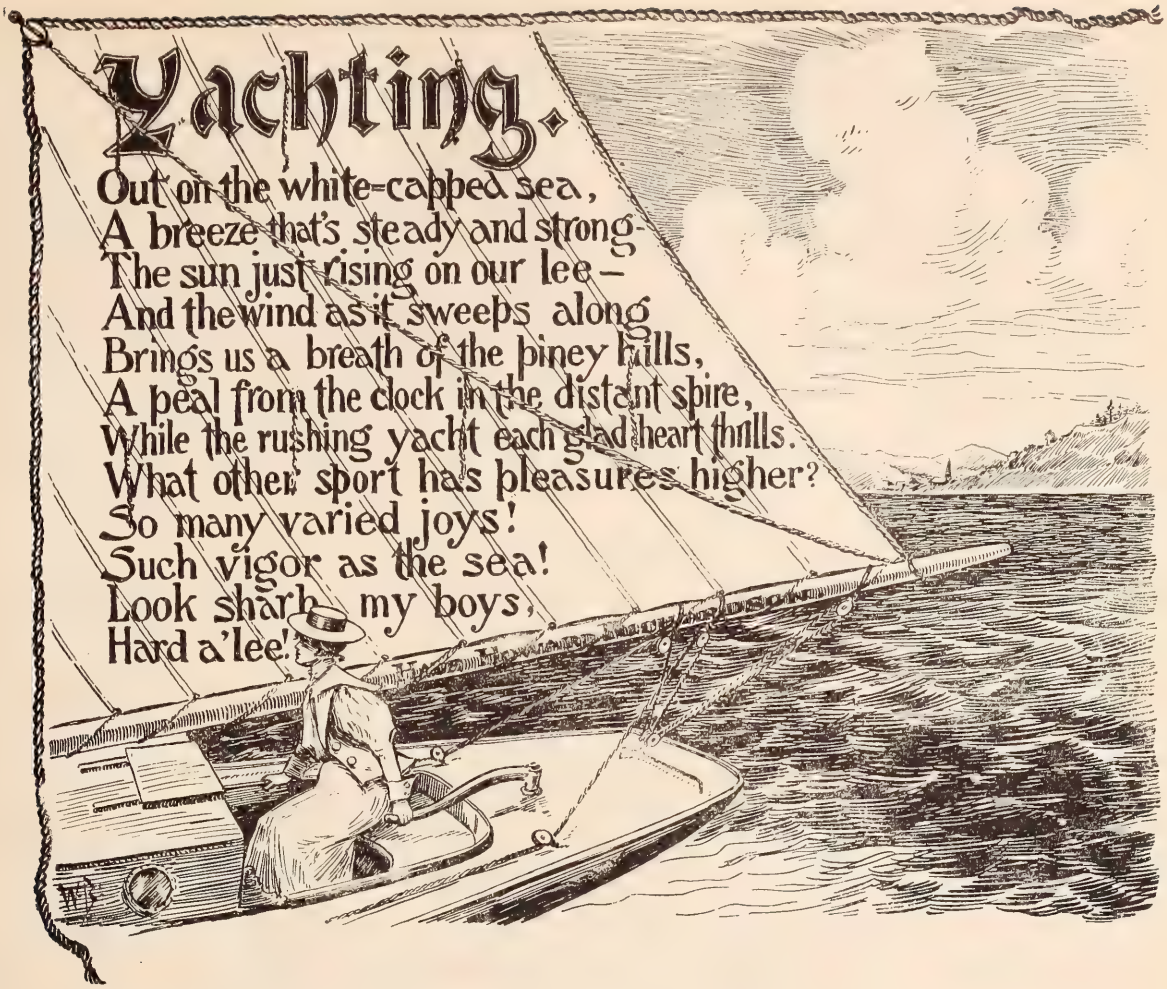
Mouldy Mike—Where gold is found the vices of civilization soon follow.

Dusky Dick—You're right. Look at Klondike. They've got laundries started up there, already.—Stray Stories.



# Yachting.

Out on the white-capped sea,
A breeze that's steady and strong—
The sun just rising on our lee—
And the wind as it sweeps along
Brings us a breath of the piney hills,
A peal from the clock in the distant spire,
While the rushing yacht each glad heart thrills.
What other sport has pleasures higher?
So many varied joys!
Such vigor as the sea!
Look sharp, my boys,
Hard a'lee!

## THE PUNCHER'S VIEWS.

Will I fight?
Say, my feelin's is tender
And when I get on a bender
I'm liable to make trouble
Fer a tenderfoot
Which asks that.
Scrap, hey?
Why I'll kick them Spanis
So full of holes
That you'll think
They been gored
And bored
By a band o' steers
A millin'.
Am I willin'
Ter go to Cuba?
Why I'll swear by my
Cayuse's Juba
That I can lick them greasers
With my old '45.
Why the sons o' guns
Wouldn't be alive
Ten minutes,
'Er else if I didn't kill 'em
I'd rope the crowd.
They might holler loud,
But I'd round 'em up
An' when they was in
The corral
Say pal,
I'd brand 'em all,
An' slice my ear mark,
Cuz they're mavericks
An' what ain't mavericks
Is strays.
The jays
Ud be easy.
They couldn't kill me,
Fer you see,
I'd do like when the
Rattler fights—
Cut off some flesh
And bind on his bites.
Why the critters' bullets,
Wouldn't do nothin'.
I'd jest wrap the hole
With a piece o' dead
Span
To draw out the poison.
Say if Mac
Wants this critter,
He ain't no quitter
An' if he can go
He'll make them Spanis
Eat grasshoppers,
An' sagebrush,
Or else hush
Up forever.

—Exchange.

# FROM THE GAME FIELDS.

## HUNTING IN THE BLACK HILLS.

R. B. BARNARD.

My brother George and I reached Sheridan, Wyo., Thursday evening, and at once looked up a guide and a conveyance to take us to Bald mountain.

We met a fellow, whom I will call Barney, bound on a hunting trip in the same direction, and joined forces with him.

The next morning found us stowing guns, ammunition, cameras and ourselves in a "prairie schooner," with the guide "Old Bill" holding the ribbons.

At noon we stopped at a shack in the foot hills, where we got dinner, and a short time later we were on the road again.

About the middle of the afternoon a snow storm struck us, but we didn't mind snow in September.

Bill told us to be on the watch for grouse; so George and I took our guns and walked up the hill for a mile or so.

We were strolling along in the snow when, bang! went George's gun and I suddenly realized what I was there for. George went rushing after his grouse, and up went a covey just in front of me. I, never having seen any grouse before, forgot I had a gun for a minute. Bill yelled "Shoot! you fool, shoot!" so I cut loose and brought down my first grouse. I left the trail and soon kicked out another covey and got another bird.

I went back to the wagon congratulating myself on having better luck than George, for I had not heard him shoot but once. When I got there, however, there was George with 4 birds.

We started on again and reached the "half way shack," where we got accommodations for the night.

After supper we smoked and told stories for a while, and had gone to bed, when one of the boys came in and said a mountain lion was after the sheep. We were up in a moment and ready to go out. When we got to the shed Mac (proprietor of the halfway house) and Bill, had the horses saddled and we started.

We circled quietly around the pen, but the lion was too cute for us and sneaked away.

We went back to bed and were not disturbed until at 4 the next morning, Mac called us to breakfast. That over we saddled our horses and rode about 20 miles back into the mountains. There we began to see signs of deer. So leaving Bill to keep the horses we started afoot.

George and I were to watch an old runway while Barney and Mac drove the deer around.

We sat on a log for a half hour or more, planning what we would do if a deer should come that way.

Soon we heard a crash and looking in the direction of the noise, saw a large buck bound out of the brush into the clearing, about 30 rods from us. George was on his feet in an instant and taking aim, but he didn't shoot. He stopped to look and say "Gee! he's a dandy!" By that time the deer was going at the rate of 10 feet at a bound in the opposite direction.

I think it was a clear case of buck fever. I had lots of questions to answer, a few minutes later, when Mac and Barney appeared.

Mac and I then started out together, and at another runway I succeeded in bringing down a deer with one shot.

Barney and George had as good luck as we. Barney started a deer a mile from where we were and George captured the prize with 2 shots.

We set out for camp and reached there about 8 o'clock.

We tumbled into bed pretty early that night and the next day visited the gold mining camps 30 miles further in the mountains.

We started from Bald Mountain City on the return trip Monday morning and reached Sheridan Tuesday evening.

We had some grouse and sage hens that we shot coming down the mountain, and we brought some venison with us which we shipped to our homes.

George and I enjoy talking over our trip, but he does not like to have me say much about the first deer we saw.

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Skaguay, Alaska.

Editor RECREATION: More than a dozen steamers land here each week, and we never have a chance to get acquainted with the passengers, for they now have no trouble to get to the lakes, over this trail. They have been going through by the hundreds, all winter. There are plenty of packers who have stations between here and Lake Bennett, and have taken outfits over as cheap as 7 cents a pound, when the trail was good. The ice in the canyon is fast dropping in, and almost every trip now seems to be the last. Then every one will be compelled to use the wagon-road and pay toll. This toll, however, will be so small and the road kept in such a good condition there will be no chance for anyone to object to paying.

The men who are coming now are not like those who were in the mad rush of last summer and fall. The latter were mostly men who were excited over the reports that plenty of big nuggets were to be had simply for the picking up. These men were confident they would become rich in 2 or 3 years if they would but make the start. Many got what money they could together, some not leaving enough for their families to live on, and started for an unknown country and an entirely new life. Of course they met with the most bitter disappointment at the start; for both this and the Dyea trails were practically impassable, and only men who could afford to pay 30 to 50 cents a pound to have their outfits packed over, ever reached Lake Bennett. Then $500 was the price of a boat.

At least 90 per cent. of the men who started, after making a heroic and desperate struggle gave up the ghost and turned homeward, leaving their outfits cached, or sold them for whatever they could get. All said they would be back, but all have failed to show up as yet.

The men who are coming now are more conservative. Many have been miners, for years, and know what a proposition of this kind means. They have sized it up thoroughly, before starting, and have made proper preparations for their families. Many have brought them to Skaguay, where they have quartered them comfortably and intend making this their headquarters and base of supplies. Merchandise can be bought here at about coast prices. Here they can get all the news of the latest strikes, almost as soon as they get them in Dawson city.

For instance, men came out about 5 weeks ago with a report that they had gotten down to bed rock, on the Big Salmon and had taken out $3 a pan. This news was not credited, until several others came out and told the same story. Then men would quietly slip out of town, in parties of 3 to 6. The busy merchant would leave his business and go light (6 weeks grub) or send some one on a grub stake. It is a regular stampede. I understand, now, reports have reached Dawson City and they are starting out from there. The Big Salmon river is about 220 miles from here and about 380 miles from Dawson City; so we have had the advantage, this time.

Last night there was a heavy fall of snow. This morning the wind changed to the South and it rained hard, all day, taking all the snow out of the valley.

My partner, Dr. Chase, has just come in and asked me to go with him to Sheep Camp, on the Dyea trail, where a terrible catastrophe has occurred. Tons of snow and ice have come down the mountain, where hundreds of packers were camped for the night. The last report, by telephone, says 20 bodies have been found, but there is no way of telling how many were killed.

I can't leave here until the snow and ice melt, around my quartz mine, which is above timber and which is now covered with about 7 feet of snow. Last week Mr. Street and I fought our way up to it. This was the hardest day's work I ever did. All the way there, after climbing the first steep bluff, was a snow shoe proposition. I had large rubber overshoes on, that made it impossible for me to keep my toe in the strap. The grade was all very steep, and we went through fallen timber and soft snow most of the time, with the snow shoes, on our hands and knees. H. L. Suydam.

## HUNTING IN TEXAS.

J. C. BURKETT.

Early Monday morning, November 22, 9 men in different parts of the State were hurrying to trains to reach a certain camp by 7 p.m. Dr. B. H. Carroll, his son, Rev. Charley Carroll, Rev. J. M. Carroll, Rev. Amos Barber, Homer Wells, Standifer and others made the number. The Carrolls had gone on and joined Barber, and with wagons, drivers, and tents, were waiting for us. We found them in a temporary camp near the station, with a fine fire, plenty of quails, already cooked, tents up, beds made, and everything ready for the night. The morning found us up early, hovering over the fire in the face of a regular "Texas Norther," and soon we were off for the hunting ground, 10 miles away. We reached our camping place by noon, and after a hurried dinner, some of us went to spy out turkey roosts and deer haunts, while others prepared the camp. We had scarcely put things in order before we were ordered away from the place, although we had the owner's permission to camp there.

The man who ordered us out was from a "sinful town," and we were compelled to go or fight. On account of having to move camp we lost 2 days, and so had only 3 in which to hunt. We reached our last camp in time for Charley to put out his set lines; having killed plenty of quails, ducks, and geese on the way. Next morning 3 good fish were taken off the lines for dinner. In the stream near by were plenty of fish. To the West, only 2 miles away, deer were numerous, and 2 miles to the North were lots of ducks and geese; so we were glad the men of Sintown caused us to move. The first day Amos Barber, one of the best deer hunters in Texas, brought in a fat doe. This was Thanksgiving Day. We had quail, fish, duck, goose, venison, black coffee, and good appetites. What more could we wish for?

That night plans were made for a deer hunt, the next morning. In the meantime the hooks were rebaited and plenty of fish caught. When we left camp, we knew we should not starve even if we killed no deer. About 9 o'clock J. M. Carroll saw 8 deer in a small open place in the brush. When within 125 yards of them he fired and killed one. The others were, for a moment, too surprised to run, and before they got out of range he secured 2 does and a buck. Carroll is an exceptional shot, with any kind of gun, and had the day before killed 23 quails out 24 shots.

Dr. Carroll, who was a Texas ranger in early life, and has killed many deer, showed great delight when the 3 deer were brought to camp by his son.

On Thursday a large buck was seen and one of the party determined to kill him if possible. But not until sundown on Saturday, did he get a chance to do so. When he did, the deer was running, 250 yards away, but a 32-40 bullet broke his back.

Around the camp fire that night, we decided we had enough game; having caught 200 pounds of fish, and killed 200 quails, 20 geese, 75 ducks, and 5 deer. We could have killed 500 ducks and geese and as many quails, but we had no need for them.

I took a trip down the Okanogan river, where I secured 7 prairie chickens, 2 mallards and a jack rabbit. Shooting was good here last fall. One day I say a lone goose sitting in the center of a stubble field. To get close enough to kill him with No. 6 shot, was hard work; but geese are scarce here and I was bent on having this one. Getting into a dead furrow, 400 yards away from him, I began my journey on my hands and knees. When I got within 100 yards of him he grew uneasy. I dropped lower and traveled on the muddy ground, after the fashion of the snake. Every time the goose would eat, I squirmed and twisted a few feet closer. Finally I was within 30 yards and springing to my feet, let go both barrels just as the goose started to fly. I killed my goose, and feeling satisfied for that day, I went home.

J. R. Liptrap, Okanagon, Wash.

## THE HORNS WE DID NOT GET.

J. M. LLOYD.

On January 19, '98, we started from Winter Haven, Florida, for a camp hunt in Kissimmee island. The members of our party were J. M. Fink, J. E. Marshall and I, and the guides, John Owens and John Thomas. Mr. Fink went with the avowed intention of procuring a set of horns. Mr. Marshall took 2 bird dogs and he and Mr. Fink thought they would shoot some birds, so they walked most of the forenoon. When we stopped for dinner they produced 13 quails. In the afternoon we killed 11 more. We camped the first night at the little settlement called Midland. Next morning we got an early start and after traveling 12 miles we crossed a low, marshy place called the Blue Jordan and were in the Kissimmee island. Here Mr. Marshall and Mr. Thomas got out of the wagon to try to kill a deer, while the rest of us went to a good camping place on a small stream known as Willingham's branch. Mr. Marshall and his guide saw 2 deer, but didn't get them. On the third day we moved several miles further to a small stream called the Morgan Holes. On the way I saw my first deer. That afternoon I fished and watched camp while the other fellows hunted. They shot at a few deer but did not kill any. Next day we made our camp about 3 miles farther on. I hunted with Mr. Marshall and made the great mistake of not seeing, until too late, 3 deer that were within 150 yards of us.

Next day was Sunday. We moved camp again. In the afternoon Mr. Owens rode around to look for sign. He said he saw a big buck with a fine set of horns.

Monday, Mr. Marshall and his guide and Mr. Fink, and our guide were ready to start early. When we were about 3 miles from camp Mr. Fink killed a young buck whose horns were about an inch long. Mr. Marshall and Mr. Thomas brought in 4 quail.

On Tuesday morning we decided to move camp again. We saw 4 deer in a bunch on the way but didn't get any of them.

About 2 miles from camp Mr. Marshall jumped 2 deer, shot both barrels at the nearest, and in his hurry, reloaded with bird shot. The deer was wounded and we went after him. Several hundred yards away we jumped him again and Mr. Marshall put both loads of bird shot in him. He went on about 100 yards and lay down again, and was finally killed by a shot through the head.

The next day we killed 2 deer and a turkey, and wounded another deer, which we lost.

Thursday we all hunted again without success, and in the afternoon started for home.

## IF THE DEER EAT UP MY CROPS, WHAT THEN?

Sheboygan, Wis.

Editor RECREATION: What shall a man do who lives in the backwoods, when the deer every summer destroy his crop? What would you, Mr. Editor, do in such a case? We are getting sick of fattening deer for sportsmen, and have to kill them off, as quick as we can, because it is a struggle for existence. Such has always been the case with frontier men, or deer would be plenty as rabbits, in the best farming countries of every state. Would you kindly give your opinion on the subject.

Jos. Meives.

ANSWER.

This is a knotty question, and one that for a hundred years has puzzled longer heads than mine. We will assume, for instance, that your Wisconsin game laws provide deer may be killed during the month of November, and that a man who kills one at any other time of the year lays himself liable to a fine of $50. Therefore, if a deer comes about your farm, during the month of November, you may lawfully kill him. At any other time of the year you may not, even though he break into your field or your garden and destroy all your crops.

I have heard of a great many cases of deer jumping fences and damaging crops more or less; but in several of these, which I have investigated, I found the real damage very slight. I have also found that where deer were said to be coming into the fields every afternoon or every night, men have lain in wait for them a week at a time without being able to see any. I do not claim this is always so, but it is an easy matter, in all cases where deer invade fields, to get rid of them without killing them. Nearly every farmer keeps a dog, and if when a deer comes into his field he will turn the dog loose and shoot him at the intruder, he will get rid of the deer very suddenly. It is not likely that this deer will return soon; but if he should come back once more, give him another dose of dog, and I will guarantee he will fight shy of that field for a year after.

I should be glad to hear from any number of farmers, who have at heart the preservation of this noble animal, as to what their actual experiences have been with deer damaging their crops.—EDITOR.

### THE WOODPECK OR BOG SUCKER.

Butte, Mont.

Editor RECREATION: Some years ago, I moved to Gladstone, a pretty little town on upper Green Bay, in Northern Michigan; and as soon as I was settled, began making inquiries about the shooting. I was assured by the inhabitants, that game was plentiful, and among other things, was told there were lots of woodcock. This information set me on nettles, and the season being right for these birds, I soon made my informant promise to take me to where the birds lived. I made great preparations, and that night went to bed with pleasant anticipations of sport to come. The next morning my guide put in his appearance, and we were off; I, for my part, with expectations tuned to the highest pitch. The day was a scorcher, and my guide took me into a large tract of high and dry pine and tamarack woods, in which there was not a breath of air. I told him I never knew a woodcock to stay in such timber, but he promised to show me plenty of them. We had advanced through this almost impenetrable jungle a mile or more, the perspiration pouring down our backs in streams, and the mosquitoes fairly devouring us, when my guide, who was a step or 2 in advance of me, gave a warning hiss, and beckoned me to approach. Pointing upward into a large pine, he whispered, "There he is, give it to him."

I looked blank, not knowing what he meant. Directly he broke out, and wanted to know if I had come all that distance to shoot woodcock, and when I had a good chance, did not know enough to shoot. I said I did come for woodcock, but not to shoot woodpeckers. The bird in the tree was the large ivory-bill woodpecker, common enough in the pine woods, and it was to shoot these that I had been led on one of the toughest tramps it has ever been my misfortune to make. The guide was sincere enough in the matter, too, for I learned afterward that woodcock was a common name applied to the ivory-bill. I also found, on looking into the matter, that this bird is in many localities, known as the cock of the wood. This is easily and naturally changed to woodcock. My disgust can be imagined and I was not long in making the shortest cut for the open. However, as though to compensate me for my disappointment, while on the way home, and in a place about as likely to attract a cock as the woods from which I had just come, I flushed a pair of sure enough woodcocks, and secured one of them.

On showing it to my guide, and telling him it was what I called a woodcock, he expressed his disgust at my ignorance, and assured me that the bird was nothing but a bog sucker. On arriving home, I was exhibiting my capture to a few friends in the post office, several of whom had never seen a woodcock, when we were further enlightened by an old Swede who said these birds were plentiful in Sweden, and were called woodpecks. R. H. Mertz.

### SHOT AT PIGEONS AND KILLED A GAME LAW.

Editor RECREATION: Just now Colorado sportsmen are anxiously awaiting the outcome of a somewhat peculiar case which threatens to overturn the existing game law. It all happened in this wise:

Not long since, some Colorado Springs "sportsmen" indulged in a live pigeon shoot. The Colorado Humane Society instituted proceedings against them.

In the Justice's court the defendants claimed the shooting of pigeons was perfectly legal, having been made so by the last game law. The justice, however, declared the law unconstitutional. Later the El Paso Co. court declared against the defendants and upheld the justice in his ruling. It now remains for the Supreme Court to pass on the findings of lower courts and determine the constitutionality of the act, provided the defendants appeal to the higher court. The El Paso Co. court allowed the defendants a specified time in which to appeal, but so far no appeal has been made.

The justice declared the law unconstitutional on the strength of the clause which legalizes the shooting of pigeons from traps. The law, which bears the title "fish, forestry and game," was intended to regulate the shooting of game in the state, and surely one cannot say that pigeons shot from traps are game.

Further, the constitution of Colorado states expressly that in order to become a law an act must have but a simple title; or, if more than one, they must be of subjects clearly related to each other. Hence, in the title of our law, there is an apparent defect, for the argument is advanced that "forestry" is a subject foreign to "fish" and "game." If the title be defective the law itself must certainly be null and void. Again, as stated above, a law to be effective must refer to but one subject or class of subjects. The court failed to see the relation between pigeon shooting from traps and the subjects contained in the title of the act; hence the decision. What the outcome will be no one can say. In the meantime, however, Mr. Swan will continue to attempt to enforce the "law." In case it be declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court, unless prompt measures are taken, the game will undoubtedly suffer.

L. D. Gilmore.

## A TOUGH BUCK.

W. J. B.

It had been snowing about 2 hours when Fred came in and suggested that we go deer hunting. We shouldered our rifles and a walk of 4 miles brought us to our hunting ground. After a careful examination of the surroundings, we decided to go to a balsam bog, 2½ miles farther on. Arrived at the bog we saw numerous signs of deer. We hunted the bog thoroughly, but notwithstanding the abundance of sign, not a deer could we find. This was discouraging, and as it was nearly sundown we struck an old road and made for home. Suddenly we came around a sharp bend and before we had time to say a word the report of a rifle, quickly followed by another, broke up our conversation. "Wasn't he a big one?" We hastened to the spot and found drops of blood, which increased in number as we followed the trail. Into a swamp it led, and we followed. We came to a place where the deer had bled freely while resting.

We went on with renewed hopes and presently came to where he had lain down. We had paid little or no attention to our course through the swamp, and now found it too dark to follow the trail. A council of war was held and we decided there was but one thing to do—stop there for the night and in the morning find our buck. A swamp, everything soaking wet, no blankets, and little grub is a pretty tough proposition to sleep on. We started a fire and made things look as agreeable as circumstances would permit. That fire was a daisy; a little smoke but no heat. About midnight we cut some balsam boughs and decided to turn in. I slept about ½ hour, then found I could get more comfort from my pipe. Presently we heard the patter of rain and sought the shelter of a big pine. Dawn finally came. We made a pot of tea over a birch bark fire and then looked for the buck. We found him about 60 rods from camp; not dead, but unable to rise.

"What a monster! What a set of horns! You hold my rifle. I will get behind him, catch his horns and cut his throat," said Fred. He started in and in less time than it takes to tell it, was 6 feet away, on his back. The buck made a lunge for him but in his dazed condition struck his head against a small tree. Fred caught his horns again and the buck on one side of the tree and Fred on the other, pulled for dear life. I decided to take the knife and do the sticking act while Fred held on. The buck preferred to meet death fighting, and so shook off Fred's hold again and made a lunge at him. This was too close for fooling, so I picked up the 45-90 and ended the buck's career.

One hind leg had been broken at the knee joint and a ball had gone through the intestines. How he ever put up such a fight amazed us. But this was explained when we tried a steak from him. Tough? Well I guess yes. I came to the conclusion his hide would make a bullet proof shirt, and had it tanned. The head was one of the finest I ever saw. I would have had it mounted were it not for the fact that this was all a dream.

## A FOX HUNT IN FEBRUARY.

One evening in February, I received an invitation from Mr. O. Baucus, who has 2 of the finest hounds in this part of the country, to go fox hunting with him on the first fall of snow. As luck would have it, there fell about 4 inches of snow the same night. The following morning we started for a few hours' sport with the dogs. Mr. B., being of slight proportions (tipping the scales at not less than 200 pounds) stationed himself at the nearest run; while I took the dogs and went about 1 mile North. As I started down a ravine the dogs gave tongue and we soon had a fox up. They ran in Mr. B.'s direction, and as I heard the report of his gun I knew he had captured the fox. I hurried back and congratulated him on his good luck. As it was still early in the day, we concluded to continue our sport. So I took the dogs again, and within an hour had another fox started. This one led the hounds a 6 mile run; taking in Wolfs-hollow, Thief-hollow, and a portion of Rice's mountain. Seeing the course they had taken, I hurried to Mr. B. and told him I would station myself at Ryan's run. There, after waiting half an hour, I had the pleasure of seeing the fox coming directly toward me. When he was within 10 rods, I took aim with my Parker hammerless, and fired; and to my delight the fox dropped lifeless, another trophy of our day's sport. I waited for the hounds to come up, then joined my companion and we started for home.

H. Groesbeck, Melrose, N. Y.

### HUNTING CRANES AT NIGHT.

Gurnee, Ill.

Editor RECREATION: While hunting in South Dakota, in 1885, I saw, one afternoon late in the fall, a flock of sandhill cranes alight near a small pond on the level prairie. There being no cover, I knew it would be difficult to get near them; so decided to wait until night and if they remained, to try and approach them then. Night came and I started. I took an 18 gauge double barrel gun, loaded with 2½ drams of powder and ¾ ounce of No. 4 shot. My setter, Major, went with me. I walked as near the cranes as I thought I could without alarming them. Then I crawled on hands and knees for 80 rods, or so, and after that lay flat on the ground and pushed myself along with my toes. The dog was at my feet crawling as close to the ground as he could. He seemed to think he must do just as I did. At last I got to the edge of the pond. It was too dark to see the cranes, but I could hear them wading in the water. I tried to locate them near enough to take a chance shot, but could not. They seemed to be scattered all over the pond. I lay quiet for a few minutes thinking what I should do. Just then a prairie fire was started, by some one 5 or 6 miles away. The glare of the fire was reflected by the clouds, on the surface of the pond, and by the dim light I could see the great birds moving about not more than 25 yards from me. I pushed the muzzle of the little gun through the grass and soon saw, across the barrels, a dark object come in front of me. I pulled the trigger and the stillness of the night was broken by a roar and the yell of the cranes. Major was up in an instant and bounded into the water. I was surprised to find I had secured 2 birds with one shot. One was dead and the other winged. He was a large fellow, and made a good fight for his life. Major soon killed him and brought both birds ashore, and swinging them over my shoulder, I started for home, feeling amply repaid for my trouble. M. F. Schryver.

### PASADENA GUN CLUB.

Pasadena, Cal.

Editor RECREATION: California is noted for big things in general and we have opportunity enough to kill more game than we want if our hoggish propensities were not restrained by our better feelings. I append a list of our shoots for the 5 open months ending March 1st; and leave the fraternity to judge if California sportsmen don't average up pretty well with their Eastern brethren on the hog question. Southern California has an open winter, and migrating ducks and geese visit us by thousands. We have no game waterways on the deltas, to make natural feeding grounds for the birds. All our water comes from artesian wells, which flow incessantly and form modest streams; and by careful damming and feeding, we are enabled to make ponds of considerable size. Hundreds of ponds of this kind have been made by different clubs in the South.

The principal clubs in and around Los Angeles and Pasadena are the San Joaquin, San Dominguez, Los Cerritos, Recreation and Pasadena. The last controls 2,500 acres near Bixly and has improved the grounds until they are as good as any sportsman could wish.

Mr. G. A. Gibbs is president and Joe Welsh Secretary and Treasurer of the club.

Year by year the shooting improves. We employ a keeper and have a nice club house.

The 15 members are congenial souls and divided into Wednesday and Saturday shooters.

We get canvasback, redheads, bluebills, greenwing and cinnamon, teal, widgeon, sprig, spoonbill, gadwall and mallard ducks; also snipe, curlew and plover. The following is a list of members, number of shoots, and number of ducks shot:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| G. A. Gibbs | 5 shoots, | killed 105 ducks. |
| I. Ingraham | 17 shoots, | killed 318 ducks. |
| H. M. Staats | 10 shoots, | killed 177 ducks. |
| Joe Blick | 14 shoots, | killed 289 ducks. |
| F. J. Woodbury | 6 shoots, | killed 73 ducks. |
| Ben Hahn | 7 shoots, | killed 123 ducks. |
| T. Herman | 17 shoots, | killed 418 ducks. |
| V. L. Ward | 7 shoots, | killed 123 ducks. |
| Joe Welsh | 14 shoots, | killed 471 ducks. |
| E. Kayser | 10 shoots, | killed 253 ducks. |
| F. B. Wetherly | 10 shoots, | killed 186 ducks. |
| L. Perrin | 11 shoots, | killed 61 ducks. |
| W. H. Barry | 3 shoots, | killed 80 ducks. |
| Charles Bratten | 3 shoots, | killed 30 ducks. |
| H. D. West | 7 shoots, | killed 91 ducks. |

You can judge whether we should be classed as hogs or not. I think not.

S. H. T.

I think all who killed over 10 ducks, in any one day, should be.—EDITOR.

### HUNTING BY MOONLIGHT.

Seattle, Wash.

Editor RECREATION: Having occasion to visit Waterville early last September, I persuaded my friend Ralph Crumbaugh to accompany me on the trip. Waterville is in the Big Bend country, so called from the bend in the Columbia river, and near the famous Lake Chelan. The route from Ritzville to Waterville lies through 120 miles of an almost uninhabited section of central Washington. While part of this vast area is valuable only as grazing lands, the larger part is well adapted to the raising of wheat and other grains.

Owing to the scarcity of water, stock raising is confined to the vicinity of several small streams which flow through the most rocky parts; leaving the more valuable lands useless for want of water. The streams are alive with mountain trout and every little pond is covered with game.

We expected to stop over in Moses coulee for a day's sport on Jamison's lake. This famous coulee is situated 25 miles East of Waterville and runs parallel with the Grand coulee for many miles, through a level stretch of country. It varies in width from several hundred yards to a mile, and is 300 to 700 feet deep. Its perpendicular rock walls make it impossible to cross except in 2 places, Sulphur Springs and Jamison's lake. The latter route has been abandoned for several years and was almost impassable. We arrived at the lake with our 4 horse team at 5 P.M. After supper we made camp snug for the night and concluded to go hunting by moonlight.

Jamison's lake is a body of clear fresh water, several miles long and ¼ mile wide. At the time of our visit it was covered with large flocks of ducks and geese, while in the brush around it were chickens, sagehens, rabbits and coyotes. Under the full moon of a splendid September night, the scene was one of rare beauty and enchantment. The strange charm of the night, combined with the knowledge that we were the only human beings for miles around, made an impression that will long be remembered.

Suddenly the silence was broken by the report of Ralph's gun. Instantly there was a great commotion on the lake, and the air was full of whistling wings. Bang! bang! several more shots rang out. The echo was wonderful. It seemed to leap from side to side of the narrow canyon until it grew fainter and fainter in the distance.

After several hours of fine sport, and bagging a number of ducks, we drifted slowly back to camp, silently enjoying one of the most beautiful scenes of nature.

W. H. Turner.

### KANSAS GAME.

I came to Kansas 20 years ago, when it was indeed a paradise for hunters. The buffalo had long since disappeared but there was abundance of small game. Prairie chickens were everywhere—millions of them. Little did we think they would ever become so scarce as they are now. The past winter afforded good sport at quail shooting, and as we have had a mild winter, their numbers ought to increase if they are properly protected.

A market hunter came to grief here last winter. He had been making regular shipments of "butter" packed in baskets. One night, while he was at the depot marking his freight, he was arrested. He had 13 baskets of quails—marked butter—consigned to New York, and containing 667 birds; each one wrapped separately like oranges. He was tried, pleaded guilty and was fined the enormous sum of $15 and costs, amounting in all to something over $30. How he got off so easy no one can explain.

There are not many ducks in this part of the State; our streams are not suitable for them. In Southwestern Kansas, along the Arkansas river, ducks and geese are plentiful at the present time, and large numbers are being shot. Jack rabbits are abundant, and chasing them with greyhounds furnishes great sport.

J. C. Townley, Enterprise, Kan.

### ONE LESS DEER SLAYER.

My friend B. and I went grouse hunting in Northern Wisconsin. We arrived in Warner the day before the season opened, and from there went 4 miles up the Flambeau. B. carried a repeating Winchester shot gun and I a 38-55, lest we might see a bear, wolf, or wild cat. The birds were fairly plentiful, and we got all we could use. B. was much afraid I would kill a deer, if opportunity offered, and cautioned me not to get excited and shoot one. On the second day we planned to go to Ben Graves' old hunting camp, about 3 miles above the Shaw dam. We arrived there at noon. While I was toasting grouse by the fire, B. looked up the river and called to me, "Get your rifle quick! There is a deer!" Twelve rods up the river, I saw a beautiful, large doe making for the woods on the opposite side. Farther up the river I saw what I supposed was her fawn, coming toward us with all possible speed. When it came nearer I saw it was a large timber wolf, evidently pursuing the deer. I told B. to put a charge of buckshot in his gun and be ready. When the wolf was about 30 rods off I let go at him, and missed. Again I tried to cover him. This time I could plainly see his shoulder through my Lyman sights, and pulled again. Still he went on, and as he passed a barn, which stood below us on the bank, B. and I fired together. We both ran around the barn and looked down the river. On the rocks, a few rods below the barn, lay the wolf, stone dead. After skinning him we found he was shot through the point of the heart. My last shot broke a foreleg. The wolf measured from tip to tip, 6 feet 6 inches, and 30 inches in height. From fore legs to hind legs, stretched out, 6 feet 8 inches. The Thornapple was shallow at that time, and the deer was evidently running in the water to throw the wolf off the scent. We returned home a day or 2 later, with our wolf hide and 24 grouse; realizing we had enjoyed a hunt not soon to be forgotten. J. H. B., Eau Claire, Wis.

### ON THE HOMOSASSA.

Ocala, Fla.

Editor RECREATION: Recently my father, uncle and I made a trip to the Homosassa river which empties into the Gulf of Mexico. I carried my gun along but found little use for it. The first day we spent the morning in trolling for sea trout and red-fish, or channel bass. In the afternoon we fished for sheepshead. We had fair luck, catching all we wanted. If you could see some of the catches made here, I am afraid your "hog-pen" would have to be enlarged. At noon we ate our lunch on one of the numerous shell islands. They consist of immense piles of oyster, conch and clam shells, with occasional bones of animals and pieces of ancient pottery, and mark the spots where the Indians formerly feasted on the products of these waters. It struck me they must have had remarkable capacities in the eating line, to have devoured islands upon islands of oysters.

The next day we visited the head of the river, where a wonderful spring is to be seen. A stream of water, large enough to float a good sized boat, wells up from a rocky cavern of unknown depth. In the clear water, we could see schools of mangrove-snappers and black bass, or trout, as they are called here. In the stream below the spring were huge gar-pike and schools of mullet. The surroundings were most picturesque; immense groves of palmetto, cyprus, swamp maple, red cedar and varieties of smaller palms abound on every side. In the hummocks and swamps, deer, bears, turkeys, wild-cats, raccoons and opossums are to be found and on the ponds and creeks ducks of many kinds are plentiful during the winter.

Homosassa is fast becoming a favorite resort for sportsmen. It has 2 hotels which are well patronized, a store and several beautiful cottages occupied by pleasure and health seekers during the winter.

D. S. Williams, Jr.

### SOME TEXAS GAME HOGS.

THE KIND THEY RAISE IN TEXAS.

George Davis and Alex Shelton, of Aberfoyle, went squirrel hunting this week. Striking camp 2 hours before dark, they went out and killed 53 squirrels. Next morning they got 13 in a short time. Mr. Shelton killed 3 at one shot. This is the most effective hunting we have heard of lately. —Aberfoyle, Texas, paper.

The editor calls it "effective hunting." He doubtless meant to say "slaughter."

### WORK OF THE SPRING SHOOTERS.

I send you a clipping from the Milwaukee Sentinel by which you will see the game hogs are not all dead yet. I hope the day is not far distant when it will be unlawful to shoot a duck in the spring. It is the height of folly to destroy these thousands of ducks in this way. I sometimes think it not only unwise but little less than a crime against the next generation to destroy these birds as they are being destroyed. Our hope lies in the speedy prohibition of spring shooting, in every State in the Northwest. I am expecting great things from the L. A. S., in this respect. Have made a few good catches of trout since the season opened.

Rev. T. H. Dowr, Amherst, Wis.

The clipping above referred to is as follows:

This spring the slaughter of ducks in Wisconsin has been mercilessly prosecuted, some Milwaukee hunters having brought home as many as 150 birds as the result of a week's shooting. On Lake Koshkonong thousands of canvasback ducks have been killed by market hunters. On Poygan, Winneconne and Puckaway Lakes, bluebills and redheads have been chased off their feeding and breeding grounds, and in Waukesha county the ducks have scarcely had an opportunity to breathe freely, so sharp has been the pursuit of the hunters. In Milwaukee bay the ducks were unusually numerous, but the police were so vigilant that the hunters were unable to do any serious execution.

"A law should be passed at the next session of the legislature prohibiting spring shooting," said a Milwaukee sportsman yesterday while discussing the effect of killing ducks during the breeding season. "Every fall the complaint is made that the duck shooting grows poorer and poorer with each succeeding year, but the hunters seem to fail to recognize the fact that they cannot eat their cake and have it too. If the birds are molested in the spring they are driven elsewhere if not killed, and that is why I argue against shooting in the early part of each year."

—Milwaukee Sentinel.

### THE PEORIA BREED.

The steamer Gazelle, which brought up the party of duck hunters, from Duck Island, last Tuesday night unloaded her cargo of game at 8 A. M. yesterday. A wagon loaded to the guards with ducks represented the prowess of the hunters. Ex-Mayor Allen and John Campbell both succeeded in bagging several large geese.

Peoria (Ill.) "Transcript."

Fortunately Allen is now *ex*-Mayor. It is greatly to the credit of the Peoria voters that they did not continue this shoat in office. And this wagon load of ducks were killed in the spring, too! Think what clouds of young they would have raised if allowed to go to the breeding grounds!

### SOME MORE ILLINOIS SHOATS.

I hand you herewith a clipping from one of our local newspapers:

This morning the members of the Macon County Hunting club arrived home from DeWitt, Ark., after an absence of a month. In the party were Captain Milton Knapp, of Greenwood, Ind.; Harry Midkiff, S. D. May, W. T. Hott, A. T. Summers of Decatur; M. A. Harbert, Macon; J. P. Faris, Arthur Pritchett and Bert Faris of Niantic. There was a great abundance of all kinds of game, and fishing was so good that in one day the anglers had to bury 200 pounds of fish. The weather was hot. Four deer were killed and lots of geese, ducks and squirrels. It was the eighth annual trip for the party.

These men have not even the common excuse that they gave their game away. They simply buried it. They do not belong to the common breed of hogs. They are your prize porkers.

Give it to 'em good and hard. They deserve it. R. C. S., Decatur, Ill.

Can you blame Missouri, or any other state for enacting non-resident hunting laws, when such swine as these are allowed to run at large? Certainly not, and I hope to live to see the time when all states will have laws debarring game hogs. It's the only way to curb their brutal instincts. Rings in their noses will never stop them.

### ANOTHER WAIL FROM CALIFORNIA.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Editor RECREATION: Enclosed you will find an account of the worst example of gluttony ever displayed, I think, on the Pacific Coast.

> The hunting record of the season here has been broken by W. H. Dupee and C. H. Lester of Chicago, and J. Turner of Plymouth, Pa., who have just returned from a 2 days' hunt below the line into Mexico. The party was accompanied by W. S. Denton, of Coronado, as guide. The number of quail, by actual count, brought back by the hunters was an even 800. The members of the party report that in all their experience in hunting they never before found so many quail. The brush seemed to be literally alive with them, and the whirr of many wings, at times, was almost deafening. Dupee, Lester and Turner are all crack shots, the latter gentleman being known as one of the crack shots of the East.

That the Hotel del Coronado should harbor such beasts as these surprises me. It is generally supposed that none but gentlemen stop there. Even an Indian would have sense enough to stop before the hundred mark was reached, but these hogs seemed to know no stopping place.

Think of this score and hang your diminished heads, O ye Posey county and Stevens Point hogs!

We Californians, however, console ourselves with the melancholy reflection that the shooters were not natives.

Keep your eyes peeled, Mr. Editor, and I may send you some facts about sea-fishing at Catalina Island, this summer, that will make you grab your branding-iron in a hurry. Thousands of pounds of good fish, go to waste every year, over there, wasted by Eastern tourists who want to make record bags to prate about when they get home. Keep on soaking it to the game hogs. They can stand a lot of it.

When your magazine is more universally read and appreciated, the sportsmen's millennium will be at hand. Paisano.

> L. E. Provost, J. D. Ennis and S. A. Osteen went out bird shooting, on Saturday morning, and returned in a few hours with 65 robins.

Indian River (Fla.) "Advocate."

The disreputable wretches! Why doesn't Florida protect her song and insectivorous birds? And why don't some decent man take a base ball bat and thin out the hogs who destroy such birds?

### HALL IS ANOTHER.

I enclose clipping from an alleged sportsman's paper, published in the West. On page 151 is part of the article, and on page 152 is the motto of the paper: "Fish and Game Protection"—a strange contrast. I think both the author of the article and the editor of the paper are entitled to membership in your swine herd.

George H. Dormer, Eveleth, Minn.

The article referred to is headed "A Sportsman's Klondike" and is written by one W. R. Hall. He tells several stories of men who have displayed their hoggish tastes while fishing in certain Minnesota lakes. Then he adds:

> "My wife and I caught an even 100 small-mouth black bass in 4 hours, that averaged between 2½ and 3 pounds each, and one weighed 6 pounds.
>
> "Just how many fish it is possible to catch in a day I do not know. We always got tired after playing and landing 100 or so. It matters little which lake you go to, the result is the same. You find your wrist giving out after steadily playing the gamy fish of this section a few hours. Two fishermen, to my knowledge, caught over 300 bass in 6 hours, and their luck was nothing extraordinary."

If Mr. Hall had any sense of decency he would be so heartily ashamed of this slaughter that he would never mention it. On the contrary he shows his utterly depraved taste by boasting of his butchery in print. He needs the services of a missionary to civilize him.—EDITOR.

W. H. Ellis writes to the St. Louis Globe Democrat, a description of a scheme for baiting wild turkeys with corn, or other grain, and goes on to tell his brother hogs how, by putting out the corn every day until the turkeys get to coming, and then hiding in a blind near the baited ground and waiting until the turkeys get well bunched, within 20 yards of the blind, he can kill 4 or 5 at a shot. It is a great pity that some powder could not be devised, for the especial use of game hogs, that would cause their guns to explode when attempting such shots as this. It would indeed be gratifying to chronicle a few cases of such men having their heads blown off, when attempting such cold blooded slaughter of game as he advises.

> Over 1,600 fish were captured in one haul of a seine at Crills Mill dam in the Sioux river, near Vermillion, S. D., the largest catch, it is said, ever made in any stream of that section of the country.

Speaking of game hogs—how's this?

Guy T. Ashenden, Auburndale, Mass.

I want to congratulate you on the grand work you are doing on the game swine. There are so many of them that RECREATION's scalding barrel does not seem to get all the bristles off; yet it is working to its full capacity.

It occurs to me sometimes that we sportsmen do not always do all we might to assist the editor in making the scald as thorough as possible. When any one kills game illegally, or for the market, or acts hoggish, it is our duty to report him to RECREATION at once, and assist thereby in giving him a complete scalding. Let us see that not only the bristles are taken off, but the hide as well.

There is no journal published that takes so active a part in exterminating the biped game swine as does RECREATION. We should all be thankful we have such a true sportsman as the editor of RECREATION.

Dan Wogaman, Quincy, O.

### MALLARDS AND FISH BAIT.

Willits, Cal.

Editor RECREATION: For the last 3 months I have been in Mendocino county, California, establishing a fishery station at Little Lake valley, for the San Francisco and North Pacific Ry. Co., to supply trout eggs for their hatchery at Ukiah. The valley proper is 8 or 10 miles long by 2 or 3 broad. The lower portion, toward the outlet, forms a lake in the winter, grown up with tule, cat-tail and marsh grasses, and remains swampy throughout the year. Mallard ducks breed in this swamp in great numbers; remaining all the year and affording good shooting when the season opens. Later, the migratory ducks come in. Recently we had quite a snow storm and everything was covered to a depth of several inches. A boy living here dressed himself in a sheet and sallied forth to the marsh. In the evening he came in with all the ducks he could carry. He said they took him for a snow drift.

Last season a young man living here tried the experiment of domesticating the mallard. He went on a nest hunt and found 16 with from 15 to 20 eggs in each. He took one clutch home and placed them under an old hen who had made her nest in a box partly full of feathers. In due season the hen left her nest with part of her brood, leaving 4 or 5 eggs among the feathers, not hatched. He went to the box and found the eggs cold, supposed them to be dead and was much surprised, a few days later, to hear a peeping in the box. On looking in he found all had hatched. When the brood were fully feathered they were as gentle as the other fowls in the yard; but one day he saw an old mallard duck light among them and the whole brood took wing, flew off to the marsh, and never returned.

One of our local fishermen asked me the other day if I ever used mussels for bait. "I have done so," I said. "Well," said he, "I will put you on to a good scheme. At the outlet of the lake there are lots of mussels, and you may have noticed there are lots of water snakes, too. Now, sir, along in the spring these snakes go after the mussels for food, and as the mussel lays with its shell open, the fool snake puts his head in and mussel shuts down on him. Of a warm day you will find lots of snakes wiggling out on the bank with a mussel fast to their heads. All you have to do is to pick them up and shake the snake off, and you can get all the bait you want, in a short time.

Alfred V. LaMotte.

### CANADIAN GAME NOTES.

Colles, Alberta, Can.

Editor RECREATION: The grouse shooting season in Northwest Canada closed on December 15th. In this locality, at least, judging from present indications, there is no likelihood of the sharp-tailed prairie grouse becoming exterminated, for ages to come. In a narrow strip of brush on either side the St. Mary's river, and scarcely a mile in extent, there must have been at least 100 of these birds left over. These must be regarded as purely local birds, because during the season they were much hunted in this haunt, and consequently no outside birds were likely to resort thither. During the winter season, owing to their habits of roosting on the ground at night, or burying themselves in the loose snow, many will yet fall victims to coyotes, lynx, bobcats and horned owls all of which haunt this locality. Nevertheless, should next season prove favorable for the young broods, these birds should be abundant next fall.

Farther up stream, toward the mountains, where there is more timber, ruffed grouse are met with in fair numbers. In the mountains proper, about 40 miles distant, the blue grouse claims a share of the sportsman's attention.

The only winter birds I've seen thus far in this vicinity, are the common snow bird. the magpie—but this latter is a permanent resident—the raven, the great horned owl, and the snow owl.

Six gray wolf dens were located, last spring, in the vicinity of the international boundary line, between Montana and Canada, representing a juvenile wolf population of 43. The largest number found in a den was 11 apparently healthy youngsters, and the smallest number was 5. In one instance the mother wolf was caught in her den and, with her 8 cubs, destroyed. W. M.

### MR. PRICE DENIES IT.

Seattle, Wash.

Editor RECREATION: In your March number you printed an extract from a Seattle paper, in which I am mentioned, and use rather harsh language in commenting on same. At the time this was published in the paper mentioned I took occasion to call on the editor and deny the same, and it seems to me that before giving wider publicity to an article of that kind you should have looked the matter up. The fact is there were 4 hunters in the party, and we killed 72 ducks in 3 days. Only 18 of them were mallards. So, you see this would bring the average of each man down quite small.

The Olympia Rod and Gun Club, which controls the Nesqually preserve, is composed of gentlemen who in every way have endeavored to protect game, and it is one of the strict rules of the club that no member shall make a wholesale slaughter of ducks. I have been a constant reader of RECREATION, ever since its first issue, and am fully in accord with your endeavor to protect game; but you should have given us a chance to defend ourselves before publishing an article which originated in the brain of a tin-horn newspaper reporter.

E. W. Price.

I regret I should have done Mr. Price an injustice. I am aware that newspaper accounts of hunting matters are often exaggerated, and I do not like the idea of criticizing any man on such reports. In most cases, before doing so, I write the men themselves to know whether the newspaper statement is correct. I did not do so in this case, for the reason that the clipping was sent me by a reader in Seattle who called my attention to it, and I inferred from his letter he knew the report to be true.—EDITOR.

## FISHING FOR WOLVES.

Ben Corbin, of Glencoe, Emmons county, North Dakota, catches young wolves with fishhooks and a steel line, and has been known to land 8, on the same line, in one night.

When Corbin locates a den, he waits until night, and then brings his fishing line and hooks into play. The steel line is fastened to a stout stake driven into the ground, and is then carried beneath the soil through the region immediately about the den. From the main wire are numerous smaller wires, projecting in all directions, to the end of each of which is a spring fishhook. These hooks are baited with good-sized pieces of chicken breast, or other tempting morsels of meat, and the plant is then left over night.

When the young wolves leave the den at night, to prowl about in search of food, the first thing they encounter is these scattered bits of meat. The wolf is a ravenous animal, and bolts small bits of meat whole. The young ones attack these bits and swallow them. Snap, goes the bolted spring hook and the wolf is fast. Every effort to get away adds to the pain inflicted by the hook, which has found lodgment in his stomach or throat, and he soon learns that absolute quiet is the best method, under the circumstances. Not infrequently Corbin returns to the den in the morning to find every one of the young wolves caught on the spring hooks.

Hundreds are thus caught every season, and their scalps brought in for the bounty. Corbin pockets, annually, hundreds of dollars as the result of his ingenuity.

If all stockmen and sportsmen would adopt this method, and if they should be as successful as Corbin claims to have been, they might thus solve the wolf question.

## GAME NOTES.

I saw an item in the March number of your most excellent journal alluding to "Deer Hunting in the Coast Range." Had it borne the true name of the writer, I should have most cheerfully, and in a gentlemanly manner, replied to the same; but, crouching Comanche-like in the dark, behind a nom and pouncing from his concealment upon those who write true names, he places himself beneath the notice of any and all true sportsmen. Come out from behind your hiding place "Winchester," and you shall have courteous treatment.

Daniel Arrowsmith, LeRoy, Ill.

A writer who lives at Chatsworth, Ill., says the crows destroy more game birds than all the human game hogs in that State. He states that he located, one spring, 9 prairie chicken nests containing in the aggregate 100 eggs, and a few days later, when he went to look for them again, he found they had all been destroyed by crows. He advocates a law offering a bounty on crow heads. If this report, and several others I have read are correct, it would seem that such a law is needed. I should be glad to have reports from readers of RECREATION, on this subject.

Cornwall Heights School,
Cornwall, N. Y.

Editor RECREATION: Last season was a good one for shooting, in these parts. In this school 4 of us killed 29 gray squirrels and some grouse and rabbits. A man near here caught 19 coons. Another man killed 12 gray squirrels and still another 6 squirrels, 2 grouse and 2 rabbits. A party of sportsmen got 15 quails.

The L. A. S. is good. Push it along.

Robert H. Wyld.

I once had a water spaniel which I trained to hunt snapping turtles. He would trail and bay them until I came up. Around Point Pelee, Lake Erie, turtles were plentiful, and I hunted them for the Sandusky market.

The dog was unusually bright and never forgot a trick after he learned it. I was offered $100 for him when he was 9 months old.

Robert Harris, New Windsor, Col.

# FISH AND FISHING.

## THE STRIPED BASS.

LEONARD HULIT.

Of all the fish indigenous to our coast the striped bass is, from the angler's point of view, pre-eminently " the king." Of beautiful proportions and markings he is an object of delight to the eye; while his superb game qualities make him an object of eager pursuit.

He is the first of the game fishes to visit us, and among the last to leave; and when conditions are favorable he is a ready biter and always puts up a fight second to nothing of scale and fin.

About May 15th he usually appears in the surf, and it is of surf fishing, only, I would speak. June, however, is the best month of the year, and night the best time, fishing from half flood to high water and on down to half ebb. The novice would better watch, for a short time, the methods of some practical angler before venturing to fish for this salt water ranger. From the old timer he may learn more of lasting value in an hour than from a life time perusal of books.

The tackle should be the best—the very best—the purse will allow; for this class of fishing tests, to the fullest, the merits of rod, reel and line.

Of the many varieties of wood from which a rod suitable can be selected such as lancewood, greenheart, bethabara, snake-wood, etc., there is small doubt that a thoroughly straight grained lancewood will give the best results. While it does not possess as much resiliency as some of the others, still in toughness of fibre it is unrivalled.

A 2 piece rod is altogether the best. The style known as independent butt, with tip all of one piece, is generally preferred. The length is governed by height of the angler. A rod too long will invariably prove a snare, while one too short will not give the spring necessary to perfect casting.

The reel should be in all cases sufficiently large to hold 600 feet of 12 or 15 thread line so that the spool will at all times work free, and should be steel pivoted. The higher the grade the greater the satisfaction in its use.

The line should be twisted—never braided. I have never seen one of the latter that was of any practical use in this class of fishing.

While the hand forged O'Shaugnessy hook has long been a prime favorite with bass fishermen, it is extremely doubtful if it has any points of merits over a high grade Kirby-Limerick Hook.

While many bass are taken, each year, during the day, yet night is far and away the best time. An Easterly wind, which always agitates the surf, gives the proper condition; as the small crustaceans upon which the bass feed are then washed from the bars and become an easy prey.

I have seen multitudes of bass disporting themselves in the boiling, pounding surf when the wind was blowing at hurricane speed, directly on shore. It is at such times that success, from our piers, is best assured.

When casting from the beach the points of bars, which mark the formation of the deep cuts along the beach, are the proper spots. While the blood-worm is a prime favorite with many anglers, as bait early in the season, yet doubt if anything more killing than the shedder crab is to be had.

Patience, that sublime virtue, must be one of the qualifications of the bass fisherman. Without it success is doubtful, and some of the most persistent and patient of anglers frequently pass an entire season without reward.

But when once a big bass is hooked the battle is glorious, and must be attended with generalship if success is to be achieved.

You must be keenly alert, as the quarry is alive to every opportunity of escape. The slacking or fouling of line on guides, or tip, means the loss of the game.

A battle between an experienced angler and a large bass, in the surf, is a sight never to be forgotten. The steady, anxious movements on one side; the giving of line and its rapid recovery, as the silvered beauty darts with lightning like movements—with dorsal fin set and eye like fire—through the tumbling waters, all go to make a picture which pen will never adequately describe nor canvas portray.

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## TACKS FOR A CYCLING ANGLER.

Lansing, Mich.

Editor RECREATION: I read RECREATION and enjoy it, but when I run across an article like " Biking for Bass," in the October number, by W. W. Blackwell, it raises my ire. Mr. B. starts his imagination to work in the very first lap, when he says " A short ride brought us to the Au Sable river, in Middlesex county, Michigan." As a matter of fact, there is no Middlesex county in Michigan; nor does the Au Sable run through a county beginning with the letter M., so it could not have been a simple mistake in the name of the county. Nor, so far as my information goes, are there any " clumps of haw trees " on the banks of the Au Sable. Then, he tells the reader he " struck a bass in the weeds, and lost him, and then struck another with a deft pressure on the rod, and landed him."

A hint for amateurs: Always strike your fish with a deft pressure, and you've got him. This particular bass weighed 36 ounces, and "in 10 minutes, 3 more went into his creel." Tolerably swift work; and I might hazard the observation that bass fishers don't usually use a creel. It is likely, however, Mr. B. had a clothes basket strapped on his back, and thought it was a creel. This might readily be inferred, if he put that 5 pound 7 ounce bass in it; the one he took with a big butterfly. Another pointer for beginners: Bait with a big butterfly—no given color—and you'll always get bass of 5 pounds 7 ounces in weight, estimated. Then, 150 feet is quite a good run for a bass to make, up stream, in such a swiftly running water as the Au Sable. Mr. Blackwell "raised a blister by thumbing his reel"—probably he meant "creel." I wonder he didn't blister his tongue at the same time.

What a stream the Au Sable must be, for variety. Mr. B. says "As I landed the fourth, my companions came with a pike, a pickerel and 2 bass." Why not say, a red snapper, a pompano and 2 tarpons? Just think of a stream where you can catch brook trout, grayling, rainbow trout, pike, pickerel, bass, and snapping turtles! Now, does not Mr. B. know there are no pike, pickerel or bass in the Au Sable? If he don't know it let him ask and he will find that "Biking for Bass" is all wind, and I am trying to let some of it out of his tire. Back in the early 70's the Au Sable was full of grayling, called by the natives "Sable river trout." There were literally thousands of the fish in the stream.

When it became known they were really grayling, market fishers and anglers, from all over the country, fished it so persistently that in a few years its waters were almost depleted of this magnificent fish. Then brook trout got a foot hold—or probably a "tail hold" in the stream, and ran out most of the remaining grayling. A few years ago some California rainbow trout were planted in it, and at the present time, the grayling fishing there is almost a thing of the past. Some of the rainbow trout are taken, of large size, and perhaps Mr. B. don't know the difference between one of these and a bass—if he caught any fish at all—which is not probable. The Au Sable is a cold and rapid stream, well suited to the habits of trout and grayling; but it is not the kind of water that bass, pike, pickerel or "snapping turtles" affect, and there are none in it.

The yarns about the "Major" snaring a big snapping turtle, and about the stray dog making a lunch on raw fish, to say nothing of the antics of the steer with the bike on his horns, are too infantile to deserve punishment. If Mr. B. tries again, he should confine himself to matters he knows a little about. I rather enjoy good, old fashioned fish lies, but "Biking for Bass" is a little too much for even a credulous

Old Mossback.

## ON THE GUNNISON.

DAVID BRUCE.

I had just settled down comfortably in my cabin, after changing my clothing, for I had received a thorough wetting from the storm that afternoon, when in came Tom Rogers, with a nice string of trout. He hunted up the fryingpan and the fish were soon cooking. I had resolved to make shift with some cold ham for supper, and was only waiting for the coffee to boil before commencing my meal. However, the old fellow and the fish were both welcome. He is one of those shiftless individuals who can be found in every community. He is always sober and good tempered, and his quaint tales, told in his quiet drawling way, make him an amusing companion. A patient fisherman and knowing the best resorts for trout in the Gunnison valley, he is in considerable demand as a guide; especially for people who prefer a quiet outing with no excitement or exertion. On this particular evening my friend was on the best of terms with himself, for the fish had behaved well, and he had escaped the furious storm that had so drenched me, by crawling under an old bridge. The yarns of his own exploits are long and frequent but generally tame, and free from anything like exaggeration; but when he talks about his grandfather's achievements then it is a tale indeed! He evidently believes these ancestral legends most thoroughly, and as it is about as easy to believe an improbable tale, as to prove it false, I never intimate a doubt.

Supper over, I was attending to some entomological specimens I had caught the evening before. I had been explaining to my visitor the virtues of molasses and rum as a bait for moths, and he had listened with the greatest attention.

"Yes," he said, "Grandfa' allus said there was sich things, if we knowed of 'em, that would entice any livin' thing. Some of the old Injuns knowed of charms and sich like, that would fetch any kind of game any time. Grandfa' told me one thing I'll never forgit. Ye see, it was like this—Granfa' was up on White river, with the Utes, one season. They was huntin' and fishin', an' Granfa' said he never had a better time in his life. One of the Injuns was particular partial to Granfa' and give him a little bottle of what he called fishcharm, and told him if he put some on his bait or rubbed his hook with it, he could allus ketch all the fish he wanted. Granfa' put the bottle in a small tin box he used to keep bait in, and put it in his pocket, and forgot all about it for a year or 2.

One day the old man met a party and they invited him to go fishing with them, to Frenchman's river, I think it was. When they got where they intended to fish, Granfa' recollected the bottle of stuff the Injun give him, and sure enough, he had it in his pocket. He hadn't much faith in it, but he made up his mind to try it anyway. Well, they stopped at a shady place by the waterside, and left their lunch baskets and got their tackle ready, and I'll be durned if Granfa' didn't break that bottle and lose all the fishcharm on the sand, right by the river. He was kinder mad, arter carryin' it about so long; but he said nothin' about it, and they went fishin', some up, and some down the river. They fished, with poor luck, for more than 2 hours, and Granfa' worked his way back to where they had left the lunch baskets. When he got there, he couldn't believe his eyes, for a spell. For about 2 rods, the river side was bilin' with fish; all sorts and all sizes, jumpin' and floppin' out of the water on the dry sand, where he had dropped that bottle. Granfa' yelled to his companions and they come runnin'—and when they see the fish, they were actually scared. Granfa' never let on about the Injun's stuff, and one of the gentlemen, a sort of perfessor from back East, said he thought it was some disturbance in the bed of the river, somethin' in the earthquake line. Another said he thought it was a shark was drivin' the fish out of the water. Any way, they ketched all they wanted with their landin' nets and went away. Granfa' said he should never forget it, and he wouldn't have believed it if he hadn't seen it hisself. Now, I think," added the old man, turning and looking earnestly at me, " I think its a good thing no one knows of such stuff now-a-days, for if they did, there would be no more sport in fishin' "—and I thoroughly agreed with him.

## ALMANAC FOR SALT WATER FISHERMEN.

The following will be found accurate and valuable for the vicinity of New York City:

Kingfish—Barb, Sea-Mink, Whiting. June to September. Haunts: The surf and deep channels of strong tide streams. Baits: Blood worms, shedder crabs and beach crustaceans. Time and tide: Flood, early morning.

Plaice—Fluke, Turbot, Flounder. May 15th to November 30th. Haunts: The surf, mouths of tidal streams. Baits: Shedder crabs, killi-fish, sand laut. Time and tide: Ebb, daytime exclusively.

Spanish Mackerel. Haunts: The open sea. July to September. Baits: Menhaden, trolling—metal and cedar squids.

Striped Bass—Rock Fish, Green Head. April to November. Haunts: The surf, bays, estuaries, and tidal streams. Baits: Blood worms, shedder crabs, calico crabs, small eels, menhaden. Time and tide: Night, half flood to flood, to half ebb.

The Drums, Red and Black. June to November. Haunts: The surf and mouths of large bays. Bait: skinner clam. Time and tide: Day—flood.

Blackfish—Tautog. April to November. Haunts: Surf, vicinity of piling and old wrecks, in bays. Baits: Sand worm, blood worm, shedder crabs, clams. Time and tide: Daytime, flood.

Lafayette—Spot, Goody, Cape May Goody. August to October. Haunts: Channels of tidal streams. Baits: Shedder crabs, sand worms, clams. Time and tide: Day and night, flood.

Croaker. July to October. Haunts: Deep channels of bays. Baits: Shedder crabs, mussels. Time and tide: Day, flood.

Snapper—Young of Blue Fish. August to November. Haunts: Rivers and all tideways. Baits: Spearing and menhaden; trolling pearl squid. Time and tide: Day, all tides.

Sheepshead. June to October. Haunts: Surf and bays, vicinity of old wrecks. Baits: Clams, mussels, shedder crabs. Time and tide: Day, flood only.

New England Whiting—Winter Weakfish, Frost Fish. November to May. Haunts: The surf. Baits: Sand laut, spearing. Time and tide: Night, flood.

Hake—Ling. October to June. Haunts: Open sea surf, large bays. Baits: Clams, mussels, fish. Time and tide: Day and night, flood.

Weak-fish—Squeteague, Squit. June to October. Haunts: Surf, all tideways. Baits: Shedder crabs, surf mullet, menhaden, ledge mussels, sand laut shrimp. Time and tide: Day and night, flood preferred.

Blue Fish—Horse Mackerel. June to November 1st. Haunts: Surf, open sea and large bays. Baits: Menhaden, surf mullet and trolling squid. Time and tide: Daytime, not affected by tides.

## WHITE BASS, FISH HOGS, AND——MR. MARKS.

Editor RECREATION: Please let me explain my note in February RECREATION.

1st. There should have been a date affixed to my report of the catch of white bass. This (as I subsequently stated to the Editor, when he jumped all over me) was 40 years ago, at the mouth of the Raisin river, when there were neither scarcity of fish, nor wardens, nor need of any.

2d. The white bass referred to was the *Roccus chrysops* (Refinesque), a fish which I am unable to learn was ever found in the inland lakes of the Northwest, except after planting. I have fished in a dozen or more of the lakes of Southern Wisconsin; at only one of these has this fish been mentioned; and I know who planted it there.

3d. I have known a large string of black bass caught in an inland lake, 10 miles back from Lake Michigan, when no black bass would bite in the latter—during July. Other fish are equally capricious.

4th. I have inquired of gentlemen who are posted, and they tell me the fish in question does not live in the land-locked lakes of Michigan and Wisconsin, and that my statement as to the spring habit is correct. One of these gentlemen is an authority on fishes and fishing.

5th. As to parlor sportsman: This is the unkindest cut of all. Having caught nearly everything that swims, from the brook trout of New Hampshire to black bass in the Mississippi; having fished in every State between; in all the great lakes from Ontario to Superior, except Huron, I don't think I deserve the name. I learned to tie an artificial fly in 1846, under the tutelage of an expert salmon angler.

Now I want to ask the gentleman, on his honor:

1st. Did you never catch fish during the close season, and keep them?

2d. Did you ever land a lady bass, just after the close season, who had been delayed in getting her eggs to market, and put her back into the water, even though the law allowed you to keep her?

I have been ridiculed more than once for thus strictly construing the law, from its moral standpoint, by so trying to preserve the fish.

I hope my friend, Mr. C. R. Marks, is as little of a fish and game hog as my fisherman friends know me to be.

C. C. Haskins.

### FISHING IN LOUISTOWN RESERVOIR, OHIO.

We have some fine black bass fishing in the Logan county reservoir, in Ohio. It is 37 miles from where I am located, but with my Cleveland wheel the distance is nothing to speak of. After the day's business is over I make the run to Bellfountain, 25 miles, in 2 hours and stop for supper, and then finish with a run of 12 miles to the reservoir. One evening in November, '97, I made this trip and was up and out fishing by 6 a.m. the next morning. I drifted for several miles, catching only 4 bass. About 9 o'clock I struck Indian lake, the deepest body of water on Louistown reservoir and about ½ mile long and ¼ mile wide. Then the fun began. I set my rod in the boat and got things in shape to fish. While doing this my old automatic reel was clicking a tune and the rod was trying to get overboard. When I raised the rod the reel was almost empty and a bass was jumping, 45 yards away, trying to shake the hook out of his mouth. It was no use. The Yawman & Erbe automatic will not give a fish an inch of slack line, so by playing him for some time I brought him to the net. He weighed 3¼ pounds. I fished until 3 p.m. taking 46 black bass, weighing in all 66 pounds. Then as the wind was rising I returned to the hotel.

O. H. Thorpe, D.D.S., Marysville, O.

### THE PENNSYLVANIA BREED.

> “ Three fisherman went into the East ” last week —Rev. H. G. Hall, I. H. Borland and S. D. Mayes. They returned last evening in triumph, carrying with them 45 pounds of dressed trout, which they caught in the wilds of Clinton and Potter counties. The total catch of the trio aggregated 1,255. The writer accepts these details in full faith, for 2 reasons—first, because Rev. Hall kept the tally, and, second, because he (the writer) is “ outside ” of a section of Mr. Borland's big fish.
>
> —Franklin (Pa.) “ Evening News.”

The old, old story. The fish hog calls on the local editor and bribes him, with a mess of fish, to tell the world what a great hog he (the fisherman) is. Fortunately there are some editors—at least one—who is willing to say what he thinks of such men without being fed up to it.

It is bad enough for ordinary men to pose as trout hogs; but when a minister of the gospel can so disgrace himself it is time for his clerical brethren to kick him out of his pulpit.

### BAIT FOR WALL-EYED PIKE.

In answer to Mr. Estabrook's query as to bait for wall-eyed pike and the time to go after them, will say the early fisherman gets the pike during the torrid part of the year. During the cooler fishing months, the middle of a sunshiny day, with a South wind, has proved the most favorable time with us.

The most effective lure, and the one I use in nearly all my fishing, is a bull-head or bull-pout, from one to 4 inches long. Out of one deep hole in our river (the Wapsipinicon) during the second 10 days of last August, using this bait, I landed one pike of 8¾, one of 6¾, one of 5½, 2 of 6 pounds and others running from this weight down to 2 pounds.

One evening during this time another piscatorial artist landed 2 just at dusk, with the same kind of bait, one weighing 7, the other 8½ pounds.

In casting for black bass, bull-heads are a good bait for 2 reasons; their tenacity of life and the fact that the larger bass generally prefer them to a minnow. Last season I caught a 3 pound small mouthed bass with an inch bull-head, and in the bass' gullet was a 6 inch bull-head, the tail of which protruded into the bass' throat.

As this is nearing the season for fish stories, will offer the following: Last season one of our local fishermen, while trolling for pickerel, saw one whose weight he estimated at 6 or 7 pounds take his bait. He gave him plenty of time to swallow it and then yanked. Something pulled hard for a minute, then to his astonishment and disgust there came to view a half digested sucker, nearly 8 inches long, with his hook sunk deep into the middle of it.

I. C. Tabor, Independence, Io.

### BLACK BASS THROUGH THE ICE.

I noticed an article in March Recreation, from Exeter, N. H., with the above heading. Speaking of a bass caught through the ice at Littlepond, Kingston, the writer says: “ So far as recorded, this is the first black bass ever caught through the ice, in winter, and scientists have declared that the bass hibernates, burying in the mud and there remaining dormant until spring.” I am not a scientist but I am a chronic fisherman and, with all due respect to learned authorities, I know the above quoted statement to be nonsense. It is a common thing here in Western Connecticut, to catch small mouth black bass through the ice, on live bait. I have seen them caught, too, in mid-winter, when we had to cut through 15 inches of hard ice to make the holes. If any skeptic who reads this will go to Wammang lake, in the towns of Washington and Warren, Ct., next winter, he can have ocular demonstration that my statements are founded on facts.

C. L. Stevens, Lanesville, Ct.

I have caught lots of black bass through the ice and have seen many caught by others. I must admit, however, that they bite better in the latter part of the winter. I don't think they lie in the mud, for they will come in droves, to holes in the ice, for air.

Mr. C. E. Lins, caught a 1½ pound bass through the ice on Schwartz's lake. Before he could take it from the water is was seized by a pickerel. Both fish were secured. The latter weighed 33 pounds.

M. W. Bovee, Eagle, Wis.

I saw in March Recreation, something about catching bass through the ice. I had heard of several being caught in one of our Susquehanna county lakes in January, through the ice; but I did not put as much confidence in the story as I might or as I do now, since I know it has been done elsewhere. Four years ago last January, 2 friends, my boy, 11 years old, and I went fishing through the ice at Upper lake. The boy caught a bass which weighed 5 pounds 3 ounces. Since then I have seen others caught and more lost. But I have never heard of one being taken before January.

There are private lakes here where they catch a good many bass in March.

H. S. Estabrook, Carford, Pa.

### APROPOS OF FISHING.

Barron county has within its borders the finest net work of trout streams to be found any where in Wisconsin. Thoughts of the many fine catches of trout I have made while wading down these streams, sets my blood tingling and awakens anew a desire to be up and at them again.

I have a fond memory of whipping a stream near Dallas with a "white miller," one evening last July, and landing 21 fish in an hour. Trout No. 22 was hooked in a deep pool at a bend in the stream. He made 3 terrific rushes, going out of the water each time, and put up a 15 minutes fight that made my 6 ounce bamboo bend and whiz. Finally, he gave up the struggle and I towed him to the bank, only to realize that during the contest I had mislaid my landing net; and then with one vigorous flop my captive was off the hook and on the way down stream. A few evenings later, the village shoemaker, armed with an ordinary cane pole, pulled out of this same pool a trout weighing 3¼ pounds. My trout, of course.

Barron county has numerous fine lakes abounding in the gamiest bass that ever set a reel humming.

Owing to the vigilance of our game wardens the fish and game hog has found it cheaper to correct his brutish proclivities than to pay a fine or serve time. In this connection the League of American Sportsmen has undertaken a large contract. If it succeeds in doing away with the pot hunters, and can work up a sentiment strong enough to prevent the marketing of game and game fishes, every true sportsman will be happy and there will then be sport and game for all.

W. T. B., Barron, Wis.

### F. H. BEGOLE BREAKS A FISHING RECORD.

F. H. Begole, of Marquette, Mich., spent some weeks in California, last winter, and in a letter to W. W. Osband, Mr. Begole tells of the great luck he had on a fishing trip. He backs the story up with a clipping from the "San Diego Union," which says:

> "Another successful fishing party created great interest on their return from the newly discovered banks, last evening.
>
> "Messrs. F. H. Begole, of Marquette, Mich., and a friend went out this morning, and returned with 427 fish, thus breaking the phenomenal record made by Lieutenant Slocum and Mr. Lee yesterday. The fish caught to-day consisted of yellowfin, except 10 barracuda, fine large fellows, caught while trolling, on the way home.
>
> "The fish were gamy to the last, and the day's sport was exciting to the extent of exhausting the fishermen."

Poor fellows! Its a great pity the work had not brought on a fatal attack of heart disease. It would be a real pleasure to record the death of these brutes, as the closing event in the record of their butchery.

The Franklin News notes the return of 3 local fishermen, from a trip, bringing with them 1,255 trout. These men should have photographs of themselves sent to Recreation, and appropriately labeled "Trout Hogs."—Cambridge Springs (Pa.), News.

No, thank you. Recreation has not room for their pictures, but their names are on its list of hogs; and they will get marked copies of this issue.

Rainbow trout are commencing to bite. One man has caught over 60, in the last 2 weeks, all with a fly. The fish averaged over a pound each. They are now spawning—in fact, seem to do so from October to June.

Will H. Udall, Slocan City, B. C.

The Vermont trout season opened Monday, and I have seen several anglers come in with 5 to 10 pounds of the beauties, as the result of a day's sport.

Wm. A. Bruce, Windsor, Vt.

In March last, the Schuyler Rod and Gun Club, of Stillwater, N. Y., caused 2 fine brooks in their vicinity to be stocked with trout from the State hatchery.

C. H. Smodell, Stillwater, N. Y.

### ENGLISH GUNS.

Utica, N. Y.

Editor Recreation: I read Recreation every month and congratulate you on your clean work. There is much to amuse and instruct even an old stager like myself and I think it is just such a work as our boys should read.

There appear to be still some who think black powder is better than nitro. If those who think nitro is slow and lacks penetration would have some U. M. C. smokeless shells loaded with 36 grains, 3 drams by measure, of Nitro Powder, No. 2, and 1¼ or 1⅛ ounces shot, they will have a load heavy enough for targets, or for quail, grouse, and snipe. For ducks they should use the regular Nitro and from 45 to 50 grains. Do not use more than 36 grains of the No. 2, as that powder is very quick, and a heavier load would be of no advantage to the shooter. This load has little report, hardly any smoke and the recoil is not so great as with the same size load of any other kind of nitro. I am not wedded to any kind of powder nor shells. When one reads of the good scores made by Gilbert, Heikes, Elliott, Budd, Dicky, and others, he is bound to confess that with powder, as with men, " there are others." I am also in favor of machine loaded shells for target and ordinary field shooting, both on account of cost and uniformity. I know I am touching on debatable ground, but the years' experience I have had gives me confidence in my position.

In regard to guns, I have used about as many as any other man in this country and for years I would not hear of anything but an American made gun. I have changed my mind on that question, though for ordinary field shooting and at targets I use a Baker gun, which gives me entire satisfaction, and it is safe from accidental discharge. When it comes to shooting pigeons, or using ducking loads, where an extra dram of powder accidentally introduced in a shell means disaster, give me a first class English or a fine grade French gun. There are poor guns made in England as well as in other countries, but when one has in his hands such a gun as Cashmore makes, I mean his nitro gun, he is not afraid of an extra dram of powder. Purdey has the reputation of making the best gun in London, and if price is anything of a guide—he charges $450 for his gun—it ought to be the best, but I would prefer a Grant, Boss, or Churchill. Birmingham made guns are not thought much of in London, simply because they are made in the country, something like the prejudice of a Chicago man against anything not originating in the Windy City. Advertising often brings a poor gun to the front and many an intending purchaser is misled by a well worded advertisement. The gun made by W. & C. Scott & Sons, is well known all over the world, but there are fewer of these being used in this country each year, for what reason I do not know. The Greener is well advertised and, by some, well liked, but to me this is the " slowest " gun I ever handled.

I do not say that our American manufacturers cannot make as good a gun as is made in England, but I do say that they do not make as good guns, dollar for dollar of cost. Why do our American makers charge so much for guns when they have no duty to pay on unfinished gun barrels? If you were to ask them to make a pair of Whitworth barrels for $75 you would be laughed at. Still, I can get a pair in England for that price and, what is more to the point, bored to shoot as well, if not better than any made here. In buying an English gun you are confident that it has been thoroughly tested. While our own makers say they test all guns made by them, and have tags attached to all guns, I have had guns with a test tag attached, stating the pattern made, when in fact it was impossible to shoot the gun at all.

Do not use any kind of nitro powder in a poor shell nor with a slow primer. Neither should any nitro be primed with black powder. On the other hand, you cannot get good results from black powder by using it in shells having the strong primers.

Doc.

### SPORT OR BUTCHERY?

Editor Recreation: I note the remarks of Mr. W. Adams, of South Africa, who takes 3 or 4 shots, with a 44-40, to kill a 100 pound deer.

The buck fever evidently rages with extreme virulence, down there.

What Mr. Adams wants is, not a 30 smokeless, but a Zalinski dynamite gun. It is extremely effective at long range, and has one signal advantage over the 30; as the shell needs only to strike within 20 yards of an animal to produce instant death.

For short range work, I would recommend a Parrot rifle, one of the smaller pattern, using chain-shot ammunition, or a few fathoms of pump chain. It would, no doubt, hobble the deer long enough to enable Mr. Adams to run up and kill it with a club.

We are at present living in the smokeless powder era, the high velocity, metal patched, hit-them-where-you-can, era.

Hunters are no longer required to stalk

their game and plant a bullet in a vulnerable spot. The new rifles do away with this trouble, and enable us to exterminate the game, with a minimum of exertion and a maximum of sensation.

Letters to RECREATION teem with descriptions of jagged holes, shattered shoulders and congested vitals, produced by the soft nose, hard shell bullet. If that is sport, let us all get jobs in a slaughter house.

Where will this smokeless epidemic end? Already many sportsmen, not satisfied with the 30 calibre, are reloading larger shells with high velocity powder and its metal-patched complement.

D. L. Von I., writes, in October RECREATION, that he is using a 40-82, after this fashion, on woodchucks. With this cannon he manages to hit them at from 15 to 100 yards; and he describes how the bullets reduce the unfortunate little beasts to hash. This is sport with vengeance. It is a maxim with anglers—" The lighter the rod, the greater the sportsman." Why should not the same rule hold good in rifle shooting?

What we need is, not more powerful rifles; not any new fangled shot concentrators; but more game, more stringent game laws, and last, but not least, a higher standard of sportsmanship.

Let us not deify the smokeless rifle, with its metal patched abnormity; nor recount, with a self-satisfied smirk, the sensational slaughter we have wrought with it. Let us eschew the unsportsmanlike weapon, and be content with the guns of our fathers. Let us kill game by skill, and not by machinery. And if an animal does occasionally escape with its life, we have the consolation of knowing that we are not butchers, and are not paid by piece work.

Wm. S. Crolly, Pleasantville, N. Y.

## RELOADING SMOKELESS SHELLS.

Artman, Col.

Editor RECREATION: As small bores are attracting so much attention and so many questions are being asked about them in RECREATION, I will tell what success I've had in reloading the 30-40-220 shells, for a model '95, box magazine gun. Few seem to have obtained good results with reloaded small calibre smokeless ammunition. With the 150 grain ball mould, advertised by the Ideal Co., and known as the Beardsley, I have made bullets which give the best of results when properly alloyed and loaded. Have used both Dupont's and Savage (high and low pressure) powder; and bullets varying from pure lead to pure zinc. With 40 grains, by measure, of Dupont's low pressure powder and a 150 grain ball of 1 to 6, the powder being loose in the shell and the shell crimped, I have found the penetration to be 2 inches of pine. The shell so loaded gives good results on targets at 50 to 300 yards. I have found such a load big enough for antelope, also. With 15 grains of Dupont's low pressure and a pure lead ball of 100 grains the gun will do good work at short range for target. With 48 grains of Savage high pressure powder and the full 150 grain moulded ball of pure zinc (such a ball weighs less than 93½ grains) the penetration is 30 inches of pitch pine with the grain, or 13 inches of seasoned oak, with the grain. Such a bullet is of no account at long distances, but up to 200 yards I have found the trajectory as flat as the regular soft point or hard point ball. Have fired with such a load and zinc ball at 120 yards and it shot true; penetrating a large gunny-sack of earth when the steel jacketed ball would fly to pieces after entering but a few inches. Before using the 30-40 my favorite was the 38-56 Winchester, and I agree with Mr. Springer that it cannot be beaten as a black powder rifle; especially when used with a 300 grain ball. I have killed both deer and elk with mine, and until I got my 30 it was the only gun for me. In all work with the reloaded shells, in the 30, the sight must be adjusted to suit the load, for no ordinary charge or ball will carry with so slight an elevation.

W. B. C.

## SMASHING POWER OF THE SAVAGE RIFLE.

Lander, Wyo.

Editor RECREATION: I have just finished reading, in December RECREATION, Mr. Wells's article about the new small bores.

I must say he had a very peculiar experience in shooting his cougar. He states that the core of the bullet lodged just under the skin of the animal, while the jacket went on and penetrated the lung. In all my shooting with the Savage rifle, if able to find the ball at all, I have always found the core or lead portion considerably in advance of the jacket, and I cannot account for the phenomenon he speaks of.

Yet, a few lines farther on in his criticism he makes this assertion: " In my opinion the new rifles are all right for that class of sportsmen who use express rifles, cover their game any way, as they would with a shotgun, and depend on the bullet to so mutilate the animal, no matter where hit, that he cannot escape." This seems a curious opinion when coupled with his experience with the lion.

My experience with the Savage rifle and smokeless powder is entirely different. While I have never had a shot at a bear since I began using it, I have made a good showing with it on deer and elk. I send you the core and jacket I took from a big bull elk last September. The shot was delivered at 157 paces from the game. The ball struck the shoulder, where the arm bone joins the shoulder blade, smashed the joint and tore the lungs into shreds. I found the jacket in what was left of the liver; it having been deflected, in some manner, and passed through the diaphragm. The core passed on in a straight line, smashed the opposite shoulder all to smithereens and was embedded in a spongy piece of the shoulder blade.

When the shot was delivered the elk was walking slowly past me, at right angles, and when he put his foot to the ground his body followed it and " he never smiled again."

In fact the Savage has developed such a destructive tendency that the boys have christened it " The Bone Mill." I make no pretensions to being a crack game shot—rather the opposite—yet I have never found it necessary to fire more than one shot at anything I have yet encountered while using the Savage gun.

Frank Dunham, A.M., M.D.

### A FROZEN REPEATER.

Leadville, Col.

Editor Recreation: After noticing G. H. R.'s article on the repeating shotgun, it occurred to me that the relation of an experience of mine last January, might be of interest. The day was cold, with just enough snow falling to make an ideal duck day. After waiting in my blind for some 30 minutes without a shot, a small bunch of ducks flew over at which I blazed away, and missed. Of course my first thought was to " pump " for another shot, but on attempting to do so found the action stuck fast. After each of the party had tried in vain to start the gun I packed up and returned to town, realizing that my day's sport had been ruined. On arriving at the hotel I put the gun down in a corner near the stove and went for a screw driver, intending to find out where the trouble was. I was gone 15 or 20 minutes. On returning I took the repeater up and tried the action once more, just for luck, only to find it working as well as ever. It took but little investigating to find out where the trouble had been. The snow falling into the open side and top of the breech, when the gun was warm, had melted, and later when the gun was inactive and cold, had frozen and sealed the action. It took me less than a week to trade that repeater toward a double hammerless gun, guaranteed not to freeze up and ruin a day's shooting. Let me advise any one going duck hunting in cold weather to leave his repeater at home, or else go provided with a stove of some description, to keep the 6 shooter in order.

J. M. H.

### THE REMINGTON SINGLE GUN.

Replying to Mr. H. J. Henry, MacDougall, N. Y., as to which is the best single barrel shotgun, I would say, the Remington semi-hammerless. I have had 20 years' experience with guns and have owned probably 30 different makes and grades of shotguns.

I find the Remington is as well made and accurately fitted as any double gun, irrespective of price. It is well balanced, a good shooter, a good looker, and will wear well. It has a double bolt; the forward lug being utilized to hold the bolt back when open, taking wear off the bolt and lug. The semi-hammerless feature is neat and convenient. As to durability—I have used one for over 3 years; firing probably 3,000 shots from it. It is to-day perfectly tight and shows no wear. Shaking, with the foreend removed, fails to show any rattle or looseness whatever. It makes as good a pattern now as when new. The gun is a 12 gauge, 30 in. barrel and weighs 6½ pounds. I habitually use from 3½ to 4½ drams of black powder in it, usually with one ounce of shot. I might compare it with other makes of single guns by name and point out its superiorities, but think Mr. Henry would be better satisfied to go to a gun store and compare them for himself.

Zip, Rochester, Minn.

### WANTED.

Louisville Landing, N. Y.

Editor Recreation: Here is a list of a few articles manufacturers of sportsmen's goods might make, and which would be appreciated by sportsmen.

1. A take down 16 gauge repeating shotgun.
2. Aluminum wipers for rifles and shotguns.
3. A modern 22 calibre take down repeating rifle, with slide action, that, in proportion to its calibre, would throw a bullet with the force and killing power of modern smokeless powder rifles.
4. A fish spear with jointed handle, and with 3 spears fitting in the same socket; one for frogs, another for large fish and a third for smaller fish. The whole outfit to be as compact and simple as a good jointed fishing rod.
5. A Lyman combination rear sight that could be moved slightly to the right or left by the turn of a screw. The present method of putting paper under one side of the sight is too slow and out of date.
6. A modern repeating rifle with the magazine running the length of the barrel, on top. The empty shells should fall out on the under side of the frame just in front of the lever, by gravity. The entrance to the magazine should be in rear of the frame, where the firing pin is in the common repeating rifle. The gun to be hammerless. I believe such a rifle could be made, and be a great improvement on any we now have. The calibre need be no larger than that of the new navy rifle. The cartridges could be made without rims, as some now are.

Consequently the magazine would not be more than 1-3 inch in diameter. The top of the barrel could act as the lower part of the magazine, and could be slightly grooved. In this way the magazine would project but little above the barrel. In the common repeating rifles the cartridges feed up and the shells are thrown out. According to my idea the cartridges would feed down and the shells drop out. The present method has many serious objections. In case any one should think that by having the magazine on top of the barrel it would interfere with the shooting of the rifle, I will say, I own a Daly 3 barrelled gun and, although there are 2 shot barrels over the rifle, I never found a rifle that shot more accurately. A gun such as I have described should be made "take down," and with slide action.

W. E.

### A GOOD GUN FOR LITTLE MONEY.

When the question, What gun shall I buy? comes up—as it does to every sportsman sooner or later—examine the Remington hammerless. You will find it perfectly balanced, and the easiest to cock of any hammerless in the market. I have used guns all my life and have handled many, but the Remington beats them all. Last fall I spent 60 days in the Leech lake region, with a friend who had a crown steel gun, list $125. My Remington, $35, would bring down as many ducks, at long range, as his.

Before buying my last gun I asked my dealer's advice. He gave me 2 guns to try, a Parker and a Remington. I preferred the Parker, but after giving each a thorough trial I found the Remington had more penetration, more even distribution and a better balance than the Parker, and was $15 cheaper. The ejector I cannot recommend too highly. It is simple and not liable to get out of order. I think so much of this ejector that I am trying to have one put on a fine gun recently given to me.

The Remington Co. is now making a 16 gauge double ejector gun, which I am sure will be a rapid seller. The 16 is the gun for quail and rabbit shooting. In buying a Remington you get a whole lot of gun for little money.

Chas. T. Smiley, O'Fallon, Ill.

### CLEANING RIFLE SHELLS.

The article by J. P., in March RECREATION, entitled "Hints for Beginners" on the care and selection of rifles, is good. I agree with him in all he says. Every rifleman who prefers to reload, should read his remarks about cleaning rifle shells. My method is a little different but amounts to the same thing. I never have a corroded shell. Soon after shooting, I remove the exploded primer, put the shells into an earthen vessel and cover with vinegar, stir them well and pour off. Then immerse 2 or 3 times in cold or hot water, the latter preferred. Shake, to remove the acid. Put them on a sheet of soft paper—a newspaper will answer—to absorb the moisture. They soon dry and are ready for use. Sometimes I place them in a tin pan, on a stove moderately hot, and let them dry gradually. Be careful not to get them so hot as to be annealed, for then they are worthless. I have plenty of leisure time, and for amusement prepare my own ammunition, even to casting the bullets. I use No. 3 grain smokeless powder. I own 5 rifles—3 Winchesters—of different calibres. I have 300 rifle shells which I have reloaded a dozen times and they are yet as good as new.

A. E. L., New Haven, Ct.

### NITROS AND REPEATERS.

In April RECREATION R. H. H. asks what is the relative penetration of black and nitro powders in shot guns, and what are the advantages of repeating guns over double barrels. Having used several kinds of nitro powders I find, from experience, that in some the penetration is not equal to good black powder. Gold Dust gives penetration fully equal to the best black powder. It is uniform, and does not deteriorate. If R. H. H. will try 45 grains (Gold Dust measure) in the proper shells for same, for his 12 gauge repeater, I think he would be pleased with the result.

More game can be killed with the repeater than with the double barreled shotgun. That is, perhaps, no great advantage in these days of scarcity of game. I used a Winchester repeating shotgun last fall, in preference to an ejector hammerless, for duck shooting, as fewer wounded birds get away. Some claim a repeater is more easily and accurately sighted over than a double barrel. That is true after a person gets used to them, though, at first, they seem awkward after using a double gun. There is an annoyance about a repeater, sometimes, from the jamming of shells in the magazine when it is kept full. That can be overcome by using shells with round crimp instead of square, or by putting but 4 or 5 shells in the magazine instead of 6.

H. S. N., Wellington, Ont.

### NOTHING WRONG WITH THE MARLIN.

In April RECREATION, Brooks, of Olivet, Mich., says he never saw a Marlin rifle pumped out which did not stick or clog during the operation, and he also says the side ejection of shells is a nuisance to a left handed shooter on account of shells striking him and falling on his right arm.

With due respect for brother Brooks's opinion on this subject, I cannot agree with it.

On my last 6 hunting-trips in Maine, Marlin arms were used by every one of my guides, and one of them being left handed I had an excellent opportunity to see the Marlin side ejector worked under both conditions. During this time I never saw but one case of a shell sticking or jamming. This happened one evening in camp when he attempted to unload the magazine slowly, and was caused by his not removing the ejected shell by hand, which would have cleared the rifle had his hand not covered the opening in the frame. As to the side ejection of shells I failed to see wherein it ever annoyed the left handed shooter.

In all my experience with the Marlin and Winchester arms, I think there is little liability of properly loaded shells sticking or jamming if the finger lever is only carried far enough forward at each operation.

A. Hedges, Foxboro, Mass.

### AN ALL-AROUND RIFLE.

I have been interested in Mr. Dunham's articles, and his 25-35 Winchester, which I consider the nearest to an all-around rifle of anything made. It is large enough for deer, and I think for elk, moose and bear, and, with light loads, is small enough for squirrels and grouse. I can load short range or light load cartridges with 5 to 6 grains of smokeless powder and 86 grain lead bullet, for a trifle more than cost of 22 calibre ammunition. I am an advocate of the 22 for small game and short range shooting; but where one wants a rifle for large and small game, and only wants one rifle, the 25-35 is the gun to use. It has a much flatter trajectory than the 32-40, having the same shell, with a much smaller bullet. Then, too, it is made for smokeless powder, and nickel jacketed bullets, and the 32-40 is not adapted to either. The next and about only cartridge which is more powerful than the 25-35, is the 30-40 U. S. G., but I do not see any need for such a powerful cartridge in this country. Ammunition for the 25-35 is not expensive, and this I consider an important feature. I shoot a great deal, and find there is an advantage in using same rifle for all purposes. Then when I go hunting am prepared for any game I find. Would be pleased to hear more on this subject through RECREATION.

M. M. Conlon, Traverse City, Mich.

Pueblo, Col.

Editor RECREATION: I have noticed the discussion of rifles in RECREATION and would like to say a few words in favor of the small bore. I have used almost everything from a 45-90 to a 22, and therefore speak from experience.

The nearest one can come to having an all-round rifle, in my opinion, is to get a Savage .303, with the different charges. The small calibre, with light charge, does not mutilate small game too badly and with the heavy charges it will kill the largest game found.

Anyone who has witnessed the damage done by a soft nose bullet and heavy charge of powder cannot doubt the ability of the small calibre rifle to kill all game, from a grizzly down. I have seen deer and antelope killed with 22 rim fire rifles. The only difference in killing them with such a gun being that they had to be followed farther. I have not used the 25-35 nor the 25-36; but see no reason why they should not be good game guns.

I beg leave to differ with H. W. Mallory in regard to the superiority of factory loaded cartridges over hand loads. If Mr. Mallory will investigate he will find almost all target shooters load their own shells. Why? Simply because with care in loading they gain in accuracy. I admit factory loads are superior to carelessly loaded shells, with poorly made and poorly lubricated bullets. Of the 20 members of our Pueblo Rifle Club not one uses factory loads. Success to the L. A. S.

F. D. Green.

### OLLA PODRIDA.

I have found a good method of loading buck shot. My gun is 10 gauge. On 5 drams coarse black powder, I place one paper and 2 black edge wads. Then I put in the shell 3 buckshot, taking care they are as nearly in the centre as possible, and cover them with No. 12 shot; then 3 more buck shot filled in with 12's as before, with a thick card wad on top. This load does excellent work with my gun, at 100 yards, which is about the maximum range obtainable in the brushy timber we have here. I use but 6 buckshot in my gun, though I know of others here, who add another tier to good purpose.

As to large and small bore rifles I think the articles in December RECREATION, by G. A. Mack, of N. Y. and G. L. Lehle, of Chicago, are as near right as anything I have seen on the subject. I have for several years used a 45-70 on large game. For use in this region and Michigan its range is great enough and the bullet will stop any animal to be found on the continent. John N. Loberg, our best bear hunter, killed, alone with his 45-70, 13 bears in 12 days, and not one got away that he shot at.

Can any of RECREATION'S readers tell me about the shooting qualities of the new 1897 model Baker shot guns?

Nimrod, Portage County, Wis.

# NATURAL HISTORY.

## INSTINCT OR REASON—WHICH?

C. M. DICKSON.

There has been a great amount of discussion regarding the question as to whether some animals are capable of reasoning.

It is my belief that the dog can, and does reason, and to prove my case I will give an account of an incident which occurred at the home of my nearest neighbor who owns a St. Bernard puppy—3 months old.

The dog in playing got some burs on him, and in pulling them off got one fast in his throat. In his endeavors to get it out be became frantic; pawing at his throat, vomiting and howling at the top of his voice.

We tried to assist him, but could not control him. He finally broke away from us and ran into the kitchen where there was a strip of old rag carpet, and when we reached him he was chewing frantically at one corner of it. He continued chewing and swallowing, until he had gotten quite a piece of it down his throat; when he put his paws upon it and pulled it out again bringing the offending bur with it. As soon as he felt the relief which followed its removal, a light of joy shot from his eyes and he leaped and rolled about, showing as plainly as if by words his intense happiness.

In order to decide whether this was instinct or reason, let us see first what constitutes instinct.

Instinct is a special innate propensity in any organized being, but more especially in the lower animals, producing effects which appear to be those of reason and knowledge; but which transcend the general intelligence or experience of the creature. Instinct is said to be blind—that is, either the end is not consciously recognized by the animal, or the connection of the means with the end is not understood. Instinct is also, in general, somewhat deficient in instant adaptability to extraordinary circumstances.

Reason, is an idea acting as a cause to create or confirm a belief, or to induce a voluntary action; a judgment or belief going to determine a given belief or line of conduct.

Now, as we see in instinct, there is "deficiency in instant adaptability to extraordinary circumstances" and "the connection of the means with the end is not understood," this could not have been "instinct." If reason is "an idea acting as a cause to determine a given line of conduct," it certainly must have been reason that induced the puppy to seek relief in the manner in which he did, as it was an "idea looking toward a means or an end," which constitutes judgment, or reason.

## MOUNTAIN SHEEP DYING OF SCAB.

Anaconda, Mont.

Editor RECREATION: In the May issue of RECREATION, you ask for information as to how 4 Bear P. O., Wyoming, got its name.

In the fall of '85, I was guide for the wife of Marquis De Mores, that gallant Frenchman who was killed by natives, in Africa. We were camped 8 miles from Col. Pickett's ranch, and by the way, the Colonel is one of the best bear hunters in the West. The first day the madame and I were out we killed 4 bears, all large silver tips. That is one version of how 4 Bear got its name. There may be others. In 4 days, we saw 17 bears; though they are scarce there now.

There were large bands of Mountain Sheep in the Wind river mountains, in '85; but they contracted the scab from the bands of tame sheep, and are now nearly exterminated. Near where Red Lodge, Mont., now stands, I counted in '86, 43 dead mountain sheep on one hillside, all having died with scab. I predict that in 15 years from now, there will be no mountain sheep alive, except those in captivity. The scab will have finished all of the wild ones. I can name several localities where mountain sheep were plentiful a year ago; but having come in contact with tame sheep, are completely wiped out. Their hair all falls out and their skin becomes wrinkled, like that of an elephant, and very scabby. Then when winter sets in, they die.

Of course they could be as easily cured as a tame sheep, if a person could get hold of them and souse them in sheep dip.

Your article on page 376, May number, on raising game in captivity, that future generations may see them, is an intelligent one and the subject is ably handled. There are 2 kinds of wild animals which few parks have, and which are very hardy. These are the mountain goat and the mountain sheep. It is only a matter of a few years when both will be extinct unless allowed to be taken and domesticated. Vic Smith.

## DO SOME ANIMALS BREATHE UNDER WATER?

Virginia City, Mont.

Editor RECREATION: A writer raises the question as to how long the beaver, otter, muskrat and mink can remain under water without coming to the surface for air. Among other things he says:

"In my hunting expeditions, through various sections of the West, I have talked with many experienced hunters on the subject and have found there is a common belief that the animals mentioned share with the fishes an ability to draw a supply of oxygen from the water; but the fallacy of this idea is apparent at a glance. The respiratory organs of the otter and mink differ in no way from those of the raccoon and rabbit. So far as I can see their lung capacity is comparatively no greater. How, then, can the otter stay so long beneath the surface when the rabbit can hardly survive a momentary submersion?"

It is an interesting question, and one many of your readers, no doubt, would like to see scientifically, or at least intelligently, answered. Nearly 30 years ago I was trapping on the tributaries of the North Platte river, above Fort Fetterman, in Wyoming. I frequently found beaver alive in my traps, and invariably on my appearance they would sink slowly to the bottom of the pond and remain there, immovable, until an attempt was made to pull them out. On several occasions I tried to ascertain how long they could remain beneath the surface, but in no instance did I succeed. On a pleasant morning I have lain on the bank and watched a beaver, with almost breathless anxiety, thinking every moment he must come up for air; but over and over again I exhausted my patience, and am as ignorant to-day of how long a beaver can stay under water as though I had never seen one. I will not attempt to state how long I have watched them, for in fact I do not know. But I do know that no inexperienced reader would believe my statement should I tell him the exact truth. Cannot the author of "' The Big Game of North America" and "Hunting in the Great West" throw some light on this subject? J. W. B.

Referred to my readers.—EDITOR.

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### WINTER FOOD OF SHARP-TAIL GROUSE.

In March RECREATION is an article which refers to the food of the Northern sharp-tail grouse, during the winter. It mentions twigs, buds and a dark red berry. I think this must be the berry of our wild rose which is abundant in the wooded parts of Manitoba and which is also found on the prairie in some places. This rose bush, in favorable seasons, yields a wonderful crop of beautiful and fragrant flowers, followed by a crop of berries. These, in early autumn, turn to a rich and sometimes dark red, and remain on the bushes all winter. In fact I have seen them among the roses the following summer. These berries are the favorite food of the sharp-tail after it has been driven from the stubble fields by the snow. I think, while these berries are to be found the grouse will eat few twigs or buds. Some years ago, when the shooting season remained open until January, I shot some of these birds and on opening their crops, found them to contain nothing but the rose berries. Of course, there were plenty of buds and twigs to be had if they had wanted them. Their favorite buds are, I think, the high cranberry and hazel. In regard to the sharp-tail burrowing in the snow, when frightened, I am confident it does not; but I know it burrows in the snow quite often to sleep and to protect its self from cold winds. I have often, when walking, seen a flock start out of the snow around me, sometimes within 2 feet of where I stood.

Geo. Compton, Opawakae, Man.

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### SWIMMING SKUNK AND RABBITS.

Last winter while tracking a skunk I followed the footprints to a creek 10 or 12 feet wide, and 2 feet deep. The skunk went along the bank for a short distance and then swam across. I could see where the water had dripped from its fur to the snow, as it walked away. The animal recrossed the same stream that night by swimming.

Three years ago I spent 2 months in Alabama, on the Warrior river, and while there killed a few rabbits of a kind new to me. The natives called them water rabbits. They are the color of the common gray rabbit, and as large, or nearly so, as the jack rabbit. All I found were sitting near the water, along the river. One sat in water perhaps an inch deep, but with good cover about him. One day while drifting with the current, watching for game ahead and along the banks, I saw something swimming in front of us. My partner said it was an otter, and so I thought. As it passed out of sight around the bend, we put to shore and I got out and ran aross and below where we saw it last. Coming cautiously to the bank, I saw the wake of something just below me and still thinking it an otter I raised my gun and kept a sharp lookout. Soon I saw something move, in a bunch of floating weeds, and so did a passing hawk. The bird swooped, missed its quarry and, seeing me as it rose, sailed away. Then the animal in the water moved again and I fired.

You can imagine my surprise on drawing from the water, a rabbit as large as 2 of the common cotton-tails.

C. E. McDermott, LeRoy, O.

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### ADMINISTERING MEDICINE TO ANIMALS.

The article by Dr. J. C. Hennessy in March RECREATION "On Educating the Horse" is very interesting. The simple methods he mentions for treating balky horses are worth knowing. I hope we shall hear more from the Doctor.

A man well known in this vicinity, as an expert in training horses, stopped in front of my store the other day with a sick horse and wanted 15 drops of aconite to give to him. I gave him the desired quantity in a medicine dropper supposing he would open the horse's mouth and put it on the tongue.

This is what was done: One man held the horse by the bits, a second man tried to hold the mouth open, while the owner had one hand in the mouth trying to pull the tongue out so he could put the medicine on the back of the tongue. I was surprised at their ignorance and took a hand in the matter myself. I took the horse by the nose and inserted my thumb just behind his nippers. He opened his mouth readily and I had no difficulty in putting the medicine on the tongue. This is a simple method of administering small doses. In giving larger doses use a hard rubber or metal syringe, inject the medicine well back on the tongue and you will not lose a drop.

Now a word about dogs. Constipation is a common ailment of all house dogs. Overfeeding and a lack of sufficient exercise is the usual cause of this complaint. Buckthorn, or fluid extract of cascara, is the remedy asked for at the drug store and used with more or less inconvenience and waste in administering. There is no better remedy than buckthorn, for this complaint, but there are others equally as good and infinitely easier to give. If your dog is troubled with constipation take 3 compound cathartic pills, which can be bought at any drug store, gently open the dog's mouth and throw them well back on his tongue; he will gulp them down like a piece of meat. If powders are to be administered, wrap them in tissue paper and he will take them with equal readiness.

It occasionally happens that a dog becomes so constipated that the excrement becomes hardened in the bowel. This symptom is readily discernible; he will run from " pillar to post " in a peculiar manner which cannot fail to attract attention. A simple remedy and almost sure relief is to take a half ounce rubber or metal syringe, fill it with common sweet oil, insert the syringe about one half inch in the rectum and inject the oil. This treatment tends to lubricate the bowel, soften the hard lump and will usually relieve the animal. These are simple and safe suggestions and if followed when necessary, may save much annoyance and possibly some dollars.

W. H. Camp, Canaan, Ct.

## PINON JAYS.

Fort Collins, Col.

Editor RECREATION: Pinon jays, in large numbers, made their appearance in this vicinity in the fall of '94, and remained until the following spring. They make their home in the mountains; in the winter among the lower foothills, and in summer at an elevation of 9,000 feet. A scarcity of their winter food, pine seeds, is, I suppose, the cause of their appearance on the plains. October 28th, a banker brought me one to identify. He had shot it the day before from a large flock, while duck hunting. As he had carried it all day in a game bag, with a lot of ducks, I was not sure as to its identity. All my spare time, after that, found me with gun loaded with fine shot, trying to get a perfect specimen. But not until November 18th, was I successful. A lucky shot and the prize was in my hand. It proved to be a fine male. Its stomach contained wheat and alfalfa seed. When they first arrived they were a little shy of the city, but at the approach of spring it was not an unusual sight to see flocks of 50 to 100 feeding in the streets, in early morning. Like the jay, it is a restless bird. While feeding, the rearmost one will fly over the flock from time to time, and alight in front of the main body. Its gait is crow like, a walk or run, entirely different from the leaping of the true jays. It is said to nest in pinon trees. The nests are bulky and contain 4 to 5 eggs. I hope in the near future to make its acquaintance on its breeding ground. If I do I will probably tell the readers of RECREATION more about this interesting bird.

W. L. Burnett.

## THE BLUE JAY A PEST.

In March RECREATION I find a plea for the protection of the blue jay.

Blue jays in this neck o' woods, are a nuisance, and I cannot imagine a place, outside of a large city, where they could be considered other than a nuisance.

I have seen these " feathered coxcombs " carry eggs from pigeons' nests and break eggs in hens' nests.

In gardens I have seen them pull up young pea vines, pick off the seed pea and proceed in this way until they had made a meal or been frightened away.

They will pull up onions for no discoverable reason whatever.

My observations, outside of Oregon, have been limited, but in this State they are certainly a pest.

To be a poultry-man or gardener here is an expensive way to realize what a dozen of these marauders can do. While as a rule our people recognize the game laws, it would be hard to get them reconciled to a law protecting blue jays.

I do not wish to be called a kicker at the course RECREATION pursues. I think it the most interesting sporting publication I ever read and would be glad to receive it 4 times as often.

There are a few game hogs here, but they diminish as the circulation of RECREATION increases. We have pigeons, pheasants and grouse galore, while later the geese and ducks flock to our bays in countless numbers. Deer, elk, bears, panthers, wild-cats, coons, minks and numerous other huntable beasts are to be found, in sufficient quantities to suit the most enthusiastic sportsman.

M. C. Trowbridge, Tillamook, Ore.

## ANTIDOTE FOR SNAKE BITE.

Greenville, Mich.

Editor RECREATION: H. T. Greene, in April RECREATION, wants to know of an antidote for rattlesnake bite which can be used by the person bitten. One evening in July last I was bitten on the forefinger by one of my tame rattlesnakes, which I had groped for in its blanket in a careless manner.

In an instant I whipped out my knife, cut the wound open, deeply, and then sucked it hard for more than a quarter of an hour. I then filled the wound with permanganate of potassium, rinsed it out and refilled it.

Then thinking I had done all I could, went to bed and endeavored to forget all about it. This was not easy, for my arm pained me horribly. However, I got through the night and went in the morning, in a semidazed condition, to my employment. In the afternoon I had to lie down; but soon got up and went to a Doctor as I ought to have done long before. The effect of the strychnine pills he gave me was marvellous, and I kept on taking them until I had battled the poison down. However, I felt the effects of it for a long time afterward.

If the wound is accessible, the proper thing to do is to open and suck it. Many people think this dangerous, but it is not so. Unless there be a wound on the lips or mouth you can swallow all the rattlesnake venom you like, with impunity.

As to permanganate of potassium I always have it on my person. It is always in the house. A tiny crystal, in a cup of the filthiest water, will make it perfectly safe to drink.

I am told by those who claim to know, that I shall feel the effects again in July next.

I may add I took no whiskey.

Percy Selous.

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## SURGERY BY SQUIRRELS.

About 17 years ago, I lived in Minnesota, where grey and black squirrels were numerous. I hunted them often and well remember the first occasion on which I witnessed an exhibition of squirrel surgery. I noticed a gray squirrel running on the grounds, at the top of his speed, while following him closely were 2 red ones. They went up a tree, the gray leading, and the 2 others right after him. When in the branches, the reds caught the gray, held him for about 2 minutes and I stood watching the proceedings. Finally something fell to the ground. I went to see what it was, and to my surprise found it was a piece of the gray squirrel's flesh, bitten off by the reds. When they had completed their job they let him go, and he seemed none the worse. This was my first view of the operation; but on 2 subsequent occasions I saw it performed in the same way. I have often seen red squirrels running after grays and blacks, but never saw them tackle a black one. I have never known them to chase the females, but only the bucks. I wish readers of RECREATION, who live in a squirrel country, would examine the male gray squirrels they shoot, and see how many are as nature made them.

F. B., Gordon, Wis.

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Grey squirrels had not been known to frequent our vicinity for many years until last fall, when the scarcity f nuts on the mountains drove them to the creek hills. They became so plentiful that some made their abode in orchards and near houses. Anyone going to the Conedoguinet creek could see any number of them. Their appearance was strange, but strangest of all was the manner in which they left,—all in one night. Where dozens could be seen one day not one could be seen the next. They stayed about a month, which was long enough to get all the nuts, and then moved on.

As to red squirrels robbing birds' nests, I can say nothing, as this has never been brought under my observation; but I have frequently seen them drive grey squirrels.

While they were here my brother and I often hunted the grey squirrels. We would sit at the bottom of a wooded hill and keep perfectly quiet. Pretty soon a red squirrel would give that characteristic chir-r-r and down the hill he would come. Then he would stop, and getting behind a log or stump he would chirp as if calling someone. Shortly a grey squirrel would start down the hill in the direction of the sound; then the red squirrel would run for him and if our guns would not stop the race there would be a pretty badly scared or wounded grey squirrel. I have frequently seen this performance. The grey squirrel seems to be deathly afraid of the red and will run at the very sight of him.

A. M. Bowman, Camp Hill, Pa.

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I read Mr. E. S. Billings' letter, dealing with the red squirrel, and I agree with him in every particular. I have seen them destroy a robin's nest, and they make short work of eggs or young birds. I have seen them fight gray squirrels and come out winners. Those who observe will find that where reds are plenty greys are scarce. Like Mr. B., I will waste a good shell on a red squirrel every chance I get.

I also read, in March RECREATION, a letter from Mr. F. L. Randall claiming the blue jay should be protected. Two years ago I found, within 75 yards of my house, 4 robins' nests, containing 18 eggs. One nest was in a maple, one in a balsam and 2 in apple trees. One morning I heard a terrible commotion among the robins and jays in the balsam. I went down there and found the robins' nest and eggs were things of the past. Not only did the jays destroy the nest, but they cleaned out the whole 4. I am an enthusiastic member of the L. A. S., an admirer of RECREATION, and wish both all success possible in the course they are taking; but I draw the line on protection for the blue jay or red squirrel.

W. S. Mead, Woodstock, N. Y.

While hunting deer in the woods of Ottawa county, O., I observed a black squirrel under a hickory tree searching for nuts. Soon a red squirrel appeared and made him run. A second red squirrel joined in the pursuit and they chased him out of my sight. In less than an hour I heard a great chattering on a tree near me, the noise going rapidly up the tree, on the opposite side, and when near the top a grey squirrel came in sight and ran down the tree, closely followed by a red one, which drove him out of sight.

My brother, Dr. F. B. McEl Hinney, has seen red squirrels drive fox squirrels, at different times. I have known them to rob hens' nests, and have no doubt they rob bird's nests, also. I am like Mr. Billings and always kill them when opportunity presents itself, but never more at a time than I can use on the table. I find them fine eating, although somewhat tedious to dress.

J. H. McEl Hinney, New London, O.

### A DISINTERESTED PLEA FOR THE CAPTURE OF LARGE GAME.

Some people object because others catch elk, deer, etc., and sell them to Eastern parks where everyone can see them. At the rate game is now disappearing before the small bore guns, it will be but a few years until it will be exterminated, if not propagated in captivity. I frequently hear a protest, through individuals and periodicals, against the ruthless destruction of game by catching it in deep snow.

At Henry Lake, Mr. Chas. Rock and I caught in the neighborhood of 300 elk while we were together, a period of 5 years.

Of all that number we lost only about 20 head. We disposed of the others to Eastern parties, and now Eastern people who might otherwise never see an elk, can gaze at those majestic animals in all their glory. Mr. Rock was the swiftest and hardiest snow shoer I ever saw. He could run down any elk in half an hour, on 2½ feet of snow. I merely wish to refute the statements of those who say 60 to 75 per cent. of the captured animals die.

Why should anyone, either in the East or West, begrudge to women and children the pleasure of seeing these beautiful animals in captivity? Even our Montana laws prohibit anyone from capturing alive any sheep, elk or moose. It is only a question of a few years when there will be none to capture. How much better it would be if our Western cities would start parks and get a few animals now, instead of legislating against their capture until it is too late.

Vic Smith.

### CAN A DOG COUNT?

Not long since I loaned my Irish setter "Sport" to a friend for a few days' hunt in the country. As I could not go, I let Sport go, for he is as fond of quail hunting as I. They flushed a fine flock of quails and Sport came to a stand, on a single bird. George (my friend) made him flush it, and it fell at the first shot. When the dog started to bring it in he came to a stand on another quail. George killed that one, too, and out went Sport to retrieve and again came to a stand on a third bird. Sport flushed it and George killed it. When told to bring in the game, the dog went after the first bird shot; brought it and laid it down at George's feet. Then he went after the second and the third, in the order in which they were shot. When he returned with the third quail he himself lay down and looked up at George as much as to say, "That is all, let's hunt for more." This is the first time I ever knew a dog to show any knowledge of numbers.

R. Boyd Cabell, M.D., DeWitt, Mo.

I am greatly interested in RECREATION, especially its natural history department. In a recent number, Mr. Brooks criticizes the color of eyes supplied for mounting wild goats and sheep. I assure you these are much nearer right than the eyes the manufacturers are making for coyotes. The coyote has a grey veined iris, while eye makers furnish for it a plain brown eye that would be about right for a golden eagle if smaller. This should be remedied, so a taxidermist could get a correctly colored eye without painting it himself.

I think I have a record breaking antelope head, although it is not nearly so large as the one described in March RECREATION. Mine has its horns in the velvet. It was in the act of shedding its horns when Hon. W. A. Colt, of Manzanola, Col., shot it. It is his property but as he did not take proper care of the scalp it burnt, and I am waiting until the next open season to get a new scalp for it. There have been disputes in different sportsmen's papers as to whether an antelope sheds its horns or not. I was never convinced on the subject until I got this head. I have found antelope horns on the prairie and always believed they shed them, but I never obtained positive evidence like this before.

Nitro Powder, Rocky Ford, Col.

### OFFICERS OF THE L. A. S.

*President*, G. O. Shields, 19 W. 24th St., New York.

*1st Vice-President*, Dr. C. Hart Merriam, Washington, D.C.

*2d Vice-President*, E. S. Thompson, 144 Fifth Ave., New York.

*3d Vice-President*, Hon. W. A. Richards, Cheyenne, Wyo.

*4th Vice-President*, W. T. Hornaday, 69 Wall St., New York.

*5th Vice-President*, A. A. Anderson, 93 Fifth Ave., New York.

*Secretary*, Arthur F. Rice, 155 Pennington Ave., Passaic, N. J.

*Treasurer*, F. S. Hyatt, National Exchange Bank, 90 West Broadway, New York.

### CHIEF WARDEN POND IS HUNTING FOR GOOD MEN.

State Warden Pond, of the New York State Division, has sent out a circular to all New York members, of which this is a copy:

"Dear Sir: The Constitution and By-Laws of The L. A. S. provide for the appointment of Local Game Wardens in each and every county, and to this end I would consider it a favor if you would send me, at your earliest convenience, the names of such persons as in your judgment are qualified to fill such a position, and who would, if appointed, faithfully perform the duties required of them.

It is vitally important that a Local Warden should be a man who is not afraid to prosecute friend or foe; one who has the courage of his convictions and who will see that the game laws are enforced, to the letter.

Send me the names of all such men with whom you are acquainted, and in a very short time we shall see a rapid increase in all the game to be found in this State.

It is to be hoped every member will do his utmost to increase the membership of the L. A. S. Bring the matter before your friends and induce them to join at once. If you have not already provided yourself with a badge, now is the time to do so. Don't delay it, but send 25 cents, 75 cents, or $2.50 to the Secretary, A. F. Rice, stating which kind of badge you want, Bronze, Silver or Gold.

A. E. Pond, Chief Warden,
124, 5th Avenue, New York City."

### AN IMPORTANT LAW.

Section 30, of Article 11, Game and Forest Laws of New York, 1897, provides that:

"The board of commissioners may, in its discretion and at pleasure, appoint or remove a person recommended by the majority of the supervisors of any county, or by any incorporated game club for the protection of fish and game, as special protector and forester, who shall possess the same powers that are conferred on the State protectors and foresters."

This means that this game and forest commission will, on application by the officers of the L. A. S., appoint all of its local county wardens, in this State, as special game protectors and foresters. It also means they will be invested with authority to make arrests, and to prosecute game and fish law violators, the same as any other game protector, or as a sheriff or constable.

This is a most important provision of law and shows the deep interest that is felt by the law-makers of this State, in the work of game and forest protection. Steps are now being taken to incorporate the L. A. S. under the laws of this State, and, as soon as Warden Pond gets his list of local wardens completed, an application will go to Albany to have all of them appointed State game protectors.

The other State divisions of the L. A. S. should at once take measures to have their respective legislatures place on their statute books a law similar to the above. This can readily be accomplished, in every State and territory, and there is no reason why within 3 years the League should not have a warden in every county in the United States, vested with local State authority to enforce game laws and to prosecute game law violators.

### "THE WISE MAN CHANGES OFTEN."

Percy Selous, Greenville, Michigan, wrote me some months ago that he was opposed to the plank in the L. A. S. platform, which declares the League opposed to the sale of game, at all times. I replied, stating the reasons which have led up to that declaration in the January convention. Several letters passed between Mr. Selous and me, and under date of May 14th he writes:

"I have seen the error of my ways, and henceforth am with you, heart and soul, with regard to the sale of game, under any and all conditions."

This is a most important victory for the League, and we feel we have done a good work in enrolling, on our side, so thorough a sportsman and so high an authority on game protection as is Mr. Selous. He is a prominent instructor in the Grenville, Mich., public schools; is a well-known writer on natural history, on hunting, and on various scientific subjects; is an ex-officer of the British army, and has travelled and hunted over a great portion of the world. His pen and his voice have great influence everywhere, and he is destined to be a most valuable worker in conjunction with the League. We therefore welcome him, most heartily, to the ranks of the advanced school of sportsmen who are opposed to the sale of game now and forever.

NOTES.

The League of American Sportsmen, is just the thing. Such a body can do a power of good for our game.

I am no great hunter, but I have been, since a boy, an enthusiastic fisherman.

Along the Hudson river I have seen thousands of striped bass, less than 6 inches in length, caught and carried away by men who call themselves sportsmen.

I have felt, many times, like making an example of some of those would be's.

I have fished from Barnegat to Sandy Hook; and have had opportunity to see the way our fish are being destroyed by fish hogs, on the Jersey coast.

Large numbers of weakfish and other fish, enter New York bay during the summer months.

If it were not for the kindly storms which sometimes break up the pound nets, outside, few fish would ever get through the Narrows.

In the Hudson, from April 1st to June 1st, we get some nice striped bass. If we don't protect the small fish, we must expect to see the fishing become poorer, year by year. W. S. Baker,

Spuyten Duyvil, New York City.

The Ohio legislature has passed a law prohibiting the sale of quail, wild turkeys, ruffed grouse, prairie chickens, woodcock, and squirrels, at any time. Several people have objected to the plank in the platform of the L. A. S., which declares the League opposed to the sale of game. Some of these have argued that such a provision was utterly impracticable. The state of Ohio has prohibited the sale of quail for 3 years past, and the result has been so satisfactory, that the law has now been extended to cover the other species named above. If the Ohio epicures, who do not shoot, can get along without game, why not those of other states?

The Ohio law prohibiting the sale of quail has been rigidly enforced, and it has been impossible to buy a quail, any place in that State, for the past 3 years. If such a law can be enforced in Ohio, why not in other states? To the victor belong the spoils. The man who is too lazy to go into the field and kill his game should be content to chew beefsteak.

I subscribe to the objects of the League with the greatest pleasure and am delighted to become a member. I have seen so much wanton and useless destruction of fish and game, especially by those "hogs" who fish and shoot for a record, that I cannot but subscribe to any laws, no matter how stringent they may be, which will bring them to time. Over and over again have I heard men boast of spearing bass, trout, and salmon on their spawning beds, the game warden of the locality being a chum of theirs and looking somewhere else. As interested, therefore, in all legitimate sport, I beg to enclose you my check for $3 in payment of membership for 3 years.

Dr. Geo. T. Elliot, 36 E. 35th St., N. Y.

We have now organized 4 State Divisions, as follows:

The New York, with Mr. A. E. Pond, 124, 5th Ave., as Chief Warden; the Pennsylvania, with Hon. J. O. Denny of Ligonier, as Chief Warden; the Massachusetts, with Dr. Heber Bishop, of No. 4 Post Office Square, Boston, as Chief Warden and the New Jersey, with Mr. T. H. Keller, Plainfield, as Chief Warden.

Washington and Connecticut now have the requisite number and their divisions will be organized at once.

Michigan, Colorado and Wyoming each have nearly enough and we hope to organize these, and several other states, in the near future. The officers are working like beavers, and if they could have the active co-operation of all the members it would make a lot of difference in the general result. Every member who reads this should go at once among his friends and induce a lot of them to join the L. A. S.

Mr. A. E. Pond, Chief Warden of the New York Division, offers to pay, out of his own private bank account, all the rewards that may be earned within a year from this date, in his Division, for convictions of game law violators. Here is game protective sentiment that counts. There are liable to be a hundred convictions of game law violators in this state, within the year, and Mr. Pond says he hopes there may be. He says the more the better.

Now let the local wardens go to work and see how much of Mr. Pond's money they can earn during his term of office.

I stated in May RECREATION that Mr. F. S. Hyatt, Treasurer of the L. A. S., was vice-president and a director of the Tradesmen's National Bank. I should have said the New York National Exchange Bank, 92 W. Broadway, N. Y.

If you have not yet ordered your badge you should do so at once. Furthermore you should wear it. Let the world know of the faith that is in you.

# CANOEING.

## OFFICERS OF THE A. C. A., 1897–98.

*Commodore, F. L. Dunnell, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

*Sec'y-Treas., C. V. Schuyler, 309 Sixth Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

### PURSERS.

*Atlantic Division, Wm. M. Carpenter, Main St., Sing Sing, N. Y.*

*Central Division, Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.*

*Eastern Division, Francis J. Burrage, West Newton, Mass.*

*Northern Division, Edgar C. Woolsey, 37 Charles St., Ottawa, Can.*

*Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.*

*Date of meet for 1898, Aug. 5th to 19th, Stave Island, 1000 Islands, N. Y.*

## A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.

Applications for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in RECREATION.

The following have applied for membership:

### EASTERN DIVISION.

George C. Scales, Centre Street, Newton, Mass.
Wilson S. Dakin, Northampton, Mass.
James S. Thorndike, 147 Main St., Brockton, Mass.
Robert J. Bowie, 204 High Street, Lawrence, Mass.
Frank M. Seamans, 43 South Street, Boston, Mass.
Harry L. Morse, Wawbewawa Canoe Assn., 8 Ashford Street, Allston, Mass.
George R. Heckle, Wawbewawa Canoe Assn., 55 Moreland Street, Roxbury, Mass.
Edward B. Carney, Vesper Country Club, 39 Plymouth Street, Lowell, Mass.
G. Colburn Clement, Pemigewasset C. C., Haverhill, Mass.
Fred T. Harrison, 503 Essex St., Lawrence, Mass.
Charles S. Titcomb, Pemigewasset C. C., 15 Bartlett Street, Haverhill, Mass.
Charles W. Knapp, Wawbewawa C. A., P. O. Box 2339, Boston, Mass.
W. H. Greut, 22 Spruce Street, Waltham, Mass.
Paul Lynch, Waltham, Mass.
Adolphe J. Klar, 64 Montague St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Geo. A. Ellis, Jr., 832 President St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Wm. M. Carpenter, Purser.

### ATLANTIC DIVISION.

(For active membership.)
William A. Mairs, 68 Sackett St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
(For associate membership.)
Edith De G. Twining, 39 South St., Morristown, N. J.
F. A. Chapman, 240 Clinton Av., Brooklyn, N.Y.
Wm. A. Holcomb, 185 So. Broad St., Trenton, N. J. Club, Park Island, C. A.

## OTTAWA, ONT., CANOE CLUB NOTES.

The Ottawa Canoe Club held its annual meeting on March 7th and elected the following officers for the ensuing year.

Patron, His Excellency the Governor General; Vice-Patron, His Worship Mayor Bingham; Commodore, David McLaren; Vice-Commodore, W. Y. Soper; Captain, J. A. McDougall; Hon'y Secretary, K. F. Clayton; Hon'y Treasurer, E. B. Holt; Secretary of Racing Committee, R. W. Paterson; Executive Committee, W. McL. Mainguy, A. A. Dion, J. M. Hurcombe, E. C. Woolsey and E. C. Amoldi. The secretary's report showed the club to be in a flourishing condition. During the year many improvements had been made at the club house, for the comfort and convenience of members. The membership of the club for the year was 324. The report of the treasurer showed the financial standing of the club to be all that could be desired.

The report presented by the secretary of the racing committee was a most interesting one. It showed the great interest taken by the members of the club in this branch, not only at home but abroad; several of our members having won laurels at outside regattas and meets. Mr. D'Arcy Scott having again won the double blade championship of America at the A. C. A. meet, and the International paddling trophy at Toronto in September last. Mr. W. T. Lawless at the A. C. A. meet won the Swimming Hurry-Scurry and Canoe Upset races; and at Montreal, in August last, again won the 100 yards Swimming Championship of Canada.

Our war canoe crew won the handsome cup presented by the Britannia Boating Club at their annual regatta.

The outlook for the coming season is a bright one, and gives promise of being one of the most successful in the history of the club.

K. H. Clayton.

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## TO THE MEMBERS OF THE A. C. A.

It may not be amiss, at this time, when the canoeists are busily preparing for the Annual Meet, to be held at Stave Island, August 5th to 19th, to say a few words regarding the coming camp, and to review, briefly, past events since last fall. The annual meeting and banquet, of October 16th last, were well attended and a great deal of new and old business acted upon, the present administration starting the year in excellent shape.

Following closely upon the annual meeting came various smokers and club banquets, at which the greatest enthusiasm prevailed, all of which promises well for the success of the '98 Meet. From Canada, Buffalo, Rochester and Boston come reports of revived activity in canoeing, and of the intention of the older racing men to return to Stave Island to win fresh laurels. The Atlantic Division's Smoker, in New York, last winter, proved a wise move, and brought together about 100 men, prominent in the Association, not alone from New York, but from other cities. The ties of good fellowship were more closely cemented, and indications of the old time canoeing spirit were again apparent. Through the efforts of Mr. E. H. Barney, of Springfield, the members were given the opportunity of skating, during the closed season, and the Ice Skating Palace in New York, was the scene, on Monday evenings, of a goodly representation of A. C. A. men. The result was the A. C. A. Skating Club, a dinner being served in the restaurant of the rink, followed by a pleasant hour on the ice. Various enjoyable trips have been made by members, visiting sister clubs. Notable among these are the visit of the Buffalo men to Brooklyn, and the return visit of the Brooklyn men to Buffalo. It is needless to say how jolly these entertainments have proven, or what good times have resulted therefrom.

Now that the open season is once more with us, the canoeist's thoughts turn toward the water, and we hear of opening races, and of fresh laurels being won; new canoes being tried, and a visit to the canoe club houses is convincing proof that canoeing has taken a long step forward this year. There are indications of a large and successful A. C. A. Meet, to which all good canoeists should journey, in August.

Held on one of the most picturesque of the Thousand Islands, one can readily reach the camp from any direction. Arriving at Clayton or Gananoque, and after a comfortable breakfast, you take steamer "Valeria" for camp. On arriving there you will be made to feel at home at once, and everything possible will be done by your officers and committees to make your arrival and stay as pleasant as possible. Those who are familiar with Grindstone, the scene of several Meets, will find in and around Stave Island beauties not before thought of. With the changing of ideas and the experience of 9 years, since the last Stave Island camp, it is hoped the most pleasant Meet in the history of the Association may result.

It rests with the members to show their love for the Association, and their old time camping spirit, whether the 1898 Camp shall show a step forward, or no. An excellent racing program has been prepared by an efficient Regatta Committee, and many prominent racing men promise their presence, with fast canoes, in both the sailing and paddling classes. The efforts of the administration and the work of the committees, are earnestly directed toward the best interests of the A. C. A. and it now rests with the members to show their patriotism, by being present at Stave Island in August. If possible bring a friend with you. That you will have a happy 2 weeks there can be no doubt.

Frank L. Dunnell, Commodore.

## MEMENTOS OF PAST VICTORIES.

The A. C. A. has been many years in existence and those who won the chief events in its earlier years have retired from active participation in the annual regatta. What have they now to show that they won the chief canoe events of North America? It is true at the time they were presented with much coveted and much admired flags; but many of these have fallen to pieces through age and the winners have nothing left to remind them of their active interest in the A. C. A., except the historical record of the year-book.

Were they presented with simple, artistic, permanent trophies, such as have been given as prizes during '96 and '97, they would have something with which to decorate their meeting rooms that would be pleasant reminders of well won battles when the competition was much greater than during late years, and which would also serve as permanent advertisements of the A. C. A.

At the annual meeting of the Association at Grindstone, in '97, a resolution was unanimously passed that the executive committee be requested to procure a suitable memento and present to each winner of the sailing and paddling trophies, and first place in the Record Race. I presume the executive committee will proceed to carry out the wishes of the members so soon as the heavy work of the arrangements for the '98 meet is completed and submit designs and estimate of cost to the Board of Governors, who will have to furnish the necessary funds. 633.

## A NEW CLUB IN THE KEYSTONE STATE.

Mr. Sill B. Hughes writes from Pittsburg, Pa.: "I have succeeded in getting the Duquesne Club organized. We have not a large club as yet but considerable interest is taken in the matter and we will be able to make a good showing at next year's Meet. I will bring 2 or 3 of my canoes, including the Racing Four which I had at the Camp, and several of the boys have signified their intention of having canoes built.

I have read with much interest the communication of Chairman Hogan in regard to more members bringing general purpose canoes, with small sails and leeboard outfits, to Camp. I have already advocated that the Duquesne Canoe Club fit up their canoes, which they are having built, in the manner proposed by Mr. Hogan.

Some of us hope to be able to get second money, if we can succeed in getting someone to 'saw a boat.' I think such races, and especially having canoes fitted in that manner, brought to camp will add greatly to the enjoyment of the Meet, as it will give a chance for more cruising among the islands and in that way come nearer to ideal canoeing. I do not, however, take the same view of the modern racing canoe that Mr. Hogan does. I think that has its place, which is an important one. While I am, like Mr. Hogan, debarred by physique and several other things that he mentions from being a racing man myself, it is necessary in my opinion, to have such incentives to keep up the sport; just as it is necessary to have fast racing horses to keep up the standard of the stock, and athletes who can do 100 yards in 10 seconds, to fire some of us up enough to get out to take needed exercise. I think several racing canoes in action the most beautiful picture connected with the sport, and I believe if I had the power to make the rules, I would not put any limit whatever on the amount of sail they might carry, in the free-for-all."

## YONKERS CANOE CLUB DINNER.

The members of the Yonkers Canoe Club and guests, to the number of about 35 in all, gathered at Bardin's Hotel, on Thursday evening, to enjoy the annual dinner of the Club. All appeared happy as they gathered, greeted one another, and then partook of the excellent dinner.

Beside the members of the Club there were present, as guests, F. L. Dunnell, Commodore; C. V. Schuyler, Treasurer; F. M. Pinckney, Rear Commodore, and R. H. Wilkin, President of the Board of Governors, of the American Canoe Association; also H. M. Dater, Commodore of the Brooklyn Canoe Club; C. P. Moser, of the Irondequoit Canoe Club, Rochester; R. H. Peebles and Warren Berry, of the Knickerbocker Canoe Club; F. G. Palmer, of the New York Canoe Club, and M. L. Sands and L. W. Seavey, of New York.

Commodore P. B. Rossire, of the Yonkers Canoe Club, presided at the dinner, and acted as toastmaster. Toasts were responded to as follows: "The American Canoe Association," Commodore Dunnell; "The Board of Governors," Mr. Wilkin; "Canoeists," Mr. Dater; "The Club," Commodore-elect Louis Simpson; "Hobbies, and the Canoe in Particular," Edwin A. Quick. Mr. Wilkin gave a humorous song composed for the occasion; and Mr. Seavey entertained with a talk on canoeing and cruising, which he illustrated with crayon sketches.

The annual election of the club resulted in the choice of the following officers for ensuing year: Commodore, Louis Simpson; Vice-Commodore, Geo. I. Eddy; Treasurer, E. M. Underhill; Secretary, D. B. Goodsell; Captain, J. M. Humason. The club intends replacing the Old "Koko" with a new war canoe and friend Robinson and others are invited to send along estimates for a 25 footer.

## RED DRAGON CANOE CLUB.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Editor Recreation: The members of the Red Dragon Canoe club are busy on the water, and are making good use of their time. Last winter their canoes were overhauled and repainted, half-raters put in trim, and the commodore's yacht received a general line of improvement.

At the last monthly meeting of the club new racing rules were adopted, and arrangements completed for the annual cruise. The camp site will be near Delanco, N. J., a picturesque spot on the Delaware river. The annual camp was held May 28, 29, and 30.

The club recently closed a successful course in "rigging, ropes, and marlinspike seamanship," inaugurated in the early part of February last. In all 8 meetings were held, the last with an exhibition of the progress made by the pupils. The attendance was good, and the results pleasing. The class afforded a rare and agreeable opportunity to acquire knowledge on a subject which is interesting and valuable to every boating man.

Only 3 members exhibited at the concluding meeting, viz.: Messrs. Bachmann, Fenimore, and Wise. Messrs. Murray and H. W. Fleischmann, being officers, did not compete. After a careful examination, Captain Paynter awarded the first prize to Mr. Wise, and second to Mr. Fenimore.

A handsome pair of marine glasses, bearing the inscription, "Presented to A. C. Paynter, 1898, by the Red Dragon Canoe club," were presented to our instructor, in recognition of his invaluable services and his kindly assistance and interest in the club.

The Canoeists' Gun club closed a pleasant season of trap shooting, a few days ago, by holding a prize shoot. Mr. Heminway donated a handsome trophy, and over a dozen members competed. A handicap was allowed the poorer shots, and, after an exciting race, Mr. Engle won.

The log-book for the season shows the members are already using the double blades to considerable extent. A number of new canoes have been added to the fleet, among them a racing paddler, by Mr. Wilt.

Several new members have joined the club, and the prospects are very bright for a prosperous and pleasing season's sport.

W. K. P.

A "Vaux" canoe, made by J. H. Rushton, retail price $37.50, for 60 yearly subscriptions to Recreation. Who will be the first to earn it?

# BICYCLING.

## THE BICYCLE IN THE ARMY.

The emergency appropriation passed by Congress, last Spring, provided $21,000 for the signal corps service, and of this amount a considerable portion was expended for bicycles for use in the army. Although Germany, France, Austria, Italy, and other European nations have conducted long series of experiments with bicycles for military use, and have regular cycle corps, the bicycle has never been officially recognized in the United States army. This is due principally to the meanness of Congress in making appropriations for the support of the regular army; but also, in a measure, to the unprogressiveness of military commanders. Nevertheless, the possibilities of the wheel, for certain classes of work in war operations, have not been lost sight of, and General Miles is a strong advocate of its employment for the erection of telegraph and telephone lines, scouting work, courier service, and for throwing out small detachments to interrupt the enemy's lines of communication by cutting telegraph wires, seizing or blowing up bridges and railroads, and the like. It was General Miles who organized the first military relay ride from Chicago to New York in 1891, and wrote the message which was carried 1,000 miles in 109 hours by the plucky cyclists, through one of the longest and severest storms of the year, to be delivered to another army officer in New York. The forced march of the regular army soldiers by wheel last summer, from Fort Missoula, Mont., to Washington, D. C., was also performed at his instigation, and demonstrated beyond doubt the utility of the bicycle in such movements; for full camping equipments and arms, weighing 40 pounds, were carried on each machine, over all kinds of roads, and in all sorts of weather. There have been other expeditions of a like nature, so that in the present war the army officers have some valuable data to work from in the organization of bicycle corps in the regiments. After the conclusion of the war it is probable that every regiment will have its regularly equipped cycle corps.

Theodore R. MacClure, chief clerk of the Michigan State Board of Health, has made a special study of bicycling in its social, business, hygienic, and military phases, and has contributed a number of scientific articles on the subject to the professional medical journals of the State. His opinion, with regard to the use of the bicycle in the present war, is therefore of interest and value.

"Bicycles have been found, by practical usage, to be a very valuable military accessory," he says, "and the aggressive Japanese were probably the first nation to use them in actual service. They found them exceedingly useful in reconnoitering and skirmishing. The movements on the enemy were rapid and disastrous; and, after the object had been accomplished, the assailants were out of the way before the enemy could get into position to attack. A very small detachment of cyclists could do great damage to a large detachment, with little loss to their numbers.

"It was found, however, that the ordinary bicycle was not applicable to military service, and a folding bicycle was invented, which could be folded together in a few seconds, and strapped to the back of the soldier in a neat package, weighing about 28 pounds. These folding wheels were a little heavier, built with special reference to durability, and could be taken by the soldier over fences, bridges, walls, or, in fact, any place where the soldier himself could pass. On the march the wheels are especially valuable, because of the great distance the soldier is able to cover, with no more effort than in walking.

"The use of wheels in the European armies is becoming quite extensive. The demand for this specially built military wheel has become so great that factories in Europe are devoting their entire time to manufacturing them; and one factory, it is estimated, will turn out 50,000 wheels annually.

"With the advent of the wheel in military affairs, comes the perplexing question of dealing with them. Here, again, the faithful dog is suggested. It is understood that in Germany dogs are being trained to dismount soldiers riding wheels. Wheelmen know what damage a small dog can do, and it is easy to understand how a large, ugly Danish dog could play havoc with soldier cyclists.

"I believe our army, or a section of it at least, will be provided with bicycles of a folding type, somewhat like those of Japan and Europe."

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Fagan—Oi say, Casey, whoi don't yez git a boike?

Casey—D'yes think Oi'm crazy ter climb a ladder all th' wake an' thin do th' same thing all day Sunday? Nit!

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## TANDEM RACES.

For some unknown reason tandem races have never been made a prominent part of American race-meet programmes, but they are being featured this year. Because of the speed attained, and the apparent danger of a number of 2-seaters, flying around the turns of 3- and 4-lap tracks, a tandem race is one of the most interesting and exciting events that can be put on the card. Tandem handicaps are especially exciting, for the scratch men must, as a rule, ride well inside of 2 minutes to the mile to win, and ample opportunity is offered for numerous fast sprints. In past seasons we have had a few good tandem races, but most of them have been held in Boston; and, last season, it was almost impossible to gather together a respectable field for the only tandem championship provided for by the League of American Wheelmen, which was a 2-mile event run at Reading, Pa., and won by Bald and Church. The first tandem event of importance scheduled for this season was the handicap at Woodside Park track, Philadelphia, May 28, for which a $300 purse was offered, for the express purpose of drawing representative tandem teams from all parts of the country. There are a number of fast tandem teams in this country now, some of which belong to the big pacing aggregations, and rivalry between them is keen. Among the teams which may be expected to show well in front are Gougoltz and Lamberjack, the Frenchmen; McLeod and McCarthy, and MacEachern and Tompson, Canadian record-holding teams; Gardiner and Kaser, American and German; Stampenburg and Iten, the Dano-Swiss team; Boulay and Cavallay, of France; Kiser and Mertens, Swanborough and Sager, and other American teams, and the Jallu brothers, of France, who greatly disappointed the racing enthusiasts of this country by leaving their electric-pacing machine at home when they came over last spring.

## AN INTERESTING LEGAL QUESTION.

The eyes of all wheelmen are turned upon Washington, where an interesting case, arising from the city ordinance passed by the commissioners last fall, which prohibits the use of handlebars having grips dropped more than 4 inches below the centre of the saddle, is going through the courts. One Fred W. Moore was arrested and charged with the violation of this police regulation, and judgment was entered against him in the police court. Moore then took the case up to the court of appeals, on a writ of error from the police court, and the decision of the lower court was reversed, and a new trial ordered.

Of course wheelmen, the country over, are deeply interested in the case, as having weight in possible similar legislation in other cities, which cyclists consider an infringement of their rights, and an unwarranted oppression. Therefore, the opinion of Chief Justice Alvey will be read with interest.

He states that the commissioners are authorized to enforce usual and reasonable police regulations, and, among other things, to regulate the movement of vehicles, and to make provision for the protection of lives and limbs of persons. He holds that there is no ground for objection on constitutionality, but says the question as to whether the regulation is unreasonable and oppressive to the citizens is more or less one of fact, and therefore susceptible of proof. The bicycle, he says, is a vehicle in the meaning of the law.

" It is a vehicle of comparatively recent use, and is of various construction. Its safe use may depend greatly upon the expertness of the rider, as well as upon the construction of the vehicle. If a vehicle, such as that which the defendant is accused of riding, is ordinarily safe to persons travelling, when used by persons of ordinary care and skill in riding, then there would seem to be no necessity for excluding the use of such vehicles, and the regulation by which they are excluded may be said to be unreasonable, and to operate to deprive the defendant of the lawful use of his property."

In the lower court Moore introduced testimony to show that, as applied to his bicycle, the regulation was both unreasonable and unnecessary; but this evidence was thrown out by the police judge, and not considered, whereas the chief justice of the court of appeals holds that the lower court erred, since the evidence was competent. If, upon rehearing, the defendant is acquitted, and the regulation held to be unreasonable and oppressive, the decision will have an effect upon that more general ordinance which prohibits riding " hands off " in so many cities, and every defendant will have the right to prove that he is expert enough to make the rule unnecessary, and, in certain cases, oppressive.

## CONFLICTING LAWS.

The bicycle offers such a ready and tempting means of straying beyond the confines of one's own hamlet that club runs to neighboring towns, within a radius of 50 to 100 miles, are a regular diversion of all cycling organizations. The cycling regulations of no 2 adjacent communities are exactly similar, however, and ignorance of the laws frequently works hardship on riders when away from home. In one town the wheelmen may be required to ring a bell on approaching every crossing; in another he must not ride with dropped bars; in a third he must not ride " hands off "; in a fourth he must not coast; in a fifth he must not carry a child on the handlebars. And, as for speed limits, they vary all the way from 4 miles an hour to anything the rider is capable of. Uniformity in the laws is becoming more and more imperative, and the only way to secure this seems to be through legislation enacted by the States. West Virginia was the first to pass a State law governing the use of bicycles, and such a law was passed by both branches of the New York legislature last spring. It provides that all ordinances shall be uniform as to sidewalk riding, limiting of speed, the carrying of bells and lanterns, etc. The matter is of vast importance to cyclists throughout the country, and the wheelmen should go to work in the other States to secure similar action of the legislatures on bills based on the new laws of the Empire State, so that decisions of the court in that State would form precedents for the guidance of the courts elsewhere, thereby saving the cost and trouble of appeals.

### THE TACOMA WAY.

It often happens that the greater the obstacles to be surmounted, the keener the enthusiasm is to overcome them. This appears to be well borne out in fact by the wheelmen of Tacoma, Wash., who, about 2 years ago, asked that the city levy a tax of $1 a year on all bicycles owned and ridden within the city limits. The money so raised was to be used exclusively for the building of cycle paths within the city, which is built on the side of a hill, and offers few natural attractions for bicycle riding. The results of the tax show for themselves now; for instead of having to push his bicycle from the lower streets to the ones above, the cyclist is able to ride up the side of the hill on exclusive cycle paths having gentle inclines. These lead out from hill side and hill top in all directions, making a total of 25 miles of exclusive cycle track inside the city. But the greatest accomplishment of which Tacoma wheelmen boast, is the construction of the largest exclusive bicycle bridge in the world. It crosses a ravine in the southern part of the city, and is built of the famous Washington fir. It is 110 feet high at the centre, and spans 330 feet from end to end. It is 12 feet wide on the road bed, and broadens out to 50 feet at the base. The entire cost of the structure, which was raised entirely by the wheelmen, was $1,000.

But Tacoma cyclists are not willing to rest on these accomplishments. The Washington Division of the L. A. W. has perfected plans for the construction of a path to Mount Tacoma, a distance of 45 miles, ending just below snow line in Paradise Valley, one of the most beautiful spots on this continent. In addition to this, arrangements have been made for placing 100 sign boards for the guidance of strangers, and those unfamiliar with the roads.

### NOTES.

A recent English invention, designed to prevent accidents on the race track, as a result of a rider running too close to the rear wheel of his pacing machine, and allowing the wheels to touch, consists in a wheel about 10 inches in diameter, fitted with a pneumatic tire, suspended in a horizontal position over the rear wheel of the multiplet by means of strong brace rods projecting about 18 inches from the rear of the frame. Thus, when the rider following allows his front tire to approach within an inch of the rear tire of his pacing machine, the head of his bicycle comes in contact with the small wheel above, and the wheels are prevented from touching. If the two machines are in direct line, the rider following is simply slowed down; but, if the head of his machine strikes the small wheel to one side of the centre, it is gently pushed off to one side, and the rider runs up alongside of his pacemakers without danger of a spill.

A device of this kind ought to be generally adopted wherever pacing is required, as a rider must follow his multiplet as closely as possible to get the benefit of the pace; yet the slightest contact of the wheels or tires of the 2 machines is almost sure to make the rider on the single machine swerve suddenly and fall, or collide with other riders on the track, causing a serious spill.

The flying seasons in their whirl
  Now Summer's joys reveal,
And ah, the pretty bloomer girl,
  She " pants " to be awheel.
        —L. A. W. Bulletin.

Wheelmen generally were disappointed by the action of the Senate committee, which amended the postoffice appropriation bill, by striking out the $300,000 appropriation for rural free delivery, before reporting the measure to the Senate. The amendment created a lively debate in the Senate, which lasted 2 hours, but the report, as submitted by the committee, was passed, and that part of the appropriation cut off. Those having a large interest in bicycles and cycling, and in road improvement, had been hoping for this appropriation to go through, and were anticipating great results from the rural mail delivery. It was expected that the bicycle would be found the most practical means of furnishing quick and cheap delivery in the country, and that the use of the machines in this work would go a long way toward overcoming the prejudice of the farmers against the bicycle, and be the means of securing their co-operation with the League of American Wheelmen in the fight for better roads. But, although defeated in the last session of Congress, the farmers and the wheelmen will continue to work for the passage of such a measure. It will be of incalculable benefit to the entire country.

  Two things the cyclist will not stand,
  They're bound to raise his ire—
A tax put on his bicycle
  And tacks put in his tire.
        —Exchange.

Through the efforts of the L. A. W. local consulate, of New York City, permission has been secured from the city authorities to construct a cycle path under the elevated road, from Bowling green to the South ferry, a distance of nearly a quarter of a mile, which will make a continuous route from Harlem to the Battery—an arrangement that has been hoped for for several years. The intention is to lay a 17-foot bed of cinders, 2 inches thick, under the elevated structure, and cover this with a top-dressing of crushed limestone, or other suitable material. The city will pay for cutting the chains and lowering the curbs at cross streets, and the $400 needed for laying the surface will be raised by subscription. The path will lead direct to the South Brooklyn and Staten Island ferries, and will afford dry riding during a storm, owing to the railroad structure overhead.

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Mrs. Northside: " You and your husband still appear happy together."

Mrs. Westside: " My dear, he's the only husband I ever had, that I really loved."

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The City of Brotherly Love seems to have a monopoly on race meets in July, according to the following list of sanctioned meets:

1—Philadelphia, Pa.

2—New York City; Philadelphia, Pa. (National circuit); Waltham, Mass.

4—Washington, D. C.; Bridgeton, N. J.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Mahanoy City, Pa.; Paterson, N. J.; Reading, Pa.; Allentown, Pa.; Buffalo, N. Y.; Athens, O.; Vailsburg, N. J. (National circuit); Midland, Mich; Indianapolis, Ind.; Louisville, Ky.; Aurora, Ill.

6—Philadelphia, Pa.

7—Philadelphia, Pa.

8—Philadelphia, Pa.

9—Buffalo, N. Y. (National circuit); New York City; Philadelphia, Pa.

13—Philadelphia, Pa.; Rochester, N. Y. (National circuit).

14—Philadelphia, Pa.

15—Philadelphia, Pa.; Asbury Park, N. J. (National circuit).

16—Philadelphia, Pa. (National circuit).

20—Philadelphia, Pa.

21—Philadelphia, Pa.

22—Philadelphia, Pa.

23—Newark, N. J. (National circuit); Philadelphia, Pa.; New York City.

26—Asbury Park, N. J. (National circuit).

27—Philadelphia, Pa.

28—Philadelphia, Pa.

29—Philadelphia, Pa.

30—Philadelphia, Pa.; Buffalo, N. Y. (National circuit); Waltham, Mass.

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Hicks—" Nobbins seems to be holding up his head of late." Wicks—" Yes; it probably comes of reading newspaper bulletins."—Boston Transcript.

The outdoor cycle racing season opened in the North the second Saturday in May, with a match race between E. A. McDuffie and F. J. Titus, at the Charles River Park track, Boston. The event gave excellent indication of what the entire season would be. It was a middle-distance, paced race between 2 of the best riders in their class in America—a style of contest that has become most popular in this country. It was ridden in the East,—a section of the land which bids fair to have a monopoly of the big events of the year. It was won in world's record time by McDuffie—which shows the determination of the leaders to win this summer, and is the result of hard winter training. The race was won by the superior work of McDuffie's pace-makers—a fact that indicates that the pace-makers are as important a factor in the winning of such an event as the principals themselves. Again, the victor had the advantage of a 111 gear, while his opponent used a 104—which may be considered indicative of a continued tendency to the increase in the size of gears. Taken altogether, the McDuffie-Titus match is the prototype of the most important track events of the season of 1898.

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Ella—" What has become of that sport who used to call on you? "

Stella—" Pa is a believer in out-of-door sports, and he threw him out."

—Exchange.

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No indemnity has yet been paid by the Turkish government for the murder of Frank G. Lenz, the Pittsburgh wheelman who was killed by the Kurds, in Armenia, in 1894, while making a tour of the world. A resolution has been recently introduced in Congress by Col. W. A. Stone, who represents the district in which Lenz lived, calling upon the Secretary of State to urge a demand for $40,000 indemnity, to be paid to the young cyclist's mother. The resolution went to the foreign affairs committee to be acted upon, and, as the whole Pennsylvania delegation of Congressmen is interested in the matter, it will not be permitted to rest until some satisfaction is secured from the " unspeakable Turks."

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She (anxiously)—Tell me quickly, dearest, what was papa's answer? Did he smile on your suit?

He (bitterly)—Smile is not the word. He simply roared.—Tid Bits.

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I want the names of all the gun clubs in the U. S. and Canada, and the names and addresses of the Secretaries thereof. Readers of RECREATION will do me a valuable service by kindly giving me such information.

# HOW TO GET EVEN WITH DAN'L.

My Dear Phœby: When I read your letter in April RECREATION, in which you said you wanted to get even with Dan'l, my heart went right out to you, and, before I had finished reading your tale of woe, I had made up my mind to write you a letter and give you a few pointers.

Your husband is an amateur photographer. Why don't you start in and be an amateur artist? My wife is one, and when I tell you some of the experiences I went through, before she got onto her job, I think you will be able not only to get even with Dan'l, but go him one better. Yea, Phœby, you can make him wish he had never seen a kodak.

I've been married now close on to 20 years, and have been hungry a good deal of that time; for my wife was an amateur artist when we married.

I didn't mind it so much at first, when I would go to the table and find the cream-pitcher full of turpentine, and Chinese white in the sugar-bowl. Nor did I kick when I went on a hunting trip, and found my coffee-can full of Vandyke brown. Of course we went without our coffee, on that trip, but I just let it go, and called it one of the "little annoyances of married life." But, when it came to the pictures, it got worse.

First, she painted flowers and hung them up in our bed-room. Of course I had to admire them and say they "looked all right,"—and they did—at night,—after the lights went out.

Next came landscapes, which covered our sitting-room walls. Wife was delighted with them, and asked if I did not think she was making rapid progress in her work. I said yes, and that they were wonderful pictures—and they were.

After that she made a painting of my favorite horse, and nailed it on the dining-room wall, just opposite my place at the table. Matters were now getting worse. It made me feel kind of faint-like, and I nearly lost my appetite; but managed to stand it, though I was awfully afraid some member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals would see the picture, and have my wife arrested.

But the horse picture wasn't in it with the next one. She painted a portrait of our little boy, and hung it just over my gun-rack. The boy was an awful nice little fellow, and of course we were very proud of him. Folks said he looked just like his father. This pleased me—till I saw that picture.

I tell you, Phœby, matters were now getting serious. It made me sick; but I had to brace up and admire the picture. I said it was just splendid, and a whole lot more lies. I was so used to lying, now, that I didn't mind it much; yet I began to realize "What a tangled web we weave, when first we practice to deceive." Oh! Phœby, it's a fearful thing when a fellow begins to tell lies to a woman; for he never knows when to stop. And then she has such an inconvenient way of remembering all he says.

Yes; I felt awful sick when I saw the picture, and I tried to forget it. I said to myself, "it couldn't look like the boy." But, the next day, a lot of alleged artists came to see the painting.

I went into the next room, and left the door ajar so I could hear what they said, and oh, Heavens! I heard, you bet!

"Isn't it just lovely?"

"Perfectly splendid!" and,

"He has that peculiar expression of face, just like his father."

That settled it for me. I said if I had any expression on my face like that, I would go and drown myself.

I went out to the barn, sat down on a bale of hay, and cried. My poor old horse—the one my wife had so tortured in the picture—came and rubbed his nose against my shoulder; while Tiger, my old coyote dog, lay down at my feet and whined. They seemed to catch on to the situation, and I guess old Tiger feared his picture would come next.

I tell you, Dear Phœby, these were trying times for me, and I felt the need of friends and advice; but I was too proud to seek my friends here at home. I came near writing to Ruth Ashmore, or Mrs. Sangster, of the Ladies' Home Journal, or to some other paper that has a column of questions and answers for people in trouble—and other idiots. But I didn't feel quite well enough acquainted with Ruth, or the other girl either, so I comforted myself with the thought "all things come to him who waits." And I didn't have to wait long, either; for, the next week, my friend from Denver came down for a hunting trip. We were in the house getting ready for a start when Frank said to me:

"What, old boy! Are you thinking of going on a kangaroo hunt?"

"Kangaroo nothing! What made you think so?"

"Well!" he said, pointing to the picture above the gun-rack, "I saw that map of Australia, and thought you might be planning such a trip."

I wanted to yell right out for joy, but my wife was in the next room, and I feared she would hear me, and ask what I was laughing at. She is awful sensitive about her pictures. So I motioned Frank to keep still, and whispered to him that I would explain when we got outside.

Then I told him the "map of Australia," as he called it, was my wife's painting of our little boy. He seemed sorry for me, and said he was glad his wife wasn't an amateur artist. He said he could now understand why I liked to spend so much of my time in the mountains.

I made up my mind, then and there, that the picture must come down before any more of my friends got to see it; but how to get it down? I lay awake nearly all the first night in camp, trying to think of some plan to work out on my return home; but to no purpose. I at last fell into a troubled sleep, only to dream that a big coyote had old Tiger by one paw.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men that, taken at its flood, leads on to"—floating pictures down the Arkansaw river. The "tide" was ready when we got back to town. You see, the Ladies' Library Association got up an "Art Loan Exhibition," of home talent, and all our artists, my wife included, sent their choice pictures to the exhibit. They were so afraid "something would happen to them," they would not trust them to an expressman, but hired a man to carry each picture to and from the Library.

Well, I just laid low till the show was over. Then I gave the fellow, who toted the pictures $2, and told him to drop our "Art Exhibit" into the river, and call it an accident.

The scheme worked slicker than the action of a new Savage rifle. I cussed the fellow for being so careless, and let on to my wife to feel awful sorry. I made so much fuss she promised to paint another picture just like it. Then you bet I shut up, for fear she would.

Now, Phœby, just tell Dan'l, if he is going to keep on being an amateur photographer, you 'll start in and be an amateur artist. Give it to him in small doses at first. A full charge, on the start, might kill him; and of course you don't want to do that. So give it light at first, and I'll guarantee that before you reach the "portrait period," you'll have Dan'l so sick of it he'll cuss the day old Eastman was born, and wish the whole kodak outfit, with its $5,000,000 capital and its 1,500 employees, at the bottom of Manila bay, with the Spanish fleet.

Try it, Phœby dear, and remember that I'm

Yours to get even with Dan'l,
Coyote Bill.

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When Adam at night carried the babies about,
Because they would fret and complain,
He was, quite beyond any shadow of doubt,
The first man to walk with a Cain.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

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There's many a merchant in many a town
Who has marked his feather pillows down.

## WHERE SOME OF THE BUFFALO WENT.

Here is a letter that speaks for itself. My son who is travelling in the far West, found it in an old deserted shack, where Fort McPherson formerly stood.

L. C. Burnett, Sr., Nebraska City, Neb.

The letter is as follows:

Julesburg, Kans., November 30, '73.

Mr. Haight:

Dear Sir: Yours received, and in reply would say the understanding was that I was to ship to Mr. Anst, and only put the meat on the cars at any station of the U. P. R. R., not West of Julesburg, and then concern myself no further about it. The railroad, however, demands prepayment (or guarantee from me of payment of freight). As I do not know Mr. Anst, in any way whatever, I do not wish to guarantee anything for him. I did do it, however, on the first shipment (1,535 pounds) rather than wait for your reply.

In the future, as you request, I will ship to you, and guarantee payment of freight, as I shall know then with whom I am dealing; but Mr. Anst being an entire stranger, you can see that I would not like to render myself liable to the extent of freight on 5,000 pounds of meat to Omaha.

All my shipments to you, of buffalo hams, will be in sacks, as compensation for not having the hair on. I will not send any meat that I do not consider worth skinning for the robes—as old bulls—and if there are any doubts, I will show my robes on arriving at North Platte.

Further, any arrangements in regard to the meat, freight, etc., you may make with Col. Mills, of the Post, I will abide by, as the hunt is purely for the benefit of the company, in robes and meat.

I ship you to-day some meat, and I think enough, with the amount sent to Mr. Anst, and another equal shipment, to fill my contract—5,200 pounds.

Yours respectfully,
Fred. Schwatke,
Lt. 3d Cavalry.

It is sad to think that army officers, who should have been charged with the protection of the buffalo, could descend to the level of common market hunters and skin hunters.—EDITOR.

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When June with her warmth holds her sweltering sway,
Then it's ho! for the country all Summer to stay.
But the farmers who hoe till they're blistered and brown,
They'd like to quit hoeing and ho! for the town.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

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The man who is unable to work and smoke at the same time usually smokes.

# EDITOR'S CORNER.

## YANKEE GUNNERS.

No patriotic American can read the reports from Matanzas and Manila without feeling proud of the men who stood behind the guns. The skill of these men is little short of phenomenal. It has proven a surprise to the whole civilized world. Americans are a nation of riflemen, and have been ever since the pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock. In the early days of the nation we were riflemen from necessity, and a large percentage of our people still are. Those of us who have not found it necessary to kill our meat in the woods have inherited more or less of the love of gunpowder from our ancestors and this innate skill in the use of small arms has proven of inestimable value to our artillerymen, both on land and at sea.

Uncle Sam has always been liberal with his soldiers and seamen, in the matter of ammunition. The allowance to the navy, for target practice, is especially liberal and the men have strict orders to expend all the ammunition issued to them each month. The world has known little of this practice, heretofore, but it now develops that every gunner in the white squadron has, for years past, been diligently and scientifically trained for active service. This training has been mainly on the high seas, where no one save the officers and men of the fleet has seen or heard it. Now it becomes known that these naval gunners have been doing wonderful shooting, almost every day, for the past 10 years.

And not only have these men been thus trained, but those in the land fortifications, as well. Mr. Wilmot Townsend, who lives at Bay Ridge, L. I., tells me he has spent many hours, during the past year, watching the target practice of the men stationed at Forts Hamilton and Wadsworth, in New York Harbor. To watch the great 13 inch disappearing guns rise up, make their bow over the ramparts, belch forth a cloud of smoke and retire from view, is deeply interesting. One has then ample time to train his glass on the target anchored 7½ miles away, off Coney Island, before the projectile reaches it. A large percentage of these shots are hits and so accurate is the fire that not one in 20 would miss a battleship.

Another friend tells me he saw an old sloop set adrift, 2 miles from Sandy Hook, and that a gunner in the fort put 5 successive shots through it, at a distance of 2 miles.

When we think of such deadly skill as this, on the part of our men, we cease to wonder that the forts at Matanzas crumbled, and that the Spanish ships took fire or sunk, under the deadly aim of Sampson's and Dewey's men.

A great deal of interest is being manifested in RECREATION'S rifle tournament. A large number of entries have been made and some good targets have been sent in. It may be well to state, once more, that it is not obligatory upon contestants to shoot exactly 3 scores each month, or to send in 3 targets. I have simply provided that they may do so. They may shoot as many scores each month as they like, and may send in 3 of their best targets, if they see fit to do so. The object of the tournament is to bring out the greatest possibilities of the 22 calibre rifle and ammunition, at the 100 yards range. Contestants who enter now, or even a month later, may win if they do as good shooting as those who began earlier. A man who starts even on the 1st of September, may, if he does better work than those who have been practising all summer, win the first prize. It is hoped, therefore, that no one will hesitate to enter because he may not have known of the tournament in time to start when it opened. Every rifleman who desires to compete for these prizes should go to work, and when he thinks he has done his best, let him send in 3 of his best targets and the judges will do the rest.

---

The poetic tribute to admiral Dewey and his men, printed on page 25 of this issue of RECREATION will take its place in literature as one of the grandest examples of heroic verse ever written. In loftiness of sentiment, in didactic purity, in fierceness of expression, in vivid and picturesque portrayal of action it is equal to Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade"; to Read's "Sheridan's Ride"; to Whittier's "Barbara Fritchie" or to any other poem in the English language.

"Dewey at Manilla" is the production of Mr. H. Nelson, a man heretofore, but not hereafter, unknown to fame. He wrote this grand poem while lying in bed, a great sufferer from a disease of long standing; but the world will bless him for his noble tribute, and recited from the rostrum his lines will thrill hundreds of thousands of souls yet unborn.

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Some of the Good Stories in August RECREATION are:

"The Pacific Coast Cougar," by J. M. Baltimore; "At Reelfoot Lake," H. M. Brown; "A Buckboard Tour," Hon. B. B. Brooks; "George; A Trout Idyl," Jane Marlin; "A Three Cornered Fight with a Grizzly," Wm. Jackson, etc. There will be full page drawings by Carl Rungius and Bert Cassady, poems by "Archer," Richard Perry, G. W. Stevens and others. The Departments will be chuck full of good things, as usual.

# BOOK NOTICES.

## A QUEER COWBOY BOOK.

As I have before had occasion to say, the "Story of the West" series of books, which D. Appleton & Co. are publishing, is one of the most valuable sections of American History ever thought of. The list of subjects includes "The Story of the Indian," "The Story of the Mine," "The Story of the Trapper," "The Story of the Soldier," etc. In the main these subjects have been assigned to men of recognized ability; but in one instance, the publishers have made a mistake. "The Story of the Cowboy," just issued, is a disappointment.

The Western cowboy is one of the most romantic and picturesque characters of modern times, and his life should have been recorded in "The Story of the West" series by a master hand; by a man who knew him even as the cowboy knows his horse.

Instead of this, the book is the work of a man whose observation seems to have been limited to the bronze statue of a cowboy, which he says he found in the studio of a Chicago sculptor. The author may have had other opportunities. He may possibly have studied the cowboys in Buffalo Bill's show. Nay, he has doubtless read stories of the cowboy in the Nickel Library, or other similar publications; but if he has actually lived with, or worked with, or even ridden with the real cowboy, the fact is not apparent in the present work.

But the less said of this book, the better, so I put a period here.

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## A GREAT BOOK ON GAME BIRDS.

Brush, Sedge and Stubble, is a beautiful picture book of the shooting fields and feathered game of North America, published by the Sportsman's Society, Cincinnati, in 25 parts, at $1 each. It is sold only by subscription. Each number contains a fac-simile, in color, of an American Landscape or shooting field, a large photographic study of game birds, and many text illustrations. The first 2 parts will represent the prairie, the plains and the desert, and the grouse of the open country. The next 2 numbers represent the American forests and mountains, and the grouse of the woods.

The third number is devoted to the wild turkey and the pheasants. Then follow 3 numbers on American Quail.

1. Bob White, the game bird of the farm.
2. The Quail of California.
3. The Quail of the West and South.

Snipe and woodcock, the wild pigeons and doves, and the upland plover conclude the first volume.

The second volume will be devoted to wild fowl and waders. It is proposed to cover every class of American shooting field and every game bird.

The text is in plain English, without any technical nonsense, and the whole work is written from the sportsman's standpoint rather than from that of the naturalist.

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## OTHER BOOKS.

The Doubleday & McClure Co., New York, has issued 3 more volumes of Little Masterpieces, edited by Bliss Perry. These are "Abraham Lincoln," "Danliel Webster" and "Benjamin Franklin." They give characteristic selections from the speeches and writings of these authors, with a fine photogravure portrait of each. The paper is excellent, printing of the best. Cloth 30 cents; full leather 60.

Another of their recent publications is "A Minister of the World," by Caroline Atwater Mason. It is a well illustrated story of the life of a young New England preacher and the effect produced on him by transplantation to New York.

A new story by Hamlin Garland, "The Spirit of Sweetwater," is from the same press. It is of the West, of course, and pictures an impossible young man doing impossible things for love of a wonderful young woman remarkable for nothing but ill health. The story bears strong internal evidence of being a pot-boiler, but is more optimistic than other works of Mr. Garland's.

"The Open Boat and Other Stories," by Stephen Crane, is a more pretentious volume, with a wonderful cover design, swirling after the manner of Mr. Crane's nothings and somethings and illustrating the title story, which is one of his good things. Adventure and death stalk through the stories with jovial cynicism and all things in heaven and earth are suggested. Yet the price is only $1.00. Doubleday & McClure merit the gratitude of everyone for these attractive books at such low prices.

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Mr. Otto Stechhan has lately issued, from the press of Carlon & Hollenbeck, Indianapolis, Ind., a volume of poems of nature entitled "Rudder, Rod and Gun." Among the titles that would seem to appeal most strongly to the sportsman are the following:

"My Dog and I," "Fly Fishing," "Yachting," "In the Book of Nature," "Returning to Camp," "In the Marsh," "Canoeing," "The Deer Hunt," and "Tenting."

These subjects are handled gracefully and attractively. The sentiment is pure and simple and the rhythm perfect.

The book sells at 25 cents, in paper covers, and will be found a pleasant companion for an hour in the library, or by the camp-fire.

# PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

## THE MARLIN SHOT GUN.

The Marlin people have put on the market a take-down repeating shot gun, which is sure to be a favorite with many shooters.

The standard gun is 12 gauge, chambered for 2¾ inch shell, and the action handles any 12 gauge shell not exceeding 2¾ inches in length. The barrel, 30 inches long, bored for smokeless powder, is full choked, and is said to possess excellent shooting qualities. The material of the barrel is a high grade steel, and all guns will be fully proved and guaranteed for any reasonable load of smokeless powder. The standard weight is about 7 pounds. This gun has the solid top frame and side ejecting principle that has been used in Marlin rifles for the past 9 years. This solid top acts both ways, protecting the head of the shooter from the exploding cartridge and the ejected shell, while at the same time protecting the action of the gun from rain, snow and all foreign substances.

The breech-bolt of this gun when closed fills the opening in the frame completely, adding to the neat and pleasing appearance of the arm greatly, as well as being of immense service in keeping out sand, dirt, twigs, etc.

On top of the frame is milled a solid rib, slightly hollowed and neatly matted, and the frame has a blued finish.

Altogether this gun presents a neat, tasty appearance, balances well, works easily and I can see no reason why it should not prove a desirable gun in every way, for trap or field. Send for a circular of it. You will find it interesting. Mention RECREATION.

## A NEW MEASURE.

The Ideal Manufacturing Company, New Haven, Ct., has put out a new U. P. Measure, which is a dandy, and which will be appreciated by all shot gun men. It will be fully described in the company's new Hand-Book, to be issued this month, and which every sportsman should have. There is a lot of new information in the Hand-Book. It has undergone a thorough revision, and a number of new implements are described and illustrated. Among these are the Universal Powder Measure, No. 2.

The Universal Powder and Shot Measure No. 3, handles powder and shot, same as the Ideal Loading Machine, and will be appreciated by those who desire a handy bench powder and shot measure, and who do not require a complete Loading Machine. Then the company has Universal Powder and Shot Measure No. 3, which is a combination of the No. 2 and the No. 3. It handles 2 kinds of powder at once, as well as shot, and will measure powder from one grain up. Then there is a new Star Closer, No. 2, for power, so that it now has 2 speeds on it, one pulley 6 inches in diameter and the other 3.

## A VALUABLE REMEDY.

Do you keep a dog, or a cat? Do you keep chickens, or any domestic pets? If so, you know how much trouble they give you when infested with vermin. You know how the poor creatures suffer and how difficult it is to get rid of such pests. There have been any number of vermin exterminators put on the market, and although some of them would kill the fleas on the animals, and the lice on the chickens, yet so poisonous have they been in their composition that great danger existed in their use, not only to the animals, but to people who came in contact with them.

This has all been rectified. There has been placed on the market a powder known as P. D. Q. Powder, which is most efficient in its action, and yet perfectly harmless. There is no fear in using this powder, of any bad results. It is so harmless that it could be taken into the stomach without doing damage; still it kills that which it is intended to kill, fleas, lice and all such irritating pests. They drop dead immediately, when it is applied. This powder is also highly efficient when used about the house to kill moths, bugs, etc.

P. D. Q. Powder is sold by sporting goods houses, hardware dealers, druggists and poultrymen, at 25 cents a pound, and $1 for a 5-pound bag. Should anyone desire to order of the Worcester Compound Co. of Worcester, Mass., who are proprietors of this remedy, they may do so, but will be obliged to pay one cent an ounce extra in ordering from them. Read the ad of this powder, on another page of RECREATION.

## A NEW CATALOGUE OF GUNS.

The Remington Arms Co., Ilion, N. Y., has issued a new catalogue, showing its fine line of Remington guns and rifles. It gives cuts of all these arms, including military rifles and carbines, and all the parts of each weapon. It is an exceedingly valuable directory on account of this latter feature, if for no other reason. The sportsman is often at a loss for the name of some small part of a gun or rifle, and by referring to this catalogue he can identify any one of these, whether it belongs to a rifle or a shot gun.

This catalogue also gives cuts and descriptions of the old Remington Double derringer, a Remington bicycle, a Remingtonton sewing machine, Remington reloading tools, rifle and shot gun sights, and many other things that are of interest to thousands of people. A copy of this catalogue can be had by asking for it.

The Remington people have also issued a beautiful booklet, entitled, " How It Was Won." This tells the story of the Grand American Handicap, of 1898, in which Mr. E. D. Fulford won the principal prize with a Remington gun, and with U. M. C. factory loaded shells. The book contains a fine picture of Mr. Fulford, and of the trophy cup. This little booklet will prove of interest to every shooter.

### NOTES.

Chapin's resort, at Woodruff, Wis., is said to be a delightful place for a summer vacation.

Clear Lake is accessible from Minocqua, Wis., via C., M. & St. P. Ry., and from Woodruff, Wis., via C. & N. W. Ry., whence the stage takes you to Chapin's Resort, on Clear Lake. The C. & N. W. Ry. has put in a station called Clear Lake, or Chapin's Resort. Tourists who get off there will always find boats to convey them to resort.

P. O. Address Woodruff, Wis.; board and boats are $10 a week.

The King Powder Co. has issued a new edition of its Handy Book for Trap Shooters and Sportsmen. It contains the game laws of the various States and of Canada; rules for target and live bird shooting, rifle shooting, directions for organizing gun clubs, conducting live bird tournaments, and a mass of other important information. The book will be sent free to all who ask for it, or can be obtained from the agents and jobbing houses handling the goods of the King Powder Co. and the Peters Cartridge Co. In writing for it mention RECREATION.

The Peters Cartridge Co.,
Cincinnati, O.

Gentlemen: The sample lot of shells, No. 17 1-3, sent us a few days ago, are the finest shooting load it has ever been my privilege to use. You hold right on the bird, and the shell does its work beautifully. Please send us 1,000 No. 17 1-3, 2¾ dr., 1 1-3 oz. No. 7½ Ch. and oblige, Yours truly,

Morris & Morris, Madison, Wis.

The Horton Manufacturing Co., Bristol, Conn., has issued a new catalogue of steel rods, a copy of which every angler should have. It gives a great deal of valuable information on this subject, and the Bristol rod has proven itself so thoroughly durable and reliable, under all conditions, that anglers who have never yet tried it should investigate it at once. In writing for it, please mention RECREATION.

The Abercrombie tent you sent me, for 15 subscribers, is a most excellent one; good cloth, good ropes, in fact it is all right in every way. I am very much pleased with it, and after I take my fall hunt and use it, will write you again.

I feel well repaid for the little work I did for RECREATION, as it was no trouble to get the club and now I have a tent worth $15.

George Rupert, Jackson, Mich.

The camera you ordered of the Manhattan Optical Co. for me, arrived safe.

Am grateful for the opportunity to secure such a fine instrument. Am very much pleased with it.

Every one who has seen RECREATION thinks it the correct sporting magazine.

J. H. Conover, Millville, N. J.

### A COWBOY BALL.

Git yo' little sage-hens ready,
  Trot 'em out upon the floor;
Line up there, you cusses! Steady.
  Lively, now! One couple more.
Shortly, shed that old sombrero,
  Bronco, douse that cigarette;
Stop that cussin', Casimero,
  'Fore the ladies! Now, all set!

S'lute your ladies, all together!
  Ladies opposite the same;
Hit the lumber with your leathers!
  Balance all an' swing your dame!
Bunch the daisies in the middle;
  Circle stags and do-se-do!
Pay attention to the fiddle!
  Swing her round and off you go!

First four forward! Back to places!
  Second follow—shuffle back!
Now you've got it down to cases—
  Swing 'em till their trotters crack!
Gents all right a-heel and toein'!
  Swing 'em, kiss 'em if you kin—
On to next and keep a-goin'
  Till yer hit yer pards ag'in!

Gents to center; ladies round 'em—
  Form a basket; balance all!
Whirl yer gals to where you found 'em;
  Promenade around the hall!
Balance to your pards and trot 'em
  Round the circle double quick!
Grab an' kiss 'em while you've got 'em;
  Hold 'em to it if they kick!

Ladies, left hand to your sonnies!
  Alaman! Grand right and left!
Balance all an' swing yer honeys!
  Pick 'em up and feel their heft!
Promenade like skeery cattle;
  Balance all an' swing yer sweets!
Shake yer spurs an' make 'em rattle;
  Keno! Promenade to seats!

—From the Northwest.

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GOOD MILK
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NO SUGAR
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⁂

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**Highland Evaporated Cream**

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HIGHLAND EVAPORATED CREAM is simply rich, pure cows' milk, reduced by evaporation to the consistency of heavy cream. It keeps forever in the closed can, hence furnishes an ever-ready stock for all purposes for which ordinary milk or cream are used. As a cream, it is far less expensive than ordinary dairy cream.

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Eastman's Royal
Bromide Paper.

Enlargements on this paper made through bolting cloth and given the sepia tone have the softness and beauty of rare old etchings. "They are 'pictures,' not 'photographs,'" say the critics.

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# AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

## PICKING THE WINNERS.

Recreation's 3d annual photo competition closed April 30th, and prizes were awarded May 2d. The judges selected for this important duty were Messrs. E. A. Burnett, G. E. A., of the Santa Fé Railway; Wm. D. Murphy, President of the New York Camera Club, and Wilmot Townsend, whose charming stories and pictures of bird life are well known to readers of Recreation.

There were 825 entries in this competition, and the judges gave careful and conscientious attention to all the pictures. Prizes were finally awarded as follows:

1st—" Contentment," by H. G. Reading.
2d—" Punctured," Charles W. Long.
3d—" White to Move," James Wilson.
4th—" Water Rats," Chas. W. Glines.
5th—" Arion Trotting," Frank G. Warner.
6th—" Our Pets," W. S. Copeland.
7th—" Sonata Recitando," H. L. Sturtevant.
8th—" Thinks It Will Weigh 3 Pounds," Boyd C. Packer.
9th—" Nirvana off Larchmont," F. G. Warner.
10th—" Drop," Jos. Boehrer.
11th—" Taking Account of Stock," J. R. Peterson.
12th—" By What Right," Hamilton Vreeland.
13th—" Shove Me Off, Papa," John Boyd.
14th—" Out of Meat," Geo. W. Beard.
15th—" A Tug of War," F. G. Warner.
16th—" Potatoes for Dinner," John Boyd.
17th—" The Interrupted Grace," R. C. W. Lett.
18th—" A Bob-tail Flush," Chas. S. Butters.
19th—" The Lone Boatman," Will J. Dick.
20th—" Wounded Lion," Boyd C. Packer.
21st—" Applying the Second Dose," A. E. Flint.
22d—" The Idlers," Will J. Dick.
23d—" Around the Camp-fire," E. H. Rummele.
24th—" Possum Hunting," A. C. Mellette.

In addition to the above, there were at least 300 pictures to which the judges would gladly have awarded prizes, and, if not this, then at least honorable mention; but they decided the number was too great to be properly recognized, even in this way. It would take the entire photo department of Recreation to hold the list of names, that could have been thus mentioned, and so much space could not be spared for this purpose. It was thought best, therefore, not to commend any of the other pictures, where all the meritorious ones could not be treated alike. All competitors who feel that their work merits special commendation will please consider that it has been extended to them, not only by the judges, but by the editor of Recreation.

I tender my heartfelt thanks to all the people who so generously responded to this call, and I trust some of those who were not fortunate enough to win in this contest may be placed high in the list next year.

I regret to say that several otherwise excellent photos were discarded in this competition, because the people in them were allowed to look at the camera. I have repeatedly cautioned amateurs against making this mistake; but many of them continue to disregard such friendly advice. A great many others, however, who formerly allowed their work to be thus marred have learned better, and their pictures, which were submitted this year, were not so injured. Their subjects were busied in the sport or pastime in which they purported to be engaged, and appeared unconscious that their pictures were being taken.

A few of the winning pictures are published in this issue, and the others will appear in August, September, and October numbers. In still later issues, throughout the coming year, a large number of the other meritorious pictures will appear. By examining these, and studying all the details in them, amateur photographers may learn how to take good pictures, and how not to take bad ones.

Recreation's 4th annual competition will open January 1st, and close April 30th, 1899. Let every amateur who reads this magazine begin now to plan how to win the first prize in that course. I shall hope to make the premium list in this 4th contest much longer, stronger, and more attractive than either of the others have been.

## ANOTHER RECREATION CLUB.

Sheffield, Ill.

Editor Recreation: The amateur photographers met here last week, and formed a club to be known as Recreation Photo Club, naming it after your excellent magazine. Geo. Sprague was made president, and Ed. Goldsmith secretary. Among the members are many Recreation readers.

Following is a list of heads of departments:

Most High Button Pusher—George Sprague.
Head Focuser—J. Stapleton.
Vice Focuser—J. G. Johnson.
Excellent Developer—C. W. Gunkel.

Dark Room Inspector—F. G. Boyden.
Plate Scraper—Wallace Howard.
Chief Mixer—Geo. Sorenson.
Victim Chaser—Ed. Goldsmith.
View Expert—Chas. Peterson.
Supreme Retoucher—E. E. Battey.
Negative Inspector—Fay Marple.

Most High Button Pusher Sprague says the object of the club is to protect members from bodily injury, at the hands of irate victims, and to resent attacks of the press. Supreme Retoucher Battey says they will take decisive action against the name "fiend," and would develop any form that chanced to use such name, and paste him one for luck. Special attention will be paid to the base ball team this summer, and some elegant posing will doubtless result. Negative Inspector Marple nearly precipitated a riot when he spoke of his camera refusing to take red hair; but Goldsmith pointed his camera at Stapleton, and told him to keep cool. F. G. B.

Recreation thoroughly appreciates the honor thus conferred on it, and here makes its best bow.

### HOW TO INTENSIFY.

A method of local intensification, which gives opportunities for artistic treatment, is as follows: First remove all hypo from the film by thorough washing and immersion, for 20 minutes, in a solution of chrome alum and citric acid, each one ounce in a pint of water. Then intensify the whole negative with the usual uranium intensifier, made as follows: 1. Uranium nitrate, 15 grains; water, 4 ounces. 2. Ferricyanide of potassium, 15 grains; water, 4 ounces. Mix 1 and 2 in equal parts, and to every 100 parts of the mixture add 10 parts of glacial acetic acid. As soon as the required degree of intensification of the given parts has been reached, wash the negative well and remove all water from the surface with blotting paper, so that the film is only moist. Brush over the too vigorous places with diluted ammonia (1 part ammonia of specific gravity 0.96 in 20 parts of water) with a soft hair pencil. The intensification quite fades away in these places. After treatment with ammonia the negative is again well washed.—G. E. B. in The Photographic News.

### A NOVELTY IN LANTERN SLIDES.

Magic pictures, which only become visible by gradual development on the lantern screen, are made as follows: On a glass of the desired size, perfectly clean, pour a solution of india-rubber, in benzine, working as you would with collodion, of a strength analogous to that of collodion. This must be allowed to dry, after which it is placed on the design you wish to reproduce. This may be a photograph. Then with a fine brush, dipped in a solution of bromide of copper, trace the design. If the lines made are very heavy, the image will be visible, and the effect will be wanting; it must therefore be done very delicately. After having outlined the image, carefully paint the trees, foliage, grass, in a word, all the verdure, with bromide of cobalt. The sky and water must be done with a solution of acetate of cobalt, with the aid of a soft, fine brush. Mount this as you would an ordinary lantern slide. If the work is well done, the image should be entirely invisible; but, when placed in the lantern, it will gradually appear, to perfection, under the influence of heat.

By these means may be depicted winter scenes, which under the action of the heat of the fire are transformed into scenes of summer. These return to their primitive appearance, on cooling. With a little care and ordinary skill it is possible to obtain this pleasing and novel transformation with photographs.—Post Express, Rochester, N. Y.

### AS TO STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS.

Referring to W. O. Lott's letter, on page 356 of May Recreation, he is mistaken in saying 2 prints from the same negative, mounted side by side, will give a true stereoscopic effect when viewed through a stereoscope. The stereoscope magnifies such pictures, but gives no solidity. If Mr. Lott's views were correct, the stereoscope would show the bicycle and the trees in bold relief, which it does not.

Stereoscopic views can be easily taken with one lens, however, by having a sliding-board on the tripod-head, so the camera can be moved laterally about 3½ inches, and cover the same view in both positions. Two plates may then be exposed on the same view, from points 3½ inches apart, and prints from the resultant negatives, mounted in their proper positions, will be truly stereoscopic.

You made an error in the title of the pictures. You call them "stereopticon," instead of stereoscopic. Probably a typographical error.

N. E. Arnold, Grenoble, Pa.

Your guess is correct.—Editor.

I want the names of all the gun clubs in the U. S. and Canada, and the names and addresses of the Secretaries thereof. Readers of Recreation will do me a valuable service by kindly giving me such information.

A "Vaux" canoe, made by J. H. Rushton, retail price $37.50, for 60 yearly subscriptions to Recreation. Who will be the first to earn it?

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# ANASTIGMAT LENS

*Is unsurpassed by any other in the market*
*It has an aperture of F:7 .5 . . . . . . . .*

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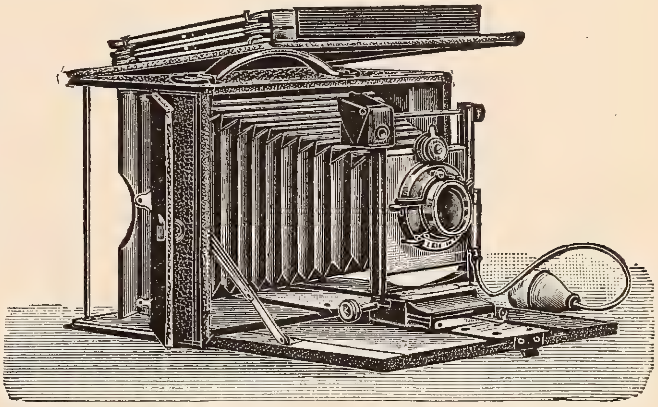

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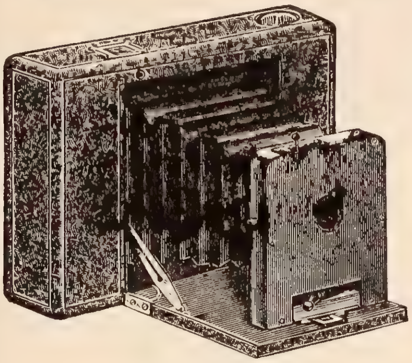

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by taking along a Camera for use during your summer outing, and bring back photos of everything you see of interest, for future reference.

# The Tourist Hawk-Eye

is designed especially for the traveler's use, and is so simple to operate that the novice can feel assured of success from the start.

This Camera can be loaded and unloaded in broad daylight, and the dimensions are such that it can easily be carried in the pocket.

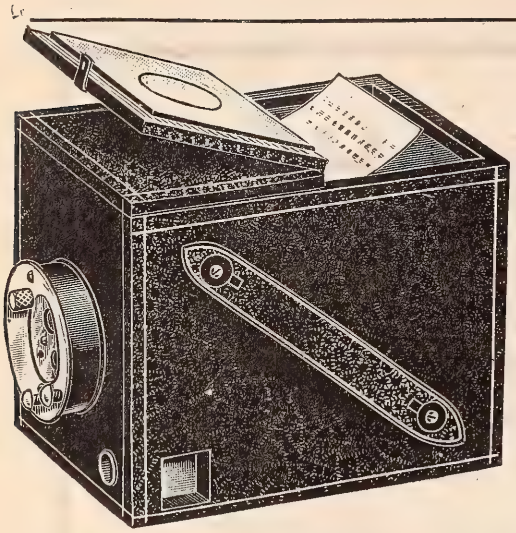
**Size,** 1⅝ x 4½ x 6½ inches. **Capacity,** 12 exposures.
**Weight,** 15 ounces. **Photo,** 3½ x 3½ inches.

The shutter is fitted with two speeds for snap shots, and also has a device for time exposures. The lens is achromatic and fitted with a set of three stops.

**We have Hawk-Eyes of every description**
**from $5 to $50**

## The Blair Camera Co., Mfrs.

Catalogue free to any address. **22 Randolph Street, Boston**



. . . THE . . .

# Willsie Cameras

THE CAMERAS OF THE FUTURE

**Involve a new principle which does away with roll film, film holders, changing sleeve or bag.**

**The Willsie $3\frac{1}{2}$ Camera** $10

Loads with 24 flat films 4 x 4, or
Six glass plates, 3½ x 3½, in holders.
Achromatic lens with three stops.
A view finder and tripod plate.
Time and snap shot shutter.
Accurately scaled focusing device.
An Exposure Meter.
Covered with seal grain leather.

**The Willsie 4 x 5 Camera** $15

Loads with 48 mounted flat films 4½ x 5½, or
Six glass plates, 4 x 5, in holders.
Achromatic lens with three stops.
Two view finders and two tripod plates.
Time and snap shot shutter.
Accurately scaled focusing device.
An Exposure Meter.
Covered with seal grain leather.

## THE MOUNTED FLAT FILMS

are easy to put into the camera, easy to change, and do not require holders. Any film may be removed for development without disturbing the others. The exposed films can always be separated from the unexposed. The subject, time of exposure, etc., can always be learned from the memoranda on each film; and the number of exposed and unexposed films in the camera can always be told at a glance.

## THE LENSES

are the best meniscus achromatic that can be obtained, and give superior definition combined with rapidity, flatness of field, and depth of focus. Their length of focus (five inches in the 3½ size and six and one-half inches in the 4 x 5 size) prevents the distortion which results from the use of shorter focus lenses.

**Send stamp for booklet "Camera Information"**

**Rockford Silver Plate Co.**

**202 Wyman Street**
**ROCKFORD, ILL.**

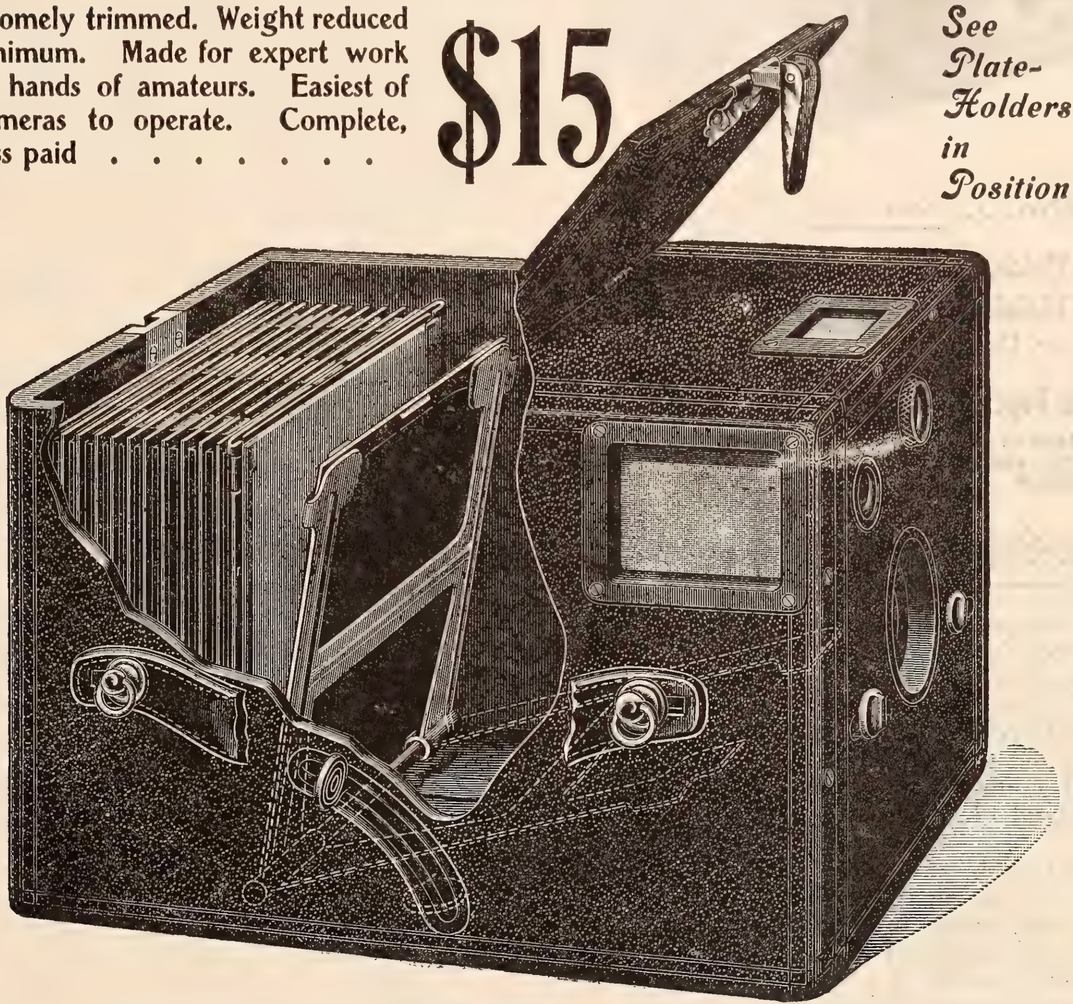
OUR NEW CAMERA

"ADLAKE SPECIAL"

With 12 Aluminum Plate-Holders

Handsomely trimmed. Weight reduced to minimum. Made for expert work in the hands of amateurs. Easiest of all cameras to operate. Complete, express paid . . . . . . . $15

*See Plate-Holders in Position*



The ADLAKE, with plain trimmings, $12.

Takes 12 pictures 4x5 at each loading. Made to open in broad day light for adjusting plates. New booklet tells all about Adlake Cameras. Sample photo 5c. stamps.

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X RAYS CYCLE LAMPS

122 Ontario Street, CHICAGO.

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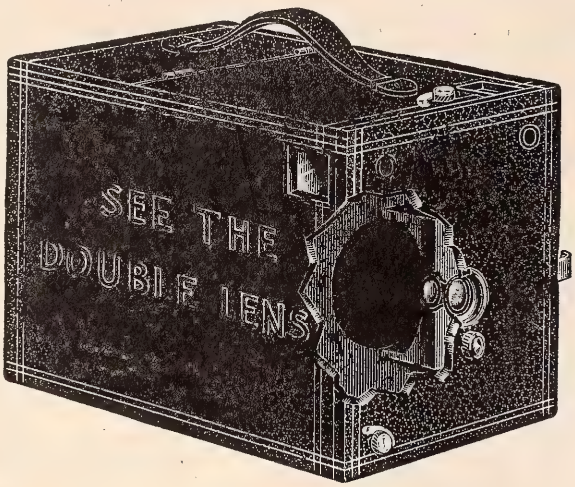

OUR
Special No. 4
CAMERA

FOR 4 X 5 PICTURES IS FITTED WITH A **Double Lens**

No matter how fine the Single Achromatic Lens may be, there is always a doubt about it cutting a 4x5 plate sharp to the edge. There is no doubt about

**Our No. 4,** We GUARANTEE it to take a perfectly sharp picture.

**Price, with Double Plate Holder,** (Prepaid to any part of the United States ............ **$5.**

**Extra Plate Holders ..... 75c**

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ALL THE STANDARD BRANDS OF SUPPLIES AT REDUCED PRICES

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**Chicago Camera Company.**
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"I suppose you swore eternal constancy to Fred?" "No, I told him the length of our engagement depended largely on himself." "In what way?" "I told him if he hustled around and fought vigorously, and shortened the war, I would wait for him. But I couldn't stand a long struggle."—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

"It is sad," murmured the musing theorizer, "to think that, as a great statesman once said, 'every man has his price.'"

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Little Freddie—"What is horse sense?"

Papa—"Well, it's pretty hard to explain, but just watch the scorchers, and you'll get a good idea of what people who haven't any look like."—Chicago News.

Lady—"Why don't you hunt for work?"

Tired Tatters—"Why, it's dis way, lady—I kin never git ernough money together ter buy a huntin' suit."—Puck.

Carrie—"Would you advise me to marry the first man that proposes?" Bessie—"By all means. Don't wait that long if you can help it."—Truth.

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Date,........................................1898

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"Of course," he replied.

"Then I should think you would do your share," she suggested.

Shortly thereafter everything was arranged satisfactorily.—Chicago Post.

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In the most artistic manner. Refers to the editor of "Recreation."

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For photographic work is now at hand. If you lack anything in the way of supplies, write us. We keep a full line of

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Everything

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**IT COSTS YOU THE SAME... IT COSTS HIM (AND US) MORE.**

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To be Considered by the Sportsman
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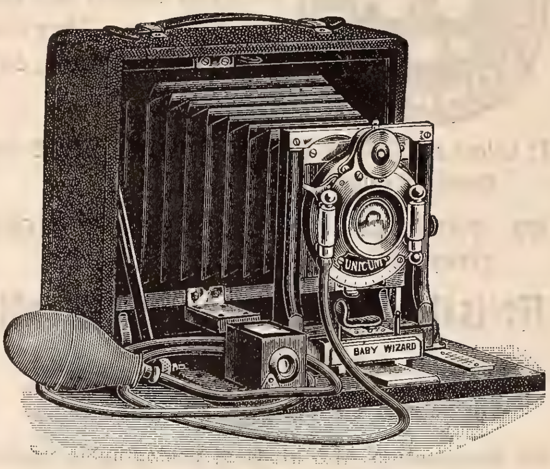

**Compactness**
**Durability**
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Makes a perfect picture 4x5 inches. Handsomely covered with Black Grain Leather, fitted with our Rapid Achromatic Lens, Improved Safety Shutter, two Tripod Plates and two square Finders.

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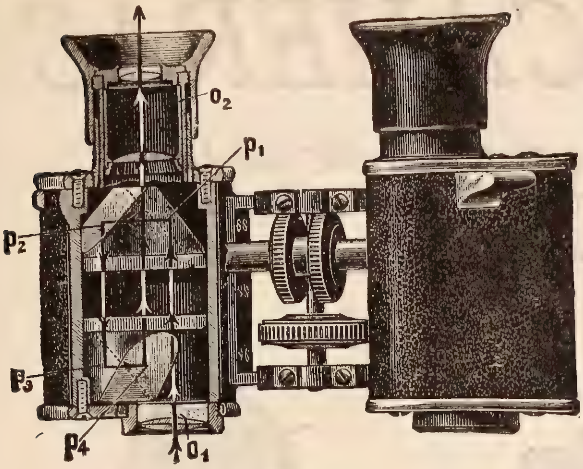

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Have **8** to **10** times the power of the best of the old-style field and opera glasses.

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**KARMA ..TONING.. DEVELOPING TABLETS**
(1 TABLET=1 OUNCE)

Dissolve instantly, keep indefinitely, are stainless and non-poisonous. Endorsed by amateurs and leading professionals. Guaranteed to satisfy or money refunded. Box containing toning for 250 4x5 prints sent prepaid on receipt of 25 cts.; Developing Tablets 25 cts. Booklet free on request.

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### HE FORGOT.

An editor sat in his office one day
Writing away with all his might;
At the end of each sentence he wrote he would say,
"Then let us arise in our might and fight!"

War was his theme, and for war he was mad;
He ripped and he raved and he tore;
He could never rest easy again till he'd had
A chance to shed somebody's gore.

"Did you match me that ribbon?" his little wife said
That night at the door as they met;
One look was enough! Like a whirlwind he fled—
And that warrior is galloping yet!
—Cleveland Leader.

THE AMATEUR'S AUXILLO
PRICE, $1.00.

Increases the range and usefulness of your kodak. You can then make large cabinet size heads, photograph ferns, flowers, etc., and have them large and clear. The **AUXILLO** is an Optical device, scientifically constructed, instantly attached or detached, and weighs but ¼ oz.

In ordering state make, style, and size of opening in camera front.

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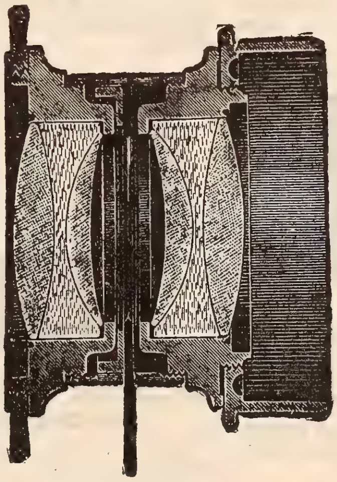
Always mention Recreation when answering ads.

Grace—My brother Tom says this war business is likely to make men scarcer than ever at the sea-shore this summer." Mabel —"Oh, pshaw, I don't believe it. I've never seen a man at the seashore yet that would be likely to go to war under any circumstances."—Chicago News.

Blister—Here is some tobacco, my poor man. You must feel the loss of a smoke after dinner.

Beggar—Yes, sir. But I feel the loss of my dinner before the smoke a good deal more.—Tid Bits.



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Anastigmat
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Made by C. P. GOERZ
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Surpass all others for
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are the strongest, most compact and highly finished cameras in the market. They are used and recommended by the leading amateurs and professionals

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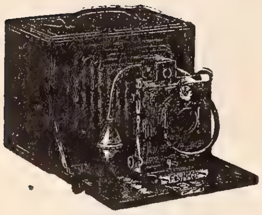

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| 4 x 5 | $30.00 |
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| 6 1-2 x 8 1-2 | 50.00 |

5x7 LONG FOCUS GRAPHIC, fitted with No. 8, VII a Zeiss Convertible Lens and Diaphragm Shutter, an ideal outfit for photographing live game...............Price, $100.00

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| 5 x 7 | 17.00 |
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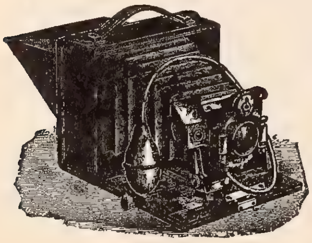

**CYCLE GRAPHIC SR.**

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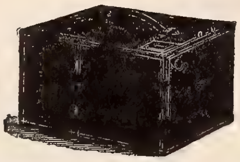

**UNIVERSAL GRAPHIC FIXED FOCUS ACHROMATIC LENS**

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**R.R. LENS**

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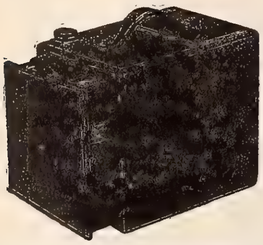
**GRAPHIC TELESCOPIC TRIPOD**

Closed, 1 3-4 x 14 1-2; weighs 31 oz. Price, $5.00



4 x 5 TELESCOPIC GRAPHIC R.R. LENS......................$20.00

*4 x 5 TELESCOPIC GRAPHIC fitted with No. 2, II a Zeiss Lens..$60.00

*This Camera is used and recommended by W. E. Carlin of RECREATION

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| 8 x 10 | $35.00 |
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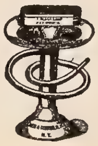

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We have every facility for making special cameras to order, and we buy, sell or exchange cameras and lenses. Send for catalogue and mammoth bargain list

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MADE OF OUR SPECIAL HARD METAL

"Aluminoid"

Hard as steel.
Light in weight.
Bright as silver.
No rust or corrosion.
Most durable set made.

Conveniently arranged. All pieces nest in outside pot. Detachable bails and handles. Regular set for two, four, six and eight persons. Special sets for any number.

**Don't buy** a camping outfit until you have sent for our circular. It will interest you.

The Hill, Whitney & Wood Co.
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Write to us for prices on **"Old Glory"**—the best flag that floats. Made in **all sizes** of **finest wool bunting.** Full complement of stars **sewed** on each Union.

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We send contemplative buyers our handsome 88 page illustrated catalogue of Tents, Flags, Hammocks and Camp Furniture.

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BY THE OCEAN AND SOUND

"Long Island," an illustrated descriptive book, and "Summer Homes," a book describing hotels and boarding-houses on Long Island, free upon application, at 113, 950, 1313 Broadway; ticket offices, foot of East 34th St. and James Slip, foot New Chambers St., New York; 333 Fulton St., Eagle Summer Resort Bureau, and Flatbush Av. station, L. I. R. R., Brooklyn, or send 6 cents in stamps for "Long Island," or 4 cents for "Summer Homes," to H. M. SMITH, Traffic Manager, L. I. R. R., Long Island City, New York.

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☞Send stamp for circular of larger outfits. Motors from $1.00 up. *Agents wanted.* Samples list. Discount only by the dozen.

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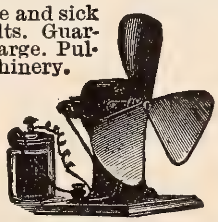

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Use GEN-SAN TABLETS
Cure Fatigue, Weakness, etc. 25c. at druggists'
......MADE BY......
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For Elk, Mountain Sheep, Deer and Bear, it takes an experienced hunter and guide to guarantee shots. I do so or charge you nothing for my services. First-class saddle and pack horses, gentle and sure-footed. Outfits of all kinds for a hunt and the Yellowstone National Park. Hunting grounds on either side of the line, Wyoming and Montana. Pictures of Live Game for sale.

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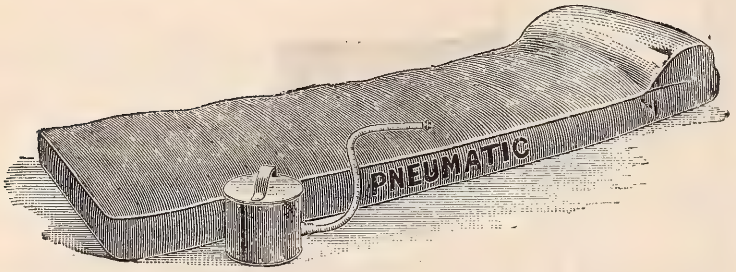
## "Recreation" Camp Mattress



When rolled up makes a bundle no larger than a traveling blanket and weighs about twelve pounds.

Wherever night overtakes you, you have only to throw it on the ground or floor, inflate it, and in five minutes you have a bed as soft as down (or hard, if you choose).

As dampness cannot penetrate it, it enables you to have a refreshing night's rest on a luxurious bed, without any danger of taking cold.

No outfit is complete without one, and with ordinary care they will last a lifetime.

**Size, 6 ft. 2 in. x 2 ft. 1 in.**

**Price, with Pillow, $20.00. Without Pillow, $18.00.**

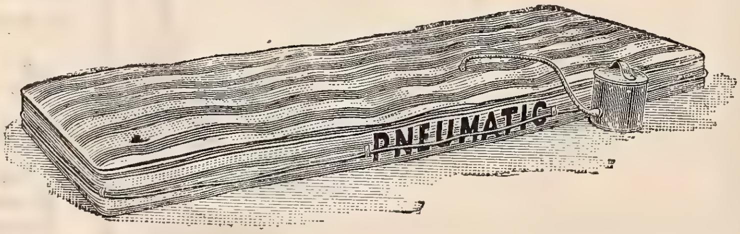
## "International" Ship or Yacht Mattress

They are light and portable and do not absorb moisture, consequently do not have that musty odor so common on board yachts.

They do not mat down, require no springs, and are always clean and sweet.

They are provided with a life-line, and will support as many as can cling to it, forming the best life-saving device ever invented, and one that is always handy.

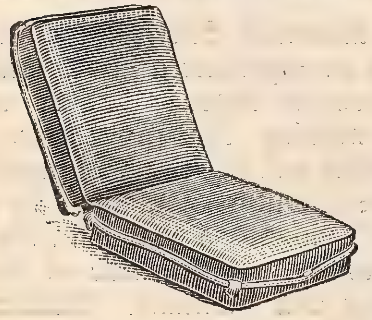
The Steamships "St. Paul" and "St. Louis," Yachts "Nourmahal," "Saxson," "Utopian," "Royal Blue," "Shamrock," and hundreds of others, are equipped with pneumatic mattresses or cushions, made under our Mr. Young's personal supervision.



**Ship or Yacht Mattress, 6 ft. 2 in. x 2 ft. 1 in. Price, $18.00.**

## "Butler"

**Double Canoe or Boat Cushion**



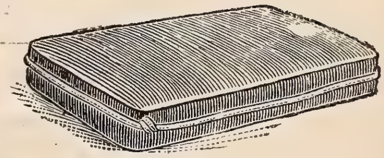
Forms a seat and back. Has life-line attached and will support two persons. Each cushion is 12 x 12 inches and covered with brown duck.

**Price, $5.00.**

## "Peerless"

**Single Boat or Canoe Cushion**

Covered with brown duck, has life-line, and will easily support two persons. This cushion is 12 x 20 inches, and one of the most popular we make.



**Price, $4.00.**

We will forward the above upon receipt of price.

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**DAVID T. ABERCROMBIE & CO., New York City**
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**THE SPALDING ST. LAWRENCE BOAT CO., Agents for the St. Lawrence River and Thousand Islands**

☞ We make to order Cushions of any size or shape, special size mattresses, pillows, etc. Let us know what you wish, and we will send you an estimate of the cost.

**Pneumatic Mattress and Cushion Co., Reading, Mass.**

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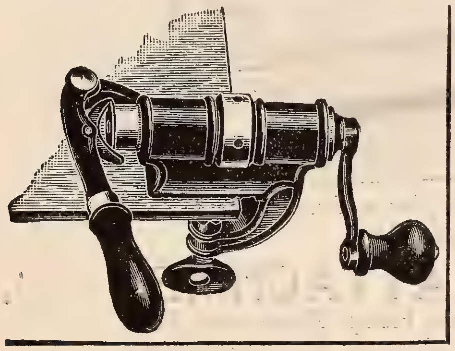
The greatest of American health and pleasure resorts are directly reached by the through parlor and sleeping cars of the New York Central. The service by this great line is elegant and luxurious in every particular, strictly maintaining the apt title bestowed upon it of "America's Greatest Railroad."

For a book or folder descriptive of the above resorts, together with the time and rates of fare, send a two-cent stamp to George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York. 39



CRIMP, CRIMP, CRIMP

is the song of the **Handy Closer,** and every **Crimp** is uniform, and every **Crimp** is even.

The Movable Plunger and Reversible Pins on the cups produce Round or Square **Crimps,** as desired, and increase materially the wearing quality of the CLOSER in 10, 12 and 16 gauges at $2.00 each, list.

Write for descriptive catalogue.

**THE BRIDGEPORT GUN IMPLEMENT CO.**

**313-315 Broadway, New York** **BRIDGEPORT, CONN.**

JONES HE PAYS THE FREIGHT.

$3.

EXPRESS PAID.

Komplete Kitchen Kabinet, 20 lb. Scale, qt., pt., ½-pt., cup, table & T spoon. All U. S. Standard. Send cash or ask for circular.
JONES OF BINGHAMTON N. Y.

"Have I got the 'pleasing expression' you want?" asked Mr. Billus.

"Yes, sir," replied the photographer. "I think that will do very well."

"Then hurry up, please. It hurts my face."—Tid Bits.

---

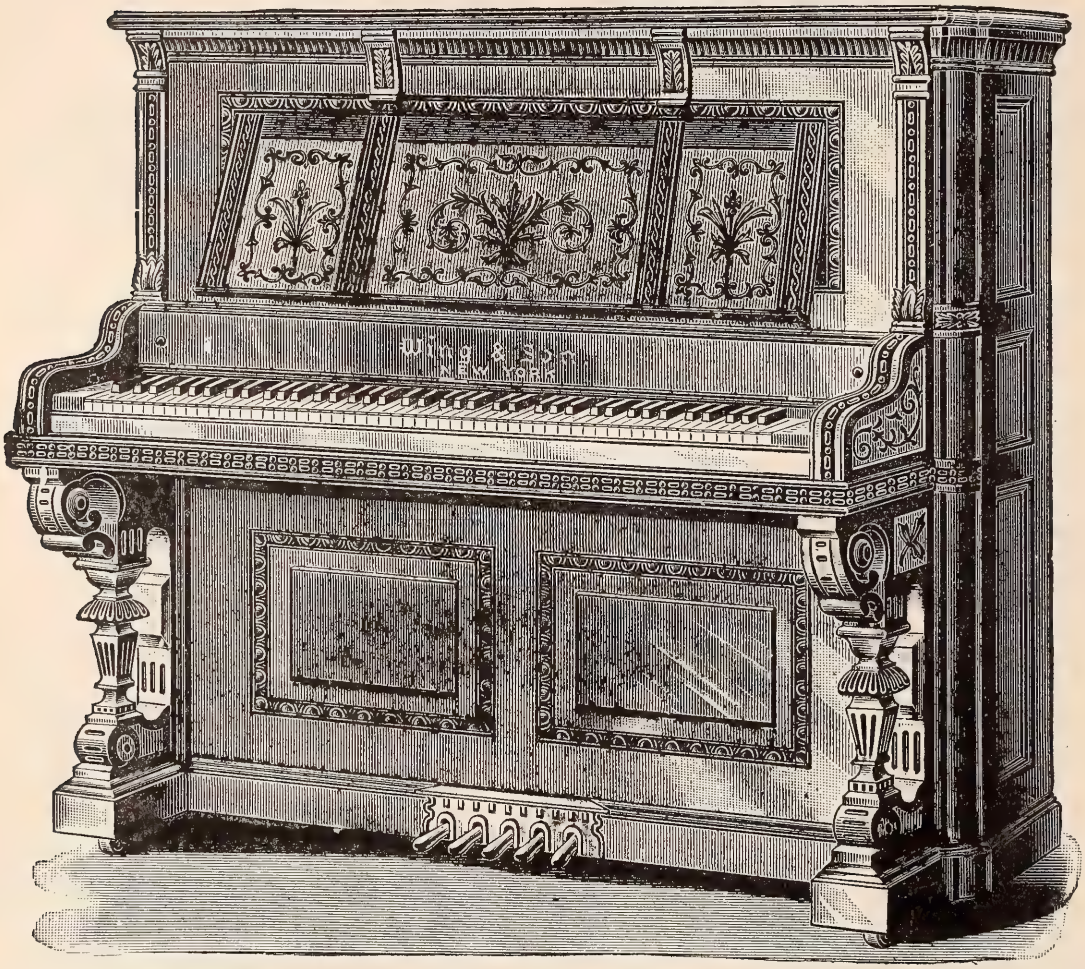
Hungry Higgins—Will one of these here "homes for the friendless" let a guy in that's got money?

Weary Watkins—Of course not, you chump. How kin a man be friendless when he has dough?—Bubbles.

# The Wing Piano

**STYLE 7. CONCERT GRAND UPRIGHT.**

*No other piano made equals this in style and design of case.*



*You do not have to pay an extravagant price for a first-class piano.*
*Write for prices of the Wing Piano before you buy.*

## THE INSTRUMENTAL ATTACHMENT

imitates perfectly the tone of the Mandolin, Guitar, Harp, Zither and Banjo. The sounds of these different instruments may be heard alone or in concert with the piano.

**Every Wing Piano is guaranteed for TWELVE YEARS against any defect in tone, action, workmanship or material :: :: ::**

**SENT ON TRIAL** We will send this piano, or your choice of four other styles, to any part of the United States on trial (all freights paid by us), allow ample time for a thorough examination and trial in the home, and, if the instrument is in any particular unsatisfactory, we will take it back at our own expense. No conditions are attached to this trial. We ask for no advance payment; no deposit. We pay all freights in advance.

**Over 18,000 Wing Pianos manufactured and sold in 29 years (since 1868).**

**OLD INSTRUMENTS EXCHANGED**
**EASY PAYMENTS**

*Our beautiful, handsomely illustrated catalogue, and a book of information about pianos sent free on request.*

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ESTABLISHED 1868

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QUAKER
Quaker Oats
THE WORLD'S BREAKFAST
PURE
Paul E. Derrick Advg. Agcy.

Amateur Photography. — Daughter — "Where have sister and George gone?" Father—"I've sent them into the dark room to develop their affections."—Harper's Bazar.

Miss Bixby—Do you draw everything larger than it really ought to be?

Artist—Everything but my salary.—Tid Bits.

"The boy king of Spain has 37 titles."

"Is that so? If he can hang on for a few years he may be able to pay off Spain's debts by marrying an American heiress."—Chicago News.

Watts—"It takes travel to bring out what there is in a man." Potts—"Yes—especially sea travel."—Indianapolis Journal.

SOUTH FERRY-WHITEHALL TERMINAL
The GATEWAY OF GREATER NEW YORK
ROYAL BLUE LINE
ALL TRAINS VIA WASHINGTON
BALTIMORE & OHIO R.R.
STOP-OVER PRIVILEGE
CENTRAL PARK
SECOND AVE ELEVATED
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Tapping Every Artery of Travel in New York City and Brooklyn.
SOLID VESTIBULED TRAINS TO AND FROM
CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, CINCINNATI, LOUISVILLE, PITTSBURG, WASHINGTON, BALTIMORE, PHILADELPHIA.
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EXTRA DRY
VIENNA 1873
FIRST PRIZE
Pleasant Valley Wine Co. Rheims, N.Y.

The Merit

of absolute **PURITY**, fine **BOUQUET** and moderate **PRICE** has brought

**Great Western**

to the first place in American Champagnes, and enabled it to displace the high-priced foreign wines in many homes, clubs and cafes.

The vintage offered this season is especially dry and pleasing.

**Pleasant Valley Wine Co.,**
SOLE MAKERS,
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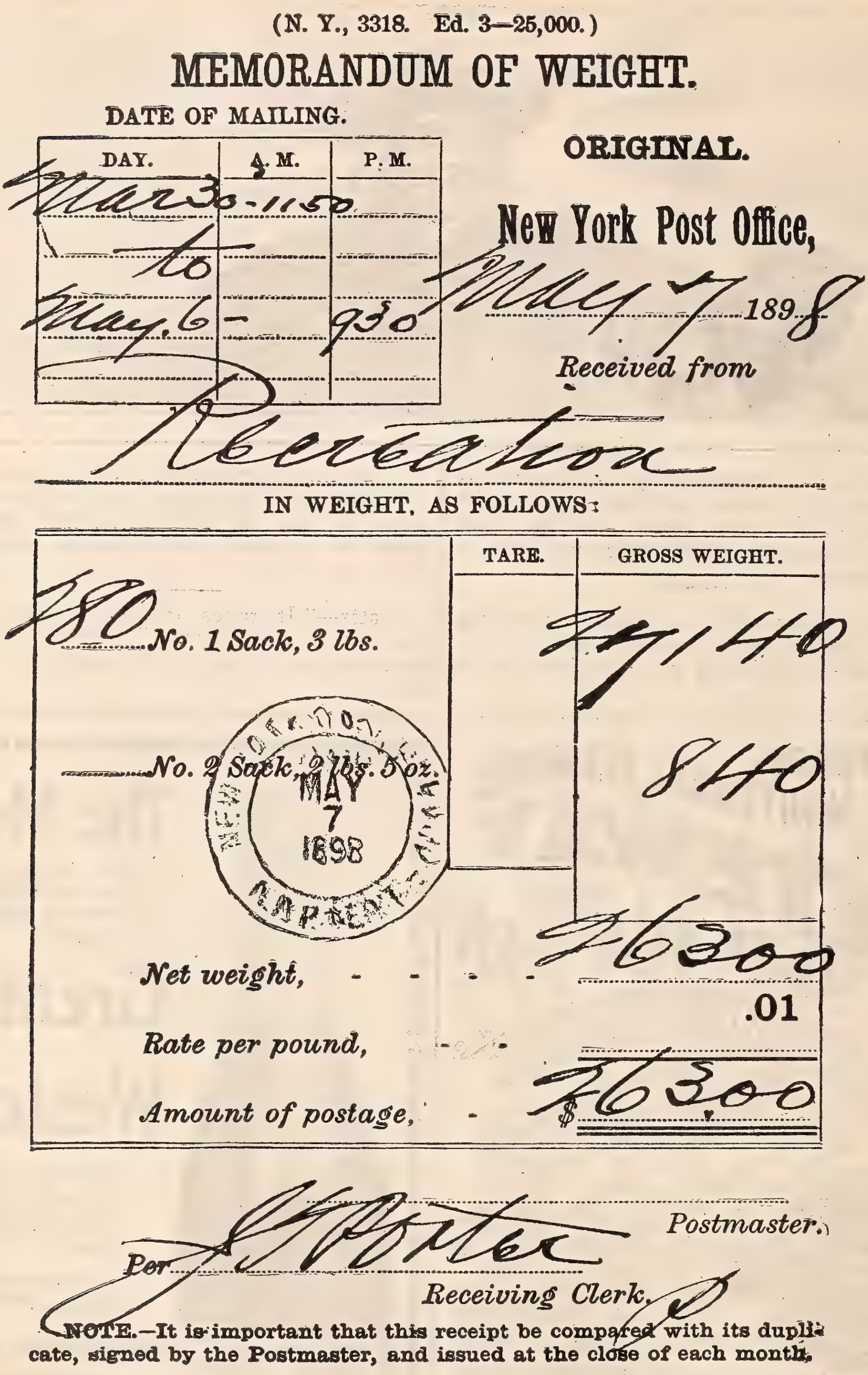
Sold by Wine Dealers Everywhere.



(N. Y., 3318. Ed. 3—25,000.)

**MEMORANDUM OF WEIGHT.**

DATE OF MAILING.

| DAY. | A. M. | P. M. |
|---|---|---|
| Mar 30- | 1150 | |
| to | | |
| May 6- | | 930 |

**ORIGINAL.**

**New York Post Office,**

May 7 1898

*Received from*

Recreation

IN WEIGHT, AS FOLLOWS:

| | TARE. | GROSS WEIGHT. |
|---|---|---|
| 780 *No. 1 Sack, 3 lbs.* | | 79140 |
| *No. 2 Sack, 2 lbs. 5 oz.* | | 2840 |
| *Net weight,* | | 76300 |
| *Rate per pound,* | | .01 |
| *Amount of postage,* | | $763.00 |

MAY 7 1898

J. Porter Postmaster.

*Per* ........ *Receiving Clerk.*

NOTE.—It is important that this receipt be compared with its duplicate, signed by the Postmaster, and issued at the close of each month.

If you will watch the other magazines you will see that none of them print their P. O. receipts. You can draw your own inferences.

GRAND
IMPERIAL SEC
Imperial Sec
Rheims
PRODUCED BY
Germania Wine Cellars
Hammondsport & Rheims

A GREAT OFFER

BY **GERMANIA WINE CELLARS**

**Hammondsport and Rheims, N.Y.**

We are determined to introduce our goods among the very best people in the country, and we can see no better way of doing this than by selling them a case of our goods, containing eleven bottles of wine and one bottle of our extra fine, double-distilled **Grape Brandy**, at one-half its actual cost. Upon receipt of **$5.00**, we will send, to any reader of RECRATION, one case of our goods, all first-class, and put up in elegant style, assorted, as follows:

**1 Quart Bottle Grand Imperial Sec Champagne**
**1 Quart Bottle Delaware**
**1 " " Riesling**
**1 " " Tokay**
**1 " " Sweet Catawba**
**1 " " Sherry**
**1 " " Elvira**
**1 " " Niagara**
**1 " " Angelica**
**1 " " Port**
**1 " " Sweet Isabella**
**1 " " Imperial Grape Brandy**

This offer is made mainly to introduce our **Grand Imperial Sec Champagne** and our fine double-distilled **Grape Brandy**, without which no Sportsman or Hunter should start on an expedition, as it is very necessary where such exercise is taken. This case of goods is offered at about one-half its actual cost and it will please us if our friends and patrons will take advantage of this and help us introduce our goods.

**Mention RECREATION**

**Stylish, Fine Fitting, Convenient, and Economical**

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**Stand-Up or Turn-Down Collars**

Made from fine cloth, exactly alike on both sides. The most comfortable and economical of anything made.

**NO LAUNDRY BILLS**

When soiled discard. The turn-down styles are reversible and give double service. A box of ten collars or five pairs of cuffs, 25 cents.

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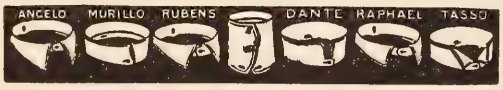
**Reversible Collar Co., Dept. L - - Boston**



STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

The Enterprise Mfg. Co., of Akron, O., reports its works once more running on full time. They shut down to repair fire damages caused by lightning. They have made many improvements in their plant and equipment, adding new labor saving machinery and tools, and are better prepared than ever to fill the large and constantly increasing demand for their goods, from home and foreign trade. The Secretary of the Company, Mr. E. A. Pflueger, reports the volume of the season's business as highly satisfactory and the outlook bright.

---

Mrs. Hayseed (on her first visit to town)—One would think that big store I was just in would do considerable business, but I suppose most of the crowd jest looks around and goes out ag'in. My! Wasn't there a commotion when I bought something and paid for it.

Hostess—A commotion?

Mrs. Hayseed—Mercy, yes! Jest as quick as that clerk girl got my money she began yelling "Cash!" like mad, and half a dozen little errand boys came rushing up to see it.—Philadelphia Press.

Buxom Widow (at evening party)—Do you understand the language of flowers, Dr. Crusty?

Dr. Crusty (an old bachelor)—No, ma'am.

You don't know if yellow means jealousy?

Dr.—No, ma'am. Yellow means biliousness!—Tit-Bits.

---

"Yes, sir," said Jack Dashaway, fiercely, "I've sold my tandem! I got thoroughly tired of doing all the pumping and then hearing that the girl I took out bragged about her wonderful endurance to ride 20 miles and never feel tired."—Judge.

---

I want the names of all the gun clubs in the U. S. and Canada, and the names and addresses of the Secretaries thereof. Readers of RECREATION will do me a valuable service by kindly giving me such information.

---

"Who was that man who said he would enlist if there were not so many ties to hold him at home?"

"He keeps a gents' furnishing goods store."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Vacation Books

Issued by the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway.

"Summer Tours," a beautiful book of 48 pages with illustrations and descriptive matter about numerous summer resorts, finely printed on enamel book paper; six cents in postage.

"Lake Chautauqua," a book of 48 pages telling about one of the most popular of America's resorts; finely illustrated and printed on enamel book paper; four cents in postage. Address,

A. J. SMITH,
G. P. & T. A, Cleveland, O.

## Two Privileges Summer Travel

Is a very handsome little book of 24 pages, profusely illustrated with beautiful half tone engravings and printed on fine enamel book paper.

It explains about a visit to Niagara Falls and a trip on the Hudson River, two privileges secured to patrons who travel in the splendid through trains over the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway.

Sent to any address on receipt of two cents in postage by applying to

A. J. SMITH,
G. P. & T. A., Cleveland, O.

# Rod and Reel

Contribute their full share of enjoyment to the lover of fish and the art of angling. Some of the best fishing to be found anywhere, and in great variety, is to be had along the line of the

## LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD

All interested in outdoor sports should send four cents in stamps for copy of

**"HUNTING AND FISHING ON THE LEHIGH VALLEY"**

a profusely illustrated booklet containing much interesting and valuable information for the sportsman. Address

**CHAS. S. LEE, Gen. Passenger Agent**
**New York**

THIS IS THE
## EMPIRE STATE EXPRESS,

About which all know, more or less;
It runs from New York to Buffalo,
Every day in the week, but Sunday, you know
At a speed so great,
Through the Empire State,
As to earn for its line
The title sublime ---- of

"AMERICA'S GREATEST RAILROAD."
"The New York Central leads the world"
Leslie's Weekly.

COPYRIGHT, [illegible], BY GEORGE H. DANIELS, GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT.

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THREE-PASSENGER PLEASURE BOAT
12 feet long, 42-inch beam, 25½ inches at ends. Very handsome and durable.
Made in . . . GALVANIZED STEEL, MANGANESE BRONZE and ALUMINUM
Send for copy of new catalogue showing complete line of MULLINS' METAL BOATS
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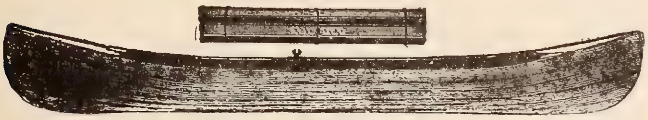
PIERCE 16 FT. VAPOR 18 FT. LAUNCHES 20 FT. $150 AND UP
SEND FOR CATALOG. PIERCE ENG. CO., Box 6 Sta. A, RACINE, WIS.



**Lieut. Schwatka** used them in exploring the Yukon River in 1891.
**Walter Wellman** has ordered them for his Polar Expedition, 1898. 20 feet, with double skin and cabin, capacity 4,000 lbs., weight 120 lbs. Makes up into three packages to carry, 16 feet, capacity 2,000 lbs., weight 80 lbs.
**Sportsman Canoes,** 19 to 50 lbs., capacity 300 to 1,200 lbs. All are canoe model. Ribbed longitudinally and diagonally. No bagging or wrinkling between ribs. No joints or parts to loosen or wear. Lightest weight. Smallest package. Galvanized steel wire frame. Special make heavy canvas, water tight, and puncture proof.
**Send Stamp for Catalogue**
**KING FOLDING CANVAS BOAT CO. - - - - KALAMAZOO, MICH., U. S. A.**

## WHAT SHE SAID.

I paused a moment at the gate
  To bid sweet Maud adieu;
'Twas dark, and cold, and rather late;
  My heart beat at a rapid rate,
My time was short, I knew.

I hardly dared to take a kiss,
  So proper prim is Maud;
And, though I did not like to miss
  So good a chance, the truth is this;
I feared she'd call her dad.

But love o'ercame my foolish dread
  And made my heart more bold.
I took the kiss, and all she said,
  As on my arm she laid her head,
Was: "Jack, your nose is cold!"

—Puck.

---

The index of Volume VIII. of RECREATION is now ready for distribution. If you desire to bind up your back numbers, as every sensible man and women should, let me know and I will send you a copy.

---

Customer—Have you any old wines?

Dealer—No; but I can send some new home by a district messenger boy and it will be old enough by the time you get it. —Boston Traveller.

## WOODCRAFT.

The various arts of woodcraft would make an interesting article to every lover of the rod and gun; and while I am acquainted with some of them, and would like to learn more, I only wish to mention one.

In our rambles with rod and gun we occasionally find that, from some cause or other, all the matches we have in our pockets are water-soaked; and we cannot light our pipe or build a fire. What are we going to do? throw the matches away and go hungry and without the coveted smoke? No! Simply select one and begin to rub it gently but rapidly through your hair (if you have any) until the dipped end becomes dry and hard. Then scratch it "where a woman can't" and—presto! life is once more worth living.

C. M. Dickson, Lansing, Mich.

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**Will Exchange:** $200 grade Greener, 12 bore hammerless gun, in fine condition, for Ballard or Winchester Target rifle, 32-40 or 38-55, and $30 cash.

Chas. G. Blandford, Sing Sing, N. Y.

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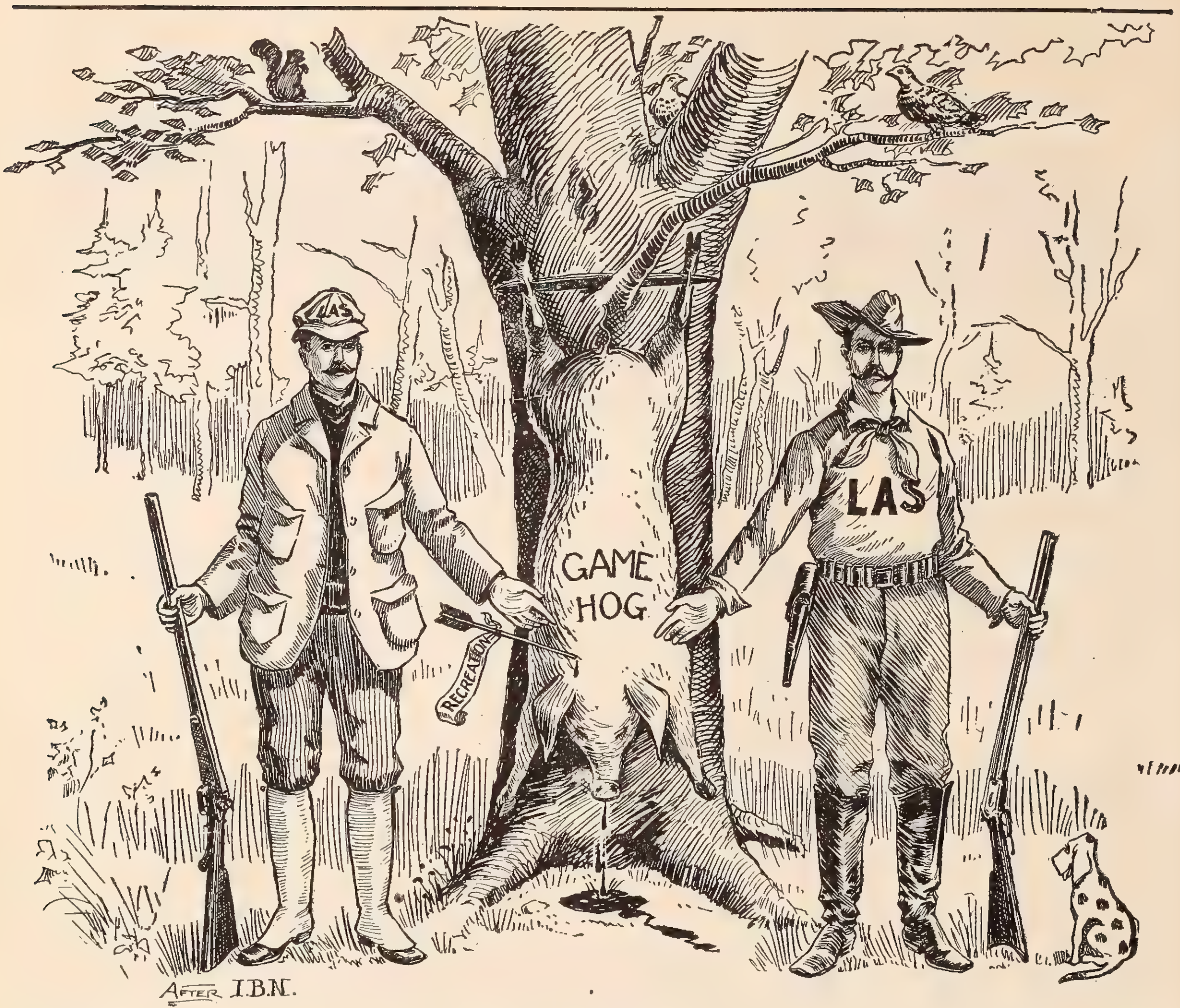
**For Sale or Exchange:** Eastman Folding Kodak, 5 x 7, list $75. Will sell cheap or consider good trade offer.

H. G. Reading, Franklin, Pa.



# Summer Resort Literature

## *OF UNUSUAL INTEREST TO VACATIONISTS*

**Manual of Old Colony Summer Resorts.** Containing a list of Summer Hotels and Boarding Houses within the Old Colony territory; Excursion Rates, etc. It embodies also a list of villages and points of interest not on the direct line of the Old Colony system, reached by stage or other conveyance. Sent upon receipt of two cent stamp.

**Manual of Summer Resorts on the New Haven System.** Containing a list of Hotels, Boarding Houses, Ticket Rates, Excursion Points, and various information. Mailed on receipt of two cent stamp.

**Martha's Vineyard: Its Attractions as a Summer Resort.** Presenting a sketch of the Island of Martha's Vineyard, its towns, villages and summering places. Sent upon receipt of two cent stamp.

**Nantucket, an Island in the Ocean.** Descriptive of Nantucket, its institutions, natural features, attractions, etc., with something of its history and characteristics. Sent on receipt of two cent stamp.

**Quaint Cape Cod and Its Summer Delights.** "Quaint Cape Cod" presents the claims of that section as a Summer Resort, and affords all information regarding Cape Cod, its localities, scenery, recreative features, etc. Sent on receipt of four cents postage.

**Handbook of Newport, the "Queen of Watering Places."** Containing general information for visitors, concerning walks and drives, location of streets, public parks, grounds, estates, their occupants, etc. Sent for two cent stamp.

**Along the North Shore of Long Island Sound.** A new booklet made up of sketches of the cities, towns and localities of sections of the the coast, from New York to South Norwalk, affording information relative to their situation, historic associations, and merits as summering places, and their advantages for permanent or temporary homes. Sent on receipt of two cent stamp.

**Along the South Shore.** A booklet devoted to the advantages, situations, etc., of the "South Shore," as an Ocean Summer Resort. It includes all the Shore territory lying along the Bay coast south of Boston, or between Braintree and Duxbury inclusive. For two cent stamp.

**Plymouth as a Summer Resort.** A book devoted to the attractions, historic associations and localities, and natural endowments of ancient Plymouth, as of interest to summer visitors and sojourners. Mailed for two cent stamp.

**A Sketch of Narragansett Pier.** A folder descriptive of this beautiful section, containing historic and local matter relating thereto, with such information as the visitor or sojourner will find of interest. Mailed for two cent stamp.

**The Berkshire and Litchfield Hills.** Descriptive of the localities along the Berkshire division of the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R.; the natural beauties of the Housatonic River and the country through which it flows. Will be sent for two cent stamp.

*Either of the above will be forwarded on receipt of stamps as stated, or the entire lot for 8 cents postage.*
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☞For the return of 36 silver paper strips from 5 cent cuts of Boot Jack, we will send to any address free of charge a handsome aluminum pocket case for tobacco.

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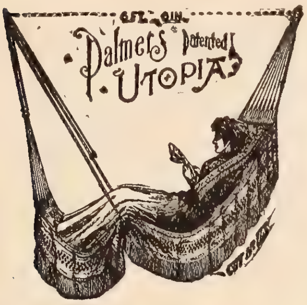

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**American and European Plan**

RATES:

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| Rooms, with board, $2.00, $2.50 and $3.00 per day | |
| Rooms, without board, | $1.00 and upwards |
| Breakfast, | 75 cents |
| Lunch, | 50 " |
| Table d' Hote Dinner, | 75 " |

I like the way you treat the game hogs. They deserve the same treatment they give.

Will some kind reader please give me his views as to the best methods of trapping muskrats and of curing their skins.

G. S. P., Newport, N. H.

Join the L. A. S. at once.

**FOR SALE:** Living wild animals and game birds, for propagating purposes; Elk, Deer, Jack Rabbits, Fox Squirrels, Quails (Western birds only), etc. I do not handle dead game.

Address **CHAS. PAYNE**
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**ALASKAN VIEWS**

Take a look at the country, and the methods of travel, before you start for the gold fields.

A full series of views of Juneau, Dyea, Skaguay, Chilkat Pass, Miners and outfits, along the route, etc.

**50 cents each. An assorted doz. $5.00**

**Send for Catalogue of Alaska Curios.**

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WANTED.—LIVE MOOSE, CARIBOU, BLACKTAIL deer, beaver, etc., for Litchfield Park, Adirondacks. Address, with particulars, EDWARD H. LITCHFIELD, 59 Wall Street, New York.

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If Howarth's Flies do not excel all others in above items, purchasers are at perfect liberty to return them and get their money back in full.

Introductory Prices for 1898, 75c. a dozen.

**Flies tied to any pattern. 30 Years' Experience.**

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Wanted: Cub Bears and Elk Teeth; address stating price,
Jack Shickler, Bucyrus, Ohio.

WM. W. HART & CO.

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*Leading . . .*
*Taxidermists*

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47 East 12th Street
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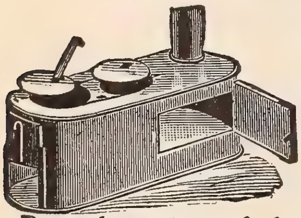
*February 1st*

I should like to know if English and Mongolian pheasants can stand Iowa climate. Dr. J. W. Graham, Early, Ia.

LYMAN'S RIFLE SIGHTS.
Send for 96 Page Catalogue of
Sights and Fine Shooting Rifles.
WILLIAM LYMAN, Middlefield, Conn.

**A Practical Common Sense Camp Stove.**
In 6 Sizes. Patent applied for.



The lightest, most compact, practical camp stove made; either with or without oven. Won't get out of shape, combination cast and sheet steel top, smooth body, heavy lining, telescopic pipe carried inside the stove. Burns largest wood, keeps fire longest of any stove made. For full particulars address

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Send five cents for new Taxidermists' Catalogue.

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WE prepare and mount all specimens of natural history true to nature, in the best style of the Taxidermist's art, at reasonable prices.

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Does true and artistic work at reasonable figures.
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FINE MOUNTED GAME HEADS, BIRDS, ETC., for sale at unheard-of prices. Send 10 cents for photos.
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All tied by hand—my own personal work—on imported hooks. Send 25 cents for samples, price-list and full particulars. I live with the trout and know what they like.

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NOSES AND EARS

Missing or deformed noses or ears replaced or covered by light and durable substitutes, natural in appearance and securely attached.

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THE WOMAN IN THE CASE.

For every evil in the world
  A woman is to blame,
So cynics say, and history
  Oft gives weight to their claim.

No Cuban troubles would to-day
  Distress the Spanish Don
If Isabella had not gone
  And sicked Columbus on.
—Washington Star.

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USEFUL INFORMATION
FOR
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FREE.

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of *Rifles*, *Pistols* and *Shot Guns* will find it to their interest to possess a copy of the *Ideal Hand Book*, No. 10, a **KLONDIKE OF GOLDEN NUGGETS** of information relating to *arms* and *ammunition*, not **FOR WAR** but **FOR PEACE**ful manly sports that elevate and invigorate humanity. **120 pages.** Send stamps for postage.

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Send for Wolf circular, prices, and discounts

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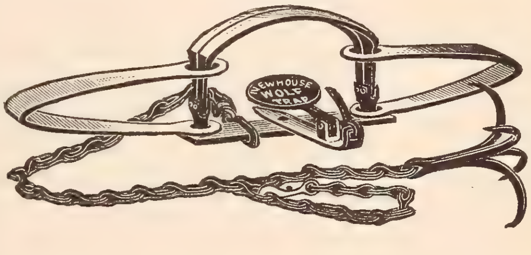

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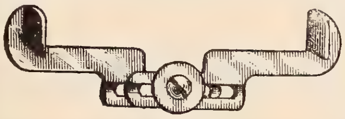
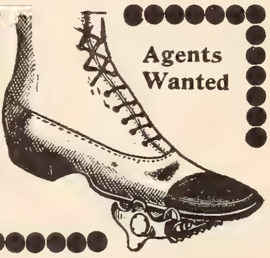
THE ONLY PERFECT CLIP. Does not injure the shoe as it touches the sole only. Will not grip the shoe and throw the rider, yet holds the foot securely. **The Rolled Edge Protects the Shoe.** Fits any pedal; adjusts to any size shoe. Ask your dealer, or send 35 cents for sample pair.

**HOWARD TOE-CLAMP CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.**





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**"Exchange a Bad Odor for a Good One."**

**SCENTED TWINE** burns and sweetly medicates the air. Superior to pastilles; indespensable for Toilet Room, Stateroom, and Apartment. Luxurious and healthful. Mailed—**3 Spools, 25c. Agents Wanted. J. T. COMMOSS, Perfumes, 125 Fulton Street, New York.**

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by this I mean amateurs who aspire to portraiture, would visit the studio of LAFAYETTE W. SEAVEY, they would find something at bargain prices in the way of head and bust grounds, and other effects, that would greatly aid them in their work.

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**Station "R," N. Y. Walton Ave. and 140th St.**

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**BLAIR'S PILLS**

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## Muskalonge:

We have the finest Muskalonge, Pike, and Bass Fishing that can be found anywhere in America, and are comfortably located in reach of 120 beautiful lakes.

Good Deer, Duck, and Grouse Shooting in the fall.

The record fishes caught last season were as follows: Muskalonge, 42 lbs.; Small-mouth Black Bass, 6¾ lbs.; Pike, 12 lbs.

Accommodations offered are the Divide Resort, on the Turtle Waters (with cottages), the Spider Lake Resort, on the Manitowish Waters (with cottages), and the Manitowish Hotel at Manitowish Station.

We have *Telephone Connection*, which gives us communication between the three places and which is handy for receiving and sending telegrams.

Either resort can be reached in three hours' drive from Railroad. We have fine spring water, and are on the highest land in the State, being 1,400 feet above Lake Superior, and only forty miles distant therefrom.

For further information write

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Mention RECREATION **Manitowish, Iron Co., Wis.**

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If you would live next to nature, read RECREATION.

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Have received RECREATION and it is as welcome as ever. My little girl answered the postman's call and came running to me saying, "Here, papa, is your RECREATION," and sitting down beside me she looked at the illustrations as earnestly as an old sportsman. She is as glad to see RECREATION as I am and always wants to look at all the pictures before I can read anything.
J. A. Richardson, Pittston, Pa.

I have been a subscriber to RECREATION for almost a year and like it better every month. My brothers and sisters look for its coming as eagerly as I do. I never fail to speak a good word for RECREATION, but it doesn't need it, it speaks for itself. You certainly give very handsome premiums. We can't understand how you afford them.
Thos. A. Sullivan, Worcester, Mass.

I left with our bookbinder this A.M. RECREATION from the first issue to date, and am going to have them nicely bound. I consider myself fortunate in having every copy, and in years to come, when RECREATION is the foremost magazine of the world, I shall have a collection of reading matter to be proud of.
J. S. Stangroom, New Whatcom, Wash.

I have but recently become a subscriber to RECREATION and regret I have missed so much in not having seen it earlier. It is a mystery how you can publish such a journal at the price. It will be a greater mystery if any lover of sport once reads RECREATION and does not subscribe for it.
Dr. F. L. Hinsdale, Salt Lake, Utah.

I have all previous volumes of RECREATION bound in Russia, and value highly the addition they make to my library. Each number eclipses former ones, and we prize the magazine greatly in my family. J. H. Ager, Lincoln, Neb.

Enclosed you will find $1 for the best sportsmen's magazine I ever saw. Don't think it will be long before all people who can read will take RECREATION. Shall take it as long as I am able. S. H. Wolfe, Chicago, Ill.

The boys all enjoy your fine magazine, and have promised to subscribe. You may expect to hear from me later, as I am anxious to have a gun like the one you sent Roy Gates. It is a beauty. Howard Baxter, Oakland, Cal.

I want to congratulate you on the publication of that beautiful RECREATION. With me it has become a household necessity, and no lover of out-door sports can afford to be without it. W. G. Alexander, Toledo, O.

RECREATION is well worth the money; well written, pithy, honest in most cases, and decidedly interesting. I shall try hard to increase your circulation, as the magazine merits support. Dr. H. Wallwin, Barrie, Ont.

Please find enclosed my $1 for renewal to RECREATION. I find it interesting and newsy. Short, sharp, and to the point every time. My brother and I can hardly wait for it.
Geo. J. Robinson, Irving, Ore.

As I cannot do without RECREATION, you will find enclosed $1 for renewal. The pointers on guns and ammunition are worth much more than the price of the magazine.
B. D. Moses, Eaton, O.

Selling RECREATION is like taking pictures with a kodak. You press the button, we do the rest; only with RECREATION it is, you show RECREATION, and it will do the rest.
Rob't Bennewitz, Wolcott, Ia.

I don't see how anyone can do without RECREATION after taking it a year, or even after seeing one copy of it. I know I cannot, and gladly send you $1 for another year.
E. B. Murray, Denison, Tex.

I like RECREATION much better than some magazines for which I have been paying four times as much.
H. E. Bugbee, St. Augustine, Fla.

I received the Premo D camera and think it a fine premium for so little work. Ray Gale, Denver, Colo.

RECREATION pleases all my friends who have subscribed to it and I am sure they will renew when their year is up. As for me I cannot say enough in praise of it.
H. C. Gardiner, Buffalo, N. Y.

I am a constant reader of your valuable and interesting magazine, and my wife thinks there is nothing like it. She enjoys it as much as I do, if not more.
A. T. Hoyle, Oneonta, N. Y.

I find RECREATION in many places where there is a scarcity of soap but not of men who use a rifle and read a good magazine when they find one.
G. H. Gregg, Moravia, N. Y.

I can only echo what everyone is saying, that "RECREATION is the greatest sportsmen's magazine in the country; could not get along without it."
A. J. Hutchinson, Brunswick, Me.

Although not a sportsman I read RECREATION with great interest and with the regret that there is not more of it, or that it does not come oftener.
A. J. Hutchinson, Brunswick, Me.

I find RECREATION first class in every particular and a welcome guest. I read it from cover to cover. Even the advertising is interesting.
J. B. Fitzgerald, Battle Mt., Nev.

Please continue sending me RECREATION for another year for which I enclose $1. It is the best magazine of the kind ever published.
Louis Larson, St. Augustine, Fla.

I received the Kenwood Sleeping Bag and am greatly pleased with it. It is a beauty and is all the manufacturers claim for it.
J. S. Stangroom, New Whatcom, Wash.

The Korona camera you sent me as premium has been tried and works like a charm. Thank you for all the kindness you have shown me. Harry Casler, Ithaca, N. Y.

RECREATION is the best cure I know for the blues. Every sportsman ought not only to hunt for game but for subscribers as well. Clarence Soule, Marengo, Mich.

RECREATION is one of the favorite magazines in our reading room files.
Hugo von Hagen, Secy. Y. M. C. A., New York.

The Marlin repeating rifle received and I am well pleased with it. Everyone to whom I have shown it admires it very much. C. R. Stewart, Kansas City, Mo.

Your worst enemy, if honest, could speak only in the highest terms of RECREATION. There is no doubt of its success. E. K. Hanley, Scranton, Pa.

Accept my sincere thanks for the Monarch wheel which I was able to get through your kindness. I am much pleased with it. Miss Marie Schneider, Williamsport, Pa.

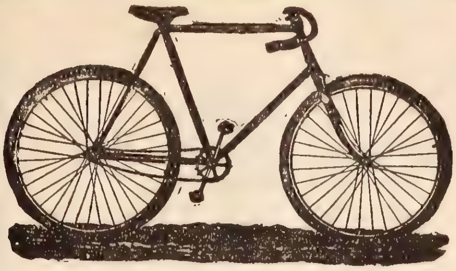
The 2 Hawk-Eye Jr. cameras which you sent me as premiums were received all right and give perfect satisfaction.
E. S. Robinson, Morrisville, Vt.

RECREATION is the best sportsmen's publication I ever read. It is worth the money for its natural history alone.
John C. Law, Cleveland, O.

I can not tell you how much I enjoy RECREATION. The only fault I find with it is the long time between issues.
F. A. Duford, Chaumont, N. Y.

I wish to thank you for the Forehand gun you gave me for the club of new subscribers. It is a perfect beauty.
J. W. Ackerman, Fishkill, N. Y.

RECREATION is the best sportsmen's magazine published at any price, and I am proud to be on your visiting list.
H. W. Boardman, Worcester, Mass.



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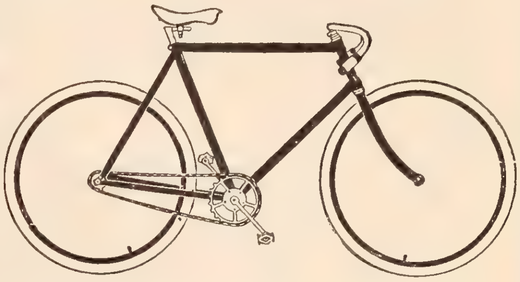

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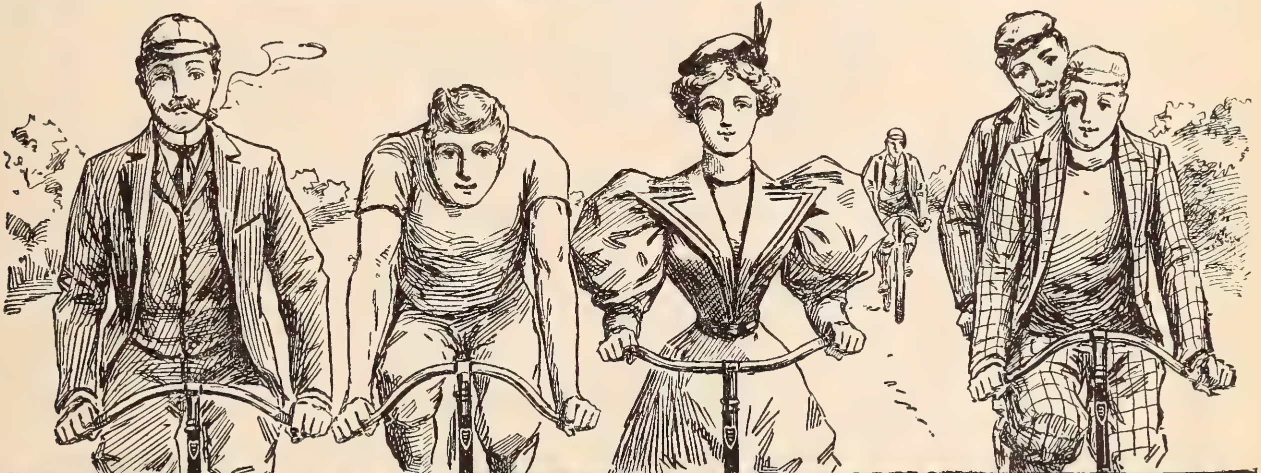

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Because they are wise and wish to remain strangers to repair shops

**The Remington Bicycle** has 82 years of mechanical experience for a pedigree, and protects its riders by the shield it bears. *Write for illustrated catalogue*

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Every Sportsman
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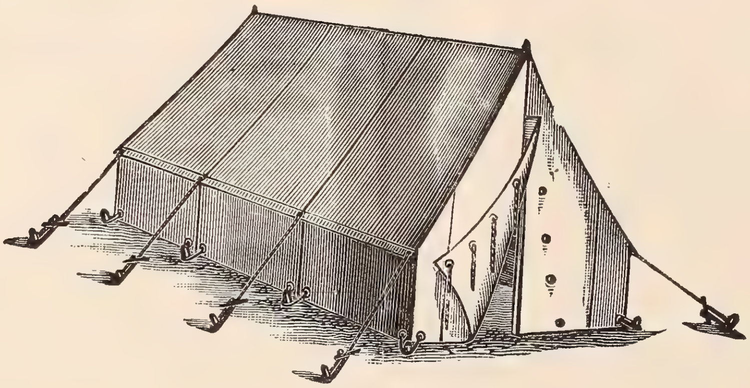

A camper knows the advantages of a tent that is an absolute protection against rain and dampness. We secure this advantage by OUR water-proof PROCESS and avoid the extra bulk and weight of a fly.

We make tents of all sizes, shapes and materials, suited to the needs of hunters, campers, travellers, canoeists; also

*Water-Proof Sleeping Bags*

*Canvas Buckets, Ammunition, Provision, Clothing and Saddle Bags, Pouches, Packs, Bicycle Covers, Floor Cloths, and many other Canvas Specialties; also Primus Stove for Tents and Aluminum Camp Cooking Outfits.*

*Our Sleeping Bag* is unique, excellent in pattern and finish, and has been highly approved.

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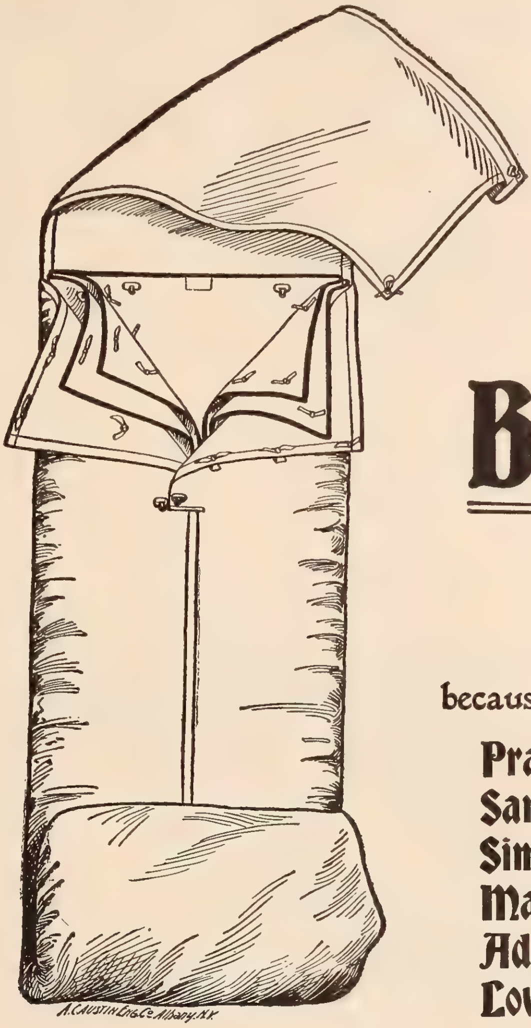
A. C. AUSTIN ENG. Co. Albany, N.Y.

# Kenwood Sleeping Bags...

have reached a sale of thousands and are known all over NORTH AMERICA because they are

**Practical**
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**Simple in Construction**
**Made of Right Materials**
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## The Complete Combination Kenwood Bag

is specially constructed for use in Alaska, but is not cheaply made to catch temporary Klondike trade. Practical hunters, fishermen and prospectors know, from years of experience with them, that the KENWOOD BAG meets their demand from the start and will last a lifetime.

Write us for price of these and
THE KENWOOD STORM HOOD
THE KENWOOD HUNTING CAPE.

FREE *Catalogue and Sample of Material*
Mention RECREATION

The Kenwood Mills
ALBANY, N. Y.

## SOME GOOD GUIDES.

Following is a list of names and addresses of guides who have been recommended to me, by men who have employed them; together with data as to the species of game and fish which these guides undertake to find for sportsmen.

If anyone who may employ one of these guides should find him incompetent or unsatisfactory, I will be grateful if he will report the fact to me.

### CALIFORNIA.

S. L. N. Ellis, Visalia, trout, deer, bear, grouse, and quails.

### COLORADO.

F. W. Allen, Dotsero, Eagle Co., elk, bear, deer, antelope, trout and grouse.
W. H. Hubbard, Glenwood Springs, ditto
Charles Allen, Gypum, "
J. M. Campbell, Buford. "
R. W. McGhee, De Beque, "

### COLORADO.

W. L. Pattison, Buford, elk, deer, bear, grouse and trout.

### GEORGIA.

Sam. T. Denning, Augusta, turkeys, quails and rabbits.

### IDAHO.

W. L. Winegar, Egin, Fremont Co., elk, bear, deer, antelope, mountain sheep, trout and grouse.
Geo. Winegar, St. Anthony, Fremont Co., ditto
R. W. Rock, Lake, Fremont Co., "
Ed. Stailey, Lake, Fremont Co., "
Ed. Blair, Victor, Fremont Co., "
Clay Vance, Houston, Custer Co., "

### MAINE.

E. S. Page, Burlington, moose, caribou, deer, grouse and trout.
Henry Gantnier, Benedicta. ditto
George Gantnier, Benedicta, "
James A. Duff, Kineo, Moosehead Lake, "
Henry D. Lowell, West Ripley, "

### MINNESOTA.

E. L. Brown, Warren, ducks, geese, prairie chickens, and black bass.
W. B. Croff, Young America, ditto

### MONTANA.

G. H. Heywood, Red Lodge, elk, bear, deer, antelope, mountain sheep, trout and grouse.
W. H. Ryther, Columbia Falls, ditto
Quincy Myers, Columbia Falls, "
Theodore Christiansen, Columbia Falls, "
W. A. Hague, Fridley, "
Vic. Smith, Anaconda, "
M. P. Dunham, Woodworth, "
William Jackson, Browning, Montana, "
E. E. Van Dyke, Red Lodge, "
James Blair, Magdalen, "
George Whitaker, Gardiner, "
Edward Olcott, Red Lodge, "

### NEW YORK.

H. M. Tacey, White Lake, Sullivan Co., deer, grouse, rabbits, squirrels and trout.
Eugene M. House, Glendale, ditto
Buel Girard, Moriches, ducks, geese, grouse, quails, snipe and salt water fishing.
Willie E. Ross, Moriches, ditto

### NORTH CAROLINA.

Fred. Latham, Haslin, deer, turkeys, quails, ducks, salt-water fishing.
F. S. Jarvis, Haslin, ditto
W. B. Tooley, Haslin, "
F. P. Latham, Haslin, "

### OHIO.

Ugh F. Catanach, Kelley's Island,

### OREGON.

Wm. Ascher, West Fork, Douglas Co., elk, deer, bear, grouse and trout.
W. H. Boren, Camas Valley, ditto
Henry Bowen, Camas Valley, "

### PENNSYLVANIA.

W. W. Wikoff, Sinnamahoning, Cameron Co., deer, grouse and trout.

### WYOMING.

S. N. Leek, Jackson, elk, bear, deer, mountain sheep, antelope, grouse and trout.
Mark H. Warner, Ten Sleep, ditto
Milo Burke, Ten Sleep, "
Nelson Yarnall, Dubois, "
S. A. Lawson, Laramie, "
A. Pache, Laramie, "
H. D. DeKalb, Big Piney, "
Ira Dodge, Cora, "
Wm. Wells, Cora, "
A. S. Marshall, Cora, "
F. Allston, Basin, "
N. E. Brown, Ishawood, "
George N. Madison, Jackson, "
John Tate, Wise P. O., "

### CANADA.

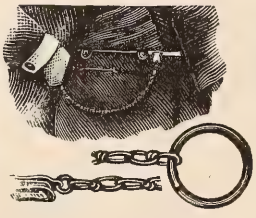
Dell Thomas, Lumby P. O., B. C., elk, deer, bear, sheep, goats, grouse and trout.
Henry McDougal, Kelowna, P. O., B. C. ditto.

Eat Lim-Olas
(PATENT APPLIED FOR)
Trade NO DO Mark

A delicious relish to stimulate the appetite and impart good cheer to the meal. Seville Packing Co. New York

Beware of substitutes.

A BUNCH OF KEYS



will not get lost or be left in the door if you fasten it to your pocket with one of these key chains. Holds firm and does not tear the cloth. With steel chain. By mail for 10 cents. Aluminum or phosphor bronze 25 cents. Other useful novelties made with **Improved Washburne Patent Fasteners,** described in an illus. booklet, you can have for the asking.

**AMERICAN RING CO.,** Box J. **WATERBURY, CONN.**

"Ha, ha!" they heard the Spaniard shout;
"This scheme awakens rapture.
The fewer ships that we send out,
The less the chance of capture."
—Washington Star.

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## AND CAMP OUTFITS

**We manufacture the largest and most complete line of tents in the country, and our goods are celebrated for their wearing and waterproof qualities.**

**Send 4 cents in stamps for our new 40-page illustrated catalogue showing all styles of Tents and Camp furniture.**

**GEO. B. CARPENTER & CO.**
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**Established 1840.**

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**Wanted:** By sportsman, not in robust health, light work on ranch (sheep preferred), board and expenses, with view to investing small amount per year. Texas preferred. Address C. H. W., care RECREATION.

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**A Lady** of 45, wishing to go South for the winter, would like a position of trust, with family going South, or in the South. Can give good references. Mrs. M. D. Loomis, Box D, Raymond, S. D.

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**Wanted:** Position as traveling salesman by a man experienced in guns and ammunition. Good references.

F. D. McQueen,
29 S. Park Place, Newark, Ohio.

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**Camps Sourdnechunk,** on Sourdnechunk Stream, in Mt. Katahdin Region. One day's journey from Norcross. Good trout fishing; beautiful scenery. This is the big game and trout region of Maine.

Address I. O. Hunt, Norcross, Me.

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**To Sportsmen:** We can accommodate 8 to 10, nicely. Located in a nice spot on the North side of Grindstone Island, in the centre of the best bass grounds on the St. Lawrence river; also, good pickerel and muskalonge grounds. Terms $10 a week. Guides $3 a day.

F. B. Garnsey, Grindstone, N. Y.

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## GOLF SUITS OR SWELL CLOTHES

May be worn at pleasure by the Four Hundred or the Four Thousand, at any one of the nine hundred and ninety-nine delightful summer resorts along the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway in the cool regions of Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa and Michigan, not omitting the famous Excelsior Springs of Missouri.

Within three hours' ride of Chicago are some of the most beautiful lake and country resorts in Wisconsin. Oconomowoc, Waukesha and Delavan are among the list. A little farther away are Elkhart Lake and the Dells of the Wisconsin River, and beyond are Marquette—with its magnificent Hotel Superior—Minocqua, Star Lake, Lake Minnetonka, Lakes Okoboji, Spirit Lake and hundreds of other deliciously inviting and invigorating spots where energy will be revived and life prolonged by a visit of a few days or a sojourn of a few weeks.

The season opens early in June and lasts until late in September.

Excursion tickets are sold every day during the summer months. Our summer guidebook with list of hotels and boarding-houses will be sent free upon application to Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

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**For Sale or Exchange:** Highly-bred English Pointer, partly broken on grouse and woodcock. Also thoroughbred Fox Terrier puppy. Both thoroughly house broken.

C. D. Flack, Port Henry, N. Y.

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**To Sportsmen and Tourists:** I am located in Northwestern Colorado, in a paradise for sportsmen. Large game abundant and trout fishing unexcelled. Gentle saddle horses, pack outfits, etc. Everything first class. Correspondence solicited.

J. M. Campbell, Guide, Buford, Col.

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Two New Styles
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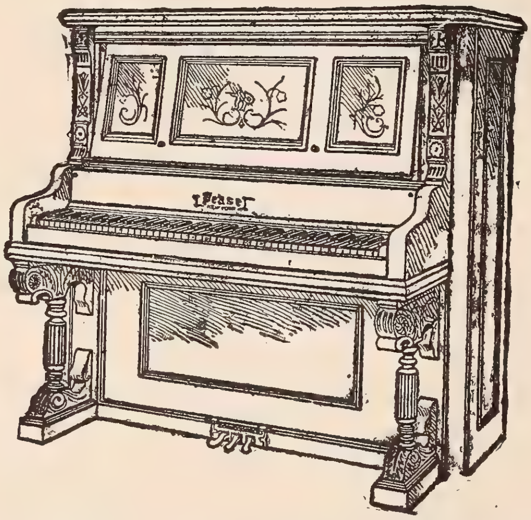

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Is the title of a new book on Colorado, America's great health and pleasure resort. The book is beautifully illustrated and contains a valuable map of the State. A copy can be had without charge upon application to P. S. Eustis, Gen'l Pass'r Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

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*fast and easy by selling our wheels.* **15,000 on hand; prompt shipment, '98 models $18 to $37.50; '97 and '96 models $9 to $18. 600 good shopworn and used wheels, $3, $5, $8 and $12 each. 100 '97 boys' and girls' wheels, M. & W. tires, $9.75 each. Art Book on Bicycles Free.**
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Of Interest
To Sportsmen

To all sportsmen who care to preserve and keep fresh the game or fish they capture, either for mounting or to eat, we have something of interest to offer. Especially should we like to hear from the officers of fishing and shooting clubs.

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The Improved
Boston
Garter
Easy and Secure.
Extra Super Webs.
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Lies flat to the leg.
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"Crimped-Crust" Bread

Baked, in shops models in equipment to secure perfect cleanliness, by a process that retains all the richness and sweetness of the materials used, it makes a most delicious bread.

To emphasize these qualities it's wrapped in clean white tissue.

Get the genuine. For 2 cents we send sample loaf and the shop's address that'll serve you.

*The Asbury-Paine Mfg. Co., Phila., Pa.*

**For Sale:** Winchester repeating shotgun; special; cost $50. Price, with case, $25.

A very fine W. C. Scott & Son pigeon gun; Premier Quality; Whitworth fluid steel barrels. Made to order; cost $400. Price $200. Both guns good as new, and wonderful shooters.

W. J. Simpson, Box 223, Roselle, N. J.

This world we are in is a terrible grind
To a lazy and indolent shirk,
For wherever he goes he is certain to find
There is "nothing to do but work."

## WHAT THEY SAY OF THE PREMIUMS.

I received the Kenwood sleeping bag which you gave me as premium for a club of subscribers to RECREATION. It comes to me more as a gift than as something actually earned. Such a premium, for 15 subscriptions to an article that sells on sight, as RECREATION does to intelligent people, proves your generous nature.
Chas. F. Hickok, Grand Marais, Mich.

I received the Special Hawkeye in first class condition. It is the finest camera of its size in the city and I am under many obligations for your liberality, which enabled me to earn such a fine premium. This is a pleasure all around, as I suppose you are pleased at getting such a large list of subscriptions from the best business men of this place. I am pleased with the premium, and the subscribers are pleased with RECREATION. W. W. Barney, Kearney, Neb.

The Forehand gun you sent me as premium can't be beaten. I have outshot all other guns I have been out with. Some of them were high-priced standards, but their owners acknowledged that the Forehand was too much for them. A man said the other day, "After the game is out of reach of all the rest of them, Lander drops it," so you see I am more than pleased.
W. S. Lander, Bloomington, Ill.

The 22 Marlin repeater was received in good condition, and is exactly the gun I expected. It is handsome, and would do credit to any home. To say I am pleased with this prize does not half express my feelings. It was just like finding a rifle. Am fully satisfied for the little time and trouble spent in securing names for my club to RECREATION. W. E. Rowe, Bloomdale, O.

My Syracuse gun has proven satisfactory in every particular. Everyone who has seen it says it is a handsome gun and well worth working for. One man wanted to know what I would take for it. I told him I did not want to sell it. I think more of it because I received it from RECREATION than I would if I had bought it.
Harrie Culver, London, Ont.

I thank you for the Syracuse gun you sent me as premium for subscriptions to your best of sporting journals, RECREATION. I am but 14 years old and was attending school at the time I was working on the list. I advise all boys who have no gun to get a good one, just like mine.
Jos. H. Reed, Springfield, Mo.

I received the Ingersoll watch, which is a good timekeeper and just the thing to take on a hunting trip.
The Forehand gun is beautiful. Have tried it thoroughly and am perfectly satisfied with it in every respect. I thank you for the present. It is nothing less.
C. C. Campbell, Redfield, S. D.

I received the loading tool for 30-40 which you kindly sent me as premium and am much pleased with it. The Ideal Tool Company's goods always give me perfect satisfaction. L. D. von Iffland, Cowansville, P. Q.

The watch you sent me is a perfectly grand prize for 20 subscriptions. To show my appreciation of what you have done for me I enclose a P. O. Order of $10 for 10 more subscriptions. E. E. Wiles, Lima, Ohio.

I received the Cyclone camera as premium for 7 subscriptions, and was agreeably disappointed. It is much better than I expected. Thanks for your promptness.
Dr. F. P. Newman, Washington, N. H.

I received the Baby Hawkeye camera safe. I thank you for your promptness and for your kindness in sending so valuable a premium. R. A. Walker, Meriden, Conn.

The Eastman Pocket Kodak you sent me as premium has given perfect satisfaction. It was an easy way to obtain a handsome camera. E. P. West, Kansas City, Kans.

Please accept my thanks for the Kenwood sleeping bag you sent me for a club of subscriptions to RECREATION. It is as fine a bag as I ever saw. I use it every chance I have. Am much pleased with it.
Omar W. Mann, Laredo, Texas.

I thank you for the beautiful Baby Wizard camera you sent me as premium. I do not know whether my boy or myself is the most pleased with it.
Jason Wilson, Hartford, Conn.

The little Davenport rifle you sent me for a premium is very satisfactory. Have given it to my wife, who is becoming quite expert in its use.
Geo. H. Swift, Cross Village, Mich.

I received the Marlin rifle and it far exceeds my expectations. I do not see how you can afford to give such premiums. Frank Squire, Jr., Eagle, Colo.

The 30-30 Marlin came all right and it is a beauty. All my friends say, "Is that all you had to do to get that rifle?" C. S. Flower, Greeley, Colo.

I received the gun from the Syracuse Arms Co. yesterday and it is beautiful. Many thanks for your kindness.
Frank Harter, Renovo, Pa.

I have used my Syracuse gun at 50 paces and it does some remarkable shooting. Am more than satisfied.
W. J. Butler, Appleton, Wis.

Have received the Hollenbeck gun and it is satisfactory in every respect. Please accept my sincere thanks.
Geo. Burkhardt, Buffalo, N. Y.

Received the Bristol rod, have tried it and pronounce it a grand success. Many thanks to RECREATION.
C. W. Aken, East Liverpool, O.

I received my Baby Wizard camera and am much pleased with it. It is beautiful and everyone admires it.
H. C. Seebers, Lima, O.

Have thoroughly tried the 30-30 Marlin you sent me and would not exchange it for any rifle I ever saw.
H. W. Stevens, Portland, Me.

The Wide Angle Wizard camera is a beauty and fully repays me for the work required to earn it.
N. C. Bennett, Waterford, N. Y.

I received my Bull's-Eye camera which you sent me as premium, and am much pleased with it.
Sam M. Colman, Leadville, Colo.

I appreciate your premium Kodak. It works well and was in perfect order when received.
P. R. Halleron, Port Jervis, N. Y.

I am much pleased with the watch you sent me as premium. It keeps accurate time.
G. W. Stahl, Zelienople, Pa.

I received the Yawman & Erbe reel O. K. It is at least 100% better than I expected.
J. H. Jenny, Jr., Merrill, Wis.

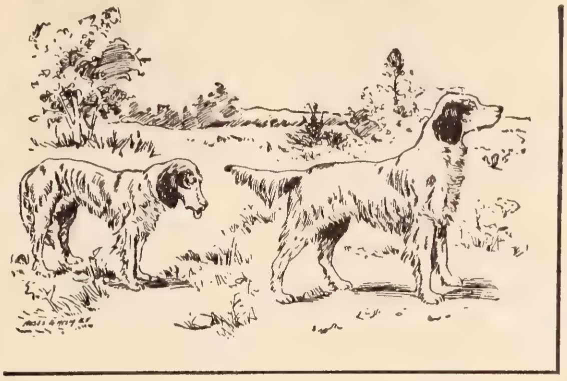
I received the Kenwood camping bag you so kindly sent me and am well pleased with it.
Geo. E. Lucas, Hartford, Conn.

The rifle and fishing rod you sent my brother are fit for the crowned heads of Europe.
G. M. Beals, Lowell, Mass.

I used my Kenwood sleeping bag and don't think a camp is complete without one. C. L. Seward, Fremont, Ohio.

I have received my Marlin rifle and like it very much. It is a beauty. C. H. Wilcox, Oakland, Cal.

Received the Forehand gun all right. It is nice and fits perfectly. S. B. Kauffman, Lima, O.



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Take a dog suffering with Distemper, Mange, Loss of Appetite, Fevers or General Debility, and give that dog, according to directions, a treatment with

## SERGEANT'S CONDITION PILLS

You will see his tail resume its natural position, his head will become erect, the look of dejection and woe will leave his eye, and you will hardly know it's the same dog.

No words that we can say will tell the virtues of SEARGEANT'S CONDITION PILLS one-twentieth as well as a fair trial of the remedy will demonstrate. That is all we ask. The remedy is placed before dog owners on its merits alone. The picture tells the story. The Pills will do just exactly what is claimed for them. Price 50 cents and $1.00 per box. By mail, postage prepaid.

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Is an unfailing remedy, and is particularly recommended for puppies. In early life all dogs are subject to worms. The symptoms of the presence of the parasites are nausea, colic, pains, restlessness, fever and fits. All these symptoms disappear as soon as the administration of SURE SHOT removes the worms. Price, 50 cents. Sent anywhere by mail if your dealer does not keep it.

**Sergeant's Carbolic Dog Soap** destroys Fleas, Lice and other pests. 25 cents at dealers'. By mail, 35 cents.

Send for Polk Miller's new book on "Dogs—Their Ailments—How to Treat Them." It is worth at least a dollar, but there is no charge for it. Sent free anywhere on request.

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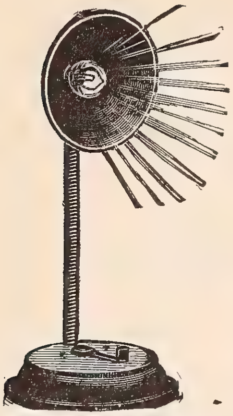

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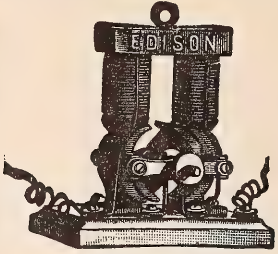
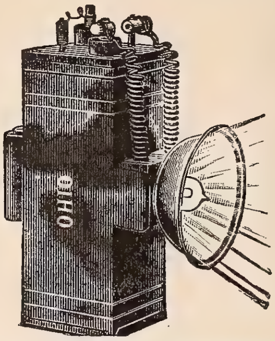


Dollar Motor.



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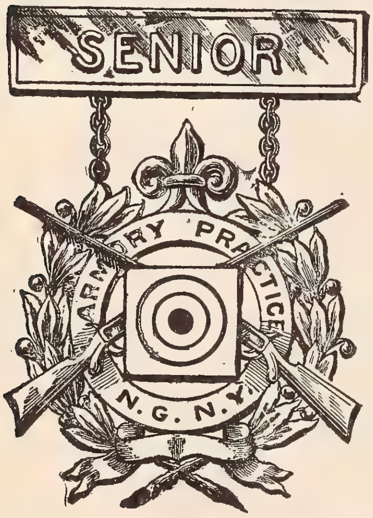

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Want high-grade bicycle, hammerless gun, or $50 cash.

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Mrs. May Tedd—No trouble that I recollect, except in getting him.—Tid-Bits.

Servant (answering bell)—My master isn't in, sir. You may leave the bill if you wish.

Caller (in surprise)—Bill? I have no bill. I wish to——

Servant (in surprise also)—No bill! Then you must have called at the wrong house.—Tid-Bits.

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He—Do you really believe ignorance is bliss?

She—I don't know. You seem to be happy.—Tid-Bits.

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THE LITTLE FINGER DOES IT
THE AUTOMATIC REEL

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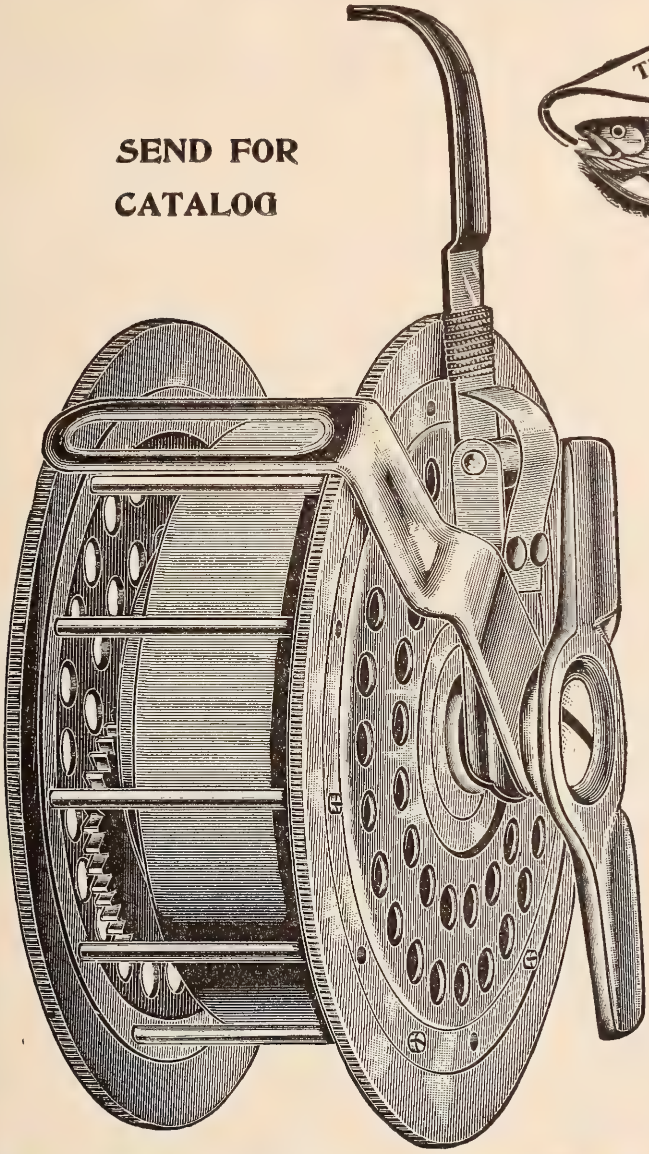

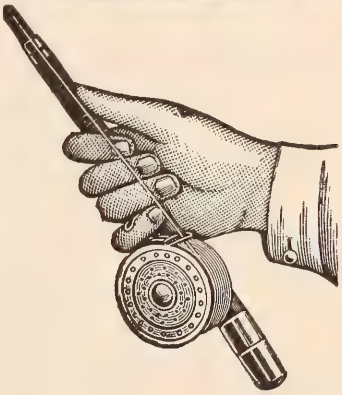

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**FIRST**—It will wind up the line a hundred times as fast as any other reel in the world.

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| All Lengths and Weights | $15.00 |
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with still bait—requires a sensitive, straignt rod, that the slightest deflection caused by a nibble may be instantly felt or noticed. Owing to the strength and backbone of the Bristol Steel Fishing Rods, a very light weight—say, 6½ oz.—may be used, and the pleasure of boat fishing mightily enhanced. The "Bristol" is made in 17 different sizes and styles, and the weights run from 6½ to 11½ oz. Regular jointed style, or telescopic—as you prefer. Send for Catalogue "R" and see what you will see: See?

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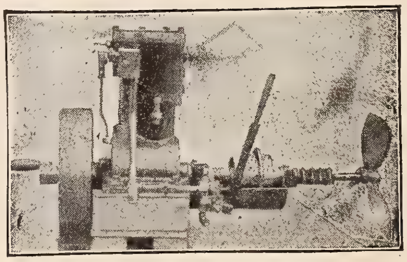

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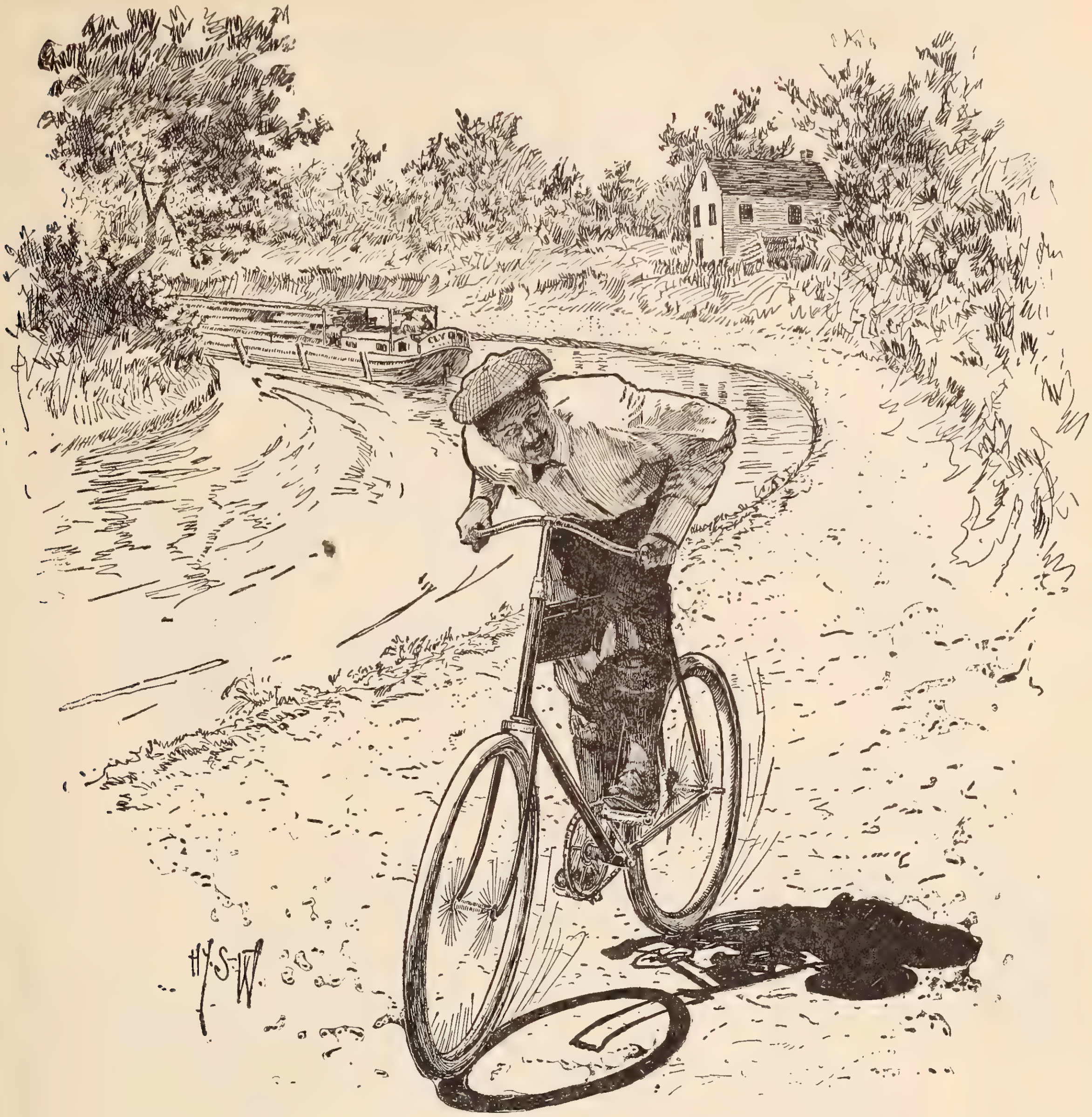

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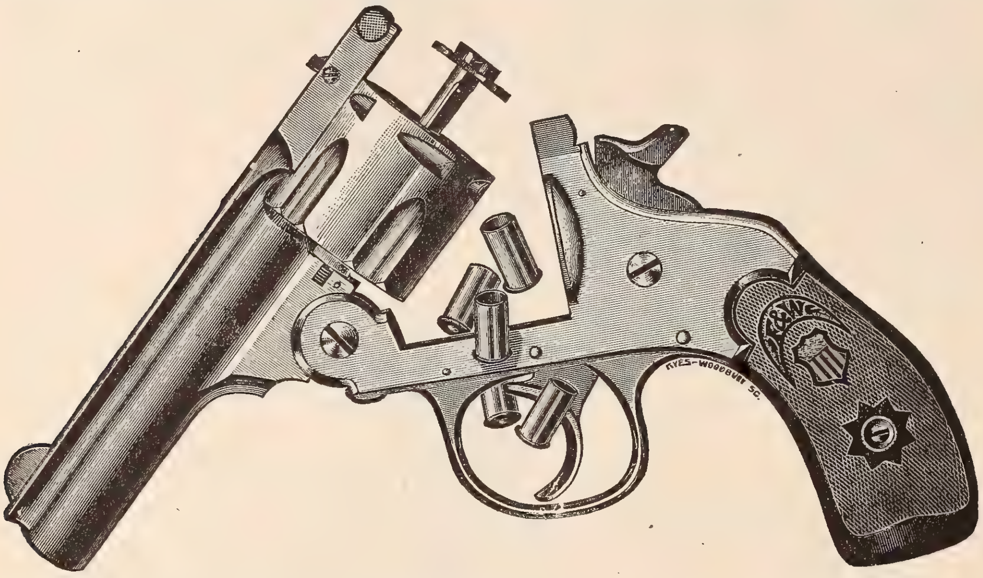
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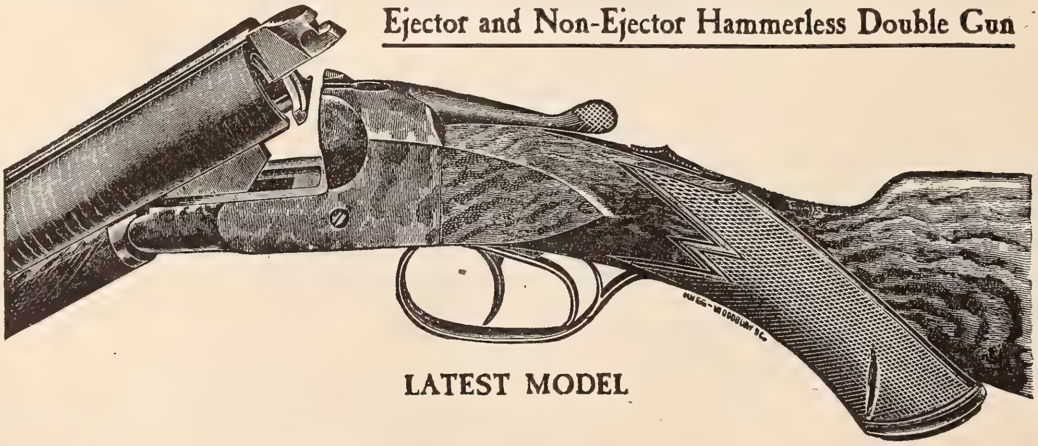
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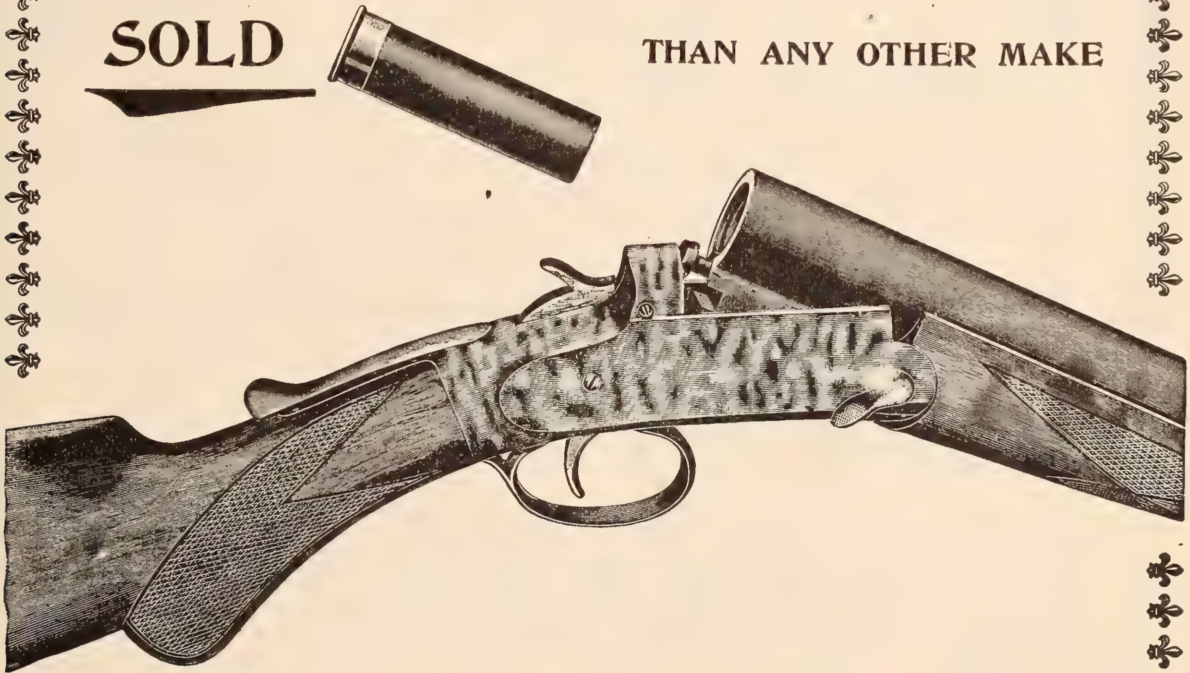

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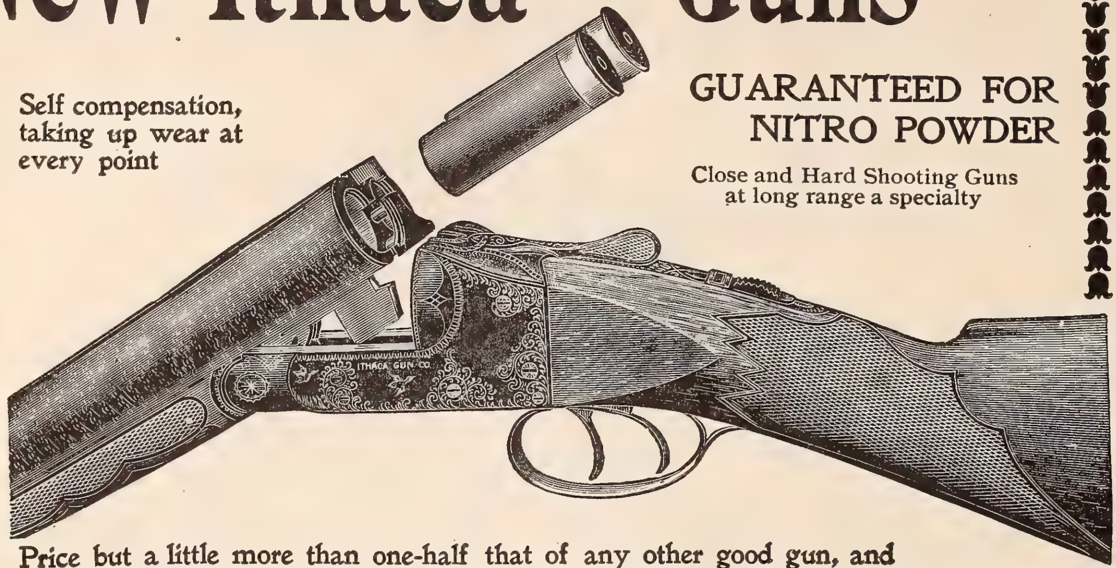
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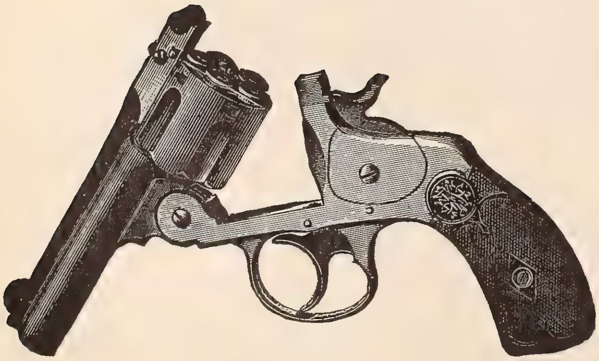

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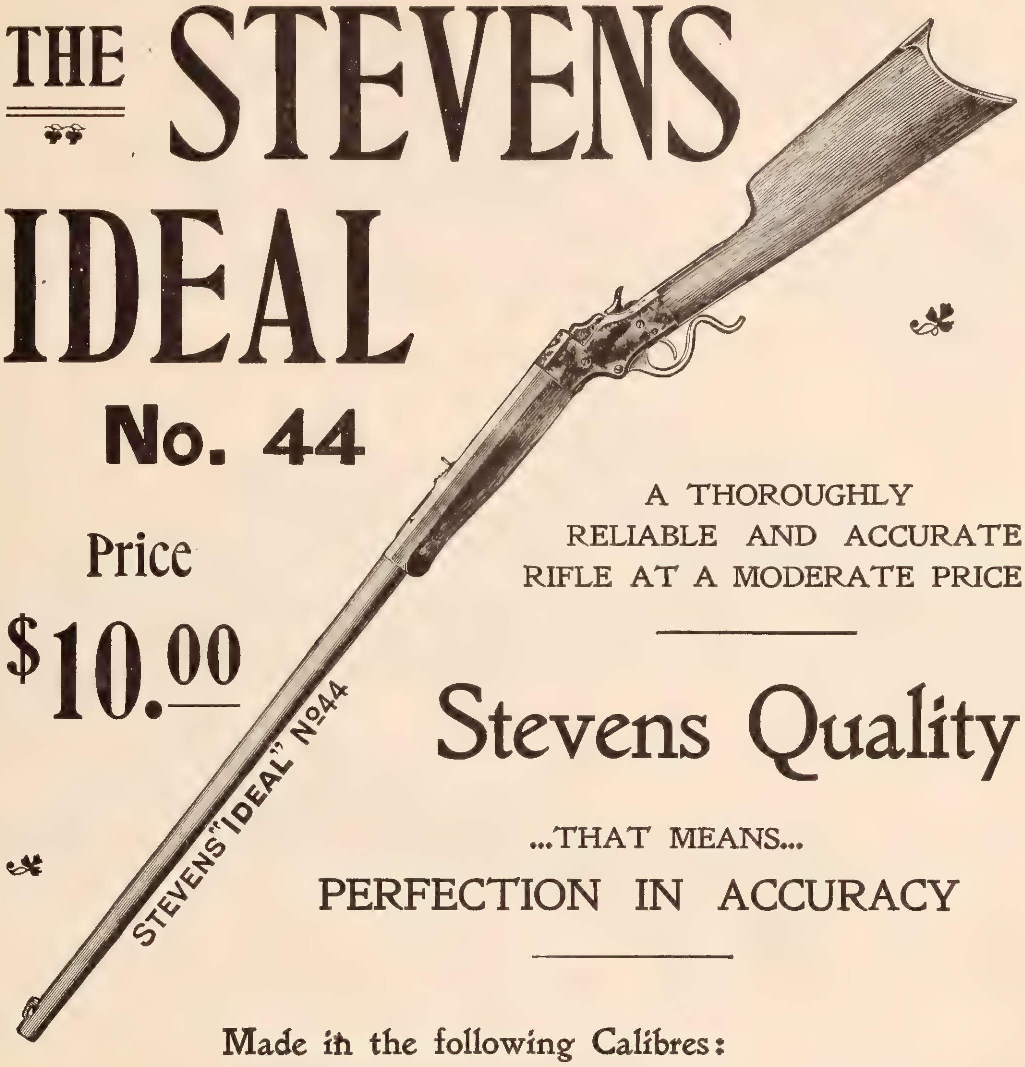
$10.00



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PERFECTION IN ACCURACY

Made in the following Calibres:

.22 Long-Rifle R. F., .25 Stevens R. F., and .32 Long R. F. Standard length of barrel for rim-fire cartridges, 24 inches. Weight, 7½ pounds.

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Half-octagon barrel, oiled walnut stock and fore-arm, rifle butt, case-hardened receiver, sporting rear and Rocky Mountain front sight.

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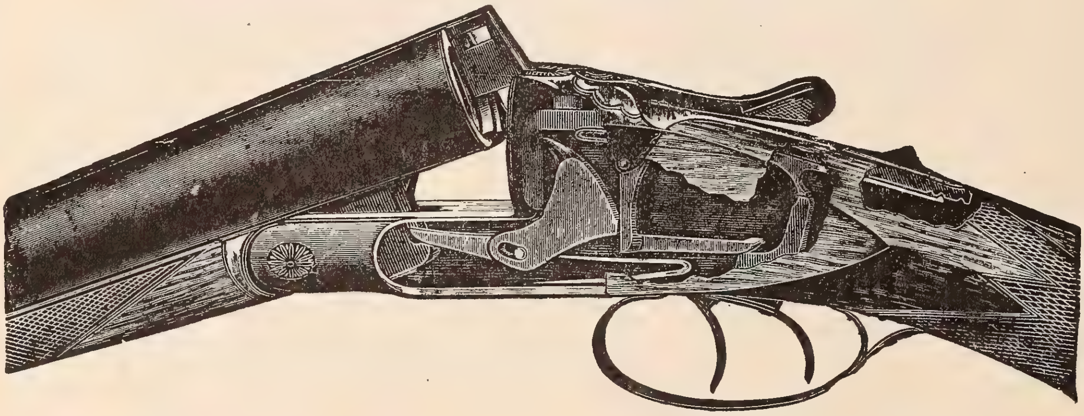
WE DO NOT SAY THAT

# Syracuse Hammerless Guns

"ARE AS GOOD" AS ANY GUN IN THE MARKET



THEIR simplicity of construction and superiority of finish stamp them "BETTER" for practical all-round work than any gun in the market. The "old, old story" but, nevertheless, substantiated by every man who ever drew a Syracuse to his shoulder.

*Here is what men say of the Syracuse who are using it . . .*

I promised to tell you exactly what I thought of the Syracuse Hammerless Gun you sent me, after having given it a thorough trial. I spent two weeks in Minnesota, during October, and as the chickens and ducks were wild, had an excellent opportunity to test the killing qualities of this gun. I killed as often and as far, with my 12-gauge Syracuse, as those of our party who were shooting more expensive 8 and 10-gauge guns, and which required, or at least used, nearly double the ammunition. I am satisfied I shall never own a better gun, for the money, than the Syracuse. I can heartily recommend it to all who want a moderate-priced, yet good, close, hard-shooting gun.

Harry A. Beaver, Cadillac, Mich.

Accept my thanks for the valuable little Syracuse Hammerless Gun. The shooting qualities of the Syracuse, and its neat appearance, cannot be beaten by any gun I ever saw, for the money.

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Three Parkers of the nine high guns among 197 shooters scored 25 straight in the hands of amateurs, winning one-third of first money against paid experts and manufacturers' agents, at the Grand American Handicap, 1898.

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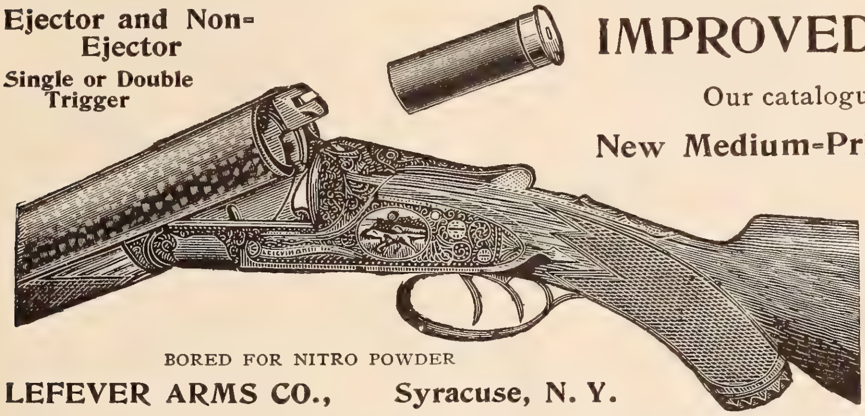

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IMPROVED LEFEVER

Our catalogue describes our

New Medium-Price Hammerless

**This New Trap and Field Gun** meets the requirements of sportsmen who desire a first-class and reliable gun but are not prepared to buy our higher grades.

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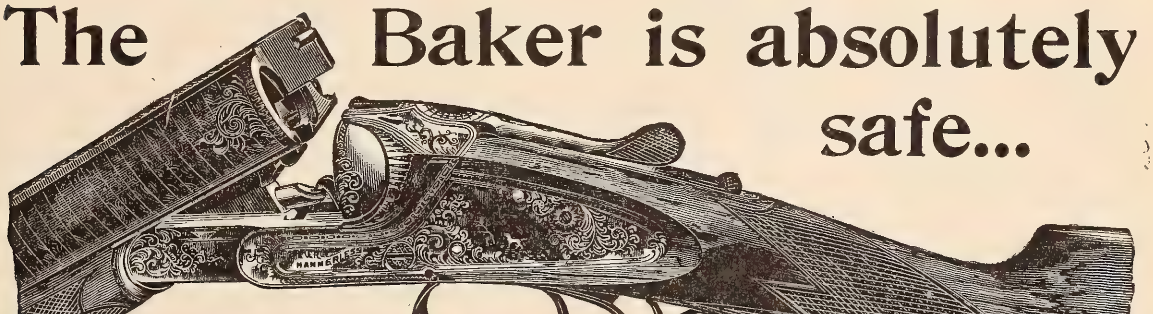

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We will send you our Quarterly for a year, **free**, if you ask for it.

BAKER GUN & FORGING CO., Batavia, N. Y.

"They represent eternity," he said, as the couple passed.

"How do you mean?" she asked.

"He is a man with a future and she is a woman with a past," he replied.—Chicago Post.

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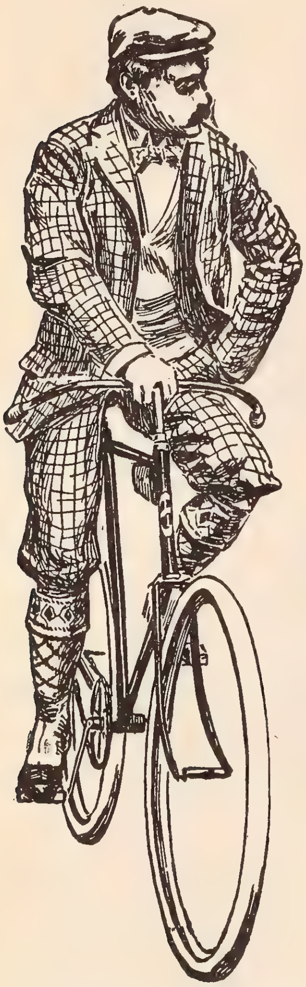

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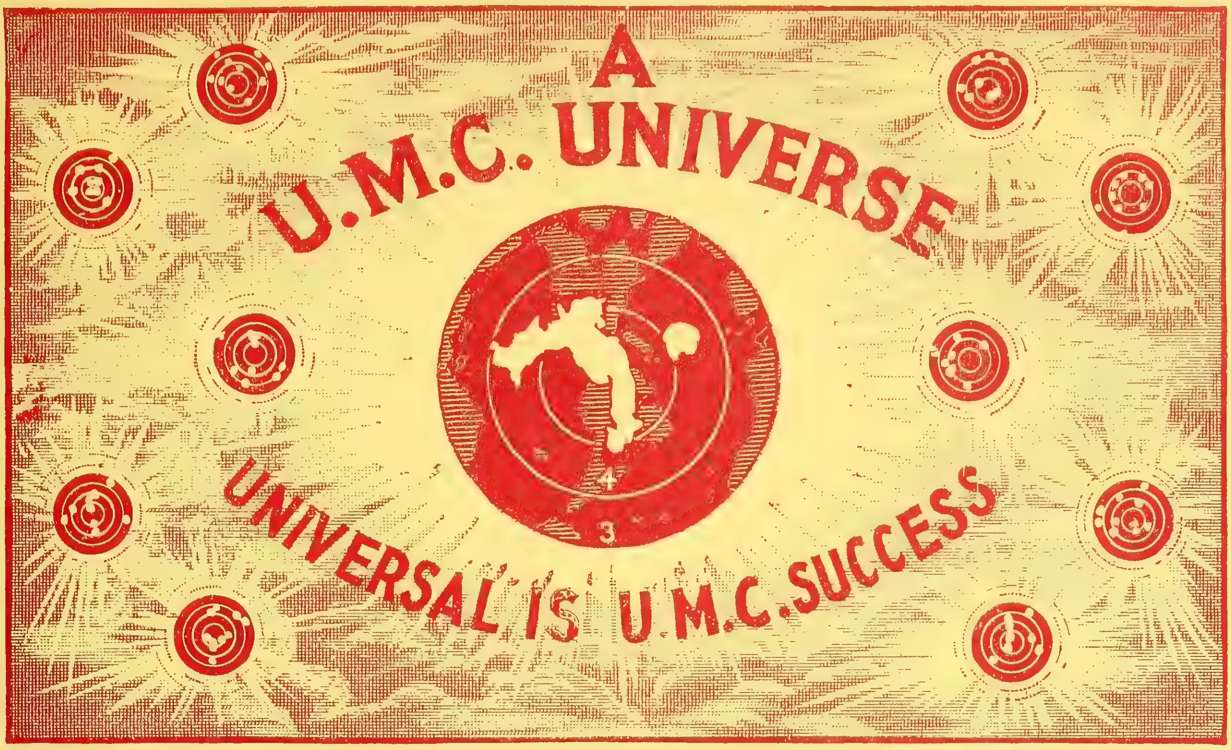

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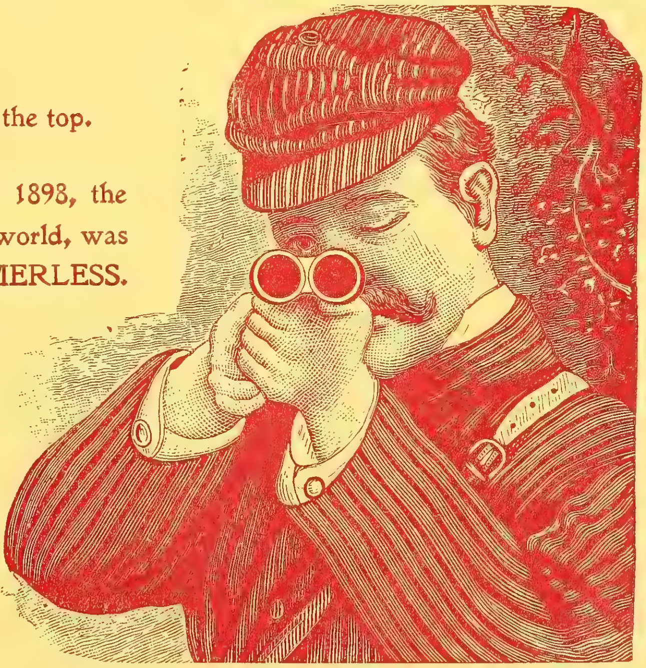

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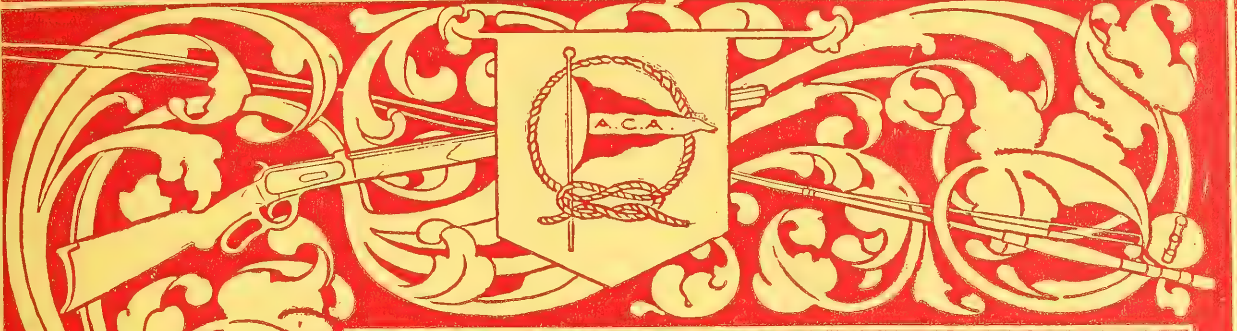

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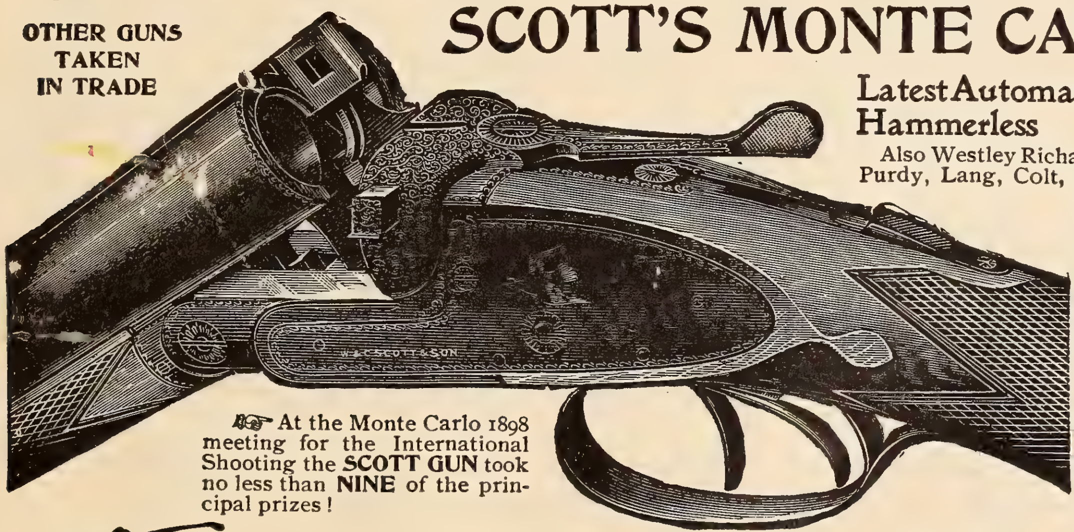

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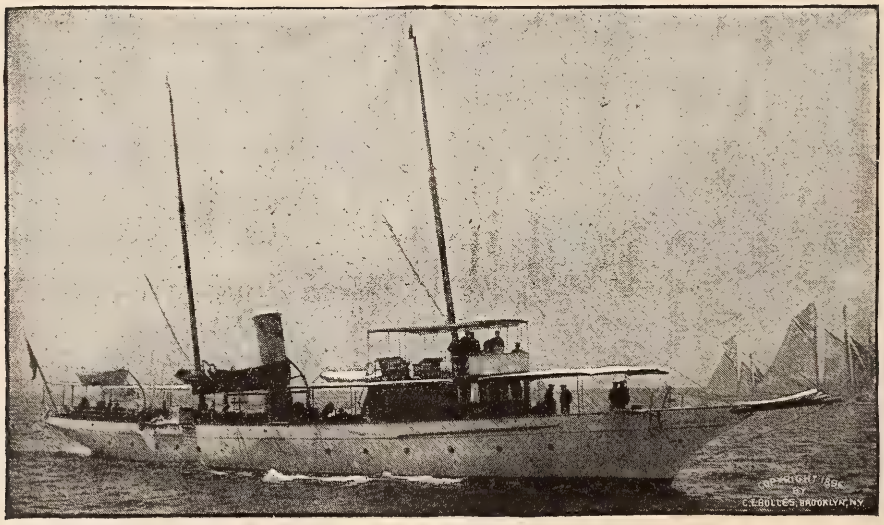

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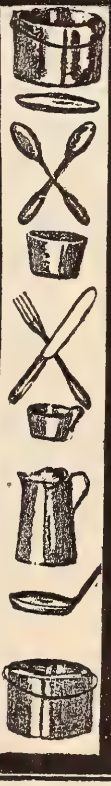

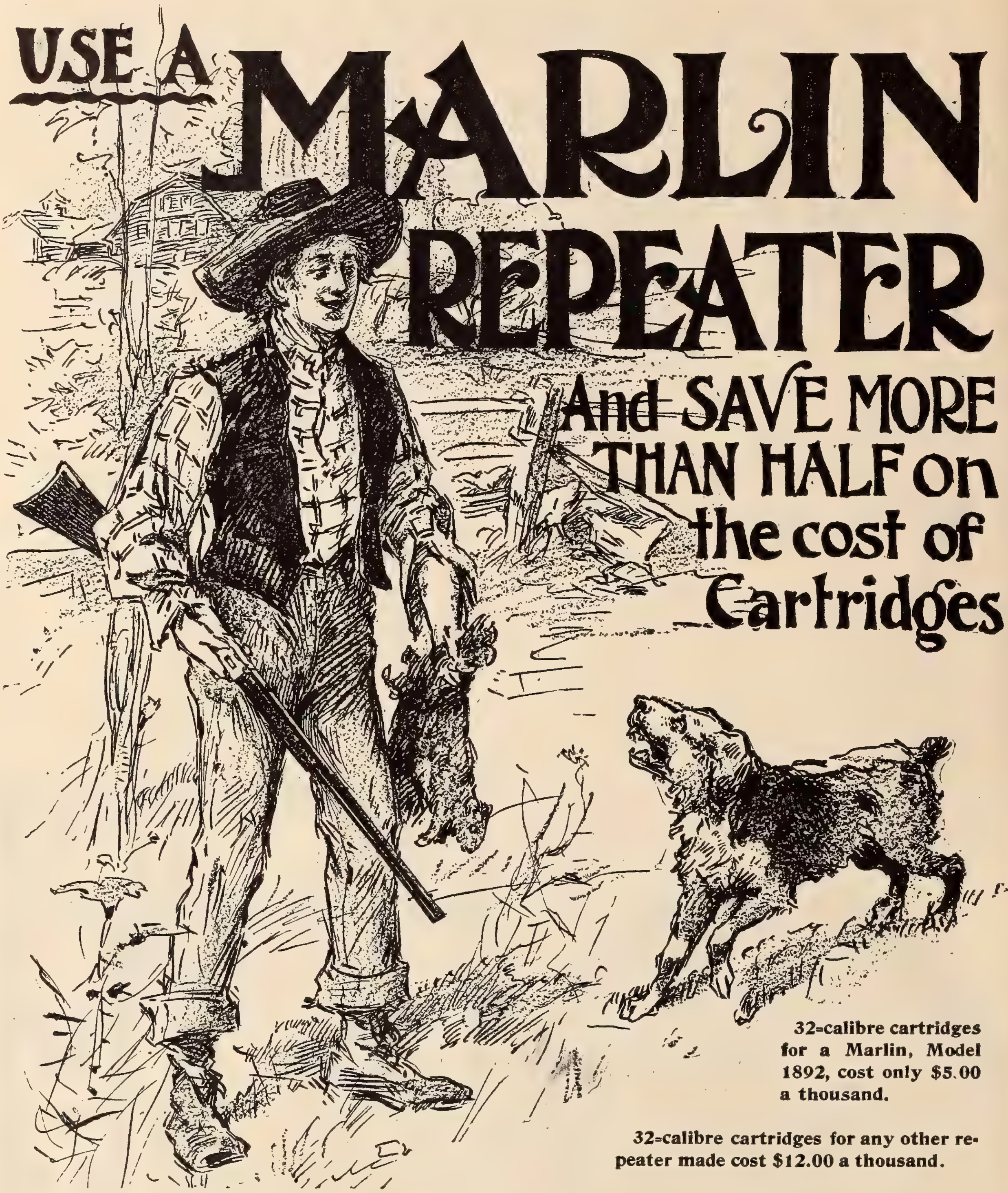
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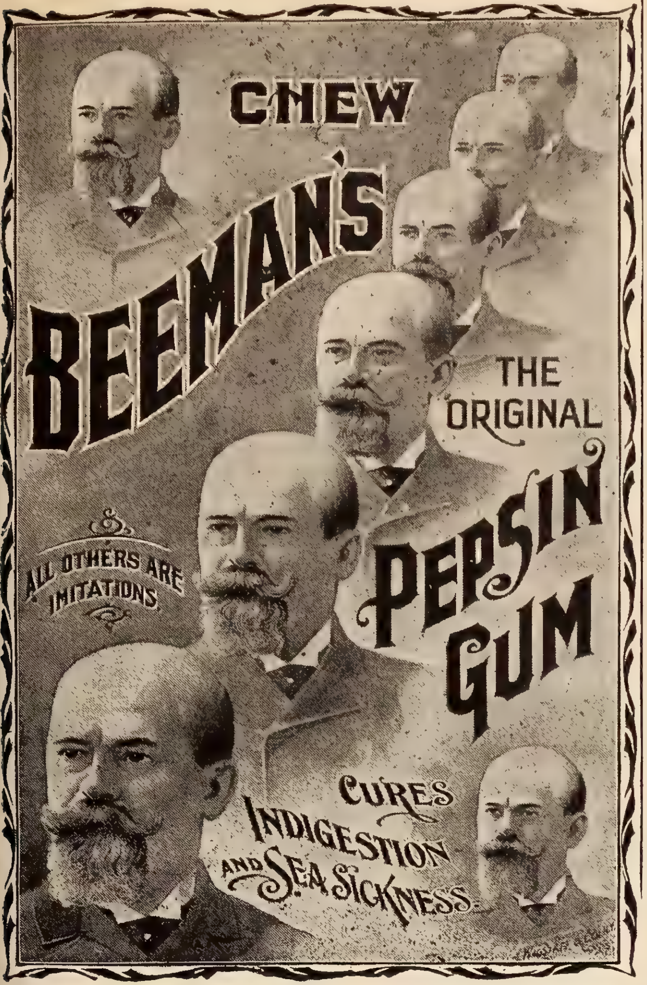

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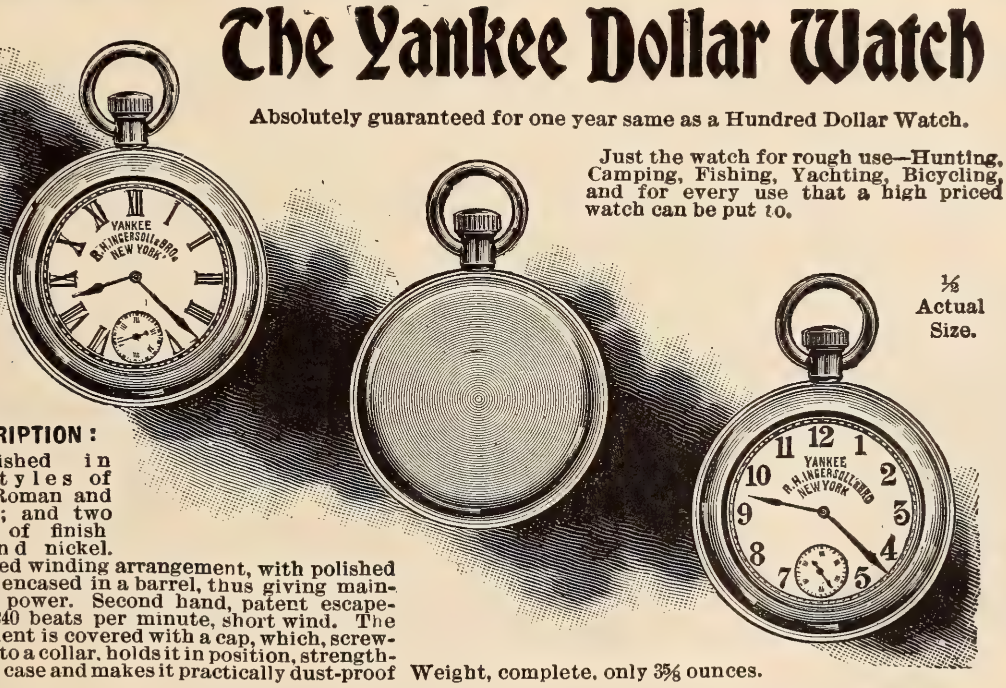

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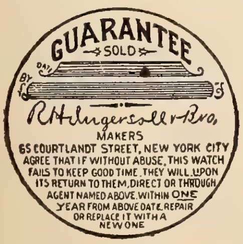

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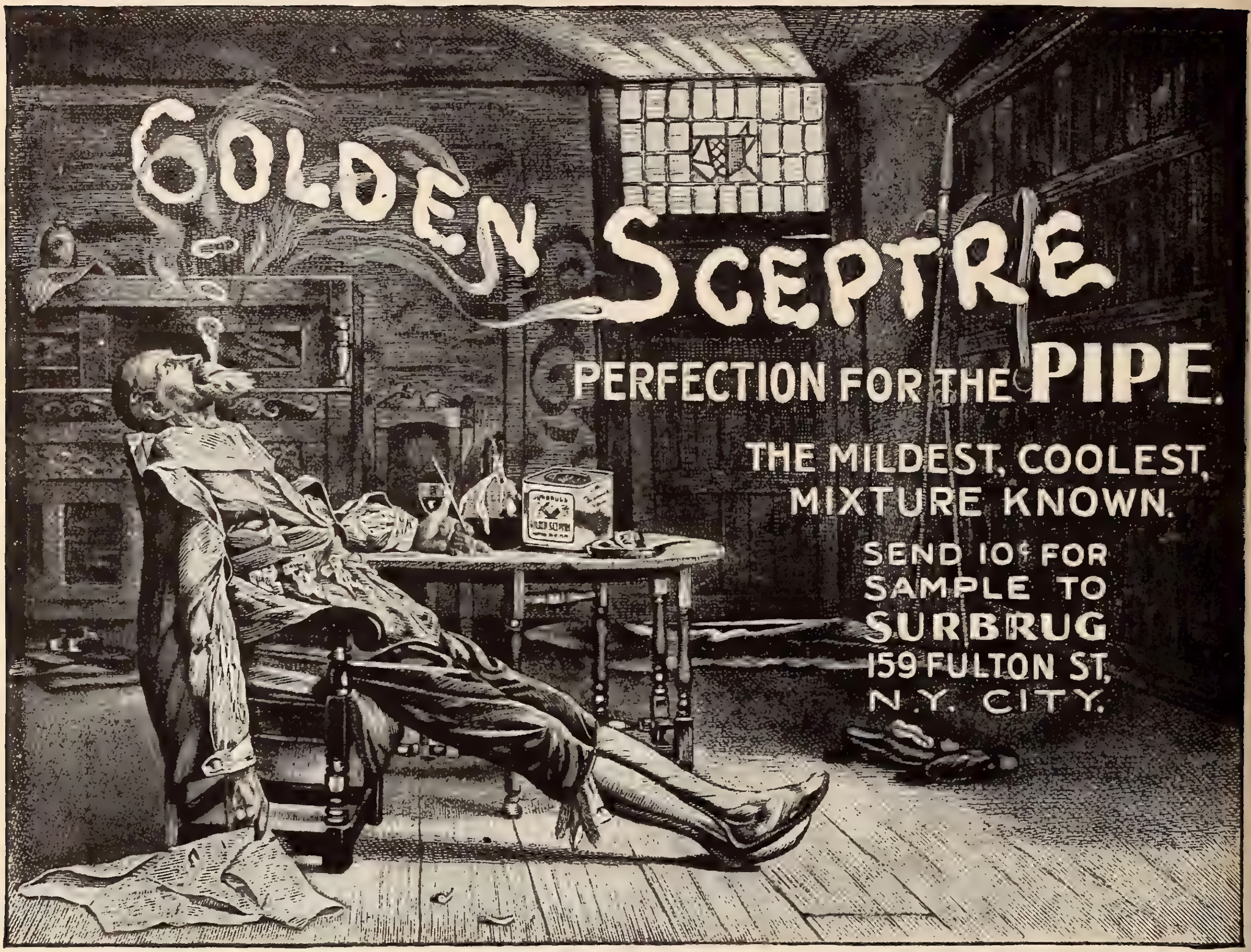
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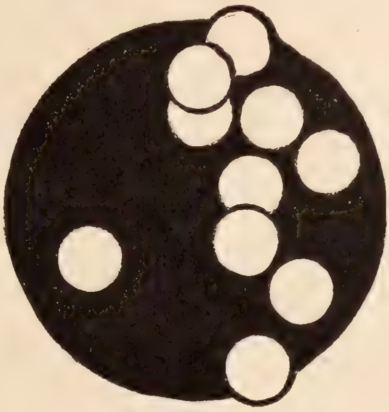

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*From "Town Topics," Nov. 25th*

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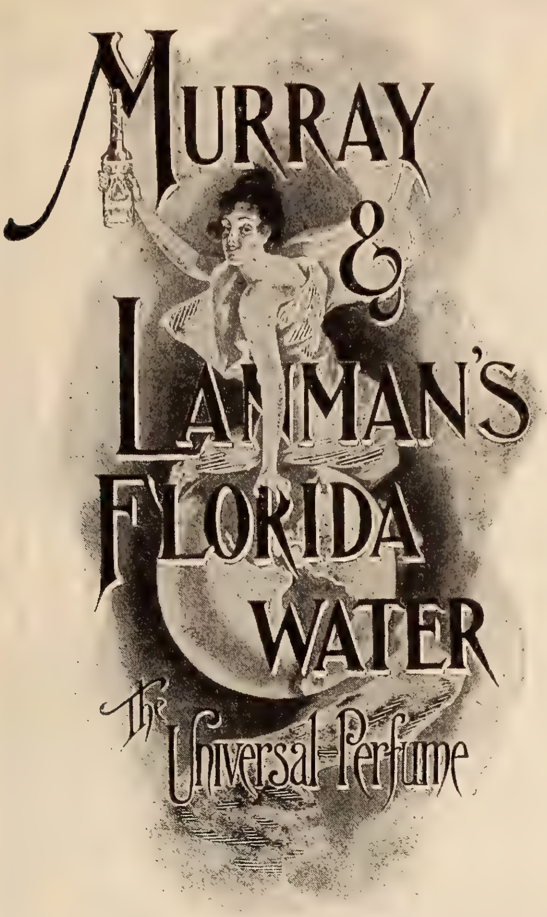

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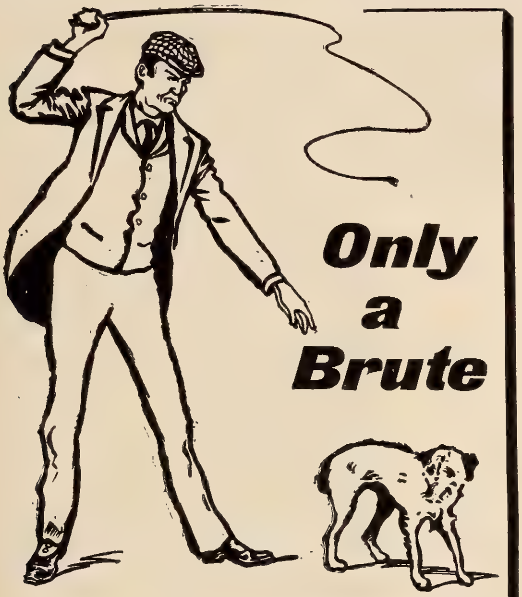

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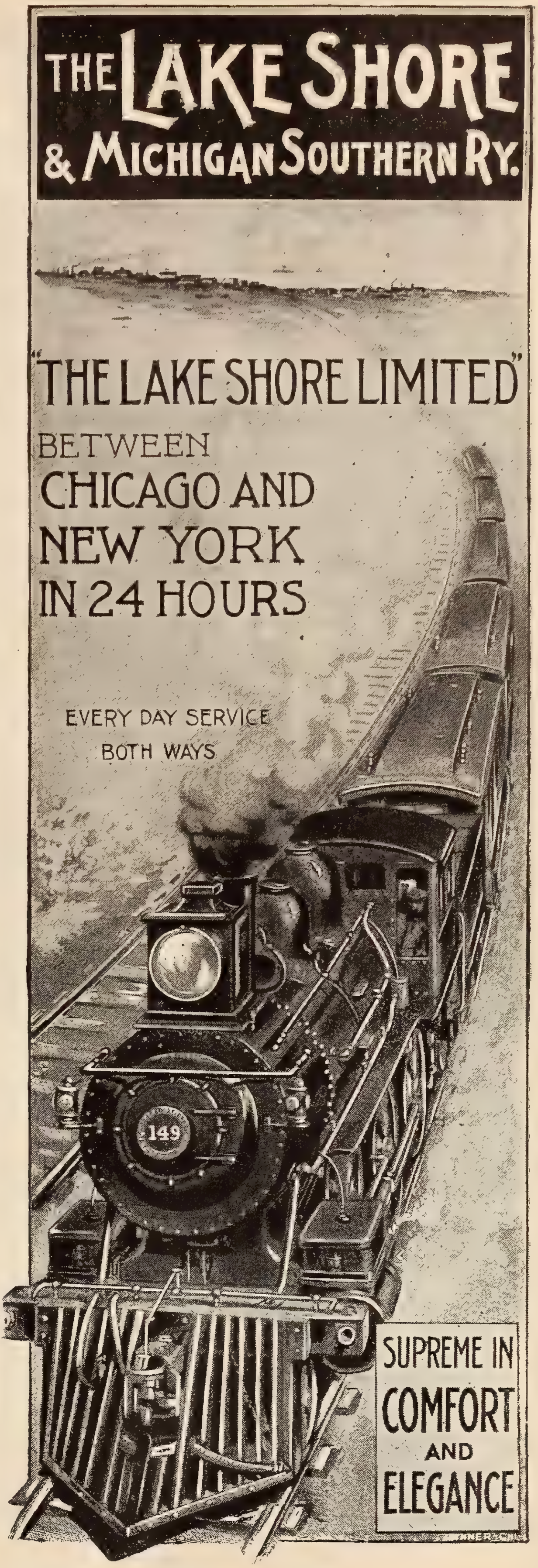

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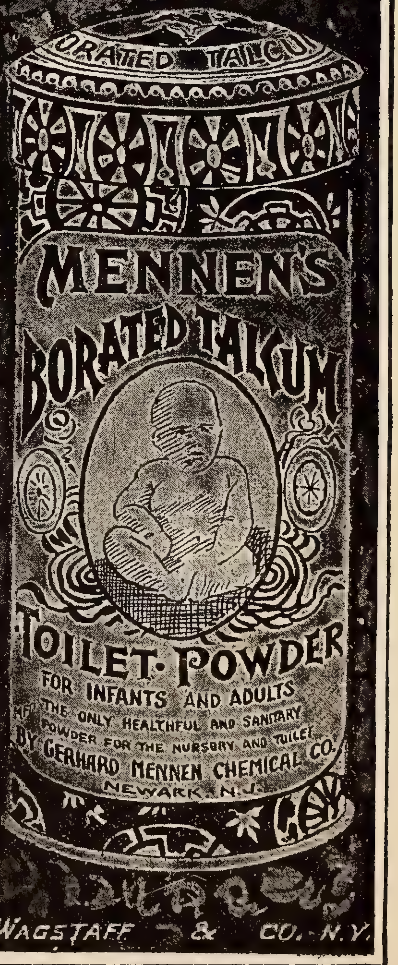
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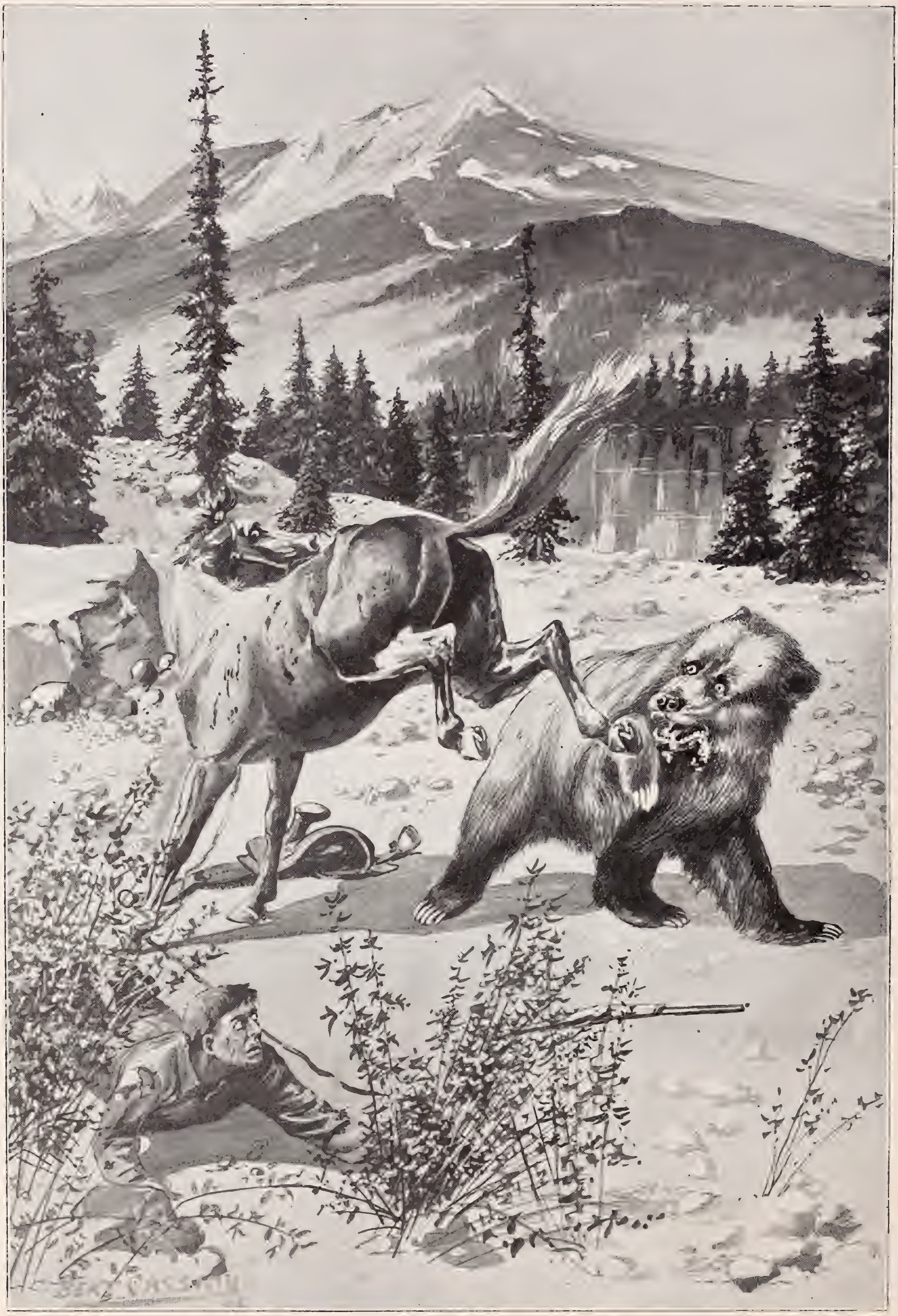

"WHEN HE RECOVERED HE SAW THE GRIZZLY AND THE CAYUSE ENGAGED IN A DESPERATE FIGHT."

# RECREATION.

Volume IX. AUGUST, 1898. Number 2.

G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA), Editor and Manager.

## A THREE CORNERED FIGHT WITH A GRIZZLY.

W. M. JACKSON.

During 10 years spent in the mountains, as guide and hunter, I have had the good fortune to kill nearly all varieties of game to be found in the rocky valleys, and on the slopes of the main range. By far the most dangerous animal, of them all, is the grizzly bear; but although it has been my luck to kill many, I have always found them shy and invariably, when wounded, they have tried to escape. Such, however, has not always been the experience of others. I know of several instances occurring among the Stoney Mountain Indians of the North—who are great mountain hunters—in which men have been killed, or maimed for life, by coming to close quarters with grizzlies.

The following adventure happened to a cousin of mine, at Two Medicine lake, in the summer of 1890. I know the story is true in all particulars, having been on the ground myself a few days after the occurrence. It is the only case within my knowledge in which a horse has been known to face a bear. Usually the mere scent of one will drive a horse wild.

My cousin, Françoise, with his family consisting of 3 women and several children, had started for Two Medicine lake, with the intention of picking berries there. He left his family in a good patch of berries, and rode farther toward the lake to look for other berry patches. He was mounted on a small, Indian cayuse mare, that he had owned and ridden for many years. He was armed with a 44 Winchester carbine, and had but 6 cartridges with him, which were in the magazine of the rifle. Coming to the top of a small mound overlooking the lake he saw, just below him, a patch of berry bushes and in the center of it a large grizzly feeding on the berries.

Françoise was a bold and determined man and a good hunter, having, in Western parlance, "lots of sand." Leading the mare by a long strap, one end of which was wound around his wrist, he walked down toward the bear, whose back was turned to him. He had reached some brush within 50 yards of the animal, when another bear reared up close to him. This one he immediately fired at and knocked it over. Then 3 more, nearly full grown grizzly cubs, scrambled up out of the brush, all around him. He fired 3 shots, and wounded 2 of them, but they succeeded in getting away.

In the meantime the old bear who had been eating berries, had raised up and was looking toward a grove of dry timber some distance across a small glade. The sound of the shots had been distinctly echoed from the woods, and the animal was evidently looking in that direction for the cause of the rumpus. Françoise was now in the open and had a clear view of the bear. Although he knew he had but 2 shots remaining, he did not hesitate, but fired and wounded her severely. She turned, saw him and, without a moment's pause, charged. He waited for her to get near him before firing his last cartridge. She was but a few feet away when he fired, but the bullet failed to stop her. In a flash she was upon him, striking him a blow that knocked him under the mare and rendered him insensible.

When he recovered he saw the grizzly and the cayuse engaged in a desperate fight. The bear was covered with blood; while the saddle and a quilt used for a saddle-blanket had been torn from the mare's back, and she was bleeding from a dozen wounds. Every time the grizzly attempted to strike the mare, the latter would turn quickly, and with a vicious snort, let fly her heels at her antagonist, with telling effect. Then the bear would claw and shake the saddle and blankets, and returning to attack the mare, would be again met by flying heels. The strap was still around Françoise's wrist and the mare made no attempt to escape, but seemed as savage and as full of fight as her enemy.

After watching the combat a minute or 2, and gathering his wits together, Françoise sat up. The instant the bear saw him move, she sprang at him again. Again she knocked him insensible, and getting one of his hands between her jaws, crushed and mangled it. She also clawed him about the body, tearing his clothes to shreds and wounding him badly. While the grizzly was making her second attack and before he became unconcious, he saw the mare throw herself into the fray, biting and kicking the bear furiously.

It must have been some time before Françoise recovered consciousness. When he did so, the bear had disappeared and the mare, wounded and bleeding, stood quietly beside him. Weak as he was from loss of blood, he managed to gain his feet, get to the mare's back and make his way to where the women were. They took him home, and he lay between life and death for many months, but finally recovered, though he completely lost the use of his injured hand.

The bear was found dead the next day, a few hundred yards from the scene of the fight. She had been kicked in a hundred places and badly damaged. The wounded cubs made good their escape. All about were signs that corroborated Françoise's story in every particular. The mare was a long while in getting over her injuries. When she had fully recovered, her owner turned her loose to graze for the rest of her life. Richly does she deserve the reward, for had it not been for the brave fight she made in defense of her master, he would not have lived to tell the tale.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY F. G. WARNER.

THE TUG OF WAR.

Winner of Fifteenth Prize in RECREATION'S Third Annual Photo Competition.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY JOSEPH BOEHRER.

DROP.

Winner of Tenth Prize in Recreation's Third Annual Photo Competition.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY J. R. PETERSON.

TAKING ACCOUNT OF STOCK.

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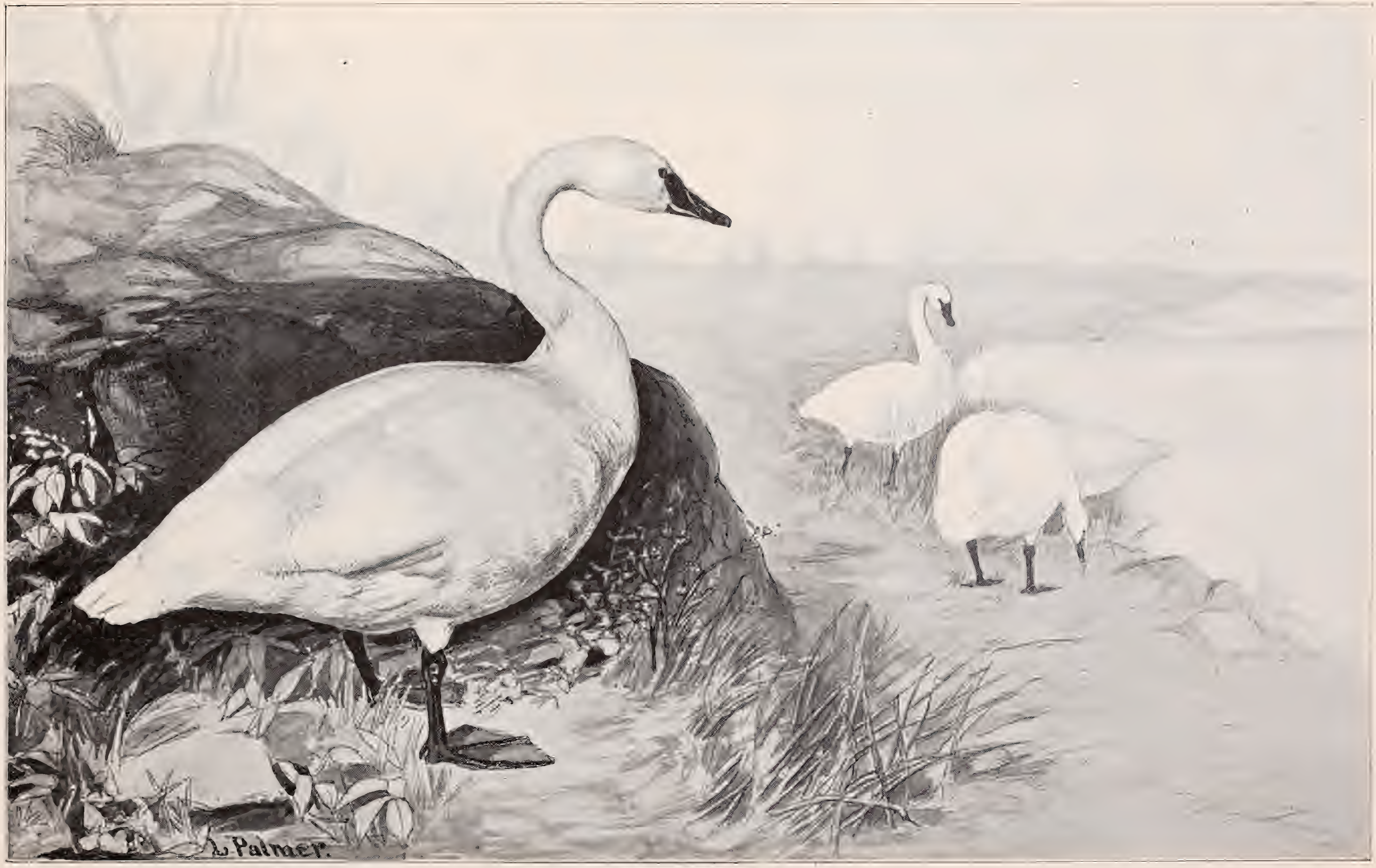


THE WHISTLING SWAN, *CYGNUS AMERICANUS.*

# ON REELFOOT LAKE.

H. M. BROWN.

Early in November, 1883, our small party visited Reelfort lake, for a week's fishing and shooting. There were Judge Wallace McDowell, then of Memphis; W. W. McDowell, of Nashville, and I, now of Texas.

We packed into a 2-horse wagon the goods we thought necessary; loaded several hundred shells, and were off just after noon. The distance was about 18 miles. A few quails, squirrels, doves and rabbits were seen on the way, and occasional ducks and geese; but we took time to shoot only enough quails for supper.

Camp was pitched on a high piece of ground, not more than 50 feet from the edge of the water, while the sun was yet shining. The Judge, not being partial to camping, went to a sportsmen's hotel near by. In a short time we had a fine string of trout and large perch.

After supper we went over to the hotel and listened for 2 or 3 hours to stories told by a company of gunners who were staying there. When we returned to camp we were excited and impatient for daylight, so we might see for ourselves the great number of gentle ducks and geese we had heard so glowingly described.

McDowell and I were boys of 17, only fair shots and not at all well acquainted with the habits and diversions of sportsmen. We knew more of their little peculiarities later.

Reelfort lake was formed by an earthquake, during the winter of 1811-12. It is 32 miles long and 2 to 8 miles wide. The earthquake caused the land to settle more than 20 feet, on an average, and the next overflow of the Mississippi, 12 miles away, filled the depression and formed the lake.

At many places, while on this trip, the trunks of trees were seen, protruding from the water; in fact, the appearance of the lake was that of an overflowed "new-ground." There is one place of more than 200 acres that is entirely free from trees. It is known as the Moultrie field, because a man named Moultrie was farming the land when it subsided. Almost every year the Mississippi, during high water, flows through the lake, and several small streams empty into it.

By daylight we were hidden in the tall grass, down by the water's edge, at a point where it seemed likely the ducks would fly well. The morning proved intensely quiet, and rather warmer than usual for the season; so only a few ducks were flying. The scarcity of birds, together with our inexperience, made it necessary to return with only 5 ducks and one goose.

Of course our bag would have been larger, if most of our ducks had not fallen far out in the lake or in the tall grass along shore. That is what we told the Judge, when he smiled at our small amount of game. He then said we showed evidences of becoming great sportsmen. What do you suppose he meant?

This failure at duck shooting was more than overbalanced by our success at catching fish. By 4 in the evening we caught more than 100 pounds. They seemed to race with one another to see which could get to the hook first; while the 2 boys did race with each other to see which could catch the greatest number.

About 4 o'clock we went out with our guns, hoping to redeem ourselves. We were only moderately successful, the hotel sportsmen said. McDowell killed 5 ducks and 2 geese, while I got 4 ducks and one large turkey gobbler. In addition, each secured several squirrels. We thought we had had wonderful success, and were not backward in saying so. I would render the same verdict even now, if called on for an opinion. That ended the first day of actual hunting and fishing. We felt well paid for our trip already.

We were of the opinion the other side of the lake would be better for hunting, so at 2 o'clock we were up and speeding across the water in a little dug-out. Our cargo was 2 10 gauge Parkers, 200 loaded shells and a 2-gallon tin bucket full of cooked things. The lake was 7 miles wide here. As the water was perfectly smooth, we made good time. Before sun-up, we were on the West shore. The trip over was without incident except at one time our boat became fast on one of the many "knees"—submerged stumps—and we rowed 5 or 10 minutes in blissful ignorance that the boat was making no progress. McDowell nearly upset the dug-out when he reached under and freed it from the "knee."

We had good shooting on the West side. Ducks were flying constantly, and near the shore. By 10 o'clock we had 25 ducks, half a dozen geese and 21 squirrels.

Dinner was eaten under a clump of tall hickory trees, and the empty bucket was good evidence we were hungry. After resting a short time we rowed over to Grape island, to fill ourselves and then our bucket with ripe grapes. During the process we stumbled on 2 large raccoons, which were killed, one with a club and the other with a load of shot. A fat opossum was caught alive.

About the middle of the afternoon the boat was packed, preparatory to crossing the lake. When the start had been made we found the dug-out overloaded. Only a small part of it was above water and as the lake was rough, the water kept coming into the boat. We thought for a time of throwing our game overboard, but decided not to; thus imperiling our lives rather than face the laughter of the hunters at the hotel. While one rowed, the other was kept busy bailing. In this way we crossed, reaching camp about 6 o'clock, cold, wet and hungry.

Dry clothes and a warm supper put us in good humor; and when we learned the 6 big hunters at the hotel had killed only 2 ducks and 5 squirrels, we were almost wild with joy. We did not quit crowing until nearly midnight.

A heavy snow fell during the night, so duck shooting would of course be improved. That day we hunted on the East shore, with only indifferent success. Yet we were fortunate, for we killed a 3 year old buck. It was undoubtedly a chance shot, but we did not admit that. He was fully 60 yards away when shot. We were using 4 drachms of powder and 1⅛ ounces of No. 4 shot.

The buck was hit with 2 charges simultaneously, one from each of us. We then chased him half a mile or more through the woods and canebrakes. When dressed, it was found one charge had hit him in the ribs, shoulder and neck, while the other struck his flank and hip. The only wonder was how he got so far. We did a lot more crowing at the hotel that night.

The lake was again crossed, on the following day, but, mindful of the former experience, we took a large skiff. This was safer than the dug-out, but required an increase of motive power. The day was full of sport and profit to us. We brought back 41 ducks, 13 geese, 17 fox squirrels, 2 bushels of grapes, 2 gallons of luscious persimmons and a wonderful story of a huge black bear, seen but not killed. We were fearfully tired that night, and paid but a brief visit to the hotel.

Nearly every day marked an improvement in the sport, until the week was ended. We reluctantly started for home on the last day of our outing. As all the game killed had been sent home, we exercised ourselves to get a supply as we went along. On the way, we killed 37 quails, 21 squirrels, 2 ducks and one goose.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY DR. HAMILTON VREELAND.

BY WHAT RIGHT?

Winner of Twelfth Prize in RECREATION'S Third Annual Photo Competition.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY JOHN BOYD.

SHOVE ME OFF, PAPA.

Winner of Thirteenth Prize in RECREATION'S Third Annual Photo Competition.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY SERGT. GEORGE W. BEARD.

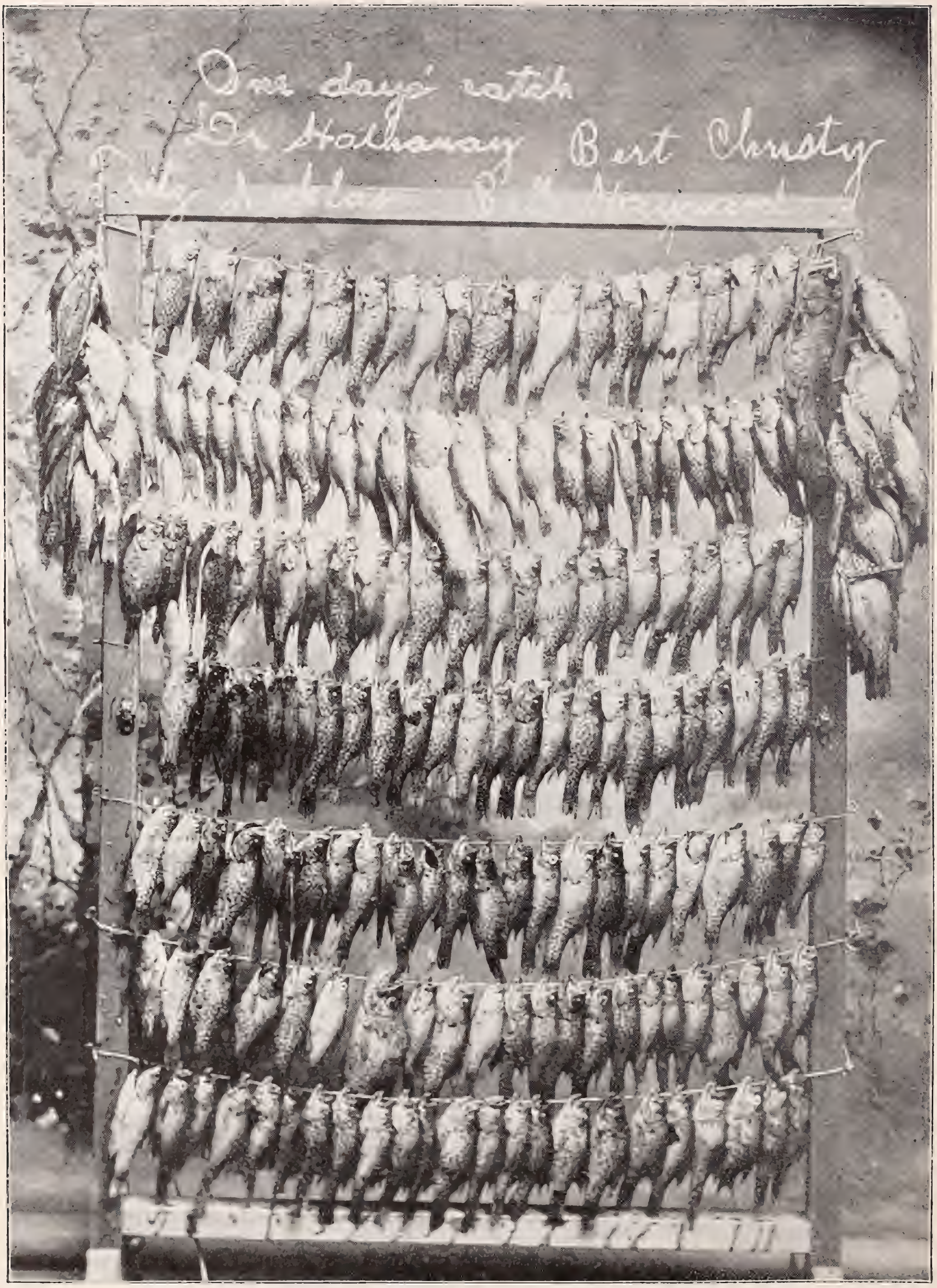
OUT OF MEAT.

Winner of Fourteenth Prize in RECREATION'S Third Annual Photo Competition.

Newsboy—Extry, mister? Extry?

Second Newsboy—Aw, don't buy his papers, mister; dey're more'n t'ree minutes old!—Indianapolis Journal.

This world would be a Paradise
  And wear a different look
If folks would always seem as nice
  As when they have their pictures "took."


One days' catch
Dr Hathaway Bert Christy

THE WORK OF THE SWINE.

# FISHING ON THE NISHNABATONA.

W. H. H.

Our party was 3 hours behind scheduled time, and so it happened that many scaly inhabitants of the Nishnabatona river, in Northern Missouri, are still living in the seclusion of their mossy homes who would not be doing so had we left at 8 instead of 11 o'clock.

There were 4 of us in the party, to say nothing of the dog. Dr. W. T. Hathaway was appointed leader, on account of his varied experience in angling. As the worthy doctor remarked, he has fished all the way from San Francisco to Boston. Thoroughly conversant with the signs of the Zodiac, the weather and the moon, and the relation of each to the appetites of the fish, he said the signs were right and that the fish would bite as never before. His prophesy came true.

The other members of the party, while less learned in finny lore, were all enthusiastic sportsmen with more or less experience. They were Fritz Nicklas, Bert Christy and me, the duly elected scribe of the outfit.

We crossed the sand flats of Iowa, reached the state of hogs and pawpaws and shortly afterward had our hooks, baited with live minnows, in the Nishna.

From the rustic foot-bridge on which we stood we hauled out some 70 crappies and bass before darkness set in, and after supper we slept the sleep of righteous fishermen.

Before the sun had fairly risen we were at it again and all day the sport waxed fast and furious. We were interrupted but once during the morning. A water snake swam among our corks and Fritz grew wildly excited. He seemed to recognize an old friend, and perhaps had had more experience with snakes than with fish. At any rate, after an exciting skirmish, when we had the slimy creature on the foot-bridge, apparently dead, Fritz seemed greatly relieved. Then all at once, as is the custom of dead snakes, it began to wriggle. Fritz immediately went into fits again and shouted " For Gott's sake Christy, sthep on her face." Her face was duly stepped on and the Bavarian again became rational.

It was a little too early in the year for gamy bass but we caught a few small ones, and at the end of the day's fishing had over 200 fish, all told. The enclosed photograph shows their size and beauty.

For those who enjoy still fishing I can heartily recommend " Star School House," on the Nishnabatona river, as an ideal place where the sport is always good.

Here is a typical herd of bristle-backs. The " scribe " says they had over 200 fish, and from the looks of the photograph which he sends with his report they would easily average 3 pounds each; thus making 600 pounds, for 4 men! Please note also that they fished with corks. This shows what kind of " fishermen " they are. They should have had a servant to take off their fish and bait their hooks. It must have been a real hardship for these porkers to do all this work themselves.—Editor.

---

# BY THE LAKE.

WALTER M. HAZELTINE.

Softly sleeping, dreamy-whist,
By the weeping willow kisst;
Not a ripple, not a sound,
In the blue of heaven gowned;
Lake and Nature-melody
Mingling enamouredly.

Floating languorous a cloud
  Flicks the hyaline blue of lake,
Trailing fluctuous the way
  On the desert lies the snake;
Trailing fluctuous and slow
  On the palpitating air,
As the dreams of spirits go
In their dreamships to and fro,
  Shadow-filmy here and there.

# THE PACIFIC COAST COUGAR.

J. M. BALTIMORE.

One of the largest, fiercest and most powerful members of the carnivorous family on the Pacific slope, is the cougar (*Felis concolor*). Indeed, were it not for the dreaded grizzly, that "shuffling, shambling plantigrade," as Bret Harte calls him, the cougar would literally be "King of the forests," so far as that vast region is concerned which lies West of the Rocky mountains, East of the Pacific ocean, North of Mexico and South of the British possessions. The cougar is found in nearly every part of that domain, but its principal habitat is in the mountain ranges and the deep forests. As a rule, he carefully avoids settlements. Man is his most persistent enemy; and the cougar makes its home and its lair as remote as possible from human habitations.

The cougar differs, in some respects, from the common panther of the East and the middle West—the principal points of dissimilarity being in size and color. The cougar, or "Californian Lion," as he is more generally called, is of a tawny color along the back and sides, and the outer parts of the limbs; the neck, breast, belly and inside parts of the legs are much lighter than other portions of his body, being almost white, with a slight suggestion of yellow.

The cougar is larger than the panther, the jaguar, the puma, or the leopard, though in weight, height and length, he is inferior to the average India tiger. The weight of the cougar ranges from 120 to 180 pounds. The average male is larger than the female. In length the animal varies from 5 to 9 feet—that is, from the point of the nose to the tip of the tail. The tail is like that of the other members of the feline family, except the lion, the hair being thick and of uniform length. The cougar is nothing more nor less than an enormous cat, the resemblance being exact with the exception that the former is more gaunt about the sides and flanks. Its claws and teeth are long, sharp as needles, and very strong. In this respect, the cougar is but little inferior to the lion or the tiger.

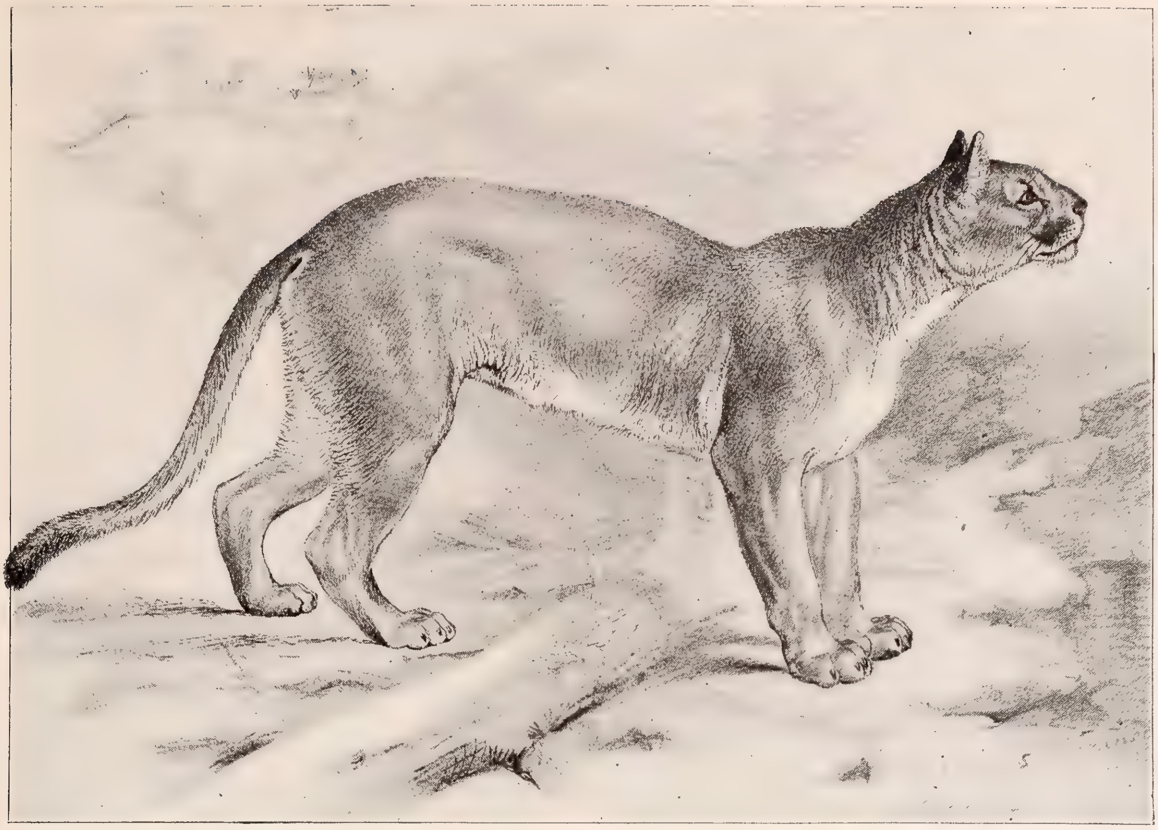
By nature and instinct, the cougar is cowardly. Men and dogs are objects of its special fear—even terror. It is a sly, skulking, stealthy creature and has the perfect action of a cat. Like the cat, the cougar is patient when in quest of its prey, and will wait for hours for the game to come along. Very rarely indeed has the cougar been known to attack any animal, however defenceless, in an open, courageous manner. It usually crouches on a limb that overhangs a trail, or on some jutting rock or bank, and waits for its victim to come along. When the game unsuspectingly approaches within springing range, quick as a flash, the fierce creature leaps down, seizes its victim by the throat with its teeth, and tears it to pieces with its powerful knife-like claws. The cougar seems to know, by instinct, where the vital parts of its victim are located, and in a few moments destroys its life. With one savage clutch of its teeth the cougar frequently severs the jugular vein of a deer, colt, calf, sheep, or hog.

Blood is more palatable than flesh to the cougar, and after dispatching his prey he eagerly sucks its hot life fluid. If the quantity of blood is not sufficient to satisfy its hunger the cougar then proceeds to lunch on the warm, quivering flesh.

The cougar well knows that "discretion is the better part of valor," even in the pursuit of prey, for he never attacks any animal that is likely to prove too strong for him. Full grown and vigorous horses, cattle or elk are seldom or never attacked. A weak or disabled adult animal, of either species, is often singled out as a victim.

In the Cascade mountains of Oregon and Washington, and the Coast range in Oregon, these fierce and predatory animals have their principal habitat. They are also found in large numbers in the Blue mountains of Eastern Oregon and Washington. The cougar seldom ventures far down into the valleys, or remains in thickly settled regions. He can travel with great rapidity, and can easily cover from 25 to 30 miles in one night. During the day he sleeps, and only ventures forth at night—unless greatly pressed by hunger. Under such circumstances, cougars have been known to attack animals in broad daylight, and to kill them, even in the sight of persons. But, instinctively, they are cowardly skulkers, and, like an Indian, never attack unless they have the decided advantage.

Amidst deep and gloomy forests, far back in the rugged mountain fastnesses, in the heart of canyons, rocky gorges, and impenetrable thickets of underbrush, is where the cougar loves to make his native lair when "off duty." He is somewhat like the boa constrictor and the anaconda. He loves to gorge himself with flesh and blood, and then to creep away and sleep through the process of digestion. During such a period, the animal is inclined to be rather sluggish, and is decidedly non-



PANTHER COUGAR, OR MOUNTAIN LION (*FELIS CONCOLOR*).

aggressive, unless pressed or wounded. When hunger again asserts itself, the cougar is off on some predatory raid, and never relinquishes the quest until another victim is found and sacrificed.

Ranchmen and farmers living along the edges of the valleys and near the foothills, in Oregon and Washington, sustain heavy losses every season from the ravages of these ruthless marauders. Every year great numbers of sheep, calves, colts, and swine are destroyed. Despite the warfare that is constantly waged against these fierce and destructive animals, they appear to be rapidly increasing. The settlers in a given region frequently organize, and make a general hunt, with trained dogs, forming a circle or a battue covering a large tract of country. A good many cougars are thus hunted down and killed, but the most of them retreat far back into the mountain fastnesses where pursuit is defied.

The female cougar is, like the common house cat, a fecund animal, and breeds rapidly; so, that in spite of the numbers killed every year, the mountain lion is constantly increasing. Hence the ravages on stock are proportionately greater, and the robbers become more and more bold. Usually these animals, when on a raid, travel alone; though sometimes 2, or even more, are found in company.

A cougar, when pressed by hunger, will leave its mountain, or forest retreat, early in the evening, and make a long dash down into the valley to some ranch, where it will suddenly pounce down upon some luckless sheep, colt, calf or porker, kill it almost instantly; suck up the blood and devour so much as will satisfy its hunger. Then, having glutted its appetite, the cougar will start back for its mountain retreat, which is generally reached before morning.

Sometimes, after one of these long excursions he finds difficulty in securing game, and is not able to reach his native jungle before daylight. In such a case he takes refuge in some neighboring wood where it can sleep during the day. When night again descends, the cougar goes back to his safer retreat.

In his wild, native haunts, the deer is the favorite prey of the cougar and he rarely attacks small game. When on the still hunt, in settlements, he evinces a preference for fat, juicy pork; but if no hapless swine can be found he is satisfied with mutton, veal or colts' flesh. He is a glutton and, whenever an opportunity offers he gorges himself to overflowing.

Unless attacked, wounded and pressed, the cougar usually retreats from a human being—especially a man. When crowded, and driven to bay, he becomes furious and will savagely attack man or beast. A dog is an object of special terror to a cougar. When pursued by a pack, he attempts to escape by flight, and, failing in this, takes to a tree. When driven to bay he is a savage and dangerous foe.

The female makes a kind and affectionate mother, for she will provide for her clamorous whelps at all hazards. She is very dangerous when any foe—man or beast—attacks or disturbs her young, and will fight desperately in defense of them.

Few animals of its size have greater strength, agility or power of endurance than the mountain lion. It has been known to carry or drag the carcass of an animal weighing more than a hundred pounds, for miles over a rough country—through timber, over rocks and logs and up the sides of steep mountains.

The young are pretty creatures, as sprightly and playful as kittens. When first born, there are dim stripes, or bars, on their bodies, suggestive of the tiger; but these disappear by the time the whelps get their eyes open, which is usually on the ninth day after birth. Up to a certain age, the whelps make harmless and interesting pets. They are full of innocent sport, and form a certain sort of attachment for their master. But when the young cougar reaches a certain age, and becomes strong and active, its feline nature is developed; it becomes treacherous and dangerous—especially to strangers—and can no longer be safely trusted. On slight provocation, the animal would viciously attack friend or enemy. No more than the tiger, wildcat, jaguar, or leopard, can the California lion, or cougar of the Pacific Coast, be domesticated. It is only safe in captivity, when behind strong iron bars.

The eyes of the cougar are like those of a cat in color, shape and power of dilation. In the dark they shine with a deep vitreous glow. When angry, or wounded, it utters a loud, sharp cry, closely resembling the scream of a terror-stricken woman. It also makes a loud, but soft purring noise, similar to that of the cat, when not disposed to be belligerent. The cougar when on the watch, and when about to make a spring on its prey, has precisely the same habit of switching its long, supple tail as has the common cat just before pouncing down on a bird or a mouse. In point of activity, the cougar is not inferior to any living animal. Its springing powers are astonishing, being scarcely less than those of the lion or the tiger. It is very hardy, and can withstand the rigors of a long and severe winter without seeming to lose flesh, strength or activity.

In a few years a combined effort will doubtless be necessary to effect the extermination of these predatory animals, by the farmers and stockmen who live near the several mountain ranges of Oregon and Washington; for their ravages will have to be stopped. For several years laws have been in existence for the paying of liberal bounties for cougar scalps. This has developed many hunters who follow the cougar as a source of profit. Owing to the sly, wary and suspicious nature of the cougar, however, it is a difficult matter to trap them. A good many are destroyed every year by putting poison on carcasses, and leaving them in exposed places where they are certain to attract the attention of the cougars; yet against the combined efforts of hunters and ranchmen this great cat is said to be steadily increasing.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY W. S. COPELAND.

OUR PETS.

Winner of Sixth Prize in RECREATION'S Third Annual Photo Competition.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY W. E. CARLIN.

A BABY BLUE GROUSE.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY CHARLES S. BUTTERS.

A BOB-TAIL FLUSH.

Winner of Eighteenth Prize in Recreation's Third Annual Photo Competition.

# GEORGE.

MRS. JANE MARLIN.

> " But sweetest to my ear the sudden splash,
> When the swift trout across the ripples dash."

Away up in Massachusetts hills, on the banks of Roaring brook, nestles a village of little importance to the outside world; a village of rural simplicity quite as primitive as it was half a century ago, quite as fascinatingly picturesque. Still Corner boasts a store and school house, the one at the top and the other at the foot of the long, steep hill which forms the main street of the village. On either side are old, rambling farm houses with wide piazzas hidden beneath honeysuckle vine and white star-like clematis. Near the store is the tumble-down, red mill, long since deserted, and back of it the mill pond and dam. Down another hill, running at right angles with the main street, is the grist mill, and just across the bridge, on a terrace overlooking the noisy brook, is the pretty cottage where George lived. A little white cottage with green blinds and so hidden among fruit trees as to be scarcely discernible from the store and settlement at the top of the hill. Near the house, separated by an old-fashioned garden is the barn, with its comfortable box stall for " Jennie," the faithful, white mare; and in the shed, close by, the buckboard, light and springy, the most comfortable vehicle imaginable for the rough, stony hills. Over the buckboard, on a beam are rods innumerable and lines, hooks, baskets, reels and tin worm boxes are scattered everywhere; for George loved to fish and he knew every brook and pond wherein trout sported—the country round. From a mere lad it was George's delight to steal away and fish, and for over 60 years he haunted the stream from April till August.

One bright April day I received the following letter:

" Still Corner, April 19, 1895.

Dear Elizabeth: The brooks are in splendid condition and if you and Paul will come up you may be sure of a good mess of trout for dinner, and a nice string to take back to town. Let me know when to expect you, and 'Jennie' and I will be at the N—— A—— station to meet you,

Affectionately Yours,
Uncle George."

Well we knew what that meant. For the past 10 years we had received just such letters of invitation from George and his promise of a good catch of trout had never been broken. In 2 days we were grasping George's hand on the station platform and looking into his kindly blue eyes. We were soon packed away on the buckboard and after a drive of 3 miles reached the cottage and were soon in the arms of Aunt Mary, George's sister and housekeeper. In the dining room the table was already set, while, from the kitchen the odor of frying fish was most appetizing.

" Trout, I do believe, George! The first of the season. How many to-day, old man? I hope you left a few for me," said Paul, as he threw himself down in the large rocking chair.

" Not many, my boy, just a taste for Beth. They didn't bite as well as usual to-day," and George laughed as Armindy brought in the large platter heaped with small deliciously browned trout. We were hungry, the fish were fried to a turn and at the end of the meal not so much as a tail remained of the 3 dozen.

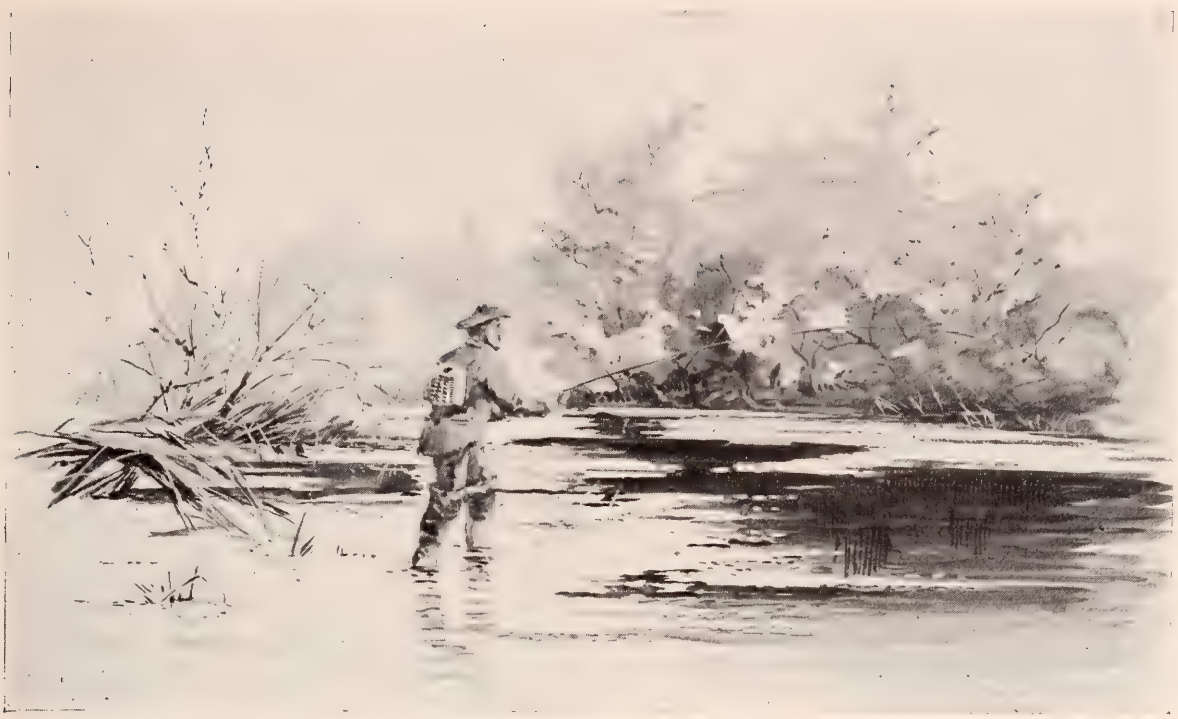
" I'll feed Jennie," said George after supper, " then to bed. 'Early to bed, early to rise,' children, you know," and the old man went out to the barn followed by Paul. It was about eight o'clock when they came in.

" I've tramped about a good deal for an old man like me," and George went into the kitchen for a candle, " so if you will excuse me, Beth, I think I'll turn in. What time will you be ready to start in the morning? Better get an early start. You ain't going, be you, Beth?"

" Why, of course I am, George. You promised to teach me how to land a trout and you have put me off long enough. I am going this time and shall be ready at 7. Paul is the lazy one and it will be 9 before we get him out."

" No, indeed, George. Breakfast at 6.30 and all aboard for the trout brook at 7, as Madame suggests, though I'll wager she will back out at the last minute."

" Six o'clock, boys and girls," called George outside the door next morning. " Here's hot water and breakfast will be on the table by the time you're down." We were soon dressed and after breakfast of slapjacks, maple syrup and coffee we seated ourselves on the buckboard. Giving Jennie a slap with the reins we were soon bowling along the road toward the Centre, for, by special permission, we were to fish in a much posted, narrow stream that meandered through the meadow land of Deacon Ebenezer Field. Driving across the lot to a maple grove on the farther side George tied Jennie to a tree, and with Paul's help soon had the rods rigged for the day's sport. Handing me a long, wil-



GEORGE AT THE POND.

lowy pole, George said, " If you are going to fish you must bait your own hook, little woman," and he handed me a tin box of wiggling worms, at the same time selecting 2 or 3 long fellows he adroitly covered his hook. I looked in dismay at the brown, slimy things, but seeing the twinkle in George's eye and the " I told you so " look on Paul's face, I resolved to do or die, and grasping 2 of the cold, creepy things proceeded to put them on my hook.

" Well done for a woman. I'll make a sportswoman out of you yet, Beth, see if I don't. Now we'll start in and fish. I'll go over tother side of the maples and Paul had better start in there behind the meeting house and fish up. Come along with me, Beth, and I'll give you a nice little pool over here where I saw the prettiest pair of trout. One of 'em would weigh on to a pound and a half, and tother won't fall short of it. Durned poor luck for me today, I'll wager," and George jumped quickly aside as something darted past us in the grass. " Never have any luck when I see one of them pesky adders. Here you are, now stand back here and throw your line so; " and George lightly swung my line over into the pool. " Now keep quiet, you'll soon hev' a bite. Let the fellow get a good hold and handle him carefully or you will lose him. When you have landed him just bait up again and get his mate. Good-by! If you don't hook one of them in half an hour you're no good," and George disappeared up the brook.

For some time I held the rod, first in one hand then the other without getting a bite, and was just on the point of giving up when I felt a tug at my hook. Grasping the rod with both hands I jerked, but to no avail. I could not lift the heavy thing from the water and the harder I pulled the harder pulled the fish. Fearful of losing my prize I called loudly for George and he soon came on a run.

" Got him, little girl? Hold him fast till I get there," he said. Just as I was about to sink down exhausted he seized the rod. " Should think you'd got a whale, Beth, by the way he pulls," and George with a quick jerk threw the line back over his head and a long black something landed, flapping madly, in the tall grass. In a flash we were there and with a look of disgust George pointed to my first trout wiggling at his feet. Instead of a pink spotted fish I saw a hideous black object some 3 feet long, and realized that my first catch was nothing but an eel. Without a word George cut the line and threw the creature, hook and all, to the other side of the brook. Then he fixed me a new outfit and hastened away up the stream. Nothing daunted I tried again and when the men came up for lunch I had caught 2 dace and one poor, little trout about 4 inches long. George had 20 and Paul 37. Grasping Paul's hand George said in a husky voice. " You are a brick, my boy, and my mantle shall fall upon you. Somehow I feel I shan't fish much more. I'm an old man, children, and can't stay much longer at the longest, but we won't talk about it any more to-day for I want you to enjoy this visit more than any you have made me before. Now we will have a bite and then drive over to Adam's pond and get a few big ones for you to take back with you." Then noticing my tired look he added, "We will go around by the corner and leave Beth, for I think she'd enjoy spending the afternoon 'long with Mary." When they came home tired and dusty from their long day's tramp Paul had 57 and George 40 trout.

A few days later we again stood on the platform at N.A., waiting for the train. Gifted with clairvoyant and clairaudient prescience, George had always seemed to see and to hear things we failed to catch, and during our visit I had been more than ever impressed by this power of his. As we stood there on the platform he seemed on a delectable height, miles removed from the earth and the earthy. "Yes, I hear and understand," he murmured, and the noise of the incoming train drowned the rest of the sentence. "Good-by, children, good-by. Come again soon. My mantle has fallen on you, Paul. Wear it well for my sake, and never fail to come to the Corner for the fishing. Good-by," and we were whirled away. As we looked back at the small, sinewy man with his white, wavy hair and mustache, his clear cut face and frank blue eyes, I sighed, for I felt I should never see him again.

Back in town, busied with household cares, I forgot the impression at the station, and 4 nights later sat down to dinner with a party of friends to discuss the trout we had brought from Massachusetts. The last guest had left when the bell rang and the maid brought a telegram. Paul hastily opened and read it; then without a word handed it to me. It said:

"Paul Skiff: George's mantle has fallen upon you. He died suddenly this morning."

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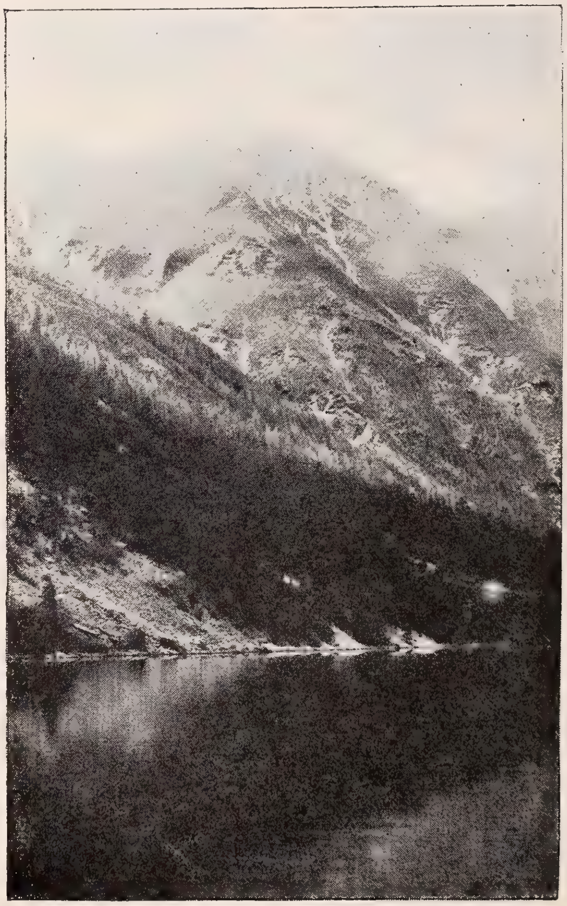
# A GOAT HUNT IN THE BITTER ROOT MOUNTAINS.

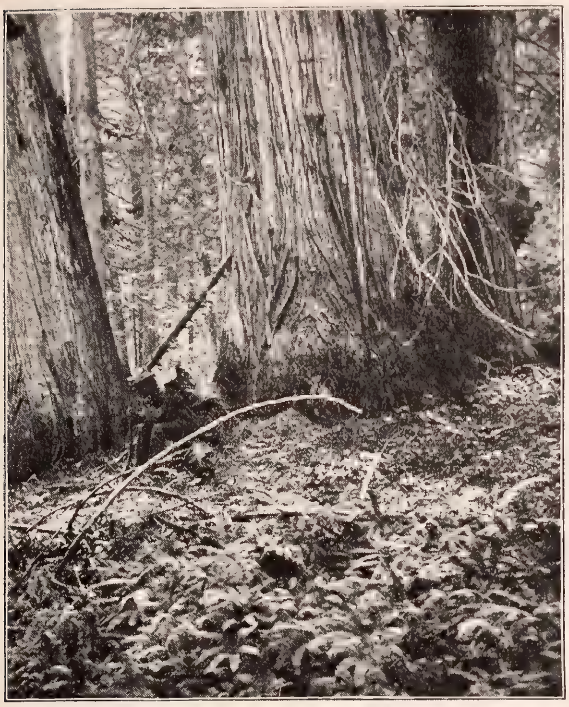
A. L. A. HIMMELWRIGHT.

A whiz over the sharp curves of the picturesque B. & O., 10 hours on the Burlington's "finest train in the world" and 3 days of ever-changing panorama on the Northern Pacific R. R., are some of the necessary and not uninteresting preliminaries of an Eastern man's visit to the Rocky mountains. I was not, however, supremely happy until my back was turned on civilization and, astride of a regulation cayuse, I entered the mouth of Lost Horse canyon, bound over the range for the Clearwater country of Idaho.

It was a bright autumn morning. The sides of the canyon were steep, rocky slopes terminating a mile overhead in a ragged skyline which displayed, here and there, banks of last winter's snow. Silvery lines, interrupted at intervals by patches of timber, marked where tiny streams rush madly down the canyon walls. The clear, cold water of Lost Horse creek dances merrily over its characteristic bed of brownish pebbles and bowlders. The trail winds through thickets of pine and fir, skirts vast jams of slide rock, hugs precipitous walls, and descends again by short zig-zag grades to the creek. While my pony drank, the rest of the party put in their appearance. There is an abrupt descent of several feet where the trail reaches the creek, and the 3 pack horses jostled each other in their impatience to drink. "Dick" and "Dock," the packers, each riding a cayuse, brought up the rear and shouted at the pack ani-



GOOD GOAT COUNTRY.



GIANT CEDARS.

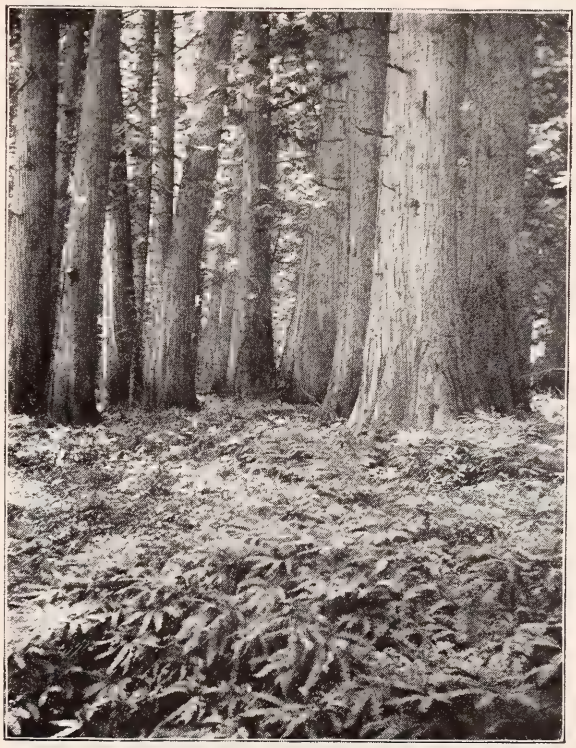
mals. At this season the creek is low and easy to ford. After crossing it we flushed a bunch of grouse and I scored my first—miss, but I made up for it later in the day.

We crossed the main divide of the Bitter Root range early the following morning, and then descended into and followed the tortuous canyon of Moose creek. In the afternoon of the fourth day of our horseback journey we found a letter, by 2 blazed trees near the trail (as had been agreed upon early in the summer), which gave us specific directions from that point. Three hours later, on rounding the crest of a rocky spur, I came in sight of Elk Summit lake and near it, in a clump of pine and fir trees, the white tents and curling smoke of Mr. Carlin's camp. Our meeting after a separation of 18 months was an event such as seldom occurs in the hurried and unsentimental world of business.

Beside a lot of provisions and supplies, I delivered about 100 letters and a quantity of other mail matter for Mr. Carlin's party that had been accumulating for 3 months at Hamilton, Montana. Messages from one's friends are never so much appreciated as under such circumstances. The next morning everyone was busy writing letters to send with the returning pack train, which left camp about noon.

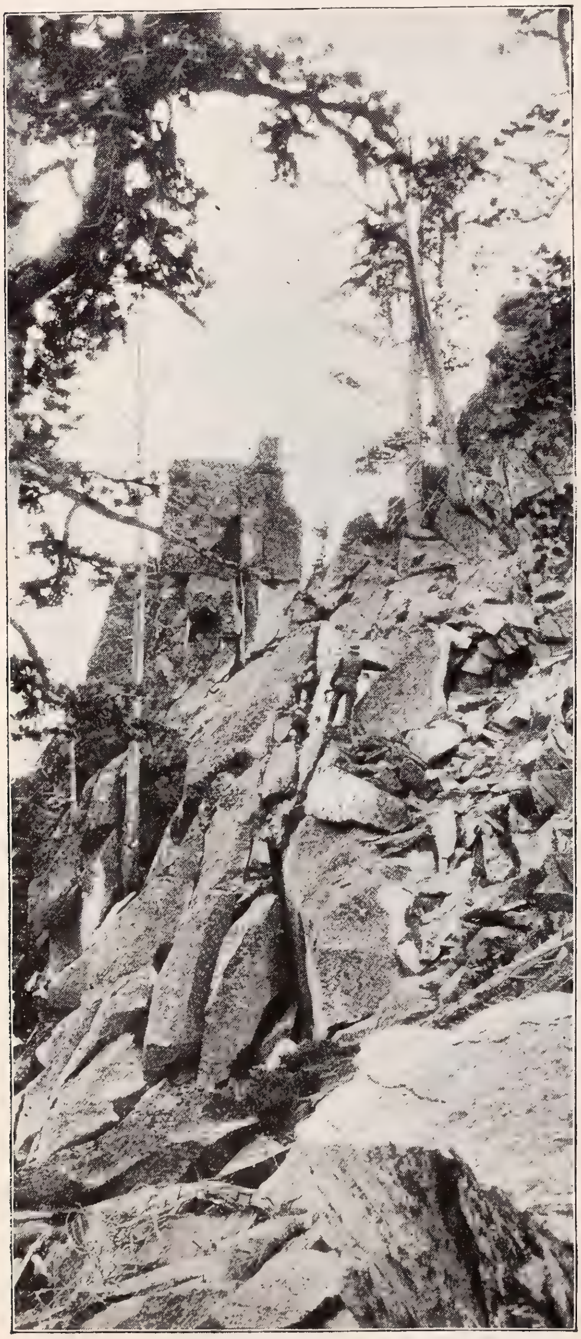
The supply of fresh meat being exhausted, 3 of us went hunting in the afternoon. In a short time we succeeded in locating a band of 5 elk, about 2½ miles Northeast of camp. A fat yearling was singled out, and the next morning the meat was packed to camp.

The mission of Mr. Carlin and party was to photograph live wild animals and birds. They had been camping at Elk Summit lake about 6 weeks, and a week after my arrival it was decided to move camp about 10 miles to the North. A cache was made on a platform in a bunch of pines, where we left such of the provisions and camp luggage as were not needed until our return. The cayuses were rounded up and salted, and the duffle arranged in convenient sized packs. After an early breakfast the following day, we began to pack the horses. They had become quite wild and unmanageable from not being handled for so long a time. The gentlest ones were packed first with the most valuable things, and as we gradually came to those less docile, the interest in the packing increased. Some of the cayuses had characteristic and somewhat romantic names; as, for instance, "Billy Skyrocket," "Crême de Menthe," and "Devil." The first came by his name in crossing a bad ford in Moose creek. While fording the stream in early summer he lost his footing and, entirely submerged, was washed down stream in the swift current for a considerable distance. Nothing was seen of him until, striking some obstruction in the bed of the creek, he suddenly shot up out of the water, pack and all, like a tarpon. His name previously had been plain "Billy," but after this acrobatic display in shooting the rapids, "Skyrocket" was added. "Crême de Menthe" was the last but one of the horses packed that morning and, as it was thought she might be a bit frisky, an extra rope was put around her neck. The other neck-rope



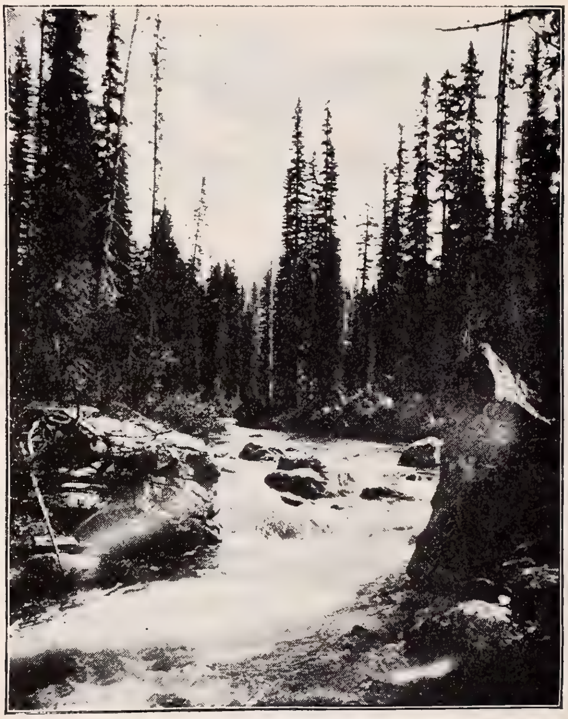
CEDARS AND FERNS.

was passed around her head to do service as a halter, and had an extra turn around the lower jaw. Everything went well for a time. The side and top packs, some bedding, the pack cover and even the cinch rope went on without an uncertain movement or a suspicious sign. When, however, the guide began to tighten the cinch rope there was no end of excitement. "Crême" made a sudden rush backward, then forward and then she kicked and began to buck. The "kyacks" rattled, the frying pans jingled, the rope men yanked and swore; but "Crême" just bucked and bucked. The pack soon worked loose, and as the scene of activity shifted about we came upon dust-covered blankets, battered frying pans, torn quilts and frayed pieces of pack-cover. We were further entertained by a babel of shouts and commands, interspersed at irregular intervals by meteoric showers of small boxes, canvas shoes, dishpans, rubber coats, fly-hooks, hats, tin cans, toilet cases, steel traps, cartridge belts, silver coins, stove-in "kyacks," stray pieces of "gunny sack" and odd ends of straps and rope—all issuing from a centre of gyration, within a cloud of dust, that could only be approximately located by the intersection of the neck-ropes. At last there was a dull thud and the din ceased. When the dust cleared away "Crême" was lying on the ground with her legs tangled in the neck-ropes, panting and quivering and brown with dust and sweat. The wreckage scattered about was, to use a slang expression, a "fright," but we quickly gathered it up and the actual damage was much less than might be imagined. "Crême" was packed heavily, a few minutes later, without further difficulty. "Devil" was the last horse packed. He had a camera and other valuables on his back, but began to buck before the cinch rope was put on, and quickly unloaded himself without doing any damage. He was finally packed with ease by blindfolding him.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY W. H. WRIGHT.

THE HOME OF THE WHITE GOAT.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY WRIGHT AND CARLIN.

MOOSE CREEK.

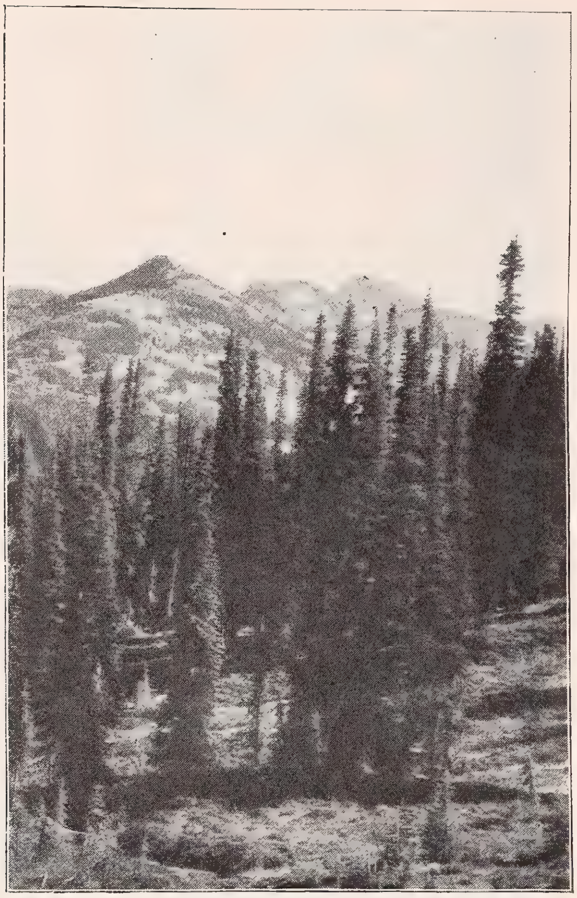
We started on our journey about noon and reached our destination at sundown. I hunted for moose 2 days, but found no fresh sign. On the third day, with Wright the guide, I climbed a rocky ridge,

CRÊME DE MENTHE.

CALAMITY JANE.

2 miles from camp, and seeing fresh bear and goat sign we continued up the mountain. We soon lost track of the bear and decided to hunt goats. We made our way along the ragged crest of a sharp, rocky ridge; occasionally looking over the slopes at points of vantage and examining every bench and snow bank with the greatest care. After passing along in this way for an hour or more we crossed through a saddle and, peering over a ledge of rock, saw a bench, 700 or 800 feet below us, on which were several large snow banks. On one of these Wright discovered 4 goats stretched out at full length in the sun and sound asleep. By keeping behind projecting rocks as much as possible, assisting each other down steep places and clinging to rocks and occasional stunted trees, we gradually worked downward. There were a number of narrow benches, like huge steps, in the mountain side. Small patches of tender grass, then in blossom, contrasted pleasingly with the gray and white rocks, which in huge jagged masses separated and cut up the benches. We moved carefully so as not to dislodge any loose pieces of rock. Sometimes we were in plain sight of the goats, but they slept peacefully on. We finally reached a wide bench almost directly over, and not more than 60 yards distant from them. As I wanted a trophy head I asked Wright if he could pick out a "Billy." He singled one out, and in a few seconds it lay on its back, in a crevice in the rocks, a bullet hole through the shoulder. The others were bounding about from rock to rock, thoroughly confused but making no attempt to get away. Selecting the largest goat from those remaining, I shot that also. The 2 others dodged about on a ledge of rock, sometimes out of sight behind large bowlders, then reappearing again. Wright, who had promised a goat head to a friend of his, shot one of these and the other was allowed to make its escape. We completed our descent to the goats. They proved fine specimens, and after admiring them we dragged 2 into a convenient crevice in the rocks. The other was left some distance from these in the shade of a tree. The next morning we brought horses from camp to within half a mile of the goats and proceeded the remaining distance on foot. On reaching the tree where we had left one of

GOOD TROUT WATER.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY W. H. WRIGHT.

A GLIMPSE OF THE BITTER ROOT RANGE.

the goats we found some one had discovered it during our absence and taken the head, skin and feet. Wright was hot on the trail in a moment and soon found well-defined foot-prints in the soft soil of a little run, near by. I was anxious by this time concerning the fate of the other 2 goats. They were unmolested, their position in the rocks having successfully hidden them. As we were not aware that there was a soul within many miles of our camp, this unsportsmanlike action of some marauding hunter was not only a great surprise, but furnished the principal topic of conversation for several days.

Elk, deer, trout, and grouse were everywhere so plentiful that our table was always bountifully supplied. The spruce grouse were, in fact, so tame that we seldom shot them, but secured all we desired by breaking their necks with a switch. On one occasion I saw the guide capture 2, that stood close together, at a single stroke.

The party finished its photographic work at this camp in about a week and decided to return to Elk Summit lake. The cayuses were much more gentle this time, and packing was attended by no exciting or disagreeable circumstances. I might say, incidentally, that I learned, while at this camp, to give “Calamity Jane” a wide berth. This knowledge came to me unsought. One morning before breakfast I went to the creek for a pail of water. “Calamity” happened to be standing near the trail and, as she had such a guileless, tired appearance, I paid little attention to her as I passed along. No marksman ever hit a bull's-eye with greater precision than “Calamity” struck the tin pail. If I had not retained a strong hold on the handle it would have been sent flying 50 feet or more. While pressing out the deep indentation in the pail, I had plenty of time to make mental notes, which would, even now, enable me to distinguish “Calamity” from among 1,000 other cayuses.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY W. E. CARLIN.

DID YOU CALL ME?

After returning to Elk Summit lake and making camp, a prolonged rain and snow storm set in which prevented the party from moving on to “The Cedars” in Moose Creek valley, as they intended. Hanging on one of the trees near our cache we found a card reading:

“G. M. D——
——, Va.

“Visited your camp Aug. 27th. Who are you and what have you killed? etc.”

As this was the first definite information we had as to who had visited our neighborhood, it was natural to suspect this man, or some one in his party, of having appropriated the goat head, etc., at our other camp. The inclement weather kept us in camp most of the time and one of our party wrote the following in reply to the message on the card:

“To G. M. D.——:
“You asked us who the party was
And thus we have replied:
We are the folks who killed that goat
From which you took the hide.

“And our advice is when you show
This trophy of your gun,

Be sure to state the honest facts
And say how it was won.

" Or else, perchance, the truth may out,
And bring the blush of shame
Upon the cheek of G. M. D.——
Who bagged another's game."

To be perfectly fair, it is necessary to state that G. M. D.—— has since proved an *alibi*, and we subsequently learned that another party, under the leadership of Mr. Roland Cox, Jr., of New York City, also passed through our neighborhood about the time of the goat episode.

As soon as the weather permitted, we moved camp to " The Cedars "—a belt of heavy white cedar timber that covers the bottom of Moose Creek canyon for a distance of 20 miles or more. The tents were pitched in the midst of the giant trees, many of which were 6 feet and some as large as 10 and 12 feet in diameter. After camp had been made comfortable, I stole away for a few moments to take a look at the giant cedars. Although the sun had not set, on turning away from the light of the camp fire it took several minutes for my eyes to become accustomed to the deep gloom. A few steps took me out of sight and hearing of camp. The great trunks of the cedars, like vast columns, towered high overhead and above them the green tops, interlacing their branches, formed a continuous roof, through which the rays of the sun never penetrate. Covering the ground at my feet like a soft, dainty carpet, was a dense, luxuriant growth of maiden hair fern, 2 feet in depth. Alone, and in appreciative contemplation of these outlines, it required little exercise of the imagination to conceive a Temple of Nature so wonderful in its reality, so mammoth in extent, as to inspire one with wholesome and reverent awe.

My allotted time in the woods expired a few days after we reached " The Cedars," and one morning, just at dawn, I bade the party a reluctant good-by and started homeward. By going light and making long drives, I succeeded in making the journey to Hamilton in 2 days.

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# ELK AND BEAR IN THE OLYMPICS.

W. E. HUMPHREY.

A preacher, Rev. Major; a physician, Dr. Parents; 2 lawyers, Mr. Weir and I, together with Andy, the roustabout, made up our party. We had been a week in the Olympics, the wildest and grandest group of mountains on the continent. For 2 days we had been on the summit of Mt. Constance. From this camp we could see 30 peaks covered with eternal snows; while everywhere at our feet were countless fragrant flowers. At the close of August we were surrounded by all the beauties of spring.

" I think it will be about a 30 minutes' walk to the river," said the doctor, as we listened to the distant roar of the Dungeness. The lawyers looked at each other and smiled. We had been there. The preached looked knowingly, but wisely kept from expressing an opinion. We started the next day to take that " 30 minutes' walk." Down, down, the side of the mighty canyon we slid for 5 hours. At last, at almost dark, we reached the river and built our camp fire, amid giant firs and hemlocks that grew—some of them—to the almost incredible height of 300 feet. That night as we lay before the fire, we speculated as to the probability of elk being found in the vicinity, and it was decided that next morning Mr. Weir and I would go up the river on a prospecting tour. This point being settled, we rolled in our blankets and slept.

" Had we not better do a little prospecting before breakfast? " I said to Mr. Weir, at daybreak the next morning. " Yes," he answered, between snores. I waited a few minutes and then went with Andy to the river, where he got down on his knees and proceeded to wash the dishes. He paused a moment, looked up the river and then turned to me. His eyes seemed starting from their sockets, his tongue protruded, he raised his hand and stuck up 2 fingers in an awful warning for silence. Then he started for his gun, with the wildest face I have ever seen outside of an asylum. I followed him and we secured our guns and returned to the river. He stepped into the stream, and, after what seemed to me a long time, fired, and I saw 2 red spots disappear through the brush.

Of course the shot aroused the camp; every one was awake by that time. I returned to the camp but Andy tore through the brush like a scared bear.

" What is it? " came from the aroused sleepers.

" A deer," I said, " and I think Andy missed it."

This aroused no enthusiasm and the

camp was in the calmest of moods. Then Andy came in sight; his excitement had not decreased.

"Elk! elk! 6 elk!" he shouted.

Then he proceeded to describe them with a profusion of oaths that would, on any other occasion, have called forth a rebuke from the preacher. Were we mad? It would be hard to tell which, just at that time, we most desired to kill, Andy or the elk. The lawyers looked as if a verdict of guilty in the first degree had been rendered against them. The minister picked up his gun, looked in the direction the elk had gone, then at Andy. I have known the clergyman intimately for many years and have heard him preach, but on this occasion he used a new and strange language. The doctor took out his comb and silently combed his scattered locks and we knew he was deeply stirred; he always expressed his emotions in this way, when too deep for words. Not modesty, but propriety, forbids that my own language be recorded.

We soon found Andy's was a poetic temperament; or at least his imagination was lively; for his 6 elk, "3 with horns and 3 without horns," had walked on 2 sets of legs. But this little discrepancy in no way dampened his ardor, for later in the day when he and I came across the track of 6, he reported at the camp with great enthusiasm that we had come upon at least "200."

There was no breakfast that morning. Mr. Weir and the doctor started up the mountain side on the trail of the elk Andy had seen. Mr. Major and I went up the river, thinking the elk might turn and come down along the bank of the stream. We kept up the river for some distance, until we were satisfied the game had not gone that way. We found a fallen tree across the river, probably 18 inches through and 100 feet long. It was shaky and slippery and we realized that if we fell it would probably be our last fall; but tame blood flows in the veins of the hunter who will not take his life in his hands when after big game. So across we went, around a steep, rocky cliff, and up another branch of the river. Here we found that 6 elk—Andy's "200"—had just crossed the stream, the sand in the path being still wet from the water that had dripped from them. The trail being comparatively smooth and level we pushed rapidly after them.

We followed about 5 miles, and everything seemed to indicate that we must come upon them in a few minutes. We halted for a moment and I suggested we place shells in our guns, which we did, and quickly but with great caution, proceeded.

We were going up river, near the bank, and the roar of the water was so great ordinary conversation could not be heard at a distance of 6 feet. The wind was blowing down the canyon. The path was through a sandy bottom. Everything was favorable. We stepped over a low embankment, and stood within 60 feet of an immense black bear. He was quietly sniffing in the moss, evidently attracted by some kind of berries. It was the first time either of us had seen one alive in the woods. It was quite a surprise to us both. My first impression was to feel for a peanut to feed him, for he looked the picture of gentleness. But while this thought flashed through my mind, my gun came to my shoulder, and I covered his heart. At that instant Mr. Major's gun gave a slight click, and notwithstanding the distance and the roar of the river the bear heard it and started to raise his head. I changed my aim, and the instant his head was in position to see us I fired. He dropped with scarcely the quiver of a muscle. The .303 had done its work well.

The bullet entered the skull at the side of the head, just above the eye. It made a hole about ½ inch in diameter, and as it crossed through the bones, just in front of the brain pan, the destruction was terrible, all the front part of the skull being shattered to fragments. The bullet seemed to separate into atoms, for while it did not pass out of the head, yet, with a reasonably careful examination, we were unable to find a particle of it. As we stood resting our guns on the bear, admiring his great carcass and remarkable muscular development, Mr. Major said,

"Humphrey, I have hunted a great deal with you, and always entertained a favorable opinion of you, both as a man and as a sportsman, but you played me a mean trick."

I looked up in surprise, and he continued,

"For 3 years I have hunted with you for bear, and when at last we find one you kill it so dead at the first shot, that I am utterly without an excuse to shoot at it. Why were you not considerate enough to have it kick a little, at least?"

"Well," I replied, "you must remember I was laboring under great excitement, and perhaps shot harder than I intended to."

We tried our camera on the dead bear, but in that deep gorge, whose shadows the sun could not penetrate, it was impossible to get a good view of the great carcass, as black as the midnight darkness of its forest home.

"We are losing time," said Mr. Major. So again we started after the elk.

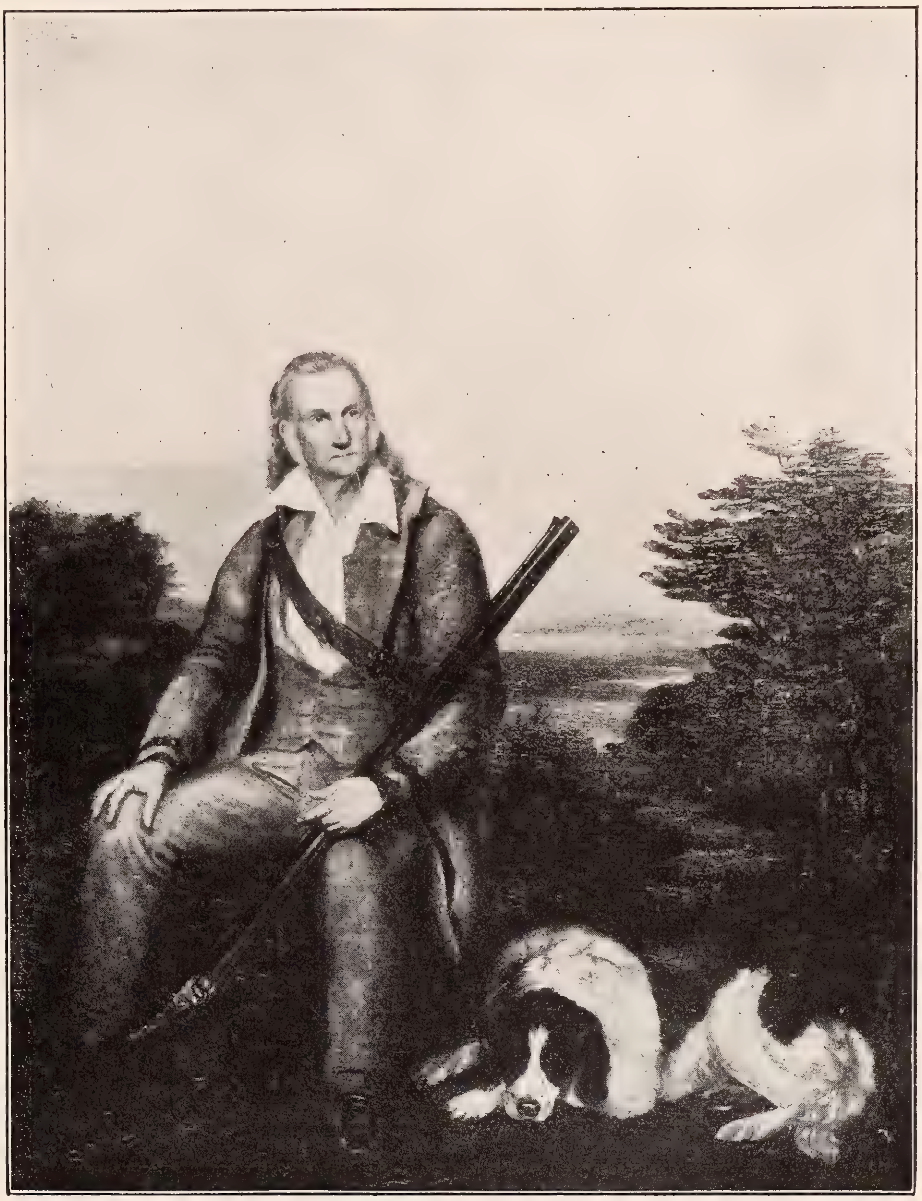
Did we find them? Well, that is another story. This one ends with the death of the bear.

# AUDUBON CALLED BACK.

W. T. HORNADAY.

Every lover of nature, man or woman, boy or girl, owes Miss Maria R. Audubon, and Charles Scribner's Sons, a debt of genuine gratitude for "Audubon and His Journals." To the vast majority of our people who happened to be born later than 1845, the great artist-naturalist has ever been almost a stranger. To the present generation of young Americans, born since 1870, let us say, his personality has been, until now, wholly matter of history. His immortal delineations do indeed remain—accessible only in public libraries, or the homes of a wealthy few to whom they have have descended by inheritance. Possibly one boy out of every 10,000 in this country has actually seen the "Birds of America," or the "Quadrupeds." Two Audubon monuments have been erected, and in March, 1893, Scribner's Magazine published a most welcome bit of biography, a newly discovered life sketch by Audubon, entitled "Myself." But still Audubon the Illustrious continued to glide from us into the Past, and at last his personality became so dim that by millions only the outlines of his figure remained. It is unnecessary to enumerate the causes for this, save that it seemed to be inevitable Fate.

But now—presto! The whole of the Missouri River Journal has been found. By some strange Providence, the records of that journey in behalf of "The Quadrupeds of North America" became concealed in the back of an old secretary, and fire, water and the mice mercifully spared them from 1843 to 1896! And why? Solely that through it, through "The European Journals," "The Labrador Journals," "The Episodes," and a goodly collection of portraits and other pictures, Audubon's granddaughter might now bring back to us the magnetic personality of the man who when living was fairly the idol of America, England and Scotland.



AUDUBON IN HIS PRIME.

*From the portrait by his son, John Woodhouse Audubon (about 1841).*

For the past 20 years or more, I have thought I "knew" Audubon. While still in my teens, it was his works that revealed to me the fact that, next to man, birds and quadrupeds were the most beautiful and interesting things in the world. Now, however, I can see that as to Audubon's wonderful personality, I have never half known it previous to the perusal of these 2 splendid volumes. To some of those who read them—carelessly, shall I say?—the effect will be like the cleaning of a dim old portrait, whose details and colors once more stand forth in their former vividness in response to the awakening touch of the friendly brush and oil. To others—those who read carefully the whole of the European Journals—the effect is more powerful than that. It is the figure stepping out of the canvas—Audubon recalled to life. He is literally brought back to us for the benefit of the generations that have been since he passed from earth.

To write of this book a "notice," as of other books, is impossible. I might as well try to write a conventional review of Shakspeare. The reading of these "Journals" has stirred me as I have not been for years. They make me young again; they give me fresh courage for my tasks; they stimulate anew my ambition to "do things."

For the benefit of young readers, let me say that Audubon lived when nearly all our glorious birds were "new"; that the desire to know them, to paint them life size and then give them to the world possessed him as an overmastering passion; that his life is one splendid story of ambition and achievement, of labor and success, of delight in nature and in man. He painted his birds so well that, although his great "double elephant folio" work, of 435 plates, in 4 volumes, was completed as long ago as 1838, and his "Quadrupeds of North America" in 1854, both stand to-day quite unrivalled. Like the return of the yacht "America" when she won the cup—"There is no second!"

Personally, Audubon was a wonderful combination. With the instincts of a born naturalist and worshipper of nature he disliked hollow conventionality and useless forms. He loved his friends ardently, ignored his few enemies, and reviled no one. He attracted intelligent people as a magnet attracts nails, and to know him was to love him. It was said that things were freely given to him which others could not buy. In his "European Journal" his whole inner self is laid bare, most ingenuously. It is the heart history of a great achievement. The manner in which the "American backwoodsman" was received by the best people of Liverpool, Manchester, Edinburgh and London, the affection, the honors and the "subscriptions" that were showered upon him, warm one's heart through and through. It is syrup to the soul to see genius so handsomely recognized, so substantially rewarded. Would to heaven that a tithe of such recognition and support might now come from our wealthy countrymen to Ernest Thompson, to J. Carter Beard, to Carl Rungius, and others I could name!

The first volume of Miss Audubon's delightful book devotes 77 pages to general biography. The "European Journals" fill 265 pages, the "Labrador Journal" occupies 103, and the first part of the "Missouri River Journal" fills the remaining 87 pages. Of the 22 full page illustrations in Vol. I., 8 are portraits of Audubon. The one which appeals to me most strongly, the one which seems most like Audubon as he was in his prime (1841) is that by his son, John Woodhouse, father of Miss Audubon. It is reproduced herewith.

The second volume concludes the "Missouri River Journals"—now published for the first time—and is followed by the "Episodes." The latter consist of 58 short stories of adventure, and sketches of travel and natural history. What a feast for the American Boy is here! What fresh entertainment for all who are weary of the "demnition grind" of to-day. No right minded person can peruse these volumes without being freshened, encouraged and made better by thus coming within touching distance of Audubon—the incarnation of ambition, of energy and endurance, and yet one of the gentlest, most generous and lovable of men.

AUDUBON AND HIS JOURNALS.

By Maria R. Audubon. With Zoological and other Notes by Elliott Coues. Vol. I. pp. xiv. + 552. 22 illustrations. Vol. II., pp. 554. 15 illustrations, 9 fac-similes of Diplomas. 8vo. Cloth, $7.50. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

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## HER BROTHER.

L. TAYLOR.

Before I bought my blessed wheel,
When e'er I called on fair Lucille,
A little brother with rumpled hair,
Sat looking at us with open stare.

Now things are better to my joy,
The wheel outside attracts the boy.
He pumps the tires, he lowers the seat,
He counts the gear, then dusts it neat.

He oils the wheel with ready knack,
Then rides it up the street and back,
Therefore I vote for this king of fads,
May the gods protect all wheel-cracked
lads!

# MEN BEHIND THE GUNS.

### W. H. NELSON.

We are steering for the harbor,
  And our warships, gray and grim,
One by one are steaming onward
  In the tropic dawning dim.
Gallantly the flag-ship leading
  Breasts the seaward rolling wave;
We are in the path to glory
  Though it lead but to the grave.

    Yonder Starry Banner waves
    Over laurels, over graves,
    And where'er its glories fly
    They must shine on victory.

Every deck is cleared for battle,
  Every man is in his place,
Thoughts of home fill every bosom,
  Flames of battle light each face.
Silence broods and but the throbbing
  Of the engines smites the air,
O'er the mines the ships are sailing,
  Death is lurking everywhere.

    But the Starry Banner waves
    O'er these yawning, hidden graves,
    And where'er its glories fly
    They shall float o'er victory.

Hark, the deep-tongued bell of battle
  Tolls. The Clock of Death strikes one!
Hear the rending heavens re-echo
  With the answer of our gun.
Wild the foeman's shots and harmless,
  Hissing tear the wounded sea,
Lo, his works in fragments flying!
  This is Yankee gunnery.

    And the Starry Banner waves
    O'er the luckless foemen's graves,
    Where its sky-born glories fly
    There is God—with victory.

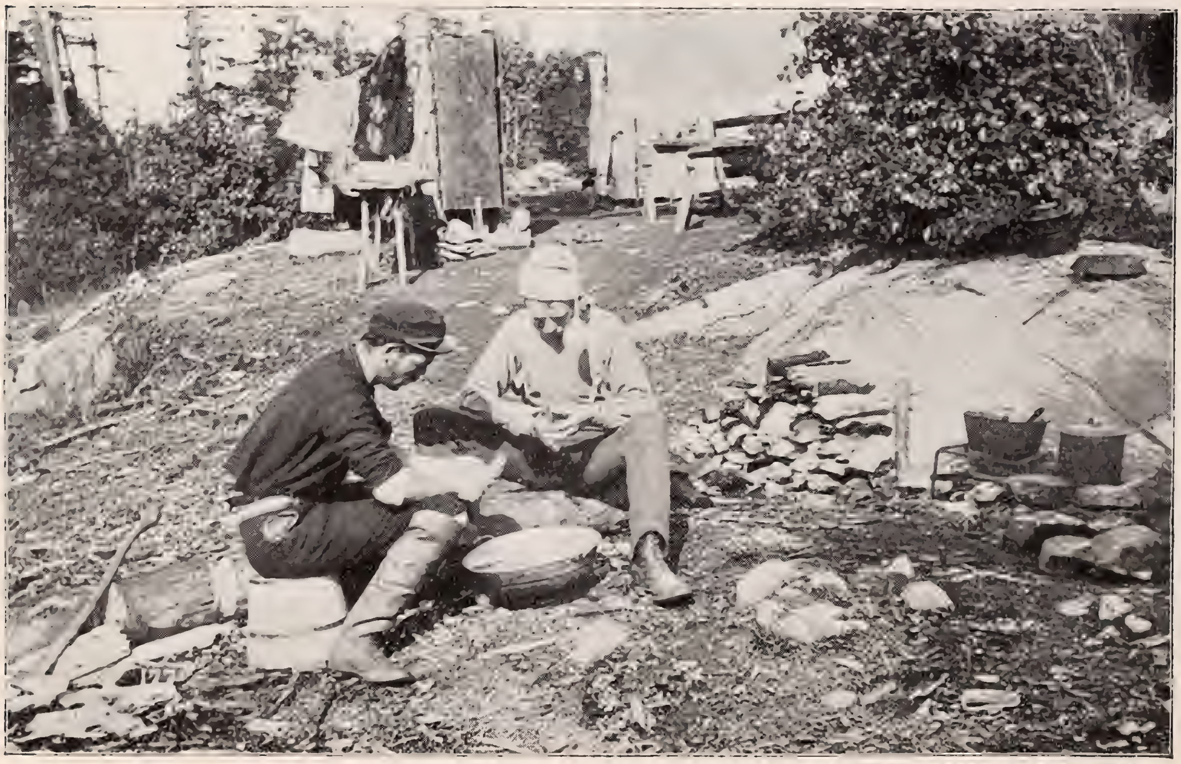
Battleships are torn and riven,
  Fort and fortress crumble down,
Half-ton shells dismount their cannon,
  At our mercy lies the town.
Cardenas and Cienfuegos,
  San Juan and Matanzas bar,
Ship and castle all are trophies
  Of the fateful Yankee tar.

    And the Starry Banner waves
    O'er the conquered Spaniards' graves,
    Everywhere its splendors fly—
    Victory and Liberty.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY W. J. DICK.

THE LONE BOATMAN.

Winner of Nineteenth Prize in RECREATION'S Third Annual Photo Competition.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY JOHN BOYD.

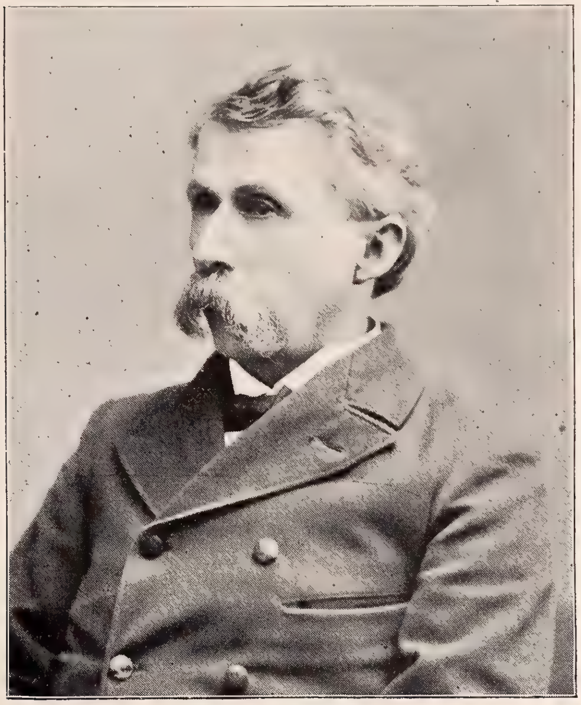
POTATOES FOR DINNER.

Winner of Sixteenth Prize in RECREATION'S Third Annual Photo Competition.

# OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

## XVI.

Mr. W. H. Nelson, who wrote the grand tribute to Admiral Dewey and his men, published in July RECREATION, and "The Men Behind the Guns" published in this issue, lives in a modest cottage at Kensington, Md., a few miles out of Washington. Though engaged in literary work for a number of years past, he has not heretofore been as successful as his genius deserves. He has written many good things for RECREATION, and for other standard periodicals, but has never before found a subject that inspired him to such a degree as the present war. Consequently his best work has not been done until now. Indeed, it is a question whether it has yet been done, but, as stated in an editorial note in July RECREATION, his poem on Dewey will ever hereafter rank with the best examples of heroic verse in the English language, and his name will be revered by future generations equally with those of Whittier, Longfellow, Bryant, Tennyson and Reed.



W. H. NELSON.

Mr. Nelson is a much more ready and easy writer than most other great poets. His verses flow spontaneously from his pen, and his original drafts require less revision than perhaps those of any other modern writer. He never makes more than 2 drafts of a poem, and frequently but one. In some instances the first copy goes to the printer with scarcely any alterations. He writes first with a pencil, and, if necessary, revises and copies it in ink; though, as I have said, the first is oftentimes perfect.

The present war has developed many heroes and will doubtless bring out many great writers to record the deeds of the warriors; but few if any so great and who will be so highly honored in time to come as W. H. Nelson.

He is yet a young man, and if he had but physical strength adequate to his great mental power, he would be a second Whittier. He is now engaged on an historical poem, to be published in book form, recording the facts of Gen. George H. Thomas' Chattanooga campaign, in which he (Nelson) was a modest participant.

Every patriotic American will be grieved to know he is an invalid, and will pray God to give him strength and spare him for many years to delight and entertain the reading world.

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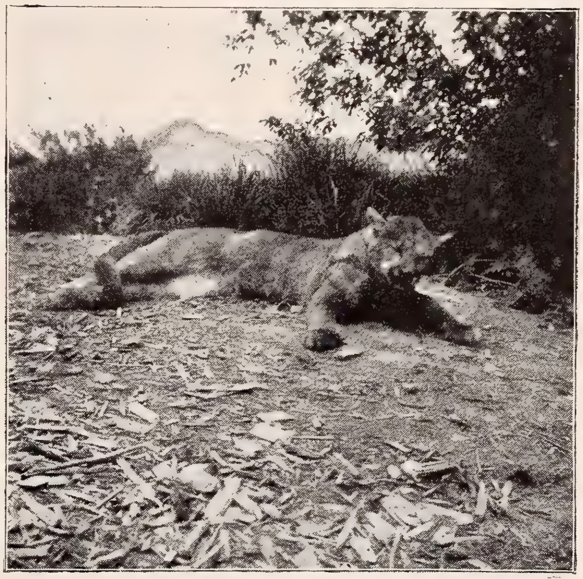

AMATEUR PHOTO BY BOYD C. PACKER.

A WOUNDED LION.

Winner of Twentieth Prize in RECREATION'S Third Annual Photo Competition.

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I spend 2 weeks each year with canoe, dog and gun. Am content with 6 ducks a week, head shots with rifle. Am anxious to see game disappear from the market, a limit to bags, the prosecution of pot hunters and death to game hogs.

M. A. Barnes, Lockport, N. Y.

# UNCLE JEEM'S ANNUAL HUNT.

GEO. HENDERSON, M.D.

The evening of November 6th found your uncle on the famous "Fast Flying Virginian," climbing the Alleghanies, and never an eagle in his flight soared more steadily or more majestically up and over the giddy heights of that grand old mountain range than did our splendid train of Pullmans.

A noiseless train, no rattle of brake links, no jar of open joints, no squeak of dry bolster heads, no spatter-ter-spat-bang of flat wheels; but steady and swift as an arrow went this mighty ship of the mountains, one solid piece of wood and steel, from pilot to rear red light.

What a wonderful production of man's inventive genius! Up, up we climbed, speeding through tunnels like passing over the shadow of great clouds, until we were in the very peaks of the Alleghany mountains. First Back Bone tunnel, then Moore's, then Lake's, then Kelley's, then Lewis, then Alleghany at the summit, and we arrived at our destination, Alleghany Station.

The next thing was to get our jolly, rollicking crowd off from the train; but one blast from my horn, as the baggage smasher threw open the door, and out they came, pell mell, head over heels, an even dozen of them, every one a beauty; and I love them all, the rascals, for I have known them all their lives. Yes, I knew their grand and great grand daddies. Some of them had, indeed, noble sires, and I could write pages of their prowess during brilliant encounters with hoofs and claws, on many a mountain trail.

But what next? Supper? Yes, supper; rather late, 10 o'clock, but, boys and girls, we must have supper. So we all went scampering into the hotel dining room. What a supper! Roast b'ar meat, with sweet potatoes, and such rolls! Light? As tall as the cream pitcher and as white and fluffy as a snow flake. I must not forget the great pans of cornmeal pones, with bacon rinds interspersed for my hungry dozen, who, of course, were not served until the second table. They are all good dogs, with perfect manners. It was only necessary for me to stamp my foot once and say to Mary Jane Brindle, "You be done," when she tried to jump on the table. I pardoned her; for greed is one of her inherited faults. Her great grandfather, Peter Cooper, was a mighty good dog, but he was a hog. All the others sat on their tails in respectful silence except dear little Queen, who was curled up between my feet, sound asleep. She is my jewel; a thoroughbred, as pure as a dog can be. As my old friend Harper, of Kentucky, once remarked to me about one of his colts, "She is bred from the ainde of her nose, to the ainde of her tail." I knew Queen's great grandmother, Kate, and she was the prototype of her great granddaughter.

Then came George, who was to take us to the camp the next morning. They all know him, for he is their master in the woods; and all gave him cordial welcome, save Miss Fickle. She has a form as pretty as a dancing girl and is quite as silly. I never had any affection for her, but I made a discovery which indicated a development of character in her favor. Why do you think she made all that noise as she capered around George? She had treed his coonskin cap. This reminded me that her grandfather, "Bill Dick," was a famous coon dog. George was delighted and said, "That thar beast goes into Jerry's Run gulch with me to-morrow night, and we will have coon and sweet petaters day after to-morrow for dinner, sure." George gave the dogs a big feed of corn pone, took them to the barn and gave every one a bed of clean, dry hay.

Rattle-te-bang, bang, bump! Great heavens! what is it? Is it a bear, a deer, or a turkey? Has it gone through my stand? I grab for my gun and tug and tug, to get it to my shoulder, as I see the flying form disappearing in the distance, but the gun won't come up. Suddenly I awake to consciousness, discover that I have been tugging at the arm of my sleeping companion, and realize that the noise is made by the Irish hostler, pounding on the door and shouting at the top of his voice, "Plase rase; it's 3 o'clock in the mornin', and the tame's anenst the house."

We were all soon out and after a hearty breakfast were en route for the camp. It was a clear, cold, frosty morning, and everybody was in high glee. We reached the divide between the waters of the Atlantic and the Gulf just at daybreak.

"What joy to stand at break of day,
  Watching the gathering glory
Of sunlight brightening all the way,
  With bird note, song and story;
When the Queen of the morn comes forth with pride,
  Both heaven and earth adorning;
When the Hand of God throws open wide
  All the windows of the morning."

At that point our party took different routes to the camp. B. and A. (the disciples of the law) and Fred, the cook, took a blazed trail on the summit; while E., George, and your uncle went with the team. We dropped into the waters of Ugly creek and followed the left fork to its mouth. From that point to the camp the road is only a hacking, and at several places

OUR CAMP.

we were obliged to hold the wagon, from upsetting, with a long rope made fast at one end to the wagon and wound at the other with a half-hitch around a tree. It was slow work, but just as the sun dropped over the Western range we arrived at camp, safe and sound. We were too tired to put up the tents that night, so we occupied the open camp we used last fall. B. and A. killed, after they left the wagon, 5 grouse and 9 squirrels, and soon Fred had a royal supper served, of fried grouse, and squirrel stew, which we enjoyed with good relish. Then, after pipes, we turned in.

Near the campfire's flickering light, in my sleeping
bag I lie,
Gazing through the shades of night, at the twinkling stars on high,—

just 5 minutes. Then the boys say I shook down all the dead timber within 40 rods of the camp; but they are lovely fellows, and let my 200 pounds of mortal snore and sleep in peace, until a little before daylight, when I was awakened by a disturbance between 2 of my good dogs. Dick persisted in crawling into my sleeping bag, while Drum insisted he should not. So Master Drum seized Mr. Dick by the nape of the neck, and in the same mouthful included 4 inches square of my new flannel shirt over my left breast. Dick made a desperate effort to get Drum's left hind leg into his mouth, while Drum was deliberately shaking the life out of both of us. As I was the under dog in the fight, all I could do was to lie still and protect my face with both my hands. I have ever since had a sympathetic corner in my heart for the under dog in a fight. Finally Dick changed ends and got both his hind feet in my shirt collar. With one mighty boost he raised Mr. Drum and 4 inches square of my shirt; then downed him, and soon made him cry for mercy. The shirt was doomed, however, from that moment, for in less than 6 hours after the loss of the 4 inches from the left bosom, 8 inches of the inferior border were ruthlessly torn away by the red headed disciple of the law, to pay for an unavoidable miss. I got a good one, 5 days afterward, on the red headed disciple. I was standing at the mouth of Laurel Run gulch, and Mr. Red Head was at a crossing half a mile up the gulch. Liza Ann and little Queen brought him a fine 3-pronged buck. He fired 8 shots at it and never touched a hair. The deer was not more than 40 steps from him when he fired his first 4 shots. He succeeded in turning it, however, toward your uncle, and I broke its neck at 80 yards, first shot. We had run an average of 3 deer every day for 5 days, yet only emblems of failure fluttered from 4 different trees in front of our camp. As each tree represented a hunter, and as there were only 4 hunters in the camp, it was plain we were a sorry lot. The only consoling feature was that on 3 of the trees there was only evidence of one miss each. On the fourth 9 fragments of dishonor floated in the breeze, and the victim complained that his last shirt was ruined forever.

From this time our luck changed. The next day the bald-headed disciple of the law made a clean shot and killed a splendid buck, which he and I toted into camp.

Ten days after, we broke camp, carrying home with us 5 saddles of venison, 4 big appetites, 4 rested and invigorated brains, 4 jolly, happy hearts, and all the good dogs; with 3 wild turkeys and some grouse and squirrels.

# A GAME FOR TWO.

ESTELLE FOREMAN.

He.

We were sitting the dance out together,
There were some things I wanted to say;
There are trifles that bother a fellow,
On vacation's last day.
We had boated and golfed—and flirted,
While the summer crept on its way;
She had sung to me tenderest love songs,
While my banjo kept time with its play.

Those things are part of a summer,
But they make a fellow feel small,
When he thinks of the girl he's to marry,
" Some time in the fall."
And I wonder how I can tell her;
Which brings with it, the thought,
That Life's greatest pleasures,
Appear those dearest bought.

It seems such a stupid proceeding,
As we sit here on the stair;
To flirt with a girl a whole summer,
Then tell her you haven't been fair.
How under the sun, shall I tell her;
I hope she won't take it to heart;
That's the way with these confounded places,
There's always some fuss when you part.

She.

How glad I am he is going,
He was getting to be such a bore,
Even flirting will sometimes get stupid,
I couldn't have stood any more.
Then Ted's coming to-morrow,
What on earth would I do with him then,
And besides I wanted so badly to wear,
My engagement ring again.

I suppose I ought to tell him,
I hope he won't make a scene,
And say I'm a flirt, and a heartless coquette.
There's no telling what men do mean.
It really has been a nice summer,
He is almost as nice as Ted;
Then she stifled a yawn, and wondered,
How soon his good-byes would be said.

# STONEY LAKE.

ARCHER.

Beautiful lake that mirrors so bright,
The flush of dawn and the evening light,
Islands, like gems on thy bosom rest,
Emblems of love there serene and blest.
Floating about on thy waves so clear
Peace like a dove seems hovering near;
Away from the rush and eager strife
Of the busy haunts of human life;
Away from the eager thirst for gold,
From greed in its phases manifold;
From pride and passion and narrow creed,
From disregard of another's need;
Where the heart's affections quickly die,
And the careless throng pass the thoughtful by;
Here where the spirit with joy imbued
May feel the calm of the solitude.
Thro' rocky ways on thy Western shore,
The roaring rivers their tribute pour;
Wildly they rush as they seek for rest,
In the crystal depths of thy tranquil breast;
Like the streams of life that so swiftly flee,
And seek for rest in the eternal sea.
Softly the breezes of heaven sweep
Their ruffling wings o'er thy waters deep;
Gleaming in crimson and golden light
The sunset clouds are reflected bright;
Shadowed each isle with its plumes of green
Each rock and branch and spray is seen,
In the crystal flood like a mirror bright,
In the wondrous charm of the evening light.
Here the wild Indians in native pride,
In the light canoes o'er the waters glide,
Seeking the deer as they come to drink
The waters clear from thy rocky brink;
And here the wings of the Great Spirit brood
O'er the savage's soul in the solitude;
Lake of rare beauty, mirror of light,
Long may the memory of thee be bright.

# INDIANS BEATEN AT THEIR OWN GAME.

H. H. SAUBER.

The larks whistled and the linnets chirped their happy notes as they circled and darted in flocks across the level plain, while the bold cry of the first robin resounded cheerily. A pair of wise-looking crows gossiped and croaked around the gnarled tops of some digger pines, over on Deer creek, apparently idle, but in reality keeping a vigilant eye on 2 hawks that soared over the belt of timber shading the stream. Sweet odors of wild flowers, on the plain, stole softly through the air, and the gentle wash of the water under the newly clothed oaks and sycamores was audible, while a dull roar could be heard coming from the foot of the hill, where the stream broke from the dark canyon.

Edith Thornton chirped as cheerily as the linnets, as she sat on the broad veranda, that bright spring afternoon, in California.

The large, low house stood among shady oaks, below whose branches the beautiful plain could be seen stretching for miles, dotted here and there with groves, along the numerous water-courses.

Edith's eyes, as she sewed and sang, constantly wandered across the broad prairie, while her pretty face wore a half anxious, half expectant look. At length a bright glow crept over her cheeks, and a happy light shone in her eyes, for she saw a horseman approaching. In a moment Tom Martin reined his panting horse with a jerk that sat the animal on its haunches. Tom tossed the reins to the ground, dismounted, and hurried across the porch, the big rowels of his spurs ringing at every step.

Edith looked alarmed, for as Tom threw up the broad rim of his sombrero, she saw that his handsome face, usually so gay, was pallid and grave.

"What is it?" she began, hurriedly. Tom smiled reassuringly.

"Don't be alarmed," he said, "but get one of the boys to let me have his horse. Old man Coggins and both his girls were killed last night, and people think it was Indians."

"Oh, Tom!"

"I've ridden from Sandy Gulch, and must hurry on to tell Hi Good," Martin added hurriedly.

Did Edith scream or faint? No; in those days there were times for crying and times for working. It was the latter now. All the men were away that afternoon, but Edith accompanied Tom to the stable, led out her brother's favorite horse and held him while her companion hastily changed the saddle. Then she bade Tom adieu, went to the house and threw herself, weeping, into her mother's arms; for the murdered girls were her friends.

That evening some half-dozen men, among them her father and her 2 brothers, were in the house making arrangements to join in the hunt for the murderers. Tom had not yet returned, but Edith perhaps expected him as she heard a horse gallop up to the kitchen door. There was no familiar jingle of spurs, however, and not a sound on the porch, when the door opened and the tall form of Hi Good was before her.

"Hope I didn't frighten you," he commenced, in a soft deep voice.

She seized his strong, brown hand in both her own, and said, impulsively: "Oh, Captain Good, I'm so glad you came; for now there won't be any mistake."

"I hope not," returned the scout, pleased at this assurance of confidence. In truth, if ever there lived a hero, Hi Good was such in the eyes of the women and children of Northern California, whose homes he protected so faithfully.

By 10 o'clock 14 men had gathered at Thornton's, ready for action. Tom had returned, and was trying, in the stir of departure, to get a few words with his sweetheart. Half an hour later the moon had risen, and the party set out across the plains to the scene of the tragedy.

On reaching the place, they found nearly 40 men already there, having come from the neighborhood of Chico.

Intense excitement prevailed. Tracks had been discovered, leading down the stream, across the valley toward Chico, thus convincing the first party that the "tame" Indians on the Rancho Chico were the guilty ones. The tracks were traced to the stage road, which crossed Sandy gulch 2 miles North of Chico. In this broad thoroughfare all signs were lost.

When Good's party arrived, the leader was at once assailed with a volley of information. After listening to an account of the situation, the scout cut all further talk short by saying sharply:

"Better get to sleep now. At daylight, show me the last tracks." Unsaddling his mustang, he threw a heavy coat over his shoulders, pillowed his head on his saddle and growled to Tom Martin, who was close by his side: "There's no use looking for sign around the house. These town cusses always manage to wipe out every clew before they go home, where they ought to stay." Then, rolling over on his side, he was soon asleep.

Before sun-up, the party was moving. Straight down the creek they went, until near the stage road; then Good went forward alone, to investigate.

So many people had passed over the place that few thought the scout could come to any other conclusion than the one generally accepted—that the murderers had entered the road and slipped into Chico. One youth, who presumed to speak lightly of Good, was cut short by Sandy Young.

"Better not be laughing at Hi Good on an Injun trail, young fellow," he said. "The man don't live that ken give him pointers; so you and all of your stripe in this crowd better scoot to town, for we don't want any such here." The burly fellow indignantly rattled the butt of his rifle to the ground.

This reproof from Sandy Young effectually silenced all critics. The captain had laid aside his rifle, then dropping on his hands and knees, he began creeping across the trail, back and forth, returning 3 times to where the creek bank broke off, forming a deep hole. Many minutes passed as he crept, inch by inch, across the ground, like a panther moving stealthily on its prey.

For the fourth time he approached the abrupt bank, this time intently peering over the edge.

"They've done it!" he suddenly exclaimed, rising. "Some of the devils didn't jump far enough, and I see where they brushed the dirt when they went over. Now for the other side of the creek."

The Indians had boldly approached within 2 miles of Chico, in the hope of saddling their crime on the Rancho Indians. They had then cunningly leaped into the creek, to hide their return trail. This was the theory of Captain Good; and no one questioned it.

Two parties, made up of trustworthy men, were now formed, one to go up each side of the creek to look for the spot where the fugitives emerged. Good and Sandy Young were the leaders. Tom Martin thrilled with joy when the scout chose him. Denny, the jolly Irishman, was in Good's party; and a wild, reckless fellow, called "Bully," was also selected by the Captain. There were 15 men in each squad, and no sooner were they formed than they started.

They soon reached a point where the canyon was rugged and steep, and the climbing difficult. At length Good clambered down into a deep gorge leading into the creek. In an instant a triumphant shout proclaimed his success. In a narrow bit of sand there were several mocassin tracks, the footprints of Indians.

As soon as Young's party had crossed the creek, Good said in his clear decisive way: "There goes the trail, straight through the hills for Mill creek. If they hurried it will take some tall traveling to get ahead of them at Grapevine pass; but if they think we're looking for them in Chico, they may loiter through the hills, looking for stray cattle, and may give us a crack at them before they reach the pass."

It was decided that the Scout's party should follow the trail, while Sandy Young, with his party, should return to the valley, secure horses, and ride to Grapevine pass, where the renegades often crossed to their hidden retreats.

All day, over steep ridges and through rough canyons, the little band moved. The leader, his keen eyes flashing, every sense on the alert, strode on, hour after hour, veering to the right or left, dodging thickets or pushing through them, as the dim sign on the ground suggested. A dozen times he dropped to his knees on the bare, lava-covered elevations, and as often broke into a run, where the ground made the trail easy. Tough and hardy though they were, his followers were tried to the utmost to keep at his heels. The sun beat down furiously, and the scanty shade of the chaparral and scrub oak seemed to mock at their discomfort, while the only water they found was insipid to their parched throats.

The sun sank behind the distant Coast Range as they toiled up a deep ravine. The wild, deep canyon of Deer creek yawned at their feet as they reached the top of the ridge, its bottom already shrouded in gloom.

"They have dropped into the canyon," whispered Good, to the weary men who stood leaning heavily on their rifles. After a close examination of the ground, he added: "We'll slip down to the water and wait till morning—and hark you, not a word above a whisper; feel your way when you can't see." He disappeared down a narrow trail, followed by the others.

After half an hour, they stopped on a cliff which dropped almost perpendicularly to the seething, roaring stream beneath. A small gully furnished water, so here the party halted for the night. No fire was kindled. Dry bread with water, furnished the evening meal. Sentinels were posted on 3 sides, the impassable bluff being a sufficient guard on the other.

An Indian was seen in the night, skulking around the camp. The Captain was notified at once, but no attack followed.

"I don't understand it," he muttered, "unless they intend to turn the tables and surprise us, toward morning." This conjecture proved true, for they were attacked at daylight.

The Captain ordered his men to stay close under cover of rocks and trees; and for every third man, only, to reply to the Indians' fire. These were to keep up a brisk fight as though in a tight place, thus hoping to deceive the enemy as to his real strength. The men formed a half circle with the cliff at the rear. Thus protected, they feared little from the shots fired at random by an unseen foe.

Half a dozen rifles flashed in the gloomy light of dawn, their sharp reports awakening the echoes of the dark caverns. Then followed a scattering volley from the Indians, the bullets skipping and rebounding among the rocks.

"Devils and furies!" roared Bully, as the bullets hissed about his head. "They all have rifles, and they are going to give us a merry fight."

"I think the weather do be gettin' rather warrum for this sasun of the year," ejaculated Denny, dodging down, and grasping the top of his head with both hands, as a shot plowed a deep furrow through his tangled locks. Then he shouted at the top of his voice: "If it be all the same to yez, Captain, I wud prefer a cooler sphot."

Tom Martin could not but smile at this by-play, in spite of his excitement. His smile was suddenly cut short by a shock that threw him to the ground; at the same time a fire seemed to burn into his breast. "Shot by ——," he heard some one cry. Then he saw Good leap on a bowlder, heard him give one wild yell, and shout savagely: "Charge! boys, damnation! Are we to be held back by a pack of cussed Indians?" and amid a confusion of frenzied yells, shots, curses and cheers, young Martin's mind became a blank.

When he opened his eyes, it was in a neatly-furnished room, with a soft breeze blowing through an open window on him. Edith Thornton was sitting close by. Before she noticed the young man's gaze, Good walked noiselessly into the room.

"Hello!" he cried, joyfully. "Opened your eyes at last, have you? Well, I'm mighty glad of it, for a bullet through the lungs is no joke—and I felt responsible for you. Now, what report could I have made to Miss Edith——"

That young lady interrupted him by an impatient nod of her head; then after a few words with Tom, she shook her finger warningly at the tall scout.

"You promised to behave yourself," she said, with mock severity, "and you must remember not to talk nonsense." With that she marched out of the room.

The good fellow smiled pleasantly, at the same time drawing a chair to the bedside of the young man.

At length, in response to an anxious query, his dark eyes lighted up and he replied, rubbing his hands with glee:

"Ah it was a pretty fight, a good sharp tussle. After you went down we charged the cusses and it would have done your heart good to have seen them leap out of those rocks when they heard us yell. Several of them tried snap shots at us, but they were rattled after I gave that yell.

"Bully got a shallow shot in the shoulder, but it only made him fuller of fight than ever. We got 12 of them, and I suppose marked some more. You got the worst shot in the lot, and I tell you, for a while it looked pretty blue for your chances. We got you here at Thornton's, and you've been well tended. Dr. Pratt came up from Four Corners and took that lead out of you in a twinkling. He showed mighty good judgment, too, in selecting a nurse for you," with which the young man fully agreed, though he did not say so.

# NARCISSUS.

S. A. WARNER.

There wuz a feller, Narcissus,
Narcissus,
Thought he wuz mighty conspic'ous;
Went tearin' aroun'
With a gun an' a houn'
A hunter wuz Mr. Narcissus,
Narcissus.

Echoer wuz sweet on Narcissus,
Narcissus,
Made herself mighty offic'us;
An' kep' pinin' away
Fur day arter day
A-lovin' this feller, Narcissus,
Narcissus.

Narcissus wan't wantin' this Echoer,
Miss Echoer,
He wan't a-reddy tew tek her;
Fur he wuz tew shy,
An' looked all-fired high;
Tew high fur his nabor, poor Echoer.
Oh, Echoer!

Wherever he'd go went this Echoer,
Sis Echoer,
Her dad an' her mar cu'dn't check her.
She follered her ch'ice
Til nuthin' but v'ice
Wuz left of silly young Echoer,
U-u-u-m—Echoer.

# FROM THE GAME FIELDS.

## A BUCKBOARD TOUR.

HON. B. B. BROOKS.

I have just returned from a 400 mile buckboard ride, through various portions of this state, and found many things of interest to sportsmen. I was in Lander, last week, and had the pleasure of feasting on mountain trout, for several days.

Lander is a beautiful little city and is the gateway to the best hunting and fishing grounds in our state. Our genial sheriff, and I, drove from Casper to Lander, with his team and a light buckboard, in 2 days, without change of horses. The distance is 155 miles and we made 85 miles the second day. We saw but little game along the route. There were numberless sage hens and the prairie dogs were, as usual, thick enough to tempt one to waste thousands of rounds of ammunition. The jack rabbits and cottontails have been chased so much, by sheep dogs, that they appear tired, and the ducks and geese were looking up nesting places.

Two small bands of antelope whistled their surprise, from near by hills, as we drove along. The sheriff tried his 6-shooter and his skill, with good results, at a gray wolf and several impudent coyotes. I noticed the absence of the erstwhile festive cowboy, and in his place has come the gentle shepherd with his shaggy, faithful and intelligent dog. What a wonderful change! Ten years ago the country, from Casper to Lander, was literally alive with cattle. They covered a thousand hills, and thrived on the rich bunch grass which had before been grazed only by the countless thousands of buffalo.

The brave, happy-go-lucky cowboy, with his gray sombrero, his brown *chaps* and his clinking spurs, roamed over the plains and herded the steers, without a thought or a suspicion that in a few short years the sheep and the shepherd would, like "the man with the hoe," exterminate him.

We returned by way of the Sweetwater and Independence Rock. Here stretches, mile after mile, the old California trail, worn deep and wide in the sandy soil of the valley. How those shifting, yielding sands must have wearied the teams and tried the hearts of the old forty-niners! Here and there a pile of rocks, along the trail, marks the spot where some pioneer, more worn than the others, gave up his golden visions.

Nature's curious monument—Independence Rock—is covered with thousands of names of these old timers. Should future ages ever inquire who they were, and whence they came, the old rock will tell the story.

## RITUAL OF THE ANCIENT AND DISHONORABLE ASSOCIATION OF GAME AND FISH HOGS.

1st Lesson.—The candidate is clothed in a robe of hog skin, dressed with the bristles and tail on. In this position, with a blinder made from the tanned skin of a hog's ears, he is led to the door of the sty, by one of the lesser pigs, who raps on the door and is answered by 3 grunts from within.

2d Lesser pig.—"Who comes here?"

1st Lesser pig.—"A candidate, who has long ignored and hated the game and fish wardens; and now desires to become a member of this notorious order, that he may enjoy the privileges which belong to a fish and game hog."

2d L. P.—"Is it of his own will and free wish?"

1st L. P.—"It is."

2d L. P.—"What have you done to prove yourself worthy of this dishonor?"

Candidate.—"I have caught fish out of season. I have trapped and shot game against the law, and I hate RECREATION and all game and fish wardens."

2d L. P.—"By what further right or benefit does he expect to gain this favor?"

1st L. P.—"By certain signs, a grunt and a word known only to all true G. and F. Hogs."

2d L. P.—"Has he these necessary qualifications?"

1st L. P.—"No! I have them for him."

2d L. P.—"Advance hog and cough them up."

1st L. P.—"Only in proper form—On the H. O. G."

2d L. P.—"H."

1st L. P.—"Hog."

2d L. P.—"O."

1st L. P.—"Our."

2d L. P.—"G."

1st L. P.—"Game."

2d L. P.—"Hog our game. The words are right. I will close the sty and report to the chief hog, who, if satisfied, will order the candidate to the swill trough, where he will be duly baptized and sworn."

The oath is thus administered:

The candidate sitting in the well-filled trough, with a fishing rod and gun in either hand, repeats after the Chief Hog, who holds a buzzard's wing in one hand and a skunk skin in the other.

"I" [full name] "do hereby promise and swear, that I will always hide and ever conceal from all wardens, and from the magazine called RECREATION, all and every secret arts, parts and points of my introduction into this ancient and dishonorable institution; that I will shoot and fish wheresoever and whenever I please, regardless of law, order, or decency;

That I will not betray a brother of this degree, nor suffer it done by another, if I can help it; and should I see or know of his being in trouble with officers of the law, I will run the other way as fast as my legs can carry me; ever bearing in remembrance the motto of the order: 'Every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost.'"

After some further ceremonies which cannot be properly published, the candidate is raised, and becomes a free, ancient, and acceptable Hog, and is instructed.

The emblems of the order are the skunk and buzzard. As the former is ever present when least expected so in the hog, and the physical stench of the former is typical of the mental meanness of the latter. Let the examples of *mephitis* ever remind you of the odor of the animal which you now represent, as a game hog.

The buzzard is an emblem of the freedom and lawlessness of the hog. As he sails through the air above us, noiselessly and warily, he reminds us of the movements of the stealthy poacher, who sneaks upon his game in the silent woods, or drags his net in the starlit lake, ready at a moment's warning to retreat or advance, as chance may suggest. Like the hog, a glutton, a sneak, and a thief in principle, he is worthily held as the chief patron and pattern of the ancient and dishonorable order of Game and Fish Hogs.

Three grand grunts are now given, and the sty is closed. C. C. H.

## WHAT CONSTITUTES A SPORTSMAN.

Editor RECREATION: Will you please tell me

1st. What constitutes a sportsman, according to RECREATION?

2d. Is not the term "Sportsman," as applied to a disciple of Nimrod, a comparatively new invention; one that owes its origin to and is used almost exclusively by residents of our cities and towns?

3d. Is it not a fact that the term is almost unknown to that mighty host of American hunters who live in the rural districts of our states and territories?

4th. Are all men who kill game for market game hogs, in the estimate of RECREATION?

5th. Can you give me an idea as to the number of game preserves already in existence and controlled by private individuals, to the exclusion of others who are not fortunate enough to have the price of admission? J. G. D., Randor, Pa.

ANSWER.

1st. A full reply to this question will be found on pages 457-458 of June RECREATION.

2d and 3d. The term sportsman is certainly at least 50 years old if not more. Frank Forester was perhaps one of the first American writers to bring the term into general use here. It is still much older than this in Europe. It is true that the residents of towns and cities, who shoot and fish, almost invariably term themselves sportsmen, while men in the rural districts call themselves hunters or fishermen; but the city sportsman, as a rule, accords to his country brother the term sportsman just as cordially as he applies it to himself. This is merely a matter of habit with the countryman and the mountaineer. The language of these people is always simpler and more primitive than that of city dwellers. Consequently the country people adhere to the old terms "hunter and fisherman" in common with many others that have been handed down from our forefathers, and which city people have, in a great measure, discarded.

4th. A man who kills more than a reasonable bag of game in a day, as defined in the article above referred to, is in my estimation a game hog, whether he eat the game, give it away or sell it. A man is not a game hog because he is a market hunter, but because he destroys more game than he should in any one day, or on any one hunting trip.

5th. I cannot give you a definite idea as to the number of game preserves in existence, but there are probably several hundred of them.—EDITOR.

## WHERE ONE FOX WENT.

Portland, Me.

Editor RECREATION: F. B. Rosebrook, of Twin Mountain, N. H., has a pure white fox-hound, named Dime. This dog has a record of having caught 2 foxes in one day; running each about 5 minutes, in light snow 2 feet deep.

About the first of last January, Mr. Rosebrook started for a fox hunt. Dime soon had one moving and drove straight for the ledges on what is known as "Load of Hay mountain."

The dog went out of hearing and half an hour later came back, showing plainly by his actions, that he was not satisfied with the way his chase had ended.

Mr. R. has the hang-on disposition that makes a successful hunter; so he just said, "Dimey, I guess we will see where you left him."

A foot of snow made the climb tiresome; but after 2 hours' hard work dog and man stood near the top. There the dog tracks ended at the edge of a ledge, which fell abruptly a distance of about 75 feet. Out on the extreme edge, where the dog had not dared to go, fox tracks could be seen. It was a slippery and dangerous place, but the hunter left his gun and carefully worked out until he could peer over the edge. Imagine his surprise to see the fox 10 feet below him, contentedly seated on a projecting shelf, to which he had descended by way of 2 smaller shelves.

From a point of rock 3 rods down the mountain the fox could be plainly seen, and a charge of double B's sent him tumbling into the brush 60 feet below. There Dime, in his usual way, made sure the old fellow was not shamming. Mr. R. thinks the same fox got away from his dog in the same manner, a week before.

To some this will seem an improbable story, but those who have made sly Reynard a study, and know him best, will not find it hard to believe.

A. M. Rosebrook.

## A YOUNG SPORTSMAN IN MANITOBA.

St. James College, Winnipeg, Man.

Editor Recreation: I have been all through the Peace river country. I went up first in 1886, when I was 5 years old. We traveled in wagons, from Calgary to Athabasca landing, a distance of 300 miles. I remember quite well seeing rabbit skeletons all along the road. There had been a bush fire and the rabbits could not get away from it. I wasn't old enough then to take part in much sport, but when I was 9 years old I had killed my first beaver and any number of ducks; though I couldn't play hog with them because I was unable to carry a hog's bag home. And that taught me a good lesson, "Never to play hog." I came back after spending 5 years out there, went to school 5 years and returned to the West last winter, when 15.

I did not get much sport going out as I was out of practice with my gun, but I shot a skunk over 3 feet long. It was the largest I, or any of our party, ever saw.

My gun is a 16 gauge. I saw an article in Recreation headed "16 vs. 12 gauge." I do not agree with the writer. For all-round shooting I like the 16. I have had a lot of experience with both.

During the winter I set a line of traps. I could have made a lot more money than I did, but I went for sport, not money. The most exciting of my trapping adventures was with a lynx. I was walking along in deep pine woods, nearing a trap, and was watching my snowshoes so as not to trip on the sticks lying across my path. Suddenly I heard a deep growl. I looked up and saw 2 great cat-like eyes staring at me. It was a lynx fast in the trap and I wondered how it was that he still lived. The tossing pole was set to string up a martin, and the lynx had managed to push the pole back and he sat on the crutch. I at once took off my snowshoes and began the attack. The snow was packed about where I stood, by my having gone over before with snowshoes, but as soon as I stepped on it without snowshoes I went down. That threw me against the tree on which the lynx was. He struck at me with his paw and knocked off my cap. I fell flat to save myself and crawled away out of his reach. I had not taken my gun with me, as it was so much trouble to carry, but I got up and finished him with a little hunting ax. The lynx was a big fellow, weighing about 60 pounds. To get him home I carried him 12 miles on my back, together with a fisher, 2 martens, a mink, and 6 rabbits.

Recreation is the best magazine of the sort I ever saw, and I know a little about hunting and trapping if I am only 16.

S. Osborne.

## HUNTING IN VARMINT CANYON.

J. W.

On the 1st of December, 1882, Jeff Perkins and I started for a hunting trip, up Varmint canyon, about 25 miles back in the mountains from Missoula, Mont. We had been told it was a good game country, and that we could find a cabin there to stay in.

We struck out before daylight, and after some hard climbing, reached the canyon about 4 p.m. There we struck a trail and following it, were delighted to find the cabin. It contained an old stove, a table, and a bunk.

Near the cabin I discovered a stable, and after watering and feeding the horses, I locked them in it. After supper we sat around the fire and smoked, and told how we would fix the deer the next day. I had killed but one deer and was anxious to get another.

A light snow was falling and everything looked favorable for a hunt in the morning, so we turned in early.

We started early on the following day, and climbing to the top of a little ridge, we separated; Jeff going down the other side of the ridge, and I following it around.

By 2 o'clock I reached the end of the ridge without having seen signs of deer. When Jeff came up he said he had seen 3 deer, but could not get a shot at them. It seems they had winded Jeff, and hurried down the canyon. We followed, and before long struck their trail and knew they were not far ahead. Jeff was in the lead, when he whispered back to me, "There they are." They were feeding, unconscious of danger, in a little clearing, not more than 100 yards off. Each picking out a deer, we fired simultaneously. Down came Jeff's deer, but mine did not fall. He jumped about 4 feet and stood looking, evidently bewildered. Throwing in another cartridge, I fired again, and this time I got him.

We had several more good days of hunting, and returned home greatly pleased with our trip.

## A HOG WHO WEARS THE BLUE.

Portland, Me.

Editor RECREATION: I have hunted in the Northern Maine woods for the last 5 years, every fall, and have secured many fine deer. Last year I shot a moose, with 4 feet spread of horns. I have wanted to shoot a caribou, and have hunted for them diligently, but have never seen one. I have wondered at their scarcity, especially about Mt. Katahdin, where they were once plentiful, but the enclosed clipping throws some light on the subject. With a few such game hogs, providing they were as good shots as this one, we should have no game left at all. I suppose if there had been a dozen caribou in this herd, and they had remained in the clearing, this hog would have killed them all.

The coming of your magazine is looked upon with great pleasure by the sportsmen here. It is doing good work among the hogs and I trust it will reform many of them. Subscriber.

The clipping reads thus:

> A party of 4 of us went to Maine for a 4 days' hunting trip. There was one man among us, Orderly Sergeant Richardson, U. S. A., at Fort Popham, Me., still in the service. On the third morning 3 of us—the sergeant, another man and me left camp together in search of game. We had not gone more than a mile when we saw, on the next ridge (a hillside), 5 caribou standing in such an open place that it was almost impossible to get nearer to them without being seen. After waiting some time for them to change their position, our silence was broken by the sergeant's remark that he had killed deer as far away as that, and thought he could kill one of these.
>
> We agreed to let him take a shot, and estimated the distance at 500 yards. When he got in his position, which he calls the Texas grip, he selected the one on the right and told us to look out for him. At the crack of the rifle down came the animal with his back broken. The others, being bewildered, ran in a circle, coming to a standstill somewhat nearer to us. All hands now estimated 450 yards. Again Richardson selected the one on the right, and at the crack of the gun the animal dropped. The other 3 leaped off in another direction, as we estimated, 600 yards. Then the sergeant adjusted his sights to that distance, and to my great surprise killed the third caribou. The other 2 separated and one of them came back near to the first one that was shot, when he stood broadside to us, and the sergeant fired, but shot low and broke both forelegs. After a hunt in the brush we found him, and one more shot from the old springfield rifle, with the sergeant behind it, gave us 4 out of 5 caribou and only 5 shots fired. We went into camp with flying colors and were the centre of attraction that evening.
>
> One of the party inquired of the sergeant where he had obtained such proficiency in marksmanship, when he pulled his coat open and exhibited the gold badge of a distinguished marksman, won by him in 1889 in the division competition of the army, department of the East. Our party was on this hunt several days and killed 6 deer, 2 moose and 4 caribou, of which Sergeant Richardson killed 4 caribou, 3 deer and one moose. He killed all at more than 300 yards, except one deer, which he shot on the run at about 150 yards, breaking its neck.—J. S. Jones, U. S. A., Retired, in Army and Navy Journal.

It is unfortunate that the game wardens could not have captured sergeant Richardson and given him a dose of the Maine medicine for game hogs. It is to be hoped he is, ere this, in Cuba hunting Spaniards. If he will make as good a record on these as he did on game the people of Maine will no doubt forgive him for having shown his bristles in that State.—EDITOR.

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## A COON HUNT.

Last fall my friend Thomas Longley, wrote me asking if hunting was good in my locality. Receiving an affirmative reply from me, he came. The second night of his visit we arranged for a coon hunt. At 7 p. m., 6 of us, with my faithful hound Drum, started for coon bluff, 5 miles Northeast of the city. By 8.30 we were at our destination. We had not gone 40 rods from where we left the horses before old Drum gave tongue. This being Mr. Longley's first coon hunt, he was all excitement when the clear, long drawn notes of the hound reached his ears. We followed the dog to where he was barking up. It did not take us long to locate the coon and shake him out.

The coon, instead of dropping on the ground fell squarely on Longley's back and stuck there. We soon dislodged the brute, however, and killed it. We started to leave, but the dog was bent on remaining at the tree. We knew at once there must be another coon up there; so up I went, and sure enough, way out on a large limb lay another large coon. This fellow did not have a chance to raise such a disturbance as the first. The dog had him by the throat the instant he struck ground. It was now only 9.30, but as a thunder storm was coming up we returned home.

I rounded up several foxes last fall and winter. Have 2 as good fox hounds as ever ran. Several deer were killed here last fall, within a radius of 6 miles. Wolves are quite thick 10 miles Northwest of us, but a $2 bounty won't tempt anyone to hunt them.

Frank A. Moore, Baraboo, Wis.

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## ON RAILROAD CREEK.

Lakeside, Wash.

Editor RECREATION: The vicinity of Railroad creek is a splendid goat, and a fair deer, bear and grouse country; but for some reason, I saw little game. Saw only one bear, a small silver tip with a magnificent coat. I watched him through my field glass and did not shoot, expecting a better chance later, but he eluded me.

In several places goat signs were plentiful, but I saw no goats.

When it came to fish, I had all the fun I wanted. The fish are small trout; but of what variety, I do not know. The only distinctive mark I noticed on them, was a red line under the lower jaw, on each side. The creek was full of them. The largest

I caught, or saw, was scarcely 12 inches long. There are no ruffed grouse on Railroad creek, or any of its tributaries.

I was disappointed in not having an opportunity to photograph game.

If there is a neck o' woods where the game and fish hog—especially the latter—should be roasted, it is here on Lake Chelan. Fish are caught by the hundreds, at the head of the lake, during their spawning season, and until the last of June or middle of July. The game law of this State does not forbid the taking of fish during this season, so there is no way to punish the unscrupulous parties who are so rapidly depleting the supply of fish in the lake.

We should have a fish and game warden for this section; but no one seems willing to do the rustling necessary to secure them.

E. L. Dexter, Lakeside, Wash.

### SOME REMARKABLE SHOTS.

The remarkable shot made by J. F. Warner reminds me of one I made when I was a boy. A young friend, Noah Foltz, and I went squirrel hunting one morning, to the Hanna woods. This woods is hilly and in many places the hills are parallel. We wanted to make a clean sweep, so Foltz took one hill and I another. I had not gone far when a gray squirrel ran up a tree and stopped about 10 feet from the ground. I carried a muzzle loading rifle, and in those days a squirrel's head was not worth much after I pulled the trigger. I levelled that old rifle and took careful aim, for I did not want my friend to kill more game than I did that day. I pulled the trigger and down came the game, without any head. The sound of the gun had not died away, when Foltz yelled at me, mad as a wet hen.

"You fool! What made you shoot so far? I was just going to shoot that squirrel myself!"

I had shot a squirrel, on the other hill, which was at least 150 yards away. Foltz would not believe I had not killed his game purposely until I showed him the one I had killed on my hill. What makes this shot more remarkable is that both squirrels had their heads shot off, and as my friend hunted with a shotgun, there was no one to blame it on but me.

G. R. Loudenback, Sidney, O.

Reading about the remarkable shot of J. Frank Warner, brings to my mind one made by a companion of mine while hunting on snow-shoes, for our winter's meat, in the Teton mountains just South of the Yellowstone Park, in December, 1893. We had spotted 4 elk, and my companion went around a point of timber, to drive them out toward me. When he came upon them, one was standing with head away from him and one directly in front of that, slightly sidewise. He took careful aim at the one nearest and fired. Both elk fell at once. He ran to the first, cut its throat, then started for the other, but before he reached it the elk got up and came in the open, where I killed it. His shot had struck it in the shoulder and lodged there. We went back to the first elk and looked it over carefully for a bullet hole, but could find none. In quartering, and afterward in skinning the quarters as needed, we looked for a bullet hole, but there was none. We examined head and legs as carefully as any other part of the body, but could find no bullet hole anywhere.

I have always thought the elk was paralyzed with fear, and that before it recovered, my companion had cut its throat. What do you think?

G. W. R., Montpelier, Vt.

The wonderful shot made by Mr. Geo. Richardson, of Tulare, Cal., when he killed a jack snipe 190 yards away, reminds me of a story I heard back in Pennsylvania years ago.

A local celebrity, known as Old Peter, sauntered into the village store one evening and remarked, "I was over to the lake the other day, looking for ducks." "Did you find any?" asked one of the boys. "Found clouds of them," replied Peter. "I fired both barrels at one big flock and how many ducks do you suppose I killed with those 2 shots?" We all knew Peter was a high grade liar and we did our best to call his hand. One said 8, another 10 and I guessed 15. "No, Sir-ee," said Peter, "I killed just 99 ducks." "Huh!" cried someone; "why not add one more and make it an even 100?" "Boys," inquired Peter, drawing himself up with an offended air, "do you think I would tell a lie for the sake of one duck?

A. B. Cameron, Barns, Ore.

### HOW TO LEARN.

Catskill, N. Y.

Editor RECREATION: I have been a sportsman for 40 years of the 62 which have passed over my head, and flatter myself I know a gun from a hoe-handle. In that time I have read many fool articles on "how to become a good wing shot" and it is quite refreshing to find good sound sense in the letter by "Pull," in February RECREATION. My advice to those who wish to become good shots in the field, is, to read "Pull's" article and follow his advice in every detail. Get a cylinder-bore gun, and go in the country where game is abundant. Go with some one who knows more than you do, and be careful not to become wiser than he the first day. Get out as often as you can and shoot and keep on shooting. Practice and not "book larnin'" makes a marksman. Trap shooting is good amusement and may be of some help on the start, but the best sportsman I ever knew was a poor shot at the trap.

I fully agree with "Pull" that 60 per cent. is a good average in upland shooting.

Wm. Henry Hubert—than whom a more thorough sportsman never lived—in his book on field sports, written over the pen name of "Frank Forester," says: "The man who can kill 3 out of 5 shots, in covert and out of covert, is a good shot, and can hold his own anywhere." Mr. C. C. Haskins, in "A punch at fish hogs," in a recent number of RECREATION, says "The doom of the poacher and hog was sealed 2 years ago," and in the next line tells how he and 2 other fish hogs took a wash-tub full of white-bass in less than 2½ hours. A wash-tub full! Why didn't he say a swill-barrel? What were they doing with a wash-tub? Now my advice to Mr. Haskins is, he ought to save a few of those "punches" for himself and his friends.

Wm. Comfort, Catskill, N. Y.

## SOME WOODCHUCK STORIES.

Speaking of woodchucks, an old hunter told me the following story:

"I was about 6 years old when an uncle of mine came to see me and brought me a steel trap, the first I ever owned. I was so small I had to put one end of a long stick under a beam, rest it across the spring of the trap and spring it down, to set it. Every time I caught a woodchuck I had to take the trap to that beam, to set it, before I could place it for another woodchuck. One day I caught a young one and decided to tame him. I had him so tame in a few weeks that he would follow me around almost anywhere. He was more mischievous than a whole litter of puppies. In the fall he began to sleep longer each day. We kept him in a corner by the chimney (we always used the fireplace) where it was warm. Finally, he went to sleep for the winter, in a sitting position. Boy-like, I was always poking him with my foot, or a stick or something. He would wake up enough to chatter his teeth, and would then drop off to sleep again. He was just as fat when he woke up in the spring as he was when he "denned up," but he never grew much. He ate so many vegetables in our garden that my father had him killed after I had him 2 or 3 years."

W. A. Bruce, Felchville, Vt.

This township is the best woodchuck ground in the Empire state. I say this advisedly, for I have hunted or driven over every county but two West of Lake Champlain and the Hudson. I have counted seven 'chucks in one field, all within fair rifle range. In another place, not considered good ground, I have left the highway, bagged 5 'chucks, and been back to the carriage road again in 50 minutes. Three times in the past 2 seasons I have killed 7 woodchucks in a short stroll, and on Memorial Day saw 32 easy shots in a day's hunt, though only 12 were killed, to 3 guns. The chucks are a great damage to the grass lands of the stockmen, who gladly give the freedom of their farms to careful riflemen. We are on the main line of the Ontario and Western, and visiting riflemen can obtain good hotel accommodations, livery, etc. In many places a bicycle can readily be used in going to and from the shooting grounds. Then, too, sportsmen of the right sort would be welcome to the traps and rifle range of the gun club of Guilford.

Rev. Ernest L. Tiffany, Guilford Centre, N. Y.

In reply to P. K. Rossiter, of Ithaca, on woodchucks: I am somewhat of a woodchuck hunter myself, having in one season, 2 years ago, shot 61 woodchucks, 58 of which I shot with my Marlin .38-40, and 3 with a Stevens shot gun. The largest one I ever remember of shooting was an old buck, of the dark brown, almost black, variety and a sly old fellow he was, too, living in a secluded corner of an exceptionally fine clover lot. I had tried many times to get a crack at him, but he would get back in the bushes before I could do so. One day he was not successful, it being my good fortune to get within 100 yards of his lordship before he sat up on his haunches to survey the surroundings. I caught him in the shoulder, and he was a dead chuck. I brought him home and he tipped the scales at 14 pounds. I use the Marlin, with Lyman rear and ivory front sights, and ask for no better rifle for small game. William Foster, Troy, N. Y.

## ALASKAN NOTES.

Lake Lindeman, B. C.

Editor RECREATION: I promised to write you something when I reached this land of promise; but thus far nothing of much interest to sportsmen has turned up. Have been on the trail since February 1st and have most of our outfit at Lake Bennett. I had occasion to go to Dyea, last week, and was surprised and well pleased to find a copy of RECREATION at a news stand. It has been read with great interest, by all the boys in the party.

The only game I have seen, so far, has been ptarmigan; but I have been too busy to think of hunting. After we get to Bennett and have built our boats, I hope to take a good hunt. Then I shall be able to write you something of the big game in that section of the country.

Am pleased to learn you have the L. A. S. started, and when I get back to civilization again shall do all I can for it. Every true sportsman should give it his support, and if they will do this it will be a success.

G. B. Erwin.

### IN THE SUGAR CAMP.

Le Roy, Ill.

Recreation comes right along, and it is getting right there. I congratulate you on your success in making it what it is to-day; the leading journal in all the name implies.

Well, I've been after the furred animals of this region, especially the mink, the past and present season. The ladies—God bless 'em—must have boas, muffs, etc. And what's a fellow to do but get out and after 'em—the minks, I mean—and I've piled up quite a few of them thus far.

I often thing of, and even wish I were again in the Coast Range mountains of Southern Oregon; away up near their summits in the little open grass-covered flower-bedecked glades, or treading through the bewildering maze of wild pea vine in the densely timbered canyons; hearing the whirr of the blue grouse or the smash and crash of brake and chaparral as the bounding buck or stately bull seeks to widen the breach between me and him. Yes, I would like to be there. But I must put up with an occasional cotton tail, or a squirrel, a prairie chicken or wild duck, when each has its open season. And in lieu of the mountain trout must be content with the bull-head. Such is life. But I can still thank Providence that civilization can't rob me of this—I can tend the "Old Sugar Camp," gathering and boiling the sugar water in the old iron kettles, in the old style furnace, in the little old log shack, with its clapboard roof.

Dan Arrowsmith, Le Roy, Ill.

### GAME NOTES.

There is not much game in this vicinity, only grouse, rabbits, raccoons, minks, otter and an occasional bear. Trout are not plenty, although salmon are here for everybody who cares to take them. There has not been a deer seen in this neighborhood for years. I keep a small sloop, in which I go hunting every fall. Four years ago, Joe Burnett, of St. Paul, Frank Allen, of this place, and I went for a hunt on Whidby Island. In 25 days, including 4 days going and coming, a distance of 80 miles, we killed 26 deer, 9 brant and ruffed grouse galore. Mr. Editor, please don't get your branding iron yet. At that time I had never seen a copy of Recreation, and it will not happen again. It cuts like sin to get roasted to such a nice brown, every month. If some people in this locality don't mend their ways, I shall be the means of their getting into your branding pen yet. I hope the L. A. S. will reach one arm out this way, about the 1st of next August, when grouse are in evidence in the back rooms of most butcher shops and restaurants.

I am not a guide nor a good shot, but if any reader of Recreation happens to come my way I will do the best I can for him, any time during the open season.

S. L. Atkinson,
Gig Harbor, Wash.

By reading Recreation, I have saved myself and family a great deal of suffering, and have added years to my life. I want to give Recreation credit for the following hair breadth escape:

I had the Klondike fever—had it bad—and if it had not been for L. L. Bales, my bones might now be at the bottom of that Klondike shaft, pictured in November Recreation. I wrote letters to different parties to learn if Alaska was so great a poor-man's country as it is said to be. I saw, in January Recreation, a picture of Mr. L. L. Bales, one of its Alaskan correspondents. I said to myself, "there is a man who will tell me the truth in regard to the gold craze in Alaska."

I wrote to him and in a short time received an answer. It was short and to the point, and it broke my Klondike fever quicker than a dose of aconite would. In return for his kindness, I hope Mr. Bales, on his next exploring trip, will find so large a gold nugget that he may afford to retire from business, and spend the remainder of his days in writing for Recreation, and telling of his many trips as a guide.

Chas. H. Robbins, Owasso, Mich.

I am opposed to spring shooting, and am glad to say we have knocked it out in our State and in Canada. I would like to see the League take this matter up. I was in Iowa all last March, except one week when I was in Nebraska. I saw hundreds of ducks—mallard, teal and others—offered for sale in every town. Pot hunters follow the creeks and rivers and murder the birds on their Northern flight. I was told some awful stories of kills made in a snow storm, just after the first warm weather, when the ice was broken. Please ask some of your subscribers, where they have spring shooting, to express their views. I think a true sportsman, even in a state where they have no shooting in fall, would vote to prohibit the killing of game in every part of the Union, after January 1st. All I speak to say, "Yes, that is all right if the other states would do the same"; but all agree with me that it is poor sport, and the birds do not amount to much when they get them.

Geo. F. Weber, Detroit, Mich.

A subscriber in Maine recently sent me a clipping from a local newspaper, stating that Everett E. Sinnett, of Bailey Island, had killed 63 coots in one day, and requested me to roast him. I thought it best to write Mr. Sinnett for verification of the report, before criticising him. In reply to my letter he says, "the report you saw was partially correct. I shot 63 coots in one day. The coot is strictly a salt water bird and is migrating in great numbers at this season of the year. Large bags are frequently made, all along the coast."

Yes, Mr. Sinnett, we all know the coot is a migratory bird, and that they were on their way North, to their breeding grounds, when you slaughtered this boat load of them. Would you think a farmer had good sense, who would go into his barnyard, in the spring of the year when his hens are laying, and kill 50 or 60 of them? Would you think a man could find any sport in such slaughter as this?

In my judgment there would be just as much sport, and just as much sense in killing 63 old hens, in a barnyard, as in killing that number of coots, on the water.

When these birds are going South, in the fall, a man may be considered a sportsman who goes out and kills 10 or 12 of them in a day; but a man who kills 50 or 60 in a day, even then, ought to rank with the lowest grade of game hogs. If he slaughters them thus in spring, he is as much worse as it is possible to conceive of.

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I consider the dollar invested in my subscription to Recreation is returning me 500 per cent. profit. Jack rabbits are extremely plentiful here and destroy a large amount of crops. They are killed in great numbers every winter, yet seem to increase rather than diminish. Some counties even paid bounties for their scalps the past season. A law was passed a few years ago, prohibiting the killing of quails for a period of 5 years. The result has been a large increase of these birds, in spite of the fact that many pot hunters paid no attention to the law. We have many pinnated grouse and a few coyotes. There is good duck and goose shooting on the salt marshes, or Cheyenne bottoms, Northeast of the Great Bend. An attempt is being made to form a lake there of 2,500 acres, or more, by turning the surplus water from the Arkansas river into the bottoms. A ditch about 17 miles long is nearly completed but whether it will receive and carry water enough to make the enterprise a success remains to be seen. If it does, there will no doubt be excellent wildfowl shooting here in the future. I send you a clipping from the Kansas City "Star," containing an account of the killing, by Walter Dupee and C. H. Lester, of Chicago, of 800 quails in 2 days' shooting. The scene of this astounding exhibition of insatiate hoggishness was in Mexico, just over the California line.

B. E. Mirick, Linndale, Kan.

[The report of the work of these hogs has already been printed in Recreation.]

Am much pleased with the position taken by you and your correspondents in regard to game protection, and note, with pleasure, the growth of sentiment against the seemingly inherent, vicious tendency of many so-called sportsmen to kill, indiscriminately. When sportsmen learn to be satisfied with a reasonable bag and can leave the field while there is yet something left alive in it, we shall be a long way on the road toward successful game protection. The sentiment expressed in your editorial on page 153 of the January number is the idea exactly. Recreation is doing a noble work in this direction. Never mind libel suits or adverse criticism. Hogs always squeal when they are stuck. There are thousands of lawyer-sportsmen who would be glad of an opportunity to defend, without fee, so able an advocate of moderation and justice as the editor of Recreation.

E. N. Goodhue, Winona, Minn.

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The 10 members of the Keystone Camping Club, of Hollidaysburg, went on their annual excursion July 12th. We camped on the Raystown branch of the Blue Juniata, 6 miles North of the famous Bedford springs. The boating was fine; also the fishing; bass, catfish, and eels being plentiful. Turtle soup was an important item on our bill of fare.

A few days were spent in woodcock hunting, and we found a fair number of birds. During the second week of the camp, the club held its annual pigeon shoot and rifle match. The best scores were 9 birds out of 10 at 25 yards, and 106 points out of a possible 120, at a 50 yard target. The club heartily approves the suggestion of Mr. Lydecker regarding a L. A. S.

We expect to take our next outing somewhere in Canada. Would be glad to have the Editor assist us in selecting a suitable place. Success to Recreation.

T. W. Morton,
P. S. Duncan, Jr.,
J. H. Humes,
Reporting Committee.

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Please send me a book on ferrets, and tell me what to do for them when their feet get sore.

Willie Keller, Sauk Centre, Minn.

ANSWER.

I have no such book and do not know of one. If I did I would condemn the man who would offer it for sale. No one but a game hog, of the most despicable type, would use ferrets; and no one but a game hog would offer them for sale. The use of these brutes is prohibited by the laws of nearly all states, and I believe by the laws of your state. You certainly do not wish to descend to the level of the wretches who take such an unfair advantage of rabbits, as do the men who use ferrets. I trust you will never be guilty of such work and that you will denounce it among any of your friends who may ever suggest it.—Editor.

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A reader at Middletown, N. Y., has sent me a clipping from his home paper giving an account of the killing of over 1,200 jack rabbits at Colorado Springs, Col., and wishes to have the men who did the work placed in the swine corral. I may state again, however, that these men have not transgressed any law of sportsmanship.

The jack rabbit is a pest to farmers and gardeners in Colorado, as well as in other portions of the West; hence it is the custom to organize large hunts or drives there, and to slaughter the jack rabbits by the thousands, in self defense. This is the only way in which these animals can be kept down to such numbers as will permit the farmers to live and thrive. The jack rabbit can scarcely be classed as a game animal anywhere, and it is all right to kill all you can of them in any of the states where they are destructive to the farming interests.

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One bright fall morning M. L. Hayes (we call him the Governor) and I started to hunt some meat. Game was plenty back in 1860, so we had no trouble in finding deer tracks and started to follow them. The trail led down to the river bank. When we were about 25 yards from the river there was a rustle in the bushes and a coon ran down to the bank and tried to cross the water on a log which extended from one bank to the other. The Governor fired, the coon leaped into the air and fell dead on the opposite shore. We crossed the river on the same log, picked up the coon and went on. After following the trail for about a mile we came suddenly on 5 deer feeding in a little plain surrounded by brush. We crawled cautiously to within 100 yards of the deer, and both took aim and fired. When the smoke cleared away a deer lay motionless on the ground and the other 4 were disappearing over a neighboring ridge. I missed the deer completely. The Governor's rifle did the work.

L. S. H.

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The laws of Idaho, Wyoming and Montana forbid the capture or keeping in captivity of any of the larger game animals, which I consider unjust. There has been a great howl against game catchers by parties who were more interested in skin hunting than in the preservation of game. I can say, from experience, that the loss will not exceed one out of 20, if the parties authorized will take proper care of the animals. Mountain sheep, deer, antelope and moose should be caught while young, and raised on cows' milk. They become very gentle and will breed at the age of 3 years, in captivity. Elk will thrive, caught at any age. I am in favor of a law allowing the capture and raising of all kinds of wild game, and a bounty to be paid on each head bred and raised in captivity, such as sheep, deer, antelope, moose and elk.

R. W. Rock, Lake, Idaho.

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Much is being said concerning the best way of exterminating the wolf. Of course, something should be done, but the first thing is to know what to do. I am opposed to poisoning them, because you do not get more than half you kill, and many you do secure have lain long enough to spoil their hides. Hides are becoming valuable enough to make it an object to save them. It seems to me it would be a good plan, in localities where wolves are destructive, for ranchmen to club together and hire men to hunt and trap them. I believe they can be trapped successfully. I think they can signal one to another, as I have heard them give a sort of pitiful howl which would be answered by others a mile or so away. I doubt if coyotes do much damage to anything but sheep. I trapped a dozen last winter, and think if I were where wolves were plenty I could trap some of them, too.

G. A. Fishel, Fairburn, S. D.

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The Topeka (Kans.) State Journal, of March 13th, gives the names of 2 men who must be branded as Game Hogs. They are J. W. Postuter, and Ed. Dowdan. These men seem to have gone to the newspaper office and boasted of having killed 300 ducks in 2½ days shooting, on the Salt Marshes near Ellinwood. It is no doubt a great source of satisfaction to see their names in print, in connection with this record of butchery, and it will also be a great source of satisfaction, to all readers of Recreation, to see them in this magazine, in order that they may shun the men should they ever go in that direction.

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E. A. Brininstool's article, on accidents, brings to mind how near I once came to shooting at a man's head.

It was on the railroad running through the valley of Wyoming county, N. Y. There are high hills to the East, and flat lands on the West of the track. The same B. who was one of Brininstool's party was my companion. While sitting beside the track I noticed a dark object which I supposed was a chuck. Guessing the distance to be 250 yards, I raised my peep sight to the proper notch and was taking aim when a man's shoulders rose above a knoll behind which he had been standing. I was shooting a .40-70-330 Ballard, and chills run down my back yet when I think of what might have been the result had I pulled trigger.

F. E. Wilkinson, Buffalo, N. Y.

Our Deputy State Game Warden has been doing some good work lately. He arrested several persons who have been killing game contrary to law. Three were fined $100 each, and 2 others bound over to appear before the district court. Their trial will come on soon. They are accused of slaughtering elk and mountain sheep out of season. The warden raided their camp and found 8 whole elk hides and some half dozen that had been quartered, 3 fine bull elk heads, the carcasses of several mountain sheep and one fine buck sheep, head measuring 17 inches at back of horns. Also about 500 pounds of dried elk meat, besides 5 whole carcasses of elk. Game is quite plentiful within 30 miles of here, but poachers had better beware, for our game warden means business. Give it to the game hogs; they deserve all you can give them, and more too.

John L. B. Mayer, Augusta, Mont.

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In the town of Easton, N. Y., recently, 2 novices in the art of carrying a gun were returning from a duck hunt. One walked behind the other and carried his gun on his shoulder, muzzle to the front.

Suddenly there was a loud report, and something dropped. It was the man in front. The hammer of his companion's gun had caught in the bushes and—you can guess the rest.

The man who was in the rear felt bad, but he didn't bleed any when they picked the shot out of the other fellow.

Careful sportsmen, especially if they have families, should fight shy of such fellows.

C. H. Smodell, Stillwater, N. Y.

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The hunting ground of Northern Minnesota does not receive, in any of the Eastern sporting journals, the attention it deserves.

Moose are more plentiful here than in Maine. Deer are easily found within a few miles of this city. Bear are fairly numerous but hard to get at.

Ducks and geese are abundant; in October, goose shooting is especially good. Grouse were plentiful up to last summer, when the heavy rains drowned countless numbers of the chicks. Unless we have a close season of 5 years on grouse they will be exterminated.

Brook trout and Lake Superior trout are numerous and grow to great size.

The pike, pickerel, bass and perch fishing, in our small lakes, is unsurpassed in the Union.

This is a bad country for game or fish hogs, as our sportsmen refuse them any aid or information.

I hope your crusade against the game hog will flourish and wish every success to the L. A. S.

W. M. Mee, Duluth, Minn.

The Utica Fish and Game Protective Association, lately organized, has started out in the right direction. Article II. of its constitution reads as follows:

"This association will not, in the exercise of its Corporate affairs, or by its Corporate funds or resources, aid or engage in competitive contests of sport; or offer prizes or benefits in such matters, which will in any way tend to the greater destruction of song-birds, fish or game, or tend to increase the prowess or dexterity of sportsmen in such destruction; nor will it promote trap shooting of pigeons; but will, however, leave its members free to act in such respects according to their own individual inclinations."

It would be a good scheme for all the fish and game clubs in the country to thus oppose and condemn side hunts, side fishing contests, the shooting of live pigeons from the trap, and all other unsportsmanlike events.

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Lincoln, Neb.

The Nebraska Game Law is a "crack-a-jack." No blind shooting, no boat shooting, no decoy shooting, no shooting from a constructed blind. I think game laws are all right and I will stand by them to the last; but when a lot of old "Pop" legislators, who do not know ducks from geese, put out such laws as these I am none too well pleased. They give us from November 1st to January 1st to shoot quail, which are fast becoming scarce, and deny us any chance whatever at wild fowl which are migratory and far more numerous.

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Game is scarce in this part of California but I am told there are a few mule deer near here. I doubt it, for the mule deer stay up in the Northern part of the State. There are a few common deer in the mountains about 9 miles from here, but they are very shy. There are a few quails, grouse, pigeons, squirrels and rabbits, but no fish any nearer than the old Pacific.

Arthur J. Thompson, Pasadena, Cal.

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In the deer country of Northern Michigan, last fall, my father killed a 240 pound buck. The deer hunting season is only 22 days and the hunters are nearly equal in number to the deer. Notwithstanding the many deer that are killed each year, the increase is great. My father, for the past 3 years, has killed all the law allows, which is 5 each year.

W. Witbeck, Allegan, Mich.

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Can the readers of RECREATION post me on what game can be found about 150 miles North of Winnipeg, near Lake Manitoba, Canada? Is it found in any quantity.

F. H. Best, Milwaukee, Wis.

I have reports from our shooting preserve that the quails have wintered well, are strong, and in good sized flocks. Nevertheless, we expect to put out, soon, 100 pairs from the South. Southern quails in this district have been of great benefit. There has been a noticeable increase of the number of bevies for the past 2 years, and I think there is an improvement in the strength of the birds, from the crossing with the imported birds. Last winter was exceptional for the depth of snow, but it was otherwise mild. At no time was there much crust on the snow, which was fortunate for the quail.

Dr. J. S. Niven, London, Ontario.

Small game is plentiful here, and there are still a few deer left in the country. Walter Bailey killed a deer in December last on Spike island, about 5 miles from here, and another one was killed at the same place afterward. Almost every man and boy hunts here, though few of them are sportsmen.

J. Lloyd, Winter Haven, Fla.

Game is abundant in all parts of the state. So are sportsmen and game hogs. In the winter ducks and geese are so thick in the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys that farmers living near the rivers are compelled to herd their fields with rifles, to prevent the ducks and geese from eating their growing grain.

R. McMurtry, Pennington, Cal.

We have deer, trout, grouse, pheasants, ducks, coons, mink, otter, and once in a while a cougar swims over from Vancouver and makes it lively for the sheep. The Government and private bounties amount to about $75 or $80.

T. P. Bottom, Salt Lake, Spring Island, B. C.

The grouse season in this part of the country is from October 15 to December 15. I did not have much time to hunt, but I killed 30 grouse and 46 rabbits. I have a rabbit hound and an English pointer. I use a 10 gauge gun, and shoot from 4 to 5½ drams of powder.

Harry C. Everitt, Knoxville, Pa.

Some time during December, '97, a friend told me he saw a flock of about 50 wild pigeons in a small grove of poplars near here. The flock remained there all that day. C. H. Austin, East Troy, Wis.

There are a few foxes, wild cats and raccoons left in the mountains, while in the lower grounds and fields rabbits, squirrels, grouse and quails are quite numerous.

J. E. Christie, Thiells, N. Y.

Hunting is poor. We have a few rabbits, squirrels and turkeys. Woodcock shooting was good last fall. Our quails froze 3 years ago, so they are scarce. Fox hunting is about the only sport we have.

T. E. Banks, Mercersburg, Pa.

Large game is getting scarce here. There are only a few deer and black bear left. Rabbits are plentiful, however, and there are some grouse.

Fred. Derbyshire, Wellsboro, Pa.

We have no game here but rabbits and grouse, which are fast disappearing on account of market hunters, who hunt rabbits with ferrets.

W. H. Hawks, Binghamton, N. Y.

The game down here consists of jack rabbits, doves, plover, quails, etc.

Walter O. Kingsolving, Austin, Texas.

Plenty of deer here, and a few elk and bear. No birds but ducks.

G. B. Dennick, Waldport, Ore.

There is some game here yet but not nearly so much as 10 or 12 years ago.

S. W. Weede, Flatwillow, Mont.

The small game around here is scarce, but back in the hills there is an abundance of all kinds of large game.

R. C. Gibson, Lewiston, Id.

There are so many hunters here that there is no game, except jack rabbits, within 10 miles of us.

H. G. Newton, Butte, Mont.

We had a very good quail season last fall. Birds fairly plentiful and there is a good outlook for next season.

E. T. Coleman, Camden, N. J.

There is good hunting at this place in the fall. Lots of prairie chickens, deer and blue grouse.

Wilbur Johnson, Highwood, Mont.

Prairie chickens and rabbits were plentiful last season. Some hog work, but not so bad as usual.

H. L. Page, Rock Falls, Ill.

Small game, such as quails, rabbits, etc., is plentiful here. We have a game law, but it is not enforced.

J. M. Lloyd, Winter Haven, Fla.

Rabbits, squirrels, grouse and quails are quite plentiful here.

Will. Small, S. Soventry, Ct.

Deer were abundant here last fall. In one week I saw 28.

W. L. S. Steward, Monson, Me.

# FISH AND FISHING.

## HOW TO CATCH PIKE.

Mr. Estabrook asks for instruction as to taking pike and lake trout. I am an old fisherman, and will tell what I have learned by experience.

Use a black bass bait rod with 50 feet of waterproof silk line and a reel of suitable size. Leader should be 3 yards long, of twisted double gut. Hooks, either No. 1, 2 or 3 Sproat, snelled or 14 inches of twisted double gut. Between line and leader put a medium sized swivel. Two feet above the swivel put a large split shot.

Row against the wind and let your boat float to leeward, broadside on. Or anchor, 20 to 50 yards from shore, and try still fishing. Pay out 20 or 30 yards of line, according to the depth of water. Cast your bait as far as possible, and draw it in slowly. Keep your bait always near the bottom. Watch out, for the pike takes bait with a swift strike.

When first brought near the boat he will go down with all his might. Then handle him carefully or you or he will break something. The best time for fishing is from daylight to 9 a.m. and 4 p.m. to sunset. An hour or 2 before sundown the big fellows come from deep water to near the shore, to feed on small fish.

Live bait is always the best; small fish 2 to 3 inches long. Frogs of medium size are also good. I prefer to hook live bait, both fish and frogs, from below upward, through the lips. Then they follow your line head first and swimming. A fish hooked through the upper fin follows broadside on.

It is a good plan to have a sinker line to measure the depth of water in which you fish. Use a 2 ounce sinker and knot the line every 5 feet; 1 knot at 5 feet, 2 knots at 10 feet and so on.

W. I., Lake Ronkonkoma, N. Y.

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Gelborah, Burlington, N. J., asks in May Recreation, how and by what bait pike can be caught. He will find a spoon, artificial or natural minnow—the last, for choice—trolled or spun after a boat or from the shore, will take them. But the best bait is a live frog or minnow—the latter about 5 inches long. Use a couple of treble hooks, one to hang about 2 inches below the bait. Put an ounce sinker a foot above the bait. Then a cork float 18 inches above that. Strike the fish about ½ a minute after he has taken the bait. This is so sure a way, that I know many waters where it is strictly prohibited.

S. Howarth, Florissant, Col.

## FLY FISHING FOR DORÉ AND PIKE.

Merrill, Wis.

Editor Recreation: Having just finished reading the excellent contribution of W. F. J. McCormick, "The Upper Mistassini," in January Recreation, I would like to give my experience in regard to the question Mr. McCormick puts to his readers, viz.: Whether it is not an unusual thing for the doré and pike to take the artificial fly.

During July of last year, 2 gentlemen of this city and I went on a fishing trip up the Wisconsin river. We left the little flag station of Garland Switch, about 20 miles North of Merrill, and struck through the dense forests of hemlock and pine for our camping grounds, 2 miles away. We were well supplied with provisions, and one of the party was acquainted in the neighborhood, having camped there on previous fishing trips. He was sure we could get a boat from a settler in the vicinity, and by the aid of it reach the opposite bank, where a creek, teeming with minnows, was to furnish all the bait we needed.

But we found that the settler had not only departed for regions unknown, but had taken his canoe with him. What was to be done? The creek was on the other side of the river in plain view, but reach it we could not. Rummaging about in my pack, I noticed my fly-book, and proceeded to rig my line with a 6-foot gut leader; using a Reuben Wood bass fly as a dropper and a scarlet ibis as a stretcher. As it was near the dinner-hour, I put off the fishing until later and we 3 attended to the cravings of the inner man. Dinner over the other gentlemen went skirmishing about for frogs and mussels. In the meantime, I tried my cast of flies, wading near the shore, hoping to catch a few small bass or perch for supper. I had a rise at the first cast, and succeeded in taking a bass, small-mouth, of about 3 pounds. Encouraged by this success, I continued, and took that afternoon 2 bass, 2 pike and 2 wall-eyes, or doré, with several smaller fish of the variety called, in the South, crappie. They call them silver-bass here. Well, those bass-flies kept the camp in fish for 4 days. Every variety of fish known to inhabit the Wisconsin, excepting the muskalonge, took them, and took them greedily. It did not seem to make any difference, either, what flies were used; they would go at a white miller with the same reckless abandon as at a black june. It was only in the late afternoon, however, that they seemed to turn their attention to flies. In the forenoon and early afternoon my companions were more successful with the few frogs they managed to get hold of.

So it would seem that the habits of doré and pike are the same in our country, as in the Queen's domains. Would like to ask, who of the angling brotherhood has tried the pork frog and the hook-arrangement advocated by the late lamented Nessmuk, in "Woodcraft," and with what success?

## TIPS FOR FLY CASTERS.

Wantoma, Wis.

Editor RECREATION: I have read with interest the various articles on fly-casting. One contributor says "distance" is not the most important thing about casting, and that a "gentle art" and not "muscle" is essential.

There never was anything truer. I cannot cast gently without using the arm from the elbow in conjunction with the wrist.

Let me add a few points to the instructions others have given. First. Wet your fly and snell, before casting, until the gut is softened. Otherwise you may snap the fly off, and blame the maker for what is your own fault. Snells are dry and brittle when taken from the book, especially at the fly's head where shellac has been put on.

Second. Never snap, crack or swish your fly through the air. That is no way to cast. I have heard, 10 rods away, the swish of flies cast by anglers who considered themselves expert.

I can cast just as far and accurately without noise as with it.

Use your wrist principally with forearm, but do it gently, gracefully yet firmly. The fly should strike the water before the line. Use a fine, stiff, light colored line. Such an one will not tangle, snarl and twist around the tip of your rod and cause unparliamentary remarks. Cast so the fly will drop like a feather on the water.

When the hook catches in a tree or bush don't get mad and yank it. Keep your temper, or you will break even a steel tip. When you catch a fingerling throw it back to grow. Don't let a false pride of "number caught" generate any bristles on your back. R. W. H.

## THE CARP NOT A GAME FISH.

When does the season for carp fishing begin—*i.e.* when do they begin to bite? What is a good bait for sweet water fishing, for carp? What size hook is the best for this kind of fish? Is the morning a good time, say between the hours of 5 and 9?

E. A. Adams,
103 Smith St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. Adams is doubtless aware that anglers do not take any stock in the German carp and do not regard it as in any sense a game fish or a fish which should receive any attention from them; unless, indeed, it be on account of the widespread belief among anglers that it is a veritable nuisance.

The carp may occasionally bite a hook, but records of that fact, if there be any, are few. There is, of course, no particular bait, which, when placed on a hook, is of any value for catching carp. The most effective way to take this foreign fish is by means of seines or trap nets. He roots about in the mud, in the bottom of the stream or pond, and does not care for anything that is alive. While all this is true, the carp is by no means a useless fish. As anyone who has given the question any attention knows, it is a food-fish of considerable value—not a high grade food-fish; not a food-fish which would be bought by one who is able to buy better; but nevertheless, a nutritious fish which sells cheap and is therefore available as an article of food by people who are unable to pay the high prices which better fish bring.

On the South shore of Lake Erie, in the rivers of Illinois, in the streams of New Jersey, and in many other places, the carp has come to be a food-fish of considerable importance. The fishermen find a ready sale for all that they can catch, and at a figure sufficiently remunerative to justify the continuance of the carp fishery; but there are not many who would claim that it possesses any game qualities, whatever. This, however, may be due chiefly to the fact that it has not received sufficient attention from the anglers. B. W. E.

## FISHING IN CENTRAL NEW YORK.

B. J. H.

Three hundred miles West of New York, and 22 miles from Syracuse, on the New York Central railroad, is the village of Weedsport. One mile North of the village runs the famous Seneca river. This stream connects Cayuga and Seneca lakes on the West with Cross lake, 4 miles East.

For years this noble stream has been noted for the number and size of fish taken from its depths. The game fish include pickerel, pike, black, Oswego and strawberry bass. Prior to 1895, the river was a veritable paradise for illegal fisherman. They used all manner of devices, such as gill nets, fykes and spears, to gratify their greedy desires. Thanks to the watchful State Game Protector, James Lamphere, this nefarious work has been stopped.

Off the shores of Hickory island, one mile upstream, is the place noted for its good bass fishing. The water runs swiftly for nearly the entire length of the island, its depth varying from 2 feet to 20.

Dr. John D. Tripp, of Auburn, N. Y., hooked and landed a magnificent black bass at this place, weighing 5¼ pounds. This fish won for the Doctor, a handsome rod given as a prize by a merchant in the above named city, for the largest bass of the season. D. V. Miller, one of our local sportsmen, and a relentless foe to all manner of illegal fishing, has taken with a rod, at different times, 4 black bass weighing about 4¼ pounds each.

During the winter months our anglers make trips to Cross lake, where they can indulge the pastime of fishing through the ice.

In February, a party of 7 started for this favorite spot. Arriving at the lake, all hands proceeded to cut holes through the ice and to rig tackle. Ed. Radford chose John Acker by name as his partner. Ed. took charge of the tackle, an ordinary sized trolling line with a small Limerick hook. After a tedious wait, during which our friend's ardor was beginning to cool, there came a forcible tug at the line. After a mad dash for liberty and a hard struggle, during which the fish was played to perfection, Ed. succeeded in landing his victim, flopping and struggling on the ice. John, up to this time had been quiet but now, unable to repress his pent up emotion, gave voice to a yell which was heard by the other boys a mile away. Not willing the prize should escape, John threw himself bodily on the unwilling captive, where he remained until satisfied that his prey could not walk back to the hole, some 30 feet away. The fish proved a pickerel weighing 22 pounds, length 43 inches. It was mounted by our local taxidermist, and is now on exhibition at Mr. Radford's place of business, on Main Street.

During the summer months the river is dotted with craft of every description, the occupants plying the rod with true fisherman's zeal. Large numbers of game fish are taken every season. Since the "game hog" has taken to the woods, both lake and river will soon become famous fishing grounds.

## FLORIDA FISHING NOTES.

Three-fourths of that well-known verse:

"When the wind's in the East the fish bite the least;
When the wind's in the West the fish bite the best;
When the wind's in the North they fail to come forth;
When the wind's in the South they take the bait in their mouth"

is untrue so far as the East coast of Florida is concerned. There fish are scarce during the prevalence of a West wind, and in great plenty when it blows from the North or East. A local authority on the subject, Captain Elijah MacDaniels, the noted fisherman of Port Orange, says that when he is fishing he would prefer a gale from the North or East to even a gentle breeze from the West. Bright sunlight appears to have no influence whatever on the fishing. The fish bite as freely on clear days as on cloudy ones. The best time for taking them is at the beginning of the flood tide and in the slack water just before the flood. Fiddler crabs make a good bait for sheepshead and sailor's choice, and freshly caught mullet are best liked by bass and trout. Some individual catches were as follows: On January 11, Father and I caught 30 pounds of sheepshead, in 2 hours of afternoon fishing. On January 14 we caught 11 sheepshead.

Captain Kelly and Mr. Drummond, of Eau Claire, Wis., caught 45 pounds of sheepshead on January 11. Captain Kelly caught 20 pounds on January 12, 56 pounds of bass on January 18, and 18 sheepshead, none weighing more than 8 pounds, on January 28. James Parrot of Marion county, Fla., caught 50 pounds of bass on January 14, and 7 bass, weighing from 6 to 10 pounds each, on January 22. Captain MacDaniels caught 41 sheepshead on January 17. G. A. Gillett and 6 friends, on the launch Ida, took 250 pounds of fish at Mosquito inlet in one day. On another day, with 23 friends on the launch, he took 400 pounds of sheepshead at New Smyrna bridge. The largest fish, a 7-pounder, being caught by Mr. S. H. Gore. Captain Charles Thompson and friends, on the yacht Neola, caught 300 pounds of kingfish at Miami.

W. F. J. M., Port Orange, Fla.

## BIG FISH STORY FROM TEXAS.

J. M. R.

It was June, 1894. I was pastor of the Baptist Church, Jonesboro, Ark., when this big fish story was wrought out. Here is the way it all happened. Dr. J. M. Wells, Dr. Bell, J. L. Turner, C. W. Newby, Wm. Montgomery, of Fort Worth, Tex., and E. W. La Beaum, of St. Louis, accepted my invitation to do some fishing with me.

These gentlemen did not believe my story about the fine fishing in St. Francis lake, 20 miles distant from Jonesboro. They came, they saw, they were convinced.

After 3 days of fishing Dr. Wells and Mr. La Beaum said to me: "In our wildest imaginations we never dreamed there was any thing in the world like this."

Here is what called out so strong an expression: We had taken all the fish we needed for use in camp. On the last day I directed Dr. Wells's boatman to take him for a trial battle for 3 hours, that the party might have a barrel of fish to take home. The boatman left camp at 8.30 a.m. and returned at 12 m. In that time, Dr. Wells had, with rod and reel and one "phantom minnow," taken about 108 pounds of black bass. Other members of the party did as well. A nice box of fish was sent to Mr.

La Beaum's family and a barrel shipped to the families of the Fort Worth parties. All these fish were caught within 3 hours. I am sure I have seen more than 10,000 pounds of black bass in less than an hour, while rowing up the lake when the water was low, in summer.

While at the lake, Mr. La Beaum and Mr. Newby insisted on going together in a dugout canoe and sitting on boxes placed in the bottom of the boat, against the warning of their boatman. They said "ready" and called me to "ease off" the boat. I did so and they, boatman, tackle and all went to the bottom, not of the "deep blue sea" but of a bayou about 4 feet deep. They emerged dripping and penitent. As a preacher, I had just to say "Amen."

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## WHAT IS THE TROUBLE WITH THE RAINBOW?

There is a stream here that was stocked 4 years ago, with California rainbow trout. So far no one—to my knowledge—has been able to catch any. They do not bite at the bait used. Can you tell me how to fish for them, and what kind of bait to use?

Frank Harter, Renovo, Pa.

### ANSWER.

There must be something wrong with those rainbow trout. If any are really there and if they are the descendants of rainbow trout planted there by the U. S. Fish Commission, they are acting very queerly, indeed; for they are the famous Mt. Shasta or McCloud river trout which is one of the gamest fish that swims.

I have never noted that one had to be particular about the "bait" that would entice this trout. Any respectable fly is usually a sufficient lure; while one who cares more for results than method will find the festive grasshopper and the silent caddis-fly larva sure winners. Out West, in the home of the Shasta trout, salmon eggs are a choice bait among those who are really after fish instead of fishing.

The Shasta trout is a wary fellow and will rarely strike if he once gets sight of you; so keep well back and make long costs.

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## SWELL HOGS IN CALIFORNIA.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Editor RECREATION: Inclosed you will find 2 clippings, relating to the actions of some reprehensible brutes in San Diego. Genus; game and fish-hog. Sub-species; Eastern tourist. When that is said, all is explained. This applies chiefly to the misguided ignoramuses who thought that by slaughtering a big pile of fish, they would be received in the best circle of sportsmen. Instead their place hereafter will be with other game and fish hogs of the East.

Wasteful and vainglorious as their actions are, the result shows how plentiful the fish are in our bays.

Two market-hunters killed 5,223 ducks on Lake Elsinore last season [October to March]. Isn't it a shame? They also got 33 geese.

Lake Elsinore is about 65 miles East by South from here. This statement is authentic, as well as those about the big catches of fish.

D. F. Irwin (Paisano).

Here are the reports:

On the lawn in front of the hotel a big rack was erected last night, and on this were hung 366 fish, ranging from 5 to 10 pounds each. They were all caught in one day, by hook and line, by 3 men, Lieut. Slocum, H. C. Lee and Capt. Dunne. The men returned tired out with their day's sport, but pleased to be hailed as the champion anglers of the beach.

F. H. Begole, of Marquette, Mich., was the hero of the hotel last evening, when he came in from an ocean fishing trip, covered with glory and lugging his lines. He did not try to lug his fish, having, 427 of them, weighing from 3 to 8 pounds each. They completely filled the bottom of the yacht.

Mr. Begole and a friend went out early yesterday morning with Capt. Dunne. They dropped their lines out, and from that moment had hard work taking care of the hundreds of fish that fought for the bait. On the way back the party trolled a little, and added 10 big barracuda to their string. It was one of the biggest catches in the history of Coronado, and the guests are anxiously awaiting the coming man who will break this record. Messrs. Slocum and Lee, who established the record of 366 Tuesday, did not wear the honors long. Nevertheless, their catch was something sensational, and created more talk than yesterday's larger catch. If others keep up the record, it will soon be no especially interesting matter to see every guest returning with a ton of fish after a day's sport.

Isn't it strange that California's law makers will allow these Eastern swine to go there and deplete her waters and her fields, year after year? If men are allowed to live who don't know when to quit, then game and fish wardens should be stationed at every point where game or fish are found, to act as herders. Big, burly policemen, with clubs would be good keepers for such swine as those described above.—EDITOR.

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## 51 BASS IN 97 MINUTES.

During my last summer's outing at Lake Osakis, Minn., with a party of Lincoln (Nebraska) friends, a question arose one day as to the largest number of bass ever caught from that lake by 2 fishermen, occupying the same boat, between the hours of 6 and 9 a.m. or 3 and 6 p.m. Will O. Jones, Paul Clark and F. M. Blish, capital anglers and sportsmen, agreed that 40 was the highest number reported for a half day's catch. T. H. Munger, an attorney, who had just arrived and was doing kindergarten work in fishing, claimed he made a greater catch between 10 o'clock and midnight on the first evening after his arrival. But, on cross examination by Jones, Munger admitted that his midnight bass had horns. I owned that 40 bass was a fine half day's catch, but, also said that J. H. Agor and son caught 51 along the West shore of Lake Osakis, during the summer of 1894, in one hour and 37 minutes. Their average weight was 5¾ pounds. Time 3:40 to 5:17 p.m.

Instead of complimenting me for telling a true fish story my friends began to howl and cry,

"Where is Eli Perkins?"

"Let's see the fish," etc. It happened we had the fish photographed, and luckily I had the picture with me which I at once produced, proving my statement absolutely correct.

Lake Osakis is one of the prettiest of the Minnesota lakes. Bass fishing is always good. Wall-eyed pike are caught by the thousands during the month of June. The woods along the lake are alive with gray and black squirrels.

C. H. Morrill.

### A SLAUGHTER OF MUSKALONGE.

The Jamestown, N. Y., Evening Journal, of February 8th, gave an account of the opening of the fish spearing season on Lake Chautauqua, which is enough to make any friend of game and fish preservation shudder. The article states that over 800 fish houses appeared on the ice, on the morning of the opening day, and 40 of these were within a radius of 25 acres of the icy surface, in Sherman's bay. It is said these houses were inhabited by over 1,000 men. Each man was armed with a spear and a decoy minnow and the slaughter of muskalonge began at once. This noble fish is almost the only kind taken with the spear in Chautauqua lake, and it is estimated that 3,000 muskalonge were taken in that one day. The largest fish taken weighed 38 pounds and the size ranged from this down to 2 or 3 pounds. It would seem that with this army of spearmen in a raid against the fish, few of the latter have escaped. The school of decoy minnows, being temptingly manipulated under the ice, would attract the attention of practically every fish in this great lake. Of course, a few did escape the first day, but the open season extended over 10 fishing days, and legitimate anglers will be fortunate if they can find a single muskalonge in that lake this summer.

### NOTES.

I was much interested in the letter from Will Howard, in May Recreation, in relation to catching white perch in the pond at Mattapoisett.

I was born and brought up in that town and have caught many perch in the "Eel pond," as it is called. It has outlet to salt water, and we have always believed the white perch came up from salt water in the spring. I have known of their being caught in pound nets in salt water.

We are badly in need of a law prohibiting the sale of game in this State.

There are a number of men in Brockton who make a business of shooting for the market. Some of them kill several hundred grouse, quail and woodcock in a season, and unless we have different game laws it is only a question of time when game will be as scarce as hen's teeth.

A. D. Hammond, M.D.,
Brockton, Mass.

In December Recreation, H. M. Church makes a statement about white perch, which, in this part of the country, will not stand good. I have fished in salt water streams and inlets in this State the last 15 years, and have always found the best results in perch fishing in brackish or salt water.

At Barnegat Pier, less than 10 miles from the inlet, perch fishing is at its height during the months of September and October. With a light tackle and either shrimp or white worms for bait, I had many hours of sport. The fish were from 8 to 12 inches in length.

R. W. Hopf, Hoboken, N. J.

Will rock bass destroy young trout if put in the same lake?

C. W. Tenney, Barton, Vt.

The rock bass is a carnivorous fish and feeds to a considerable extent on the young of other fishes. If placed in the same stream or lake with young trout it will doubtless destroy all the young trout it can. Owing to the somewhat different habits of the 2 species, however, it is not likely that the rock bass would prove entirely fatal to the trout.

The policy of the U. S. Fish Commission is never to plant any member of the bass family in waters in which it is desired to raise trout or salmon. B. W. E.

I saw a request, in Recreation, for information as to whether eel traps are injurious to fish. I have fished with eel traps for years and have never yet caught a game fish in one. Eels are the only fish that will go in a trap. The only time you can catch eels is in the fall of the year, when they go down stream.

H. C. S., South Williamsport, Pa.

"Yes," said the fish to his shuddering family, "I got away; but just think how that man will lie about me."—Indianapolis Journal.

Why not send in your $ for membership in the L. A. S.?

# GUNS AND AMMUNITION.

## THE SMALL BORES ARE O. K.

Armington, Mont.

Editor RECREATION: It is amusing to read the various opinions of the best rifles for hunting. What seems about the proper thing for one is condemned by another. One advocates a .25 calibre for grizzly bears, while another wants nothing smaller than a .50. I think the hunter has as important a bearing in this question as the gun.

A .25 or .32 calibre bullet, properly placed, will prove more effective than a half-dozen .50's thrown promiscuously into an animal. The man who shoots to hit his game anywhere, thinks nothing short of a .50 will answer, while a hunter who shoots with some regard to placing his bullets in a vital spot will get better results with a gun of smaller calibre. One often hears an argument like the following: "I saw a grizzly shot 8 times before he fell;" or "an antelope 9 or 10 times," etc. One of those shots rightly placed would have proved instantly fatal.

I have used all calibres, from .22 to .50, and all makes of rifles. If I should be asked what I believed the hardest hitting gun I ever used, I would say a .30-40 box magazine Winchester. This rifle is perfection, but is larger than needed. I have a full jacketed bullet fired from this gun, which penetrated 5 feet and 5 inches of seasoned cottonwood. This was shot into the end of blocks placed end to end.

I have owned and used, for the greater part of a year, a Winchester .30-30. This gun suits me better than anything I have yet used. There is no disagreeable recoil, as with a .45-70, .45-90, or .50 calibre, while, in my opinion, it is superior to them in range and killing power. With the soft point bullets it will prove more deadly than any black-powder cartridge, while the arm is quite light.

I have such confidence in the small calibre, high-pressure smokeless powder cartridges with soft point bullets that if I were getting a new rifle it would be a Winchester .25-35 carbine. This gun has a 20 inch barrel and weighs but 6¼ pounds. Yet I believe it would be sufficiently large for any game found on this continent.

Several hunters are using the .30-30's around here, and I have yet to see the man who is dissatisfied with them.

I have heard it asked: "Why will not a soft point bullet penetrate as deeply as the full mantled? The bullets weigh the same; the powder charge is the same, and cartridges are fired from the same rifle." The reason is, the soft point in expanding has to tear a hole several times greater than the full metal patch, which keeps its original diameter, drilling a hole no larger.

I think a .25-35 or .30-30 could be made about as satisfactory for the all around gun some of your correspondents talk about, as any gun I know of. One could use the regular cartridges for large game and a light charge of low-pressure smokeless powder and a lead bullet of 86 to 100 grains for short range.

I have reloaded the .30-30's with 20 grains of black powder and 115 grains of lead and have done accurate shooting at 100 yards. The gun leaded badly though I used the best powder and lubricated the bullets well.

For game and shooting up to and including woodchucks, I can think of no rifle more desirable than a .22-7-45 Winchester repeater. This is light and extremely accurate, capable of placing the bullets in an 8 or 10 inch circle at 200 yards, sure in manipulation, has few parts and has the advantage over other .22 repeaters of handling inside lubricated ammunition. Some might advise the .25-20 or .32-20 model 1892. These are good rifles, and if one prefers loading one's own cartridges, would be preferable to the .22.

One of your correspondents wishes to know if .45 calibre revolver cartridges can be obtained readily in the West. There is no cartridge that can be had more easily. I prefer a .45 calibre 7½ inch single action revolver to all others. They are superior to the .38-40 or .44-40's. I have used them all.

A. A. Haines.

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## HOW TO LOAD PAPER SHELLS.

I note in RECREATION the inquiry of W. B. Cuckler about the loading of paper shot shells. I have loaded shells for my own use for many years and find, with black powder, 2 good wads, well seated, are enough. However, I have discarded black powder, being convinced that its day is past.

We have a large and enthusiastic club in this city, whose members shoot at the trap weekly, and nearly all load their own shells. The Winchester and U. M. C. shells, for nitro powders, are all good and are mostly used here. We load them as often as they can be made to crimp properly, and invariably put enough wads over the powder to fill the shell with shot added, to the crimp. I have had as many as 3 common black edge, a Field and a cardboard wad on the charge; making a thickness of an inch. It is not necessary to use so many wads, when loading heavy charges, or short shells. The main point in loading smokeless powder is to get the charge well crimped. It is essential to get a strong primer when reloading with smokeless powder, and for the Rival shells, which Mr. Cuckler mentions, the Winchester No. 3 primer is the best. If the No. 2 is used, it is advisable to prime the shell with a pinch of black powder.

Referring to the query of R. H. Tewksbury, as to the relative merits of 10 and 12 bore guns, for trap shooting, I would say it has been the experience here that the 12 gauge is pre-eminently the gun for this work. This, I believe, is the experience of trap shooters everywhere. Several of our club members, who had 10 bore guns, have discarded them for the lighter weapon. In a tournament held here last fall, with 65 sportsmen shooting, there was not a single 10 bore gun.

F. C. Riehl, Alton, Ill.

### USE BIG BORES FOR BIG GAME.

I am a guide, and have hunted in the Ozarks, on the plains of Texas, in the swamps of Louisiana, and in the mountains of New Mexico and Colorado. Hence I have had opportunities to observe the effects of wounds made by nearly every rifle made. I advise anyone going to hunt big game to use a large bore rifle.

Last fall I was trapping wolves, mountain lions, wildcats and coyotes, in New Mexico. On going to one of my traps, one morning, I found it completely destroyed. There were plenty of bear tracks, so I returned to camp after my shotgun and horse. Taking my 12 gauge Winchester and a pocketful of shells, loaded with conical balls, I started after bruin.

I tracked him about half a mile, to where he went into a canyon grown up with bushes. Tying my horse, I started in. After crawling along for perhaps 250 yards I came to some fresh signs and then knew my game was not far off. I cocked my gun and went on a short distance, when I came on the bear. He had heard me as I stepped on a dry twig, and met me with his usual affection; that is, arms extended and a growl.

I dropped on my right knee, took aim at his neck and fired. My aim was not true and the ball grazed his lower jaw, passing under the skin along his neck. At this he was furious. Dropping on all fours, he started for me. Coming a few steps, he again rose on his hind feet and came on. It took only a second to decide I would not try another at his neck. By this time he was within 20 yards of me and I took aim at his breast and let him have it. The force of the large ball was so great it even staggered this huge grizzly. The next shot went about 3 inches lower, breaking his back.

On examining him I found the first ball had done no harm; the second had gone through his heart and lodged against his ribs, close to the back bone; the next dropped him at once.

It is my opinion that if these shots had been from my .38-55-255 Marlin, 3 would not have killed him. I advise anyone going for big game to carry nothing less than a .38-55.

For all round shooting, either at birds or big game at close range, a 12 gauge Winchester shot gun is the best. For long range, a .38-55-255 beats any rifle I know of.

I am a professional guide and trapper; that is, I follow this for a living, but do not hunt game birds for the market. To any reader of Recreation who will enclose a stamp for reply, I will gladly give full information as to the following hunting grounds: The Ozarks, Southwestern Texas, Western Texas, New Mexico, or Arizona.

V. R. J., Box 175, La Porte,
Harris Co., Tex.

### ALL KINDS OF RIFLES.

Eureka, Cal.

Editor Recreation: As far as my experience goes with the .30-30 rifles, they are not all that is claimed for them. I have found they do not tear the big holes in game some sportsmen think they do. Nor have they the stopping power claimed for them. I have tried the .30-30 on deer, hitting my game in different parts of the body, to give the cartridge a thorough trial. A deer shot through the stomach or hams will drop quickly; though no quicker than if shot with a .32-40 or .38-55.

Some writers seem to think the .32-40 and .38-55 will not prove deadly on deer or bear unless the animal is shot in the most vital spot. Now I have used a .38-55 for years, for deer and mountain lions, and regard this as the best rifle I ever put to my shoulder. I have used the .45-60, .45-70, .45-85, .40-65, .30-40, .30-30 and others.

The .30-30 is a fine cartridge, and gives greater range than the .38-55. However, by loading the latter with Dupont's smokeless powder, No. 1, the point-blank range is greatly increased. Then, too, by getting loading tools from the Ideal Manufacturing Co., lighter bullets and larger charges of powder can be used than are found in the factory cartridges.

A .38 calibre may not be big enough for grizzlies, but for black and brown bear and mountain lions it is good enough. Will John A. Adams say, through Recreation, where the grizzly was hit with the .40-82, which did not prove effective?

Some hunters want a gun to shoot a bullet like a cannon ball, so game will be killed no matter where hit. This is a wrong theory. A deer shot through the stomach with a .45 calibre will die no quicker than if shot with a .38-55. I have heard it said deer shot just back of the shoulder with a .38-55 will die quicker than if hit with a .45. The reason given is that owing to the smaller hole made by the .38, the animal bleeds more internally and less outside than if shot with a larger bullet.

What I have said of the .38-55 is based on experience. Everyone to his taste, however; but if a man can hit a bear in the breast, head, or back of the shoulder, the .38 is good enough. Old Hunter.

## NITRO POWDERS IN BRASS SHELLS.

Now that smokeless powder has come into general use, some of the readers of RECREATION may wish to use it in brass shells. As the theory that it cannot be used in brass shells, because it requires a crimp to cause its full combustion, has been advanced, I will give my experience. I procured a can of King's smokeless, primed some shells with Winchester 3W and some with Peters primers No. 4, and loaded them with 3 drams of powder, one card, 4 black edge, and one card, all 10 gauge wads over powder; 1⅛ ounces No. 7½ chilled shot, one 10 gauge black edge wad on shot. They were as good or better than any smokeless paper shell I ever shot. They are cheap too; a consideration with the sportsman whose means are limited.

Here is an itemized bill of the cost of loading 100 12 gauge shells with the above load.

| | |
|---|---|
| 1¼ lbs. King's smokeless powder... | $0.65 |
| 500 black edge wads................ | .28 |
| 100 primers........................ | .10 |
| 7 lbs. chilled shot................ | .41 |
| | $1.44 |

I cut my own card-board wads, thus saving a small amount. I do not use soft shot, as the diameter of a brass shell inside is 10 gauge and the gun only 12 gauge. Soft shot being forced into so much smaller space are jammed out of shape and fly wild. I have tried the new Victor shells, made by the Peters Cartridge Company and they are all right.

Wm. R. L. Dwyer, Jr.
New Petersburg, O.

## GOOD REPEATERS

I have heretofore been a warm advocate of the Marlin repeater. It is an honest weapon, an accurate shooter, and a hard hitter. Its outline is graceful, and its finish attractive. As between it and the Winchester—a much more popular weapon—it is easily the better gun.

Recently, however, several new claimants to the sportsman's notice have appeared. Most conspicuous of these, are the Savage and the Blake; both repeaters, both using the .30-30 smokeless metal-jacketed bullet, and loading at the breech in cylindrical magazine.

So far as accuracy is concerned there is little choice between the 2. In convenience and quickness of loading—an important consideration sometimes—the Blake possesses a unique advantage. The cartridges come in packets of 7, and are so carried in the belt. These packets are of light metal, and turn on trunnions, like the cylinder of a revolver, each cartridge in turn being forced in the barrel by the bolt.

The bottom of the receiver opens to discharge the empty packet and receive a full one; thus permitting 7 loads to go in at one motion. The action is quick, and strong, and its operation positive. The whole may be taken apart and reassembled in a few seconds, with the fingers alone.

The range is as great as that of any rifle. In durability this arm will probably surpass any other now made.

Unfortunately, for its inventor, the price is high. This should indicate superior quality, but will necessarily retard sales.

W. H. Nelson, Forest Glen, Md.

## A NEW GUN OF THE OLD BRAND.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

Editor RECREATION: A year ago I wrote you a few lines relating to my experience with an old Ithaca gun I had used 10 years. Since then I have bought a high grade Ithaca hammerless ejector and when in Tres Piedras, New Mexico, the rancheros laughed at the "ornament," as they called it, and predicted its early destruction in that rough region; yet, in spite of their raillery they manifested a "sneaking" admiration for the little weapon, with its modern improvements and remarkable penetration. That these rough mountaineers and rancheros, accustomed to 10 bore hammer guns, should take this for an "ornament" can readily be understood; inasmuch as its symmetrical outline and superior hang and balance give it a decidedly graceful appearance; while the beautifully figured Damascus barrels, slender grip and neatly engraved locks render it almost delicate to the eye. When, after being subjected to the severest trials for 3 months in this wild region, it emerged from the test unscathed, sound and firm in every detail, the men changed their cynicism to open mouthed admiration and unanimously voted the gun a priceless treasure. Since then I have used the gun in Arizona and Utah without any accident, of any kind, and all who have had an opportunity to use it are loud in praise and admiration. I have had numerous offers for it, but by far the most unique occurred in Keam's Canyon, Arizona, when an old Moqui Indian offered me his squaw and papoose in exchange for the gun. I was not dealing in aboriginal curios, and declined with thanks. Where a modern gun is desired and hard usage is unavoidable the Ithaca hammerless is invaluable.

G. F. Gebhardt.

### PROPER DROP OF STOCK.

A. C. H., in July, '97, RECREATION advises a beginner to use a gun with about a 2 inch drop. Then quoting from "Marksman," he says: "At straight away shots keep your head well up. If the bird is crossing to the left, keep your head straight," etc. I do not see how a man can hold his head well up when using a gun with a 2 inch drop of stock; unless a goodly portion of the heel is above the shoulder, thereby receiving the recoil from the narrow toe of the gun stock. I have an ordinary every day length of neck, for a height of 5 feet 11 inches. I use a gun with a 14½ inch stock and a 2½ inch drop. It is plenty straight for field shooting, where birds rise irregularly. But if I were to follow trap shooting a 2 inch drop would be all right. Then the gun would be at the shoulder and the neck would be adjusted before the bird took wing. A gun that comes up naturally with the full of the butt at the shoulder, without any unnecessary contortions of the neck, is right for all around shooting. Let us hear from others.

Amateur.

### ITHACA GUNS.

Replying to Mr. Wilson's inquiry I would say: I ordered an Ithaca gun 2 years ago for field use, and, although it cost me but $30 built to order, it suited so well I have recently purchased a No. 4 Ithaca ejector, $100 list, for trap use. It is up to date in every way, with a far better finish than any gun of like cost I have yet seen.

My field gun is a 12 bore, 28 inch barrel, weighing 6½ pounds. Right barrel cylinder, left full choke, with extra heavy breech for nitro powder. I can safely shoot 3 drams Dupont's smokeless in it, and am not tired out at night by carrying an extra pound or 2 of useless metal.

My trap gun is a 12 bore, 30 inch barrel, weighing 7¼ pounds. I never saw a gun which gave a closer or more even pattern. If Mr. Wilson will shoot an Ithaca and read RECREATION he will always be at the head of the procession.

P. S. Lewis, Portland, Me.

### NOTES.

With regard to Eley's wire cartridges, asked about by "Greenheart," I can personally speak as to their efficacy. I have killed swans and geese off the East coast of England, at long range, and never thought of going wild fowling without them. When I came over here, the last time, 5 years ago, I brought some with me, and many a virtually out-of-range duck they accounted for. I was sorry when they were used up. They can be obtained at retail from almost any leading gunmaker in England.

The little wire netting cylinders which contain the shot can easily be made to fit another calibre or shell, by pulling out or collapsing after emptying and readjusting with card needed and a thin paper roll. The next time any friend makes a trip over, I shall get him to bring me a few, which I will reload with chilled shot, for our fall geese; which never give other than long chances, here.

Percy Selous, Greenville, Mich.

In the June number of RECREATION J. L. R., Jr., asks which is the better of 3 guns, the Ithaca, Forehand or Syracuse.

Taking into consideration the fact that the 3 are equally well made, and of the same material, and bored the same, it is evident that the shooting qualities are equal. The simplicity and strength of mechanism of the Syracuse, makes it superior to the others.

It is strongly bolted through extension rib, in such a manner as to hold both down and back, and cannot shoot loose. It has fewer parts than the others. It is also superior in having long cocking levers, thus making it easier to open the breech and raise the hammers.

A full description is given in July, 1897, number of RECREATION by J. A. Mackenzie. I have been using a Syracuse about 2 years and find it shoots as well as any of them.

Warren N. Smith, Argentine, Kansas.

I am the proud possessor of a Remington shotgun. It weighs 8 pounds, has 30 inch barrels and 14 inch stock with 2 7-8 drop. It is the $35 grade, and I would not swap it for any gun built for that price. I made lots of long shots with it last fall, and some good bunch shots. On one occasion I was out at sea in a boat, hunting sea brant. While laying at my decoys a bunch of 5 came in. I waited until they came near, but they would not bunch. One advanced from the flock toward me and I shot and killed him. Then the other 4 bunched and I gave them the second barrel and killed all at one shot. As the distance was about 40 yards and the sea choppy, I think it was a good shot. I never could have done it with my old gun, although it was a good one. Most of my shooting is done at sea, on wild fowl, and for such work I cannot praise the Remington too highly.

Howard G. Batchelder,
Newburyport, Mass.

M. K. Barnum asks why shot sometimes ball. He used Dupont's smokeless powder. I knew of several other kinds of smokeless powders causing shot to ball. This is caused by the extreme change of cold or heat. If the shells are put in a cold place the shot will ball; and if they are put in a warm place the same result will follow. The size of the gun does not matter. I have a 10 gauge with which I have had the same trouble.

D. M. Hazeltine, Corning, N. Y.

NOTE.—It is now believed by experts that balling of shot is caused by defective wadding. Very hard wadding will cause it, if quick burning powder is used.—EDITOR.

Will bullets seated below mouth of shell work through the magazine of a Winchester rifle, models 1886 or 1894? How do Whitney & Kennedy rifles compare with other makes? R. B. I., Oneida, N. Y.

ANSWER.—Rifle shells with bullets seated below the mouth will not work satisfactorily in repeating rifles. The Whitney & Kennedy rifle is little used. Better buy one of standard make.—EDITOR.

Is there any difference in the shooting qualities between the '97 model and the lever action Winchester shot guns?

While I think the slide action would handle the best and be the quickest shooter, is it not more complicated and likely to get out of order sooner than the lever action? Will the lever action not wear longer and stand more hard usage?

Sport.

ANSWER.—There is no difference in the shooting. Both shoot as well as possible. Either action, with reasonable care, should last a lifetime.—EDITOR.

In April RECREATION R. H. H. asks about the relative penetration of black and nitro powders. I, like R. H. H., use a repeating shotgun, and I find King's smokeless powder gives better penetration than any other.

I can get all the game I want with a good double breech-loader. Of those I have tried I think the Remington hammerless (for a man with moderate means) is the best. The repeater for game hogs, but for sport the double barrel.

N. P. N., Grove City, Minn.

W. S. Allen wished to hear from someone who had used the .22 short smokeless powder, mushroom bullet cartridges, in a '92 model Marlin. I have used them exclusively on small game, and find them superior to black powder cartridges. Compared with them it has these advantages: No smoke, little fouling of barrel, high velocity, and no noise. The bullet will, on striking flesh, expand to twice its size, making a large hole. I have never tried it on woodchucks, but see no reason why it would not prove very effective on them.

C. G. M., Albany, N. Y.

My shotgun recoils unpleasantly. Is there any way to prevent it? Will shooting slugs in a gun injure it?

H. Paul, Boise, Idaho.

ANSWER.—The only way to reduce recoil is to reduce your loads. You can use a smaller charge of both powder and shot, or less shot only. The latter will give lighter recoil and increase penetration. Shooting slugs or buckshot in a choke bore gun is likely to injure it.—EDITOR.

The Bristol Gun Club was recently organized with A. F. Gove, president; Clarence Lathrope, vice-president; W. W. Wilson, secretary; C. A. Hanks, treasurer and club captain; Milo Abernethy, W. W. Wilson and George K. Prime, directors. The club has leased a range a mile north of the village. The traps and targets are in place. The club already has a membership of 25, and that number will undoubtedly be doubled before the season is over.

H. C. B., Bristol, Vt.

I have owned a number of .22 and .25 calibre rifles. Recently I bought a .32 rimfire, and am disgusted with it. I expected it to shoot accurately up to about 120 yards, but it is not reliable beyond 50. Is the fault in the rifle or the ammunition? Have had bullets keyhole at 35 yards. Have tried different cartridges, but they are all alike.

W. R. J.

Will "A. L.," of Auston, Minn., who wrote about reloading .30-30 shells, in October RECREATION, give W. W. Allen, San Louis Potosi, Mexico, his full name and address?

In answer to G. N. Tetor, Dundee, N. Y., would suggest 11½ gauge thin black edge shot wad, or 12 gauge wad, using some good strong glue on edge of wad. Above refers to 12 gauge gun.

D. D. Cornell, Knoxville, Ia.

In answer to "N. K.," Elkhart, Ind.: To make a full choke scatter; divide the shot charge into 2 or 3 or even 4 parts, with thin wads separating them. The more parts the more spread.

D. D. Cornell, Knoxville, Ia.

In answer to Dr. F. J. Hood, I will say there is no rifle on the market, which, in my opinion, compares with Stevens "Favorite" shooting the .22 long rifle cartridge, either in cheapness or weight. No rifle can beat it for accuracy.

Le Wyk, Philadelphia, Pa.

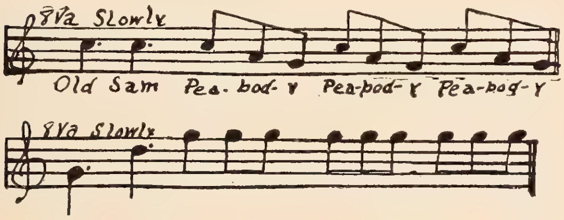
## THE WHITE-THROATED SPARROW.

GEO. EMBODY.

Although the white-throat, or Peabody bird, has not a striking plumage, it ranks among our best singers. It measures about 6 inches from point of bill to tip of tail and its wings spread about 7 inches. Its bill is short and strong, being well adapted to cracking seeds. There is a conspicuous yellow line before the eye, which changes to a dull white as it passes over the eye and back along the side of the head. The centre of crown is dull, with a black stripe on either side. On the throat is a large white rectangular spot. The breast is whitish, lightly streaked with grayish brown; while the back is chestnut, with a few wide black stripes. The legs are slender and sometimes have a pinkish hue.

The white-throat breeds from the wooded slopes of Mt. Washington, Northward to Labrador. The nest, which is placed on the ground or in low bushes, rarely in trees, is made of strips of bark, grasses, rootlets and pieces of moss. The eggs, 4 or 5 in number, are bluish white, speckled or blotched with reddish brown.

The song of the white-throat, like that of the bluebird, has in it a tone of sadness. Although of very high pitch, not unlike the notes of a piccolo, it is not the least shrill. Mr. F. Schuyler Mathews writes the song in 2 ways, as follows:



Besides this song one may frequently hear the "tseep," and sometimes "chree" or "cheep."

In the spring and fall, in company with juncos, chewinks and white-crowned sparrows, the white-throat may be seen in hedges and in the garden, feeding on seeds and worms. I have seen them many times under the grape vines, taking what they could get from the grape skins. They seldom puncture the grapes, for their bill is not sharp and long enough for this.

When given good care and proper food the white-throat makes an excellent cage bird, and will sometimes sing after a few weeks in captivity. They are easily trapped by means of the cage trap or bird lime.

As soon as the bird is caught, place it in a semi-dark cage, without food, for 6 or 8 hours. By this time the bird will have become somewhat accustomed to the cage and will not injure its plumage by fluttering. For the first few days the bird will eat better from the floor of its cage, and there the seed should be sprinkled. Later it may be placed in seed cups. A small vessel of water must be kept in the cage. After the first week of captivity, a larger dish of water, in which the bird can bathe, should be placed in the cage every other day. Canary seed with a little sunflower, lettuce and hempseed is the best diet for them. Occasionally throw in a small angle worm and some chickweed.

One of the best cages for white-throats is a medium sized mocking bird cage, where 2 or 3 pairs may be placed together. As they enjoy company, they do finely with other seed-eating birds.

## SNAKES AND SNARES.

Editor RECREATION: I read, with interest, the article, "A Snake and a Rat," in February RECREATION.

Few people have any idea of the muscular power of a snake. I have, for years, been collecting for the Smithsonian Institution, and, when stationed at Mt. Vernon Barracks, 30 miles North of Mobile, Ala., made a large collection of snakes, poisonous and non-poisonous, for that institution and for Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore.

Among the varieties was the coachwhip, mentioned in the article alluded to. One specimen, about 7 feet long, I kept for some time, for purposes of experiment. In capturing, or moving them from box to box, for transportation, I used a snare, made of a stick about 6 feet long, with a groove cut around the upper end. About an inch back of that, a hole was bored, large enough to allow a good sized hemp twine to pass freely through it, the edges being smoothed, to prevent fraying of the twine. One end of the cord was securely tied in the groove; the other passed through the hole, to form a loop to be thrown over the head of the snake. The string should be about 4 feet longer than the stick, and the end held in the left hand. The loop is thrown over the reptile's head, and jerked tight; then grasped with the butt of the stick, and the snake is at your mercy as long as you hold the noose tightly. I have handled 6-foot rattlers in that manner with perfect safety.

But, to our coachwhip:

To test his constrictive powers, I would occasionally remove the cover of the box in which I kept him, and, throwing the noose over his head, and letting it slip back a foot or more, drag him out. If given opportunity he would throw his coils around the stick, and grasp it so firmly that it required great force to loosen him. As a test, I would drag him along the edge of a porch floor, and allow him to get a grip against (not around) the base of a post. With contact on only 3 sides of an 8 inch base, he would hold until the strain bent an ash billiard cue from 4 to 6 inches, and I could not pull him loose with one hand.

If one had no other means of determining whether or not a snake was poisonous its actions, on finding itself captured, would decide the question. The poisonous snake will try to use its fangs, and if the noose catches it far enough back to allow its head any freedom, will strike savagely at the stick, at the same time spreading its body out to twice its usual width. The non-poisonous one coils itself around the stick instantly and grips it with a force and tenacity difficult to overcome.

I have seen most of the wild animals of this country, when brought to bay, and noted the appearance of their eyes; but I think the most demoniacal look I have ever seen, has been in the eyes of a rattlesnake, or a "moccasin," when he found himself snared and helpless.

Capt. Henry Romeyn, U. S. A.,
Washington, D. C.

## A VISITING GOOSE.

The California wild geese, as we call them, fly North about the last of May; returning after the first rains. In the fall, all over Western Oregon, especially in the Willamette valley, great flocks are continuously going. In the broad valleys they come nearer the ground and, at times, rest and feed on the newly sown fields of grain. Two young men at Cottage Grove, in Lane county, a few years since, succeeded in winging 9 of these geese. The birds were kept alive, and by fall had become quite tame. They were in the habit of roaming all over the ranch. One of the number had a peculiar voice, and we called him Squawk. We could always tell this particular goose. He was only hurt at the tip of one wing and he could fly quite a distance. In October, when large flocks of geese were returning South, we noticed this goose would now and then try his wings, and he appeared inclined to follow his wild relatives. One morning we watched him fly toward a flock and then back to his old friends. He made several starts and finally left with a big flock going South. The remaining 8 geese seemed to also want to go, but as they could not fly so well as he, they stayed with us. We often spoke of old Squawk, and wondered what had become of him.

The return of spring found the same 2 boys plowing again. One day one of the boys noticed a goose leave a passing flock and after a circle alight among our geese. They received him with much noise and flapping of wings, each one trying to outdo the others. By his peculiar voice we recognized the new-comer as our lost goose, Squawk.

He stayed with us all summer, seemingly contented. As fall came we watched him to see what he would do when the California geese again began to move. We noticed the same symptoms and actions, and he went away as before. We expected this certainly would be the last of Squawk. But no; for early next spring back he came. We welcomed his return and grieved at his fall departure.

He continued to come and go for several years longer, and got to be known all over this end of the valley as the "emigrant goose." Where he went could be only conjectured, but it was either to the Sacramento or San Joaquin valleys. On his last start he seemed more than usually excited, and loth to leave. But the music of the great flocks called him. One morning he sailed off and did not return. We always thought he made his Southern trip with the same flock, and that when the sound of familar voices came, he went.

E. J. Rhinehart, Medford, Ore.

## SNAKE BITES.

### A. M. KENNEY.

The poison apparatus of the snake is a gland in the temporal region, which secretes a clear, viscid fluid. This is poured through a grooved fang inserted in a movable jawbone.

The poison is no doubt more active in some snakes than in others, and more active in the same species at certain periods than at others.

The poison acts rapidly when injected into the blood. It is absorbed by the membranes of the eye, nose and mouth. It is dangerous when taken into the mouth and stomach, and sucking the wound from a snake bite is not free from danger, although if the contents of the mouth be ejected and the mouth rinsed there is little risk.

Snake poison takes effect through the blood, and where the bite punctures an artery death is almost instant. In the case recorded by H. T. Greene, in April Recreation, death probably resulted in a few seconds; the poison being carried to the brain through the circulation and, acting on that organ, paralyzing the heart and lungs.

In the greater number of cases it seems to act on the lungs first. After death the part bit sloughs away.

The blood generally remains fluid after death resulting from a bite by a rattlesnake; differing in this respect from the coagulation observed in death from the bite of the cobra and related species.

In cases where the fangs have been wiped by passing through cloth, and the patient does not suffer to any great extent, one may hope, by careful treatment, to save the life.

The great shock which usually follows a snake bite is, in a great number of cases, due to fright.

One may feel reasonably sure, if on examination there are found 2 distinct punctures, that it is the bite of a poisonous snake. If possible the snake should be examined to determine if it has the double fangs observed in the poisonous snakes.

The innocuous snakes often bite fiercely, but they will as a rule be found to lack the highly developed fangs of the rattlesnake and cobra. There are some innocuous snakes which have the fangs but they seldom bite.

The first thing to be done is to tie, if possible, a ligature, drawn tightly and twisted up with a stick, around the part between the bite and the heart. Next inject, by means of a hypodermic syringe, a solution of permanganate of potassium around and into the punctures. The strength should be kept up with alcoholic drinks. In case of suspended respiration, artificial respiration should be resorted to. Efforts should never be relaxed until the end.

If every traveller in a snake infested country would provide himself with a hypodermic syringe and a solution of permanganate of potassium, we would hear of few deaths from snake and spider bites. The person bitten should be kept quiet, and a cathartic administered. When the bite is in the neck or head there is little hope for the victim.

### SPARROWS AND STARLINGS.

Allegheny has a woodland of some 250 acres which is used as a park and picnic resort.

We have many native song birds in it, but also have many sparrows, and we should like to get rid of the latter. They have driven the native birds out of our down town park (100 acres) and now are infesting the suburbs.

I am told the German starling has gotten a good start in Central Park, New York, and is breeding in the church steeples about the park.

We have a dozen starlings (caged) in our park and I should be loth to liberate them if they are likely to drive away our native song birds. However, my intention is to liberate the old birds during the time they are rearing young, and to watch their movement in reference to other birds, and cage them as soon as the young are able to fly. We have wire covered cages, 30 by 8 by 12 feet high for each variety; some of them are 16 feet instead of 8 feet wide.

Starlings have been introduced on the Pacific as well as Atlantic coast and I don't propose to lose our few remaining songsters if the starlings show a tendency to molest and drive them away.

Should be glad to hear of the results following the liberation of starlings in Central Park.

The starling is a beautiful bird and a good songster, which cannot be said of the sparrow.

D. L. Fulton, Allegheny, Pa.

ANSWER.

Replying to inquiry concerning the starlings: Eighty of these birds were released in Central Park, under the direction of Mr. Eugene Schieffelin, March 6, 1890, and 40 on April 25, 1891.

These birds have bred and multiplied and the species seems to be firmly established in this immediate vicinity. I have received reports from Staten Island, Bayonne, N. J., New Rochelle, N. Y., and Kingsbridge, N. Y., of its occurrence in numbers varying from one to 40 individuals.

As to the economic aspects of the case, it is as yet too early to hazard an opinion. I have had no personal experience with starlings in their own country and do not know whether or not we are to be congratulated on this addition to our avifauna.

I see one or more of the birds almost daily—they are resident throughout the year—and at all times they seem intent on their own affairs, paying no attention to the house sparrows which, of course, are always numerous. On principle I am opposed to the introduction of foreign birds, believing we can better devote our energies to the protection and encouragement of our native species.

Frank M. Chapman,
American Museum of Natural History,
New York City.

### THE WAR AND FRENCH FASHIONS.

Ever since the Audubon societies began the war on bird millinery, the fact has been recognized that American women are (or *think* they are) as dependent upon the hired milliners of Paris for millinery models as the world is dependent on sheep for wool. So long as French milliners ordered that stuffed birds and birds' wings should be worn, it appeared that American women—all save a few—felt they must slavishly obey.

Three months ago, when a naturalist who had not the fear of *Paree* before his eyes, declared in a bird-protection lecture to a fashionable New York audience that millinery fashions for American women should be fixed in New York, by American women, the leaders of fashion laughed him to scorn. " Impossible! " said one and all. The speaker contended that in view of the originality and ingenuity of American inventors, it was a shame that Paris should be allowed to dictate all our feminine fashions—as if our designers were wholly lacking in originality and good taste. But the argument fell on deaf ears.

Now, however, our best American women have been touched on a spot even more tender than their love of Parisian fashions. The hostile attitude of the entire French press (than which no more rotten sheets ever disgraced the name of journalism), and the insults that Parisian blackguards have heaped upon Americans, have roused the patriotism of American women. Not only are Americans generally staying away from Paris, but from one end of this country to the other the women are up in arms, vowing to boycott French goods and French fashions, forevermore.

Heaven send strength to this movement. French hatred has earned it, and there is every reason why it should take root and prosper mightily. It would put millions of honest dollars into the hands of American workers, it would forever end the slaughter of birds for millinery purposes, and it would furnish lucrative employment to thousands of American women who now are idle and in need. It would develop here a new field—the designing of fashions of all sorts.

The French retort that American women cannot get along without French gowns and millinery to make them attractive. A truly French idea. As if the world does not know that it is the American woman who adorns the gown, instead of the reverse. Let him who doubts it try to produce an American girl by putting a Worth gown upon a German, or French, or Italian woman.

Speed the boycott; and stay away from Paris. There are many cities whose boulevards smell far sweeter; where land sharks are fewer, and where one can get more for less. Of course Paris is now trying to crawl back into the favor of money-spending Americans; but now is the time for the people of this country to cultivate long memories as to friends and foes.

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### DO FLYING SQUIRRELS REALLY FLY?

Mr. Belcher speaks of flying squirrels flapping their wings. Is he not mistaken? I have watched these little animals time and again, and have never seen anything of the sort. They frequently fly upward a short distance at the end of their flight, but they do it by sailing, just as a bird does before alighting, by changing the angle of their wings. They slide up, as it were, by their momentum, as a sled runs up a short incline after sliding down a longer one.

A few years ago there were quite a number of these animals near my camp, in Northern Michigan. As I made it a rule not to disturb anything near my camp, they became quite fearless after a time, and I had exceptional opportunities to observe them. They came out every evening at dusk, and flew from tree to tree. They would run up a tree some distance and then fly downward to a neighboring tree, sometimes as much as 50 feet, then run up that and fly down again. In almost every case, just before alighting they would sail upward for a short distance, apparently to reduce their momentum and avoid hurting themselves; but in no case could I discern any flapping of their membranes. What Mr. Belcher took for flapping of the wings, may have been the movement of their legs in the effort to change their inclination. If not, I hope his observation will be verified.

W. S. Bates, Chicago, Ill.

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### SILVER GRAY FOXES.

Where can I buy 3 silver gray foxes? Would Minnesota be a good place to raise them? Are they hardy or tender? How high a fence would be required to enclose them and how deep should it be set in the ground? About what would the foxes cost, each?

A. C. Ferguson,
Pelter Institute, Colo.

Answer.—The only way to obtain genuine silver gray foxes is to advertise for them, inspect before buying, and be prepared to pay a good price. It makes no difference about their age, so long as they are physically perfect animals. With plenty of room, foxes are easily bred in confinement, but for breeding they need acres of ground, not square yards. For all information about fences to enclose them, consult the Page Woven Wire Fence Co., Adrian, Mich. With rough and brushy ground, the climate of Minnesota would be suitable for breeding the silver gray fox, and all other varieties of the red fox.

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### NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

Greenville, Mich.

Editor Recreation: Last summer a large black water snake was brought me, by a boy who had just killed it. I wanted it for my collection, and the 36 fully developed young that were within it are now in a jar of alcohol beside the mother. I do not give this for the "one blow" business, but as a natural history fact concerning the fecundity of some of our harmless snakes. While not expecting that every one should make pets of these creatures, I think it would be well if people would study them a little more; at any rate so far as to be able to distinguish between the venomous and harmless ones. Many of the latter are extremely beneficial to agriculture, and if the farmers only knew it, they would protect them for the large numbers of field mice, gophers, etc, they destroy. This killing for the sake of killing, just "because it is a snake," which is so universal, is wanton and

brutal; and in these days when superstition is no more, shows only gross ignorance. Antipathy has little standing; but of course I draw the line at venomous snake protection.
Percy Selous.

The letter of L. W. Brownell, Nyack, N. Y., eulogizing the red squirrel, must be a huge joke. Otherwise, I should not like to experience the sensation which permeated his anatomy as he read the letters of Minton, Moffett and Wakeman. The latter gentlemen are correct regarding the habits of the pine squirrel, but I would not be too hard on the little fellow, for I have thought him as much of a game preserver as a destroyer. He seems to stand sentinel for all the game in his section, for, much to the disgust of the hunter, on approaching the woods he hears the wavering chatter of this little red rascal, which is taken up by his neighbor and heralded all over the forest. All other animals, as well as birds, seem to regard this as a danger signal, on hearing which they seek hiding places. Thus the hunter's sport, in a measure, is cut off. While this squirrel is a thorn in the flesh of almost every hunter, myself included, no doubt he was made for some good purpose; but, frankly speaking, that purpose is hard to discover.
Wm. A. Bruce, Windsor, Vt.

I mail you to-day the pelt of a "critter" that is new to me. Do you know what it is? I can't name it. Old trapper Johnson, who captured it and its mate, did not know what it was, though he has spent his life trapping in these hills. He caught it near Pistol Creek, Idaho.
M. W. Miner, Weiser, Idaho.

ANSWER.

Yes, this is a new animal for America. It is a black breasted Eversmann's ferret (Putorius eversmanni) and Dr. Merriam, to whom I showed the skin, says he has never known of but one other being found in this country. He has the skin of this one, which is probably the same one Trapper Johnson refers to. The true home of Eversmann's ferret is in Siberia.—EDITOR.

I am much interested in RECREATION, and especially in the Natural History department. Would some reader give me a few points on how to stuff and mount small birds and animals?
R. H. W., N. Y. City.

This is too large a subject to treat in any one article, in a magazine. It would take hundreds of pages to do it justice, and to give such instructions as would be intelligible and useful to a beginner. Your best plan therefore, is to buy a copy of Hornaday's Taxidermy and Zoological Collecting, published by Scribner's Sons, this city. The price is $2.

### THE CACKLING GOOSE.

I read Allen Brooks' interesting description, in May RECREATION, of the cackling goose, and should like to set him right as to the range of these birds. He says they only frequent the Western coast, and go but a few hundred miles inland. If Mr. Brooks will come with me to South Dakota, I will show him where they nest. I killed several, last fall, and have one, alive, that I brought from there. She wintered out doors, with my Canada geese. I have 2 Canada geese that will follow me when I hunt. They have helped me kill several hundred birds. B. A. Shaw, Clinton, Ia.

Our open season for deer ended February 28th. Some of us obtained some fine specimens. Our turkey season closed on March 15th. I have heard of and seen many large antlers on red deer, but I shot one last November that I think is a record breaker. I will give some measurements, and if anyone can show a larger set I should be glad to hear from him. Of course larger ones are found on mule deer, but we are now matching horns with some man's red deer. These antlers measure 23 inches long, 19 inches wide at points, 22 inches at widest spread, and 5½ inches in circumference 2 inches from head.
Munsey Carson, Frostproof, Fla.

I give measurements of a mule deer head that I have, and if any reader of RECREATION has a larger one I should like to hear from him. Spread of horns, 41 inches; number of points, 15; measurement around beam, 5 inches. I am mounting this head and will send a photograph of it as soon as I get it finished.
John E. Davis, Butte, Mont.

Last winter I turned a jack rabbit over with a load of BB shot and nitro powder, at 97 yards; this was the 3d shot at the jack, so you may know he was losing no time. On a goose I got a killing pattern at 127 yards, with No. 2 shot. Have no faith in small shot at long range.
Paul F. Mueller, Ft. Worth, Tex.

I clip the following from a newspaper:

> "The superintendent of the Missouri State Fish Hatchery was recently surprised, on draining off a pond containing bass, to find few fish in it. At first theft was suspected, but closer investigation revealed the missing fish in a condition of hibernation, or winter sleep, in the mud covering the bottom of the pond."

I should like to know if it is a fact that bass remain buried in the mud all winter.*

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* Black bass occasionally hibernate, but not always. Several accounts have been published in RECREATION, of their being caught through the ice.—EDITOR.

# THE LEAGUE OF AMERICAN SPORTSMEN.

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## HOW TO ENFORCE THE GAME LAWS.

A Miles City, Montana, man, who was asked to join the League, writes thus to the friend who made the suggestion:

"How do you expect to enforce our state game laws? Until the Indians are kept on their reservations, and prohibited from going on hunting and slaughtering excursions, I see no way to preserve our antelope, etc."

One of the first things the League should do is to secure the enactment of game laws, in the states West of the Missouri river, making the penalty for killing game or taking fish, in close season, punishable by imprisonment. This is the only way in which Indians can be made to obey game laws.

As a rule Indians are not prepared to pay fines, though they all dread even the thought of going to jail; and when they learn that by killing game in close season they are laying themselves liable to imprisonment, they will stop it. The Indian would much rather go hungry than go to jail. When this is the penalty for violation of the game law he will hustle for his meat in some other way.

The League has already made itself felt in Legislative circles in the East, and will soon do likewise in the West. Let every man who has the interest of game protection at heart join the League, and thus aid in its grand work. Let the Montana division go before the Legislature at Helena next winter, backed by the national organization, and ask for the enactment of a law that will stop the Indians from slaughtering game, and such a law will soon be enacted.

Meantime the Chief Warden of the Montana Division will have appointed Local Wardens in every county of that state. These will, in turn, be aided by Deputy Wardens, and the game district may thus be covered effectively. A law can doubtless be secured in Montana authorizing the State Game Commissioners to appoint all the League Wardens as state Wardens, thus investing them with authority to make arrests. With such laws and such machinery for enforcing them the people of Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, and the other far West states can soon stop the Indians, and white men alike, from killing game in close season.

## TO STOP THE SALE OF GAME.

The following circular has been sent to all the hotel men, restaurant men, game dealers and cold storage houses in this city. It has also been sent to all the leading newspapers in the State, with a request to the editors that they publish and comment on it.

To Hotel Men and Game-Dealers:

You are doubtless aware that the law which permitted the sale of game in New York at any time of year, if shipped in from some other state, has been repealed and that game cannot now be legally sold or served in hotels or restaurants, *except during the open seasons for killing same in this state.*

These open seasons are as follows:

Deer, August 15th to November 15th.

Hares, rabbits and squirrels, October 15th to February 15th.

Wild fowl, September 1st to April 30th.

Quail, November 1st to December 15th.

Woodcock, partridge and grouse, of any species, September 1st to December 31st.

Snipe, plover and other shore birds, September 1st to April 30th.

Please note that it is " unlawful to hunt, kill or possess any ring-neck mongolian pheasants until 1900."

Other species of birds, not mentioned above, are protected at all times.

The League of American Sportsmen is organized for the purpose of enforcing the game laws, and of protecting the wild birds and mammals during the close season, and it will do so at whatever cost may be necessary.

I have to request, therefore, that you give careful attention to the game laws at all times, for the officers of the League will make it their business to prosecute all persons found guilty of violating these laws.

We shall visit the leading Hotels and Restaurants and order game. If necessary, we shall pay the waiters liberally to serve it to us. If we get it, we shall take the bones of the birds with us into court and swear out warrants for the heads of the houses where we bought the game.

Such duties are not pleasant to us, and we do not seek them. We trust it may be only necessary to call the attention of the hotel men and game-dealers to the new law, in order to have it strictly obeyed.

Please do not consider this as a threat. It is simply a caution, given in the most friendly spirit, and because we wish to deal fairly and honorably with all concerned.

We notice that several hotels and restaurants are now serving Prairie Chickens under the name of Blackcock; Snipe and Woodcock, under the name of French Plover; Ruffed Grouse, under the name of French Partridge, etc.

It is easy to show, by comparing the bones of an American bird with the bones of its European congener, which is which; and the bones of such birds as we may be able to buy, during the close season, will be produced in Court, if need be, and so compared with the bones of the European bird, under whose name such American bird was sold.

It may be a hardship to some men to have to do without game for a portion of each year; but the experience of the past 20 years has shown that we must deny ourselves the pleasure of shooting and of eating game, at certain times, or submit to its extermination everywhere within a very few years. Several important species of game have been practically wiped off the continent during the life of the present generation. Other species have disappeared from certain states where a few years ago they were abundant.

The question is, therefore, whether we shall cater to the wants of thoughtless people, for the time being, and then do without game entirely, or whether we shall have a reasonable supply in the open season, for all time to come.

Much that has been said above, regarding game, applies with equal force to game fishes, and especially to brook trout, salmon and black bass.

Yours truly,
G. O. Shields, Prest.

The hotel and restaurant men having now had ample notice of our plans, must expect to be prosecuted, if found violating the law by selling or serving game in close season. As stated in the circular, we hope there may be no occasion for prosecutions. The whole plan of cold storage is wrong, so far as game is concerned. Birds, especially, are not fit to eat after having lain in cold storage for 3 months or more. They lose all their rich flavor and are utterly insipid by reason of this unnatural process of saving. Any man who knows the flavor of game in proper condition, would just as soon eat an old rooster, fresh from the barnyard, as to eat a grouse or a quail that has been frozen and boxed up for several months. Woodcock, canvasback duck, boarding-house goose and jack rabbit all taste alike after laying in the morgue a few months.

## THE OUTLOOK IN MONTANA.

Butte, Mont.

Editor Recreation: I am heartily in favor of the L. A. S., but there is going to be a long, hard struggle to bring about the slightest degree of good in the matter of game preservation in this state. The whole thought of the average hunter appears to be to kill all in the quickest manner possible, and these men are carrying out their plans.

The condition of affairs in Granite county is something to be deplored. Deer, elk and trout are brought in openly and peddled from door to door. One member of the Rod and Gun Club I saw last July with hairs from the belly of a white-tail deer adhering to his clothing. He had returned from the hills the evening before and when I charged him with killing game out of season, he laughed and said he would not go without fresh meat while it was to be had if he broke 50 —— —— game laws, and that it was a buck anyway!

I don't know whether or not it was a buck; but a man who would shoot game out of season would not hesitate to lie about the sex of his victim.

Last year I had 2 Indians arrested for killing deer out of season, and produced evidence against them that, in a murder trial would hang a man, in a white man's country, yet after they put in 60 days in the county jail the prosecuting attorney (a most ridiculous, illiterate, unpolished ass) said that there was no evidence against them and set them free.

At the next session of court a fellow was brought up and indicted by the Grand Jury for dynamiting fish. The evidence was most conclusive that he did so and that he sold them by the hundred pounds, yet the intelligent (?) jury believing (?) a cock and bull story told by the defendant, and entirely unsupported by any evidence, returned a verdict of not guilty!

In 1890 I caught a man doing the same thing. I swore a warrant and gave it to the county attorney, but the man was not even arrested. This was in Gallatin county.

We have good laws in this state, but they are badly administered. What is needed is more solidity in the institutions of the country. In the United States it is not the best read and most scientific man that gets an office; but the best wire puller, and as public servants know their tenure of office may not exceed one term they give more thought to filling their pockets than to establishing a reputation for honesty and integrity. Let us have judges appointed purely on account of their fitness and then let them hold their positions for life. Then we shall have laws administered without fear or favor and the noble profession of law will be elevated, by the gentlemen on the bench not having to curry favor to get votes from every savage.

The little attention paid to game laws in this section is something astonishing. During my studies in Europe I had an opportunity of observing the attention paid to them there and of comparing the customs of that country with our own. A person who shoots a bird out of season in Europe is ostracized. Here he regards it as a joke on the law makers.

I fear it will take a hundred years yet to educate our people up to a proper respect for animal (or even human) life, and for a proper respect for the laws; but I shall do all I can to aid in the work.

E. F. Conyngham, M.D.

No, it won't take nearly so long, Doctor. At the rate the League membership is growing its power will soon be felt everywhere. With your business men, ranchmen, guides, miners and prospectors as members of the League, all wearing badges, all talking game protection and all watching for game law violators it will be but a year or 2 till these same pot hunters will find their trail a mighty rocky one. Business men who now think it funny to break the laws will wake up to find themselves in the jug and then the smile will be on the other fellow's mouth. The time will soon come, even in Montana, when it will be just as black a disgrace to kill a deer or a prairie chicken out of season, as it is now to kill your neighbor's cow or steal his chickens.—Editor.

## ANOTHER MONTANA HUSTLER.

Hon. L. A. Huffman has undertaken the task of obtaining members for the League of American Sportsmen. So far he has been very successful, having obtained a large number of signatures of those who are interested in the matter of preserving the game, fishes and song and other harmless or useful birds.

The headquarters of the league are in New York City, where the parent organization was first conceived.

The necessity of such an organization has long been felt by sportsmen all over the country, but until recently no effort has ever been made to bring it about, reliance for prosecution of "game hogs" having been placed on the gun clubs existing in various and often widely separated localities. With a national organization to take hold of and direct matters much good is bound to result. The success of mutual aid and assistance, where the interests of one particular class are at stake, is amply illustrated in the case of the wheelmen, who since the organization of their league have obtained greater recognition and concessions than could have been obtained through any other than a national organization with practically unlimited capital behind it.

Nothing short of an universal movement, such as that being made by the L. A. S., will save our wild animals from total destruction.—Miles City (Mont.) Journal.

Mr. Huffman has sent in 12 applications for membership, accompanied by the necessary dollars. If all the members of the League would put on and go among their friends with as much earnestness as Mr. Huffman always puts into his work the question of game preservation would be speedily solved.

## LEAGUE WORK NEEDED IN CONNECTICUT.

Lanesville, Conn.

Editor Recreation: The League is what we need to assist State Fish and Game Commissioners in their duties. The State of Connecticut furnishes, this year, brook trout or rainbow trout for public and unposted streams, charging $12 for delivery of 2,500 fingerlings. The messenger delivers at nearest R. R. station. Individuals are allotted 250 trout each.

Lake trout are for our deep lakes and come in 3,000 lots, at same rates.

At Lanesville we have ordered 2,500 brook trout for our small streams. At New Milford we have ordered 2,500 rainbow for the Housatonic river and 3,000 lake trout for lake Wasamang.

I succeeded in getting the orders. Not a man asked refused to subscribe for his quota.

The prospect for the L. A. S. is good and I shall work for it. We must have combined interest and protection for game and fish or have none to protect.

As State Fish and Game Protector I find it difficult to get proof of violations, and if they are extensive the violators work on the sly.

S. L. Warner.

# CANOEING.

## OFFICERS OF THE A. C. A., 1897–98.

*Commodore, F. L. Dunnell, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

*Sec'y-Treas., C. V. Schuyler, 309 Sixth Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

### PURSERS.

*Atlantic Division, Wm. M. Carpenter, Main St., Sing Sing, N. Y.*

*Central Division, Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.*

*Eastern Division, Francis J. Burrage, West Newton, Mass.*

*Northern Division, Edgar C. Woolsey, 37 Charles St., Ottawa, Can.*

*Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.*

*Date of meet for 1898, Aug. 5th to 19th, Stave Island, 1000 Islands, N. Y.*

## A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.

Applications for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in RECREATION.

The following have applied for membership:

### EASTERN DIVISION.

Frederick H. Kendall, Lakeside Boat Club, Box 728, Worcester, Mass.
Homer B. Grant, Innitou C. C., Woburn, Mass.
Frederic T. Hovey, Innitou C. C., Woburn, Mass.
Harry V. Dimick, Innitou C. C., Woburn, Mass.
Fred. W. Fowle, Innitou C. C., Woburn, Mass.
Oliver M. Wade, Innitou C. C., 131 Summer St., Boston, Mass.
Willard K. Fowle, Innitou C. C., Woburn, Mass.
Arthur J. Murkland, Vesper C. C., Lowell, Mass.
R. W. Gates, Vesper C. C., Lowell, Mass.
F. H. Pearson, Vesper C. C., 120 Merrimack St., Lowell, Mass.
R. F. Hemenway, Vesper C. C., 64 Central St., Lowell, Mass.
Geo. A. Wellman, Vesper C. C., Box 371, Lowell, Mass.
H. D. Pickering, Vesper C. C., Lowell, Mass.
Frank Stuart, Vesper C. C., 24 Nesmith St., Lowell, Mass.
George F. Jaques, Vesper C. C., Box 342, Lowell, Mass.
Frank E. Baker, Vesper C. C., 58 Gates St., Lowell, Mass.
F. E. Bramhall, Vesper C. C., Lowell, Mass.
Frederick W. Stickney, Vesper C. C., Lowell, Mass.
Harry P. Knapp, Vesper C. C., Lowell, Mass.
F. T. Dow, Innitou C. C., Woburn, Mass.
Geo. E. Chamberlain, Lawrence C. C., 283 Essex St., Lawrence, Mass.
Chas. M. Lamprey, Lawrence C. C., Lawrence, Mass.
Chas. H. Jewett, Lawrence C. C., Box 284, Lawrence, Mass.
Ogden R. Adams, West Newton, Mass.
A. E. Kimberly, Lawrence C. C., Lawrence, Mass.
Joseph Lewis, Boston, Mass.

## DON'T FAIL TO GO.

The eighteenth annual meet of the A. C. A. is close at hand, and in 2 weeks it will be a thing of the past.

It now remains to be seen whether the work of the officers and committees for the past year has been of any material benefit to the organization—what new boats have been built, what improvements made, and, most important of all, whether the changes in the racing rules have encouraged racing to the extent of bringing out new boats and new men. We can only hope so, and, one and all, I am sure we are looking forward eagerly to the 5th of August, when so many kindred spirits will meet to discuss these things, as well as the many other topics of interest which have come up in the past year.

It is just a year since the contract was made appointing RECREATION the official organ of the Association and it needs only a glance to see what a good thing it has been for us.

The generous offer of the publisher included a copy of the magazine to every member of the A. C. A. Consequently we have heard the cry " What do I get for my dollar? " much less frequently than of yore. There has been a smaller number of members dropped for non-payment of dues than in many years, and we have a long list of new members.

The 1898 year book was published by RECREATION, free of cost to the association. This has relieved the officers of a load of responsibility, as it required a great deal of time and trouble to secure sufficient " ads." to pay, even in part, the cost of publication. These are the only source of income; so we feel grateful to Mr. Shields for removing this burden from our shoulders.

We are waiting anxiously to see how many of the old boys will turn up at Stave Island, on the 5th.

If any of you have been hesitating, or fear you won't enjoy it, let us help you to make up your mind. We assure you a warm welcome awaits you and if you don't have a good old-fashioned time—we know whose fault it won't be.

C. V. Schuyler, Sec.-Treas.

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## THE BROOKLYN REGATTA.

The Brooklyn Canoe Club opened its season May 21st with a Club Regatta, resulting as follows:

### LIMITED SAILING.

| | |
|---|---|
| F. L. Dunnell | First. |
| C. V. Schuyler | Second. |
| R. J. Wilkin | Third. |
| J. F. Eastmond | Fourth. |

OPEN CANOE SAILING—1½ MILES.

| | |
|---|---|
| F. L. Dunnell | First. |
| C. V. Schuyler | Second. |
| R. J. Wilkin | Third. |
| F. Pinckney | Fourth. |

DECK PADDLING—½ MILE.

| | |
|---|---|
| R. J. Wilkin | First. |
| C. V. Schuyler | Second. |
| J. F. Eastmond | Third. |

The Annual Club cruise took place May 27th-31st, on the Delaware river, from Port Jervis to the Delaware Water Gap. It was well attended, and all had a most delightful time.

On Saturday, June 11th, an Invitation Regatta was held, resulting as follows:

OPEN CANOE SAILING—1½ MILES.

| | |
|---|---|
| C. V. Schuyler | First. |
| F. L. Dunnell | Second. |
| P. F. Hogan | Third. |
| F. Pinckney | Fourth. |

UNLIMITED SAILING—3 MILES.

| | |
|---|---|
| F. C. Moore | First. |
| J. C. Mowbray | Second. |
| F. L. Dunnell | Third. |
| Louis May | Fourth. |
| C. V. Schuyler | Fifth. |
| J. F. Eastmond | Sixth. |
| William Stanley | Seventh. |

TANDEM PADDLING—OPEN CANOES—½ MILE.

| | |
|---|---|
| B. Fredericks<br>J. C. Mowbray | First. |
| E. C. Bennett<br>F. C. Moore | Second. |
| F. L. Dunnell<br>F. Pinckney | Third. |

SINGLE PADDLE—OPEN CANOES—½ MILE.

| | |
|---|---|
| E. C. Bennett | First. |
| C. V. Schuyler | Second. |
| B. Fredericks | Third. |

A dinner was served at the Alligator Lodge, after the races.

The Annual Camp of the Brooklyn Canoe Club was held at Huntington harbor, July 1st-5th, at which time the Pagan trophy was raced for. During the month of July Club races were held, and at this writing the majority of the members are packing up for the A. C. A. Meet.

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## TO THE DIVISION OFFICERS OF THE A. C. C.:

One of the striking and most interesting features of the '97 Meet was the presence of 6 war-canoes.

Can we not be favored with a similar number in '98?

As each Division showed a substantial surplus in the last annual report, might not a limited sum be set aside to defray the expenses of having a representative war canoe present at Stave island?

There are a number of active, enthusiastic clubs in the Northern Division, within easy reach by water of Stave island, between whose war canoe crews there is already considerable rivalry. Would it not be possible for the Northern Division to procure a suitable trophy for competition between crews representing Ottawa, Montreal, Brockville, Kingston and Toronto, and arrange a race for the second Saturday of the meet, and thus choose the premier crew to represent the Division in the regular A. C. A. war canoe event? Such a race would be of great interest, as the canoes and crews are practically on an even footing as to model and number of paddlers.

What do the officials say? M.

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## CAMP COMMITTEES.

Camp Site Committee.—F. S. Thorn, Chairman, 394 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.; H. L. Quick, Yonkers, N. Y.; Henry C. Morse, Peoria, Ill.; Geo. L. Kelley, Buffalo, N. Y.

Transportation Committee.—William E. Barlow, Chairman, Sing Sing, N. Y.; C. V. Winne, Albany, N. Y.; Louis A. Hall, Newton, Mass.; F. S. Rathbun, Deseronto, Canada.

Regatta Committee.—Percy F. Hogan, Chairman, 243 Pearl St., N. Y.; Raymond Apollonio, Winchester, Mass.; C. H. Williams, Buffalo, N. Y.

Literature Committee.—H. H. Smythe, Atlantic Division; Francis J. Burrage, Eastern Division; Frederic G. Mather, Central Division; George A. Howell, Northern Division.

Entertainment Committee.—L. W. Seavey, Chairman, 593 Walton Ave., New York; E. H. Barney, Springfield, Mass.; J. W. Sparrow, Toronto, Canada; Charles F. Kilhoffer, Buffalo, N. Y.

Ladies' Camp Committee.—M. T. Bennett (active member), 1 Broadway, N. Y.; Mrs. M. T. Bennett (Associate for Atlantic Division), Mrs. Louis S. Drake (Associate for Eastern Division), Mrs. C. W. Lansing (Associate for Central Division), Miss Cartwright (Associate for Northern Division).

Signal Officers.—William J. English, Peterborough, Canada; R. N. Cutter, Winchester, Mass.

Camp Surgeons.—S. R. Upham, M.D., Claremont, N. H.; Nathan T. Beers, M.D., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Camp Photographer.—A. A. Lewis, Claremont, N. H.

Bugler.—Seventh Regiment, N. G. N. Y.

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At a special meeting of the Executive Committee of the Atlantic Division, held in New York, Wednesday, June 1st, the resignation of Vice-Commodore Thos. Hale, Jr., was read and on motion accepted. Rear-Commodore Francis M. Pinkney was duly elected Vice-Commodore, the office of Rear-Commodore being left vacant.

The Committee extended a vote of thanks to Mr. Hale for his able management of the affairs of the Division and wishes him success as a member of the Naval Reserve. The Atlantic Division, and the Association at large, lose a most efficient Executive Officer, and we trust at the close of the War Mr. Hale will return to us in good health and crowned with high honors.

Francis M. Pinkney, Vice-Commodore.
Wm. M. Carpenter, Purser.
New York, June 2, 1898.

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A meeting of the Executive Committee of the A. C. A. will be held at head quarters, Stave Island, August 13, 1898, at 8 p.m., for the purpose of electing a commodore and secretary-treasurer for 1899 and to transact any other business that may be brought before the meeting.

F. L. Dunnell, Commodore.
C. V. Schuyler, Sec.-Treas.

# BICYCLING.

## FACT AND FANCY.

NIXON WATERMAN, IN L. A. W. BULLETIN.

I had an inspiration once,
  And wrote a verse so fine
That, when I polished it for months,
  It grew to be divine.
It was so pure, so sweet, so nice,
  So free from all that mars,
It seemed to breathe of Paradise,
  And lift me to the stars.

One day an advertising man
  Secured an ad. for soap
With twenty times less trouble than
  I wrote my verse on " Hope."
The editor meant well, no doubt,
  But, oh! it was a sin!—
He threw my matchless poem out
  And put that soap ad. in!

## OLD RACERS RETURN TO THE TRACK.

The season of 1898 has been remarkable for the number of old-timers who have returned to the race track and acquitted themselves with honor. For instance, there is John S. Johnson, of Minneapolis, who began racing in 1889 and reached his zenith in the early '90s. He was the idol of American racing enthusiasts until he went to Europe in '95 and suffered defeat in every race he entered against the foreigners. He came home a saddened man, to be almost scoffed at by his countrymen.

He then started in once more at his old forte of record breaking, but, try as he would, he failed repeatedly to get the mile record. The following winter he almost died of pneumonia in Canada and although he attempted racing in 1897 he had to be classed, however reluctantly, as a second rater. He was in training in the South most of last winter, and this season has shown fine form and a return of his old-time speed.

Then there is E. A. McDuffie, who began racing in 1890 and has been at it ever since, leaping into unexpected prominence last year by his successful attack on the mile record. Since then he has taken up middle distance paced competition racing with the greatest success, defeating Michael, Titus and other good men. Fred Titus is another old-timer returned, and L. D. Cabanne, of St. Louis, who was suspended at the same time as Fred Titus in '95 by the racing board, is showing much of his former speed this year. Tom Butler, too, although a young rider, has been racing since '94 and was supposed to have retired from the track at one time.

In '96 he showed such remarkable speed that he had to be classed as the strongest rival of Bald and Cooper, but last year he seemed unable to repeat his brilliant performances. During last winter, A. A. Zimmerman, who was the undoubted world's champion in the early '90's, but retired from the track after an unsuccessful campaign in Australia in '95, rode in a number of races in Mexico before he returned to his home in Freehold, N. J., and fell ill with fever.

## BAD ROADS RESPONSIBLE.

Down from his wheel he swiftly sped,
And lit upon his luckless head.

He mounted, and rode on apace,
Then fell, and lit upon his face.

Again he tried and fell, and here
He lit upon his other ear.

And then he lit, a swearing wreck,
Upon the Road Repairer's neck.

## MULTICYCLE RACES.

One event on the programme of the National Meet to be held at Indianapolis in August is arousing a good deal of interest and giving the state handicapper considerable to think about. It is the multicycle 2 mile handicap race, open to all kinds of bicycles from the single machine to the septuplet. Multiplet races are something new this season and only a few such events have ever been run in this country, the first of the kind in America being the multicycle scratch race at the Quill Club meet in May. That, however, was a comparatively simple affair, since all the contestants started together at the tape; and it was won by a quadruplet, with a single in second place and a tandem and triplet not in at the finish.

The League Meet multicycle handicap requires that the different teams be given advantages at the start that seem most just to each and most likely to bring all together at the end of the 2 miles. What is troubling the handicapper, therefore, is whether to place the largest machine on limit or on scratch, or to handicap the single rider heaviest. The natural inclination is to give the single contestant the greatest advantage, because the machines are known to possess speed in proportion to the number of riders who can apply power to drive them; but experience has demonstrated that these high speeds cannot be kept up for more than a mile on anything larger than a quadruplet, while a rider on a single wheel can maintain a stiff pace for many successive miles. So the handicapper thinks perhaps the advantage should be the other way and the largest machine placed on limit.

### WORKING THE MACHINE.

In treating things bicycular
We try to be particular,
And write just so
For wheelmen know
When facts aren't perpendicular.

And so in style versicular
We treat of things vehicular,
Although at times
To write these rhymes
Is really not picnicular.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

### FIGHT FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

The fight for the championship of America is a hard and determined one, this season, with 7 men engaged in the battle for the honor. Arthur Gardiner made the best start by winning the one mile and 5 mile championship events on the first and second nights of the National Circuit opening at Louisville on the 16th and 17th of May. These 2 victories gave him 12 points with only 2 starts. His subsequent riding has lowered his percentage, and he is liable to be passed at any time by Cooper or Bald in their keen rivalry between themselves.

Cooper is riding in much better form than last year and his chagrin at taking rank lower than Bald last year will keep him more closely to the circuit than his more indifferent rival is likely to adhere.

Tom Butler, O. L. Stevens and Jay Eaton are also apparently in the fight. Earl Kiser's absence from the circuit during the first month may affect his chances seriously, but that curly-haired star of '97 seems to like match races better than open competition. No new meteor appears yet in the cycling firmament to upset the public's calculations, and there are not many who doubt that Bald and Cooper will head the list at the end of the season, as they did last year and the year before, with Gardiner a possible close third. Gardiner's riding is considered too inconsistent to place him any higher, with Bald and Cooper in the running.

The sprinkling-cart's unceasing tide
Would shrink somewhat, we feel,
If the man who runs it had to ride
Behind it on a wheel.

### DOES WHEELING CULTIVATE CORNS?

A Detroit chiropodist who has been a wheelman for 16 years, during which time he claims to have made a study of the relations between bicycle riding and the growth of corns, has given publicity to some apparently contradictory observations on the subject. He asserts that corns are produced by the wearing of loose shoes while cycling, the freedom of the feet causing friction and consequent thickening of the epidermis. He seems to directly contradict himself, however, when he says the thing which plays havoc with the toes—and the entire foot for that matter—is the stiff manner in which riders persist in pedaling, seeming to forget there is a socket in the ankle.

Just how the foot doctor supposes tight shoes will contribute to freedom of ankle movement and facilitate that use of the socket joint which he advocates is rather obscure to the lay cyclist. Experienced riders all agree with his observation that instead of confining the movement entirely to the knee there should be a free ankle movement; and they would be disposed to believe his further statement that bringing the ankle into play assures circulation of the blood and prevents the formation of corns; but as tight shoes tend more than anything else to prevent the free circulation of the blood, they will look upon the doctor's paradoxical reasoning with considerable doubt and continue to ride in loose, soft shoes and be comfortable. Certainly tightly laced shoes can not contribute to freedom of ankle motion and pinched-up toes can not add to the pleasure of cycling.

### RUN HIM IN.

It is little wonder that foreigners despair of learning to speak our language. One of the greatest difficulties is the way in which the same syllabic sounds have often very different meanings.

"You'll get run in," said the pedestrian to the cyclist without a light.

"You'll get run into," responded the rider, as he knocked the other down and ran up his spine.

"You'll get run in, too," said the policeman, as he stepped from behind a tree and grabbed the bicycle.

Just then another scorcher came along without a light, so the policeman had to run in two.—Tid-Bits.

### SCORCHERS.

"Scorching" is an evil that has developed in direct proportion as the bicycle has grown in popularity, until it attained such alarming proportions that drastic measures had to be resorted to in order to suppress the dangerous practice of the ambitious young riders. Sometimes these curative measures were almost as bad as the ailment from which the large cities suffered, as was demonstrated recently in Detroit, where policemen in citizens' clothes were mounted on bicycles and sent out to arrest the violators of the speed ordinance.

One night this summer a bicycle rider was coming down one of the streets of the Michigan city at a breakneck speed and as he turned a corner without slackening his pace, he failed to see an old man who was crossing to the opposite side of the street. "The result may be guessed," says the "Cycling Gazette." "The aged pedestrian got it where the mule usually gets the whip. The injuries, however, were not at all serious, and in a few seconds the veteran arose and began to curse like a sea pirate. But this was not all he did. He walked right into the cyclist and hit him between the eyes. At this the cyclist attempted to explain and finally turned back the lapel of his coat and showed his badge. He was a policeman and had been chasing a 'scorcher,' not considering that he was just as dangerous on his speedy wheel as the man he was after."

Muddy crossroads—
Man in hurry—
Slow descent—
Obituary.

This year, for the first time in the history of American racing, the L. A. W. is to determine positively who is the champion at the end of the National Circuit season. A complete table of winnings is to be compiled and the rider who has the largest number of points to his credit will be declared champion. By the rules of the racing board one championship race at either one-quarter, one-third, one-half, one mile, 2 miles or 5 miles, must be run at each National Circuit meet. These must be run off in trial heats until only 5 competitors are left for the final. The winner of the final scores 6 points; the second man, 4 points; the third man, 3 points; the fourth man, 2 points, and the fifth man, one point. The championship races at the National Meet championships for each of the distances will be run in the same manner, except that the winner will score just 10 times as many points; that is, 60 points for first, etc. The percentage of points won to starts made is not figured out or taken into consideration.

"I'm afraid the bicycle corps won't be a success in the army."

"Why?"

"Because they'll always fear a tack."

A small hubbub has been raised in Boston by the request of the wheelmen that a bicycle path be laid through the historical Boston Common, where, as everybody is supposed to know, the schoolboys met the British soldiers just before the battle of Bunker Hill, and which was once the training ground of the militia. This Common, which is opposite the State House, has through all these many years been jealously guarded from encroachments by descendants of worthy ancestors who lie buried there, or who took part in the stirring events which occurred there. The Common is a rectangular tract of 50 acres lying in the heart of the city, and to go around it on a bicycle means not only a long ride but the climbing of Beacon Hill or a trip around by way of Tremont and Boylston streets, where traffic is heavy and the riding dangerous. So the wheelmen, who are usually in a hurry to get home or to get out into the country on pleasant evenings, want a path cut through the enclosure. This has raised a storm of protest, however, from the defenders of the Common, and the cyclists will have to present some strong arguments and use all their influence with the common council if they would realize their desire.

The racing season of 1898 is peculiar for the number of records that were broken during the spring months. Usually the best times of the previous fall stand until the riders have had a summer of riding to develop their greatest speed and the warm dry weather of autumn limbers up the muscles. But everything is changed this year in racing matters and the season seems to have started in wrong end first. During May all the world's competition records from 3 to 58 miles were lowered in the United States, and in England the world's records for the quarter, half, three-quarters and one mile were broken.

Fisher—"What do you think makes the best sinker?"

Friend—"Dewey's fleet."

The world's mile record, which was held jointly through last winter by E. A. McDuffie, of this country, and J. W. Stocks, of England, at one minute 35 2-5 seconds, was broken on May 9th last by J. Platt-Betts, of England, who placed the figures at 1.35 flat.

"Bird Neighbors" is one of the best books on Ornithology published since the days of Audubon. $2 gets a copy of that book and a yearly subscription to RECREATION. How can anybody afford to be without that book, when it can be had at ½ the publishers' price?

Helen—Don't you think my new bonnet is a perfect dream?

Mattie—It's more than a dream, dear; it's a genuine nightmare.—Tid-Bits.

A "Vaux" canoe, made by J. H. Rushton, retail price $37.50, for 60 yearly subscriptions to RECREATION. Who will be the first to earn it?

A high grade bicycle for 75 subscriptions to RECREATION. Write for particulars.

# CONDENSED RATIONS FOR SOLDIERS AND SPORTSMEN.

### Old Timer.

The question of food supply for sportsmen and prospectors, as for soldiers, is one of great importance; yet wholesomeness, palatibility, nutritive value and good keeping qualities must also be considered.

In this paper I shall mention no article that has not been successfully tested by disinterested parties, and shall make no statements that are not based on the reports of competent authorities, or on actual experience.

The Emergency Ration of the United States Army comprises:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Hard bread | 16 | ounces. |
| Bacon | 10 | " |
| Pea meal | 4 | " |
| Coffee, roasted and ground, with 4 grains saccharin (or tea, ½ ounce, with 4 grains saccharin) | 2 | " |
| Salt | .64 | " |
| Pepper | .04 | " |
| Tobacco | .5 | " |
| Net weight, with coffee | 33.18 | " |

The final Board which established it (assisted by the experiments and opinions of 8 other Boards), said it was intended for "occasions on which, from any cause the troops are mainly dependent on food, carried on the person," and decided that the "emergency ration should contain as much of the proximate principles of food as is necessary to sustain the soldier under the minimum of physical strain."

This Board also decided that "in the direst emergency rations for 5 days might be made to last 10."

This was put to a thorough test and 2 members of the Board, with 42 enlisted men, mounted, marched an average of 20 miles a day, for 10 consecutive days, on one-half rations, in a country where there was no game and no opportunity to procure other supplies. During this period the men lost, on an average, 3 pounds per man. Another detachment, under similar circumstances, except that they were supplied with the full field ration, lost 1 1-3 pounds; but a dynamometer, used daily to test the strength of the men in the detachment living on half rations, showed that their strength increased from day to day. On the tenth day, "the detachment as a whole, was able to lift a ton more than it was when it started."

The total net weight of food consumed in 10 days, per man, was only 10 pounds and 6 ounces.

This probably represents the best possible minimum weight ration that could be devised to keep a man in good physical condition while performing fairly active work.

This Board stated these articles, whether full or half rations were used, were "not intended for continuous use," but "only occasionally and for short periods," fully recognizing the fact that fresh bread, meat, vegetables and fruit, or a first-class canned or evaporated supply of the last 2, are necessary to keep men in good health, for a protracted diet.

Bacon is of prime importance. It is very nutritious (nearly double the food value of flour or hard bread and nearly 3 times that of fresh beef), portable, wholesome, keeps well, is easily cooked (or can be eaten raw), and is almost indispensable in field cooking. Bacon should not be fried or broiled unless the fat is caught and used with soup, bread or vegetables.

If pea meal is browned occasionally, before making the soup, it renders less boiling necessary and gives variety to the soup.

Hard bread is useful as it is always ready; baking is often inconvenient and hard bread is less liable to derange the bowels than poorly cooked bread.

## COMPLETE TABLE OF FOOD FOR ONE MAN, ONE YEAR.

In this it is presumed that no fresh fish, meat or vegetables are obtainable and this is suitable for a permanent camp or for travelling. A respectable diet, from a sanitary and gastronomic point of view, can be prepared from this and the amount is ample.

75 pounds hard bread.
400 pounds flour.
150 pounds bacon.
30 pounds ham.
12 1-pound cans deviled ham.
48 2-pound cans corned beef.
48 2-pound cans roast beef.
20 pounds dried beef.
20 pounds codfish.
24 2-pound cans salmon.
24 2-pound cans oysters.
24 2-pound packages Quaker Oats.
48 2½-pound cans "Army ration," Armour's or Fairbanks.
48 1½-pound cans Concentrated Military Soup."
48 2-pound cans soups, assorted.
30 pounds pea meal.
40 pounds beans.
10 pounds desiccated or evaporated onions.
20 pounds desiccated or evaporated potatoes.
5 pounds bouillon capsules.
30 pounds coffee (if roasted, should be in air-tight cans).
5 pounds tea.
10 pounds chocolate.
60 pounds sugar.
¼ pound saccharin tablets.
48 cans condensed milk, part sweetened, part unsweetened.

25 pounds table salt.
1 pound pepper.
5 gallons vinegar.
16 pounds Cleveland's baking powder.
2 5-pound cans lard.
24 2-pound cans apples.
25 pounds evaporated apples.
24 2-pound cans peaches.
25 pounds evaporated peaches.
25 pounds prunes.
48 2-pound cans tomatoes.
4 gallons pickles.
12 bottles lime juice.
24 3-pound cans butter, Top-o-can brand.
24 2-pound cans jam.
12 2-pound cans jelly.
1 pound mustard.
2 pints Worcestershire sauce.
¼ pound cinnamon.
½ pound ginger.
½ pound nutmeg.
3 gallons syrup.
2 2-ounce bottles lemon extract.
2 2-ounce bottles vanilla extract.
24 cans sardines.
12 cakes toilet soap.
24 cakes laundry soap.
10 pounds candles.

The best of everything should be selected and as far as practicable packed in hermetically sealed cans. Having such a supply, here is an ample, nutritious, palatable and portable ration for seven days:

60 ounces hard bread.
64 ounces bacon.
16 ounces pea meal.
40 ounces (2 cans) Tonty's Military soup.
1 ounce bouillon capsules for flavoring pea meal soup.
10 ounces coffee, } 14 grains saccharin.
1 ounce tea, }
4 ounces chocolate.
4 ounces sugar.
4 ounces evaporated onions.
4 ounces salt.

208 ounces = 13 pounds.

Pea meal, with a little bacon, makes an excellent soup; it is satisfying and is improved by a dash of vinegar. It should be cooked about 30 minutes. Should be bottled, or kiln-dried and put in tins.

Bean meal is as good but does not keep so well.

Louis Weidner, 42 River Street, Chicago, makes an excellent soup. It is a combination of pea meal and extract of beef. It is prepared with water only, is put up in parchment rolls, each of which makes 12 plates of soup. A roll weighs only 8 ounces.

Wyeth & Co. and Parke, Davis & Co., Detroit, put up saccharin tablets. These have about 300 times the sweetening power of sugar, but contain no nutrition.

Cleveland's baking powder is perfectly pure and reliable. Lieutenant Peary takes it with him on his Arctic expeditions and the Government buys large quantities of it for the Army and Navy. The New York Condensed Milk Co., put out the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk and the Eagle Brand Condensed Coffee, and others put up so-called condensed coffee, but chicory and licorice are generally present in large quantities. Quaker Oats is light and contains a large percentage of nitrogenous, mineral and albuminous matter and other good food qualities. It is an excellent breakfast food with sugar only, and after cooling may be sliced and fried, when it makes a choice dish for lunch or dinner. It contains a maximum proportion of each of the food constituents which place the oat above other cereals in regard to nourishing and sustaining value.

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# A PRETTY PAIR.

RICHARD PERRY.

Sometimes seen in the month of March,
  And oft in the summer days;
Each of them rests on a graceful arch
  Yet seldom still it stays.

Lost in the clust'ring clover,
  Found in the singing stream;
Many a mile they travel over,
  Yet always together seen.

Sprinkled with morning dew-drops
  Tossed from the tangled grass;
Lightly tinted with tawny dust
  Having the road to pass;

Cooled by the cold gray stone—
  Warmed by the sunshine's ray;
Softly printed in yielding mud,
  Pressing the moss of May.

Kissed with gold by the cowslips coy—
  Owned by a blithesome boy;
Say—what may it be, this pair so odd?
  Why—a laddie's feet unshod!

# EDITOR'S CORNER.

## DEATH OF A PIONEER GUN MAKER.

Sullivan Forehand, president and treasurer of the Forehand Arms Company, died at his residence, in Worcester, Mass., a few days ago, of heart failure.

He had been in feeble health for some months, but, feeling in brighter spirits on a certain morning, he drove to a trout stream, a few miles from Worcester, and began fishing.

In the early afternoon the coachman's attention was attracted by heavy groaning, and hurrying to his employer, found him seated on a rock, apparently in great agony. The coachman carried Mr. Forehand to the carriage and drove home. A physician was hastily summoned, but Mr. Forehand continued to sink rapidly and breathed his last about 6 o'clock.

Mr. Forehand was born in Croydon, N. H., October 10, 1830, and was consequently in the 68th year of his age.

Mr. Forehand was a gentleman of affable nature, who readily made friends and kept them. As a business man he had the respect and esteem of his associates for his ability and integrity. He leaves 4 living children—Charles E. and Frederick, who are associated in the gun making business, and 2 daughters.

Mr. Frederick Forehand succeeds him as president and treasurer of the Forehand Arms Co. and there will be no interruption of the business.

Mr. Forehand was one of the most courteous and agreeable men I have ever had the pleasure of meeting, in a business way. I have only the most pleasant recollections of several calls at his office, on which occasions he has always exerted himself to make me welcome. His visits to my office have also been occasions of great pleasure to me.

## PERSONAL LOSSES IN THE WAR.

General Sherman spoke truly when he said "War is hell." Thousands of people in the United States are realizing this today, even though the action is, thus far, on foreign soil or in foreign waters. The horror of it is coming home to me, in common with others.

Captain A. K. Capron, who was killed at Santiago on June 24th, was a dear friend of mine. I first knew him as a Second Lieutenant in the 4th Cavalry. Some 2 years ago he wrote 2 characteristic stories for Recreation. One was entitled "A Cross Country Run with Apaches" and was published in the April, '97 number. The other, "The Chiricahua Hounds," was published in November, '97. I had a long and delightful correspondence with him, and through all his letters there shone a most genial and kindly spirit. He was a brave, dashing young fellow, a trained athlete and an enthusiastic sportsman. He fell at Santiago on his 27th birthday, while leading a company of Rough Riders in a charge through the chaparral.

Major J. M. Bell, of the 2d Cavalry, who was wounded in the same fight, is also a close personal friend of mine. I hunted buffalo with him in the Yellowstone country, in 1879. He was then a captain in the 7th Cavalry, and I shall never forget the delightful days and hours we spent together. I subsequently visited him at an army post in another portion of the West, and always found him a big hearted, kind mannered and delightful host.

I trust that before the war ends the comrades of these brave men will have plenty of opportunities to avenge them.

## WORK IN THE ZOOLOGICAL PARK.

Before the August issue of Recreation reaches its readers, the Zoological Society will be hard at work erecting accommodations for animals in the Zoological Park. The only time lost thus far in the whole undertaking has been the delay which all new improvements in New York City have experienced while the finances of Greater New York have been overhauled by the new administration. Now that the financial status of the city is settled, the Zoological Society is able to move forward.

It was the intention of the Society to expend this year about $100,000 of its Building Fund in buildings, cages and other accommodations for animals; but such extensive building operations are not possible until the city has prepared the ground. However, notwithstanding the fact that the city has not yet begun work on the surface improvements, the Society has decided to proceed with the erection of the Winter House for Birds, the great Flying Cage, the Bear Dens, Wolf Dens, Fox Dens, Eagles' Aviary, Shelter House for Elk, and various minor improvements. As soon as the city issues the necessary bonds, from the sale of which the fund will be provided for walks, sewers, water supply, etc., the Society will immediately proceed with the erection of the Monkey House, Reptile House and Tropical Ruminants' House.

As yet it is still uncertain when the Park will be ready to open to the public, but the Society still hopes that that event need not be delayed longer than May, 1899.

A number of valuable animals have been offered as gifts to the Zoological Park, but because of the lack of suitable accommodations, the Society has been reluctantly compelled to decline them. It is the intention of the Society, however, to be ready to gather a good harvest of young wild animals from the breeding season of 1899.

### EXPLOSION IN THE DUPONT POWDER WORKS.

One workman was killed, another seriously injured and 3 buildings of the Dupont Powder Company's smokeless powder plant, at Penn's Grove, N. J., were destroyed by an explosion May 28th.

The Dupont plant has been rushed night and day, on government orders, and owing to attempts of supposed Spanish spies to blow up the works a strong military guard was placed over the property.

There was a terrific explosion and one of the mixing mills, a wood and corrugated iron structure, about 300 feet square, was seen to rise bodily in the air and then go to pieces. It is supposed a pebble found its way into the mixing trough, where the highly explosive material was passing between rollers.

The employes of the other mills rushed for places of safety; but when flames started, endangering the entire plant, 3 members of the Dupont family rallied the workmen and at the peril of their lives, fought the flames. The fire from the wrecked structure had spread to 2 other mills, and to avert a frightful explosion it was necessary to remove 200 pounds of guncotton from a small storehouse near one of the burning mills. The Duponts rushed through the fire and smoke and carried this guncotton to a place of safety.

### LEADING FEATURES OF SEPTEMBER RECREATION.

"A Wild Cat Hunt," Dr. A. J. Woodcock, Illustrated by Ernest Seton Thompson; "Our Venomous Snakes," Dr. M. G. Ellzey; "Swan Shooting," Thos. G. Farrell; "Laurentides," Joseph W. Howe; "Asleep on the Field of Fame," another great war poem, by W. H. Nelson, etc.

President McKinley has appointed Luther S. Kelley, an old time scout and Indian fighter, as a captain in the 10th U. S. Volunteer Infantry. Kelley served 5 years in the ranks, on the frontier before he entered General Miles' service as a scout, and will give a good account of himself if he gets a chance to burn powder.

"Bird Neighbors" is one of the best books on Ornithology published since the days of Audubon. $2 gets a copy of that book and a yearly subscription to Recreation. How can anybody afford to be without that book, when it can be had at ½ the publishers' price?

## BOOK NOTICES.

### ANOTHER FINE BIRD BOOK.

The changes that are being rung on the modern popular bird-book are many and interesting. We now have bird-books galore, of all sizes, shapes, kinds and prices. There are about a score of new ones—but since 1857, no author or publisher has had sufficient enterprise to bring out even one general work on our mammals. The birds of eastern North America have been written up and written down, and now it seems as if absolutely nothing remains but to rehash the same information in different forms. We are almost ready to cry out to our zoologists, "Give the birds a rest, brace up, and give us at least one new book about North American mammals." What is the matter with our writers and publishers that since 1854 no one has had the courage to publish at least one popular general work on our quadrupeds? How unsatisfactory it is that the making of bird books should be done so thoroughly and so well and our mammals left absolutely untouched, save in separate groups.

These feelings of rage are by no means directed at Mr. W. E. D. Scott, even though he is indirectly the cause of them. With people continually asking, "What is the best modern work on the quadrupeds of North America?" and "There is none," the only answer to be made, the appearance of another new bird-book fairly marks the limit of human endurance. If "Bird Studies" were less admirable, the abject poverty of our book-shelves in certain other directions would not be felt so keenly. Take American reptiles, for example. Aside from Holbrook's work, long out of print, and now almost unobtainable for money, there is no one work to which we may go for full information regarding this important class of animals.

All this, however, is quite by the way. In "Bird Studies" both Mr. Scott and Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons have done a fine piece of work. It is what reviewers are wont to call a "sumptuous" volume. In size it is a small quarto (8 x 10 inches), which affords room for plates that measure 5½ x 7½ inches. In it, the arts of photography and half-tone engraving, as applied to the illustrating of birds, have reached high-water mark. Of the whole 166 illustrations, all are half-tones of the highest class, and the whole of the book is printed on heavy "plate paper"— a trifle more costly to be sure, but always worth the price. Fully one-half the illustrations are of full-page size, and they possess great interest, beauty and value. The greater number of them are photographs of bird groups that have been mounted by Mr. Scott, and no higher compliment can be paid to his artistic skill as a taxidermist than by stating the simple fact that living birds, in the best plumage, could not possibly have yielded more satisfactory or more artistic portraits. They simply compel admiration and encomium. For example, take the "Screech Owl in Red Plumage," "Golden-Crowned Kinglet," "Brown Thrasher," "Sparrow Hawk," and "Flicker." In all these striking groups with natural accessories, there is really nothing by which the critic might detect the fact that the photographs are from mounted birds, unless it be by their artistic excellence and perfection. Those who know the facts will agree with me that when living land birds are photographed, they seldom look perfect, and really satisfactory. Somehow their plumage is never quite right. There are numerous reproductions of photographs of live birds, particularly young birds in various stages of growth. The series of seven pictures of blue jays, from the nest and the pipped eggs up to the 17-days-old bird able to fly, is exceedingly interesting and valuable, especially to city boys and girls who know little of how a bird grows. Some of the pictures are very droll.

There are numerous pictures of nests, some a trifle indefinite as to details, but all very interesting. That of the "Scarlet Tanager" is truly a work of art, and the nest of the "Flicker," in a hollow tree, is a close second. There are many smaller illustrations of bird skins and dead birds, but they are so completely eclipsed and put down by the group pictures they awaken but little interest. I believe the book would be better without them.

This volume treats only of "the land birds of Eastern North America," and its handling of them is both new and peculiar. They are described in the groups in which the observer finds them, thus: "About the House," "Along the Highway," "In the Woods," "Across the Fields," "In Marsh and Swamp," and "By Stream and Pond." Beyond all question, this classification is not the best that could be made. I believe it will not be liked by those who will actually use the book as a handbook. In identifying a species, it is needful to have all the members of a group together, first, in order to find out what the bird is *not*, and then to find out what it *is*. Mr. Scott intimates that if the reception of this book is satisfactory, we may expect a companion volume on the Water Birds of Eastern North America. We sincerely hope it will appear, and that its contents will be disposed under the classification of the A. O. U.

In yet another respect, "Bird Studies" appears to be seriously defective. Like nearly all of its predecessors, this book utterly ignores the destruction of our "birds of Eastern North America" that is now going on so furiously, and says *not one word* in behalf of bird protection! Of what is Mr. Scott thinking that he should so totally ignore this subject? To all genuine lovers of birds he owes an unqualified apology for not improving his golden opportunity to do good in this direction. What *moles* these mortals be!

BIRD STUDIES: An Account of the Land Birds of Eastern North America. By William E. D. Scott. With illustrations from original photographs. Small quarto. Cloth (leather back); pp. 363. New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5.00 net.

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The United States Cartridge Co. has published a book, entitled "Where to Hunt American Game." It is a work of 288 pages, giving a brief synopsis of the attractions of each State in the Union, for sportsmen. Under these respective heads is given a list of the various game found in each state, with special information as to the particular portion of the state in which each species is most abundant. Full information is also given as to how to reach these various game ranges, and there are many valuable points as to the game laws in the different states. The greatest value of this work, however, and its chief delight to sportsmen lies in its marvelous illustrations. There are 134 of these, many of which occupy full pages, and they are, without exception, the most accurate and beautiful series of game pictures that has ever been presented to American readers, in any one volume.

The book was written by and published under the personal supervision of Mr. C. W. Dimick, advertising manager of the United States Cartridge Co., and the sportsmen of the country will owe him a lifelong debt of gratitude for this magnificent piece of work. In the preface he says: "Great care has been taken to present accurate pictures of game, a task far more difficult than most people imagine. Artists of undoubted skill made the illustrations. They were then submitted to the highest authorities in this country, both zoologists and sportsmen, for criticism, and it is believed the pictures in this work cannot be surpassed for accuracy and beauty." I can indorse every word of this statement, and so can anyone who has ever published an illustrated book or magazine, and who sees this book.

It is easily worth $2.50 a copy, yet the U. S. Cartridge Co. is selling it at 50 cents a copy. It is to be sold principally through the gun and sporting goods trade.

The Company sells it to the dealers at 50 cents and stipulates that they shall not charge more than that price for it.

Every sportsman in the United States and Canada should have a copy of it, and I cannot see how any man who loves the woods or the fields can fail to buy it at the first opportunity. If you do not find the book in your gun store, send 50 cents to C. W. Dimick, 216 Washington Street, Boston, and get a copy. Please mention RECREATION while you are about it.

I shall have something more to say of this book in a later issue.

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" Brush, Sedge, and Stubble," is the title of a series of papers written and illustrated by the Hon. Dwight W. Huntington, of Cincinnati and issued by The Sportsmen's Society of that city.

The work is beautifully illustrated, some of the pictures being reproduced in their original colors, fit for permanent frames. The text will lead the reader all over this great country, describing the feathered game of North America, each number being devoted to some special portion of the country, such as " Grouse in the Woods and Mountains," " Quails of the Cactus Country," etc. No handsomer piece of printing has ever been issued in this country. The publication is a truly beautiful piece of work.

This is the first instance in which an attempt has been made to treat of the shooting fields and feathered game of North America in such comprehensive detail and artistic style. The author is not only a noted sportsman, but has a reputation in literary circles as a fluent writer. He is equally facile with the artist's brush. He certainly has given to literature a masterpiece. It has attracted wide attention in this country as well as abroad.

It is a magnificent art book, a large folio containing 25 full-page pictures in color, 25 full-page studies of game birds, and over 300 text illustrations. The author has spent many years in the preparation of this work, and has traveled from one end of the continent to the other with gun, color-box, and camera. The work, in a most artistic manner, represents America picturesque, as an artist nimrod saw it in his rambles after feathered game.

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" War " is the latest volume of the series of Tales from McClure's, published by Doubleday & McClure Co. These thrilling stories are written by U. S. Army officers and men whose actual experiences they were, during the Civil War. " The Bravest Deeds I Ever Knew," by Major-General Nelson A. Miles, opens the book and is generous praise, from the great commander, for the valor of other men. The strongest feature of these Tales is the insight they give into the lives of the rank and file, and their recognition of the courage and heroism of the private soldiers who always endure the greatest hardships of war, yet seldom share in its glories. " War " contains a new portrait of General Miles and other illustrations, and sells for 25 cents.

## PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

### A GOOD CAMP BED.

The Pneumatic Mattress and Cushion Co., Reading, Mass., make a " Recreation " Camp Mattress which they have named in honor of this magazine. While I appreciate this compliment, yet I would not, of course, recommend the mattress unless it were good, and I have taken the precaution to examine and test one of them carefully. It has several new features which render it entirely distinct from any other camp mattress heretofore made. The air sack is provided with a large valve which enables the user to inflate it much more rapidly than any of the others I have seen. Furthermore there is a series of stays distributed at intervals throughout the mattress, which render the surfaces uneven and irregular, thus allowing a free circulation of air between the sleeper and the surface of the bed. This of itself is an important improvement over any other camp mattress. When one lies on a rubber mattress that has a flat, plain surface, the body becomes heated, from lack of circulation. This is entirely obviated in the case of this bed. There is a pneumatic pillow attached to the mattress, yet separated by a partition and provided with a separate valve, so that the mattress and the pillow may be inflated separately and each to such a degree as the user may desire. Thus you may have a hard or a soft bed and a hard or soft pillow, as you choose.

A covering of brown canvas, or ordinary striped ticking, is provided for the mattress as desired. This keeps the mattress clean and protects the air sack from injury in coming in contact with sharp sticks, etc., when used on the ground.

The standard mattress is 6 feet 2 inches x 2 feet 1 inch and sells at $20. Without pillow $18. The entire outfit weighs only 12 pounds.

The " Recreation " is provided with a new style of pump that injects air much more rapidly than any of the others I have seen; yet it works easily and quietly. A guarantee is sent with every mattress.

This bed is a most excellent article not only for camp use, but for steamships, yachts, launches, etc. It folds into so small a package, that it is admirably adapted to the wants of canoeists and I do not see how anyone starting on a cruise, can afford to go without a " Recreation " mattress.

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### BUILDING BOATS IN SPITE OF THE WAR.

The Gas Engine Co. and Seabury & Co., Morris Heights, New York City, have recently signed contracts to supply the following launches:

One 25 ft. 4 H.P. naphtha, Major E. H. Ruffner, Charleston, S. C.

30 ft. 6 H.P. naphtha, Lake Drummond Canal & Water Co., Baltimore, Md.
25 ft. 4 H.P. naphtha, H. J. Worden, for use on the St. Lawrence, 1,000 Islands.
25 ft. 4 H.P. naphtha, State Board of Health, Fernandina, Fla.
62 ft. twin-screw naphtha, 12 H.P., L. D. Fiske, Hartford, Ct.
25 ft. 4 H.P. naphtha, Judge T. A. Gill, Kansas City, Mo.
33 ft. 10 H.P. naphtha, Rev. Alex. M. Smith, Washington, D. C.
25 ft. 4 H.P. naphtha, T. B. Janney, Minneapolis, Minn.
25 ft. 4 H.P. naphtha, G. Howland Leavitt, Bayside, L. I.
30 ft. 6 H.P. naphtha, Dr. W. F. Mittendorf, N. Y. City.
30 ft. 10 H.P. naphtha, cabin, Willis Fisher, Sayersville, N. Y.
21 ft. 2 H.P. naphtha, G. Amsinck & Co., N. Y.
41 ft. 16 H.P., Mr. George Secor.
35 ft. 10 H.P. naphtha, Mr. W. Ferris.
25 ft. 4 H.P. naphtha, D. M. McQuade, Schenectady, N. Y.

Thirty-foot high speed mahogany steam launch for Mr. Charles M. Swain, Philadelphia. This boat will have a mahogany hull, varnished natural color. Machinery will consist of a Seabury fore and aft compound engine, 2¾ and 5¾ x 4½ inch stroke, and Seabury latest design water tube boiler, allowed 260 pounds pressure. The engine will turn up 400 to 425 revolutions a minute, at this pressure, and the speed will be 11 miles an hour, which is considered good for a 30 ft. launch. The launch will be a duplicate of the one now on Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt's steam yacht "Valiant," which was furnished by Seabury & Co., several years ago, and which beat the Duke of Rothschild's launch "Eros" in a regatta at Nice.

### ALSO SMALL BOATS.

W. H. Mullins, maker of the famous metal boats, Salem, O., has issued a catalogue that will prove deeply interesting to all who are fond of the water, but more especially to duck shooters. Mr. Mullins's family pleasure boats have proven immensely popular. They are light, strong, durable, thoroughly portable, and have many advantages over a wooden boat. They are not affected by exposure to the sun, or by letting them stand in the water, as are wood and paint. If the paint gets peeled off from the iron it is the work of but a few minutes to turn the boat over, wipe it off and paint it anew. When it has stood for an hour the boat is again ready for the water. In the case of a wooden boat, if the paint gets raked off, you must expose it to the sun until the wood is thoroughly dried out before applying the paint. A strange thing about these metal boats is that they are said to stand salt water as well as fresh water.

This new catalogue contains some tempting pictures of duck shooters who are using Mullins's duck boats. It is a great pity these cuts had not been printed better, but even as they are, they will make any old duck shooter itch all over to get into his blind.

Send for copy of this boat catalogue, mentioning Recreation, and you will find when you get it you have been well repaid for the time and trouble of writing the letter.

### GOOD BOOKS FOR SPORTSMEN.

The Passenger Department of the Lehigh Valley Railway has issued a beautiful booklet entitled "Hunting and Fishing on the Lehigh Valley." It contains some important data as to where trout and bass fishing, grouse and quail shooting may be found on the line of this road, and this information is tabulated in such a way that one can get at it readily and conveniently. The book also contains a number of illustrations that are perfect gems in their way. One of these shows a pair of lusty old black bass, and another a pair of ruffed grouse hung up, either of which would make a hungry man's mouth water. Then there are some charming vignettes of scenery in the Lehigh territory, that will delight the eye of every lover of nature.

Another handsome booklet, issued by this road, is entitled "Queen of American Watering Places," and relates to Atlantic City and its environs. This book is so fraught with suggestions of ocean breezes, surf-bathing and delightful promenades that one feels inclined to take all the chances of being interviewed by Spanish war ships, in order to enjoy a few days at this charming resort.

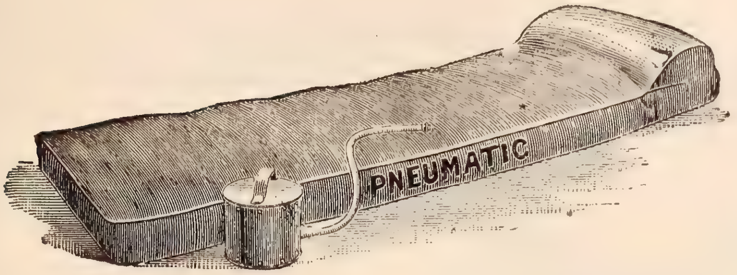
Another little gem of the printer's art is entitled "Two Mossbacks" and shows some unique views of Niagara Falls and other points. It also gives much condensed information as to the best way of reaching these places, and what to do after you get there.

Either or all of these bits of artistic printing may be had by addressing Charles S. Lee, G. P. A. Lehigh Valley Railroad, 23 Cortlandt Street, New York. Mention Recreation.

The Ideal Manufacturing Company, New Haven, Ct., has issued its new Hand-Book No. 10. Little more than this need be said. This book has become a standard necessity in the household of every sportsman. Each issue of it has something new and it is kept strictly up to date by being revised and enlarged every year. Send for a copy of No. 10, and don't forget to mention Recreation.

# "There is Nothing so Rare as Resting on Air"

## "Recreation" Camp Mattress



When rolled up makes a bundle no larger than a traveling blanket and weighs about twelve pounds.

Wherever night overtakes you, you have only to throw it on the ground or floor, inflate it, and in five minutes you have a bed as soft as down (or hard, if you choose).

As dampness cannot penetrate it, it enables you to have a refreshing night's rest on a luxurious bed, without any danger of taking cold.

No outfit is complete without one, and with ordinary care they will last a lifetime.

**Size, 6 ft. 2 in. x 2 ft. 1 in.**

**Price, with Pillow, $20.00. Without Pillow, $18.00.**

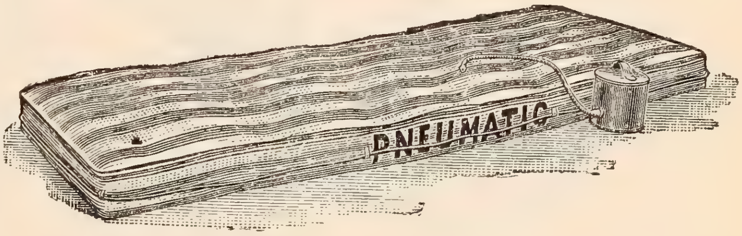
## "International" Ship or Yacht Mattress

They are light and portable and do not absorb moisture, consequently do not have that musty odor so common on board yachts.

They do not mat down, require no springs, and are always clean and sweet.

They are provided with a life-line, and will support as many as can cling to it, forming the best life-saving device ever invented, and one that is always handy.

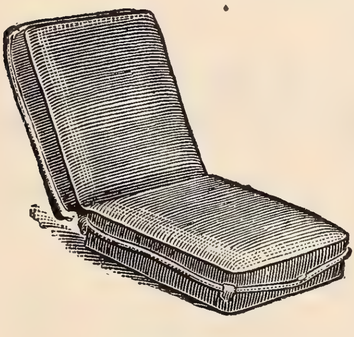
The Steamships "St. Paul" and "St. Louis," Yachts "Nourmahal," "Saxson," "Utopian," "Royal Blue," "Shamrock," and hundreds of others, are equipped with pneumatic mattresses or cushions, made under our Mr. Young's personal supervision.



**Ship or Yacht Mattress, 6 ft. 2 in. x 2 ft. 1 in. Price, $18.00.**

## "Butler"

**Double Canoe or Boat Cushion**



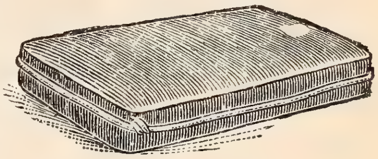
Forms a seat and back. Has life-line attached and will support two persons. Each cushion is 12 x 12 inches and covered with brown duck.

**Price, $5.00.**

## "Peerless"

**Single Boat or Canoe Cushion**

Covered with brown duck, has life-line, and will easily support two persons. This cushion is 12 x 20 inches, and one of the most popular we make.



**Price, $4.00.**

We will forward the above upon receipt of price.

**KEPT IN STOCK BY**

**DAVID T. ABERCROMBIE & CO., New York City**
**HENRY C. SQUIRES & SON, New York City**
**WRIGHT & DITSON, Boston, Mass.**
**THE SPALDING ST. LAWRENCE BOAT CO., Agents for the St. Lawrence River and Thousand Islands**

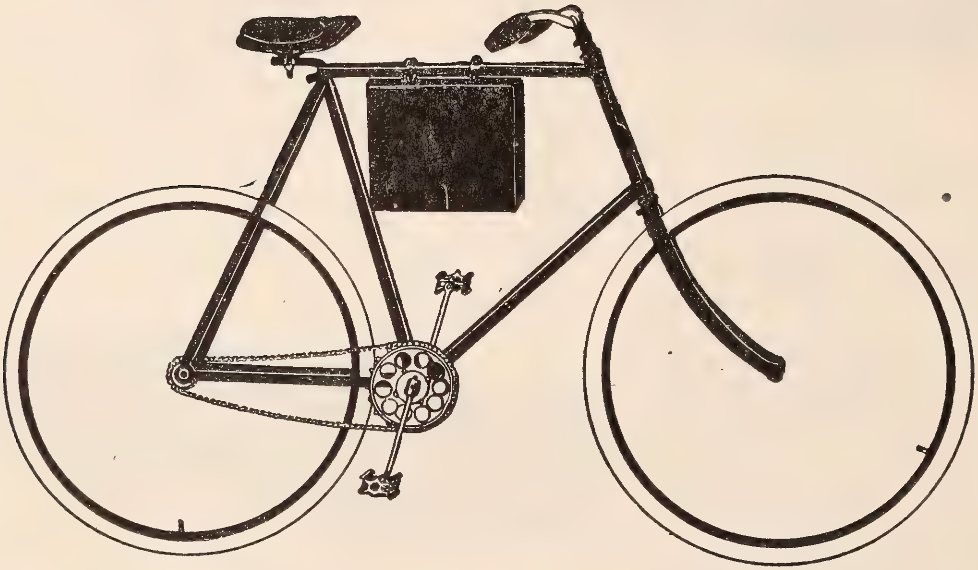
☞ We make to order Cushions of any size or shape, special size mattresses, pillows, etc. Let us know what you wish, and we will send you an estimate of the cost.

## Pneumatic Mattress and Cushion Co., Reading, Mass.

# Ounces
vs.
# Pounds

A Film Cartridge for 12 pictures, 5 x 7,
**Weighs 4 ounces.**

Glass Plates and necessary holders for 12 pictures, 5 x 7,
**Weigh 4 pounds.**



# The No. 5 Cartridge Kodak

**is the only 5 x 7 camera which uses light=proof film cartridges and can be LOADED IN DAYLIGHT.**

Being but 3¼ inches in thickness when closed, the Cartridge Kodak fully loaded for 12 pictures 5 x 7 inches can be suspended inside the frame or securely clamped to the bicycle head. It is the only 5 x 7 camera which is adapted to the wheelman's use.

| | |
|---|---|
| Price No 5 Cartridge Kodak, with rapid rectilinear lens, pneumatic release shutter, iris diaphragm stops, - - - - - - - | $35.00 |
| Light-proof film cartridge, 12 exposures, 5 x 7 inches, - - - | 1.60 |

**Kodaks $5.00 to $35.00.** *Catalogues free at agencies or by mail.*

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EASTMAN KODAK CO.
Rochester, N. Y.

# AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

## WHAT THE PRIZE WINNERS USED.

I wrote each of the persons who won prizes in RECREATION'S third annual photograph competition, asking for a statement as to name of camera, lens, plate and paper used in making the picture thus designated by the judges. Here are the answers:

I thank you and the judges most sincerely for awarding me one of the prizes, not so much for the value thereof, but having one of my pictures recognized in open competition among so many as must have been sent in to you, gives me a great deal of pleasure.

The picture was taken with a Manhattan Optical Co.'s Bo-Peep camera, fitted with their extra rapid rect. lens and a Bausch & Lomb Iris Diaphragm shutter. This is the camera you sent me as a premium for a club of subscriptions. I used a Stanley plate, 50 sen., gave a time exposure of ½ second, on stop 64. The print was made on vera matt paper. J. R. Peterson.

---

Your favor of the 17th, announcing my success in your photo competition, duly received and I thank you for same. The 3 pictures "Arion," "Nirvana" and "Tug of War," which won 5th, 9th and 15th prizes, were made with an Eastman box, Darlot No. 2 lens, Tucker shutter, Seed plate, 26 vera matte paper.

I regret I have been too busy to hustle for RECREATION, but enclose one subscription and one $. I have gotten 2 members for the L. A. S. We need it badly here.

F. G. Warner.

---

I am in receipt of your favor of recent date, enclosing check for $25 as second prize, for which please accept my thanks. Every dollar of that check will be paid back to dear old RECREATION in yearly subscriptions; for I shall surely take it for 25 years if I live that long.

In making the picture entitled "Punctured," I used a home-made camera, fitted with a platyscope lens. The negative was made on a Carbutt orthochromatic plate and printed on Aristo platino paper.

Chas. W. Long.

---

Your letter received, informing me of my good fortune in winning 2 prizes. To say I appreciate this honor is expressing it mildly. Another year I shall endeavor to place my name higher in the list and hope I may be successful.

I used a hand camera, a Victor rapid rectilinear lens, Seed's 26x plate and aristo platino paper. Will J. Dick.

You ask particulars regarding my picture, "Contentment." It was printed from a negative made by a 5 x 7 hand camera, on a Forbes orthochromatic plate. I sent you 2 copies, one glossy and one mat finish. The glossy one was on Solio paper, toned in both gold and platinum, and the other on Aristo platino paper, also double toned, as per regular formula.

Thanking you and the judges for having awarded the first prize to me, I am,

Gratefully yours,
H. G. Reading.

---

In reply to your inquiry: The photo "Water Rats," which you say won fourth prize, was made with a Blair English Compact camera, 6½ x 8½. Lens, No. 3 Extra Rapid Euryscope. Plate, Stanley, 50. Paper, platino.

The Adlake camera, awarded me as a prize, received, and I am much pleased with it. Shall hope to send you some fine photos taken with it. Please accept my thanks. Charles W. Glines.

---

I am very much pleased with the prize of a year's subscription to RECREATION. It is as good a prize as any one could wish.

My picture "Applying the Second Dose" was taken with a 4 x 5 Rochester Optical Company's hand camera. The plate used was the "Z. B." Dry Plate, developed with Eikonogen. Print was on Solio paper, toned with the combined bath.

A. E. Flint, Irene, S. D.

---

I appreciate the honor given my picture entitled "Out of Meat," and hope to see the day when I may make others for you; but at present am powerless to do anything except for Uncle Sam, as I am in his service now.

I used a Monitor camera, Excelsior lens, Seed's gilt edge plate, and albuma paper. Sergt. Geo. W. Beard,
Co. A, 5th Ill. Vol. Inf.,
Camp Thomas, Chickamauga Park, Ga.

---

Your letter received, and I am pleased to learn my picture has taken a prize. The camera used was one my wife got from you for getting subscriptions to RECREATION, namely, hand camera, an Achromatic lens, Stanley dry plate, and Solio paper. Chas. S. Butters.

---

In making the picture entitled "Drop," which won tenth prize in RECREATION'S third annual competition, I used a 5 x 7 Baby Wizard camera, the extra rapid rectilinear lens, cyclone plate and Solio paper. Joseph Boehrer.

Am delighted to know your judges thought my photos worthy of mention. "Thinks it will weigh 3 pounds" was taken with a No. 5 Eastman Kodak, non-halation plate and printed on Aristo platinum paper.

"Wounded Lion" was taken with a No. 2 Eastman Bull's Eye, same paper and plate.

Boyd C. Packer, Lock Haven, Pa.

The picture, "White to Move," which won third prize, was made with 5 x 7 hand camera, on a 50 Stanley plate. Exposure 3 seconds, in the bay window of our house, on a clear day. Printed on Platinotype paper.

James Wilson.

My picture entitled "By what Right?" was made with an Eastman Bull's Eye camera, on Eastman film, enlarged and printed on platinum paper.

Hamilton Vreeland.

I used, in making the picture entitled "Around the Camp Fire," a hand camera, fitted with Victor rapid rectilinear lens, Eastman dry plate, and platino paper.

E. H. Rummele.

My prize winning photo was made with a hand camera, rapid rectilinear lens, Stanley 50 plate, platinotype paper.

R. C. W. Lett.

### HOW I MADE MY START.

I subscribed for RECREATION about 2 years ago and by reading the Amateur Photographer's page I soon became interested in the art, and concluded to get a camera. I rented a 4 x 5 Camera and made arrangements with a photographer to develop and finish my pictures. This was in November, '95. Soon after winter set in and we had no communication with the outside world until February. During the time I had taken a number of pictures and had a great desire to see how they looked. In February we received our mail, among which was the November, December and January numbers of RECREATION. On reading the amateur photographic pages I concluded I could develop and finish my own pictures, by following instructions. I knew if I sent the negatives to the photographer it would be a long time before they would be returned, and as I said before I was very anxious to see how they looked. I took a formula for a developer and one for coating paper, from RECREATION, and what other material I thought I should need, including printing frames for making blue prints.

When my material arrived I lost no time in preparing it for use and commenced to develop my first negative. I had a lamp that I got with the camera, to use when I filled the plate holders, and used the cellar for a dark room. I was so successful that I at once sent for some Aristo Jr. paper mounts, some material for toning and fixing baths, etc.

I send you herewith a sample of my work and think I can truthfully call myself an amateur photographer, as I have learned all I know about the art from RECREATION'S Amateur Photograph Department.

E. E. Hall, Ione, Wash.

While the photograph mentioned above is not good enough to reproduce, it is an excellent piece of work, considering Mr. Hall's brief experience. If he continues to study and practice he will surely excel, in time.—EDITOR.

### GLACE FINISH.

I am frequently asked how I get such an even polish on my unmounted photographs. When I say I squeeze, on ferrotype plates, the questioners say, "mine always stick." In reply to this I say, after prints are taken from the final washing allow them to dry, thoroughly. Then soak for a few minutes until they are limp. Place on a clean ferrotype plate, cover with a blotter and roll well with a print mounter. Result, no sticking and an even gloss which cannot be obtained by rubbing with the hand.

The reason the prints stick when placed directly on the ferrotype, from the final washing, is that the gelatine is swelled too much and acts as a glue, which is not the case when first allowed to dry. Try it and see the result.

G. A. C.

Can any one tell me what to do if, when developing pictures, I should have to leave them till the next day. What should I do with the film and where should I put it.

Kenneth Townshend, Amherst, N. S.

ANSWER.

It is likely that if left only half developed and unfixed, the negative would be lost. It could be kept in very cold water, over night, in a perfectly dark place, but the film would swell considerably, and the negative would be apt to look flatter than otherwise.—EDITOR.

"Bird Neighbors" is one of the best books on Ornithology published since the days of Audubon. $2 gets a copy of that book and a yearly subscription to RECREATION. How can anybody afford to be without that book, when it can be had at ½ the publishers' price?

A "Vaux" canoe, made by J. H. Rushton, retail price $37.50, for 60 yearly subscriptions to RECREATION. Who will be the first to earn it?

THE TURNER-REICH

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*Is unsurpassed by any other in the market*
*It has an aperture of F: 7 .5 . . . . . . . .*

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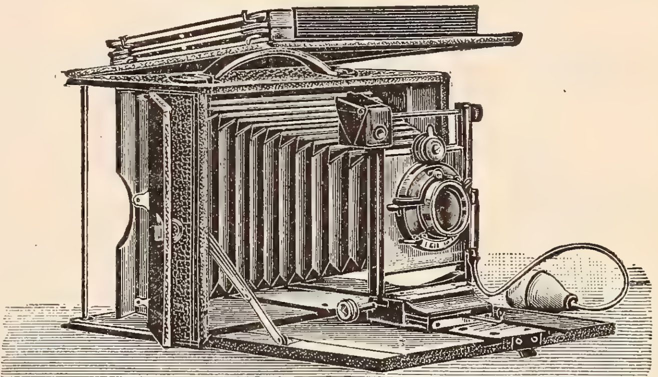
Our CAMERAS are UNSURPASSED in WORKMANSHIP and FINISH

THE ONLY CONCERN IN THE UNITED STATES TURNING OUT A COMPLETE CAMERA, LENS, AND SHUTTER, ALL OF THEIR OWN MANUFACTURE



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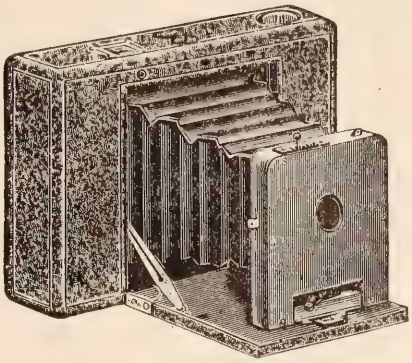

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This Camera can be loaded and unloaded in broad daylight, and the dimensions are such that it can easily be carried in the pocket.

**Size,** 1⅝ x 4½ x 6½ inches; **Weight,** 15 ounces; **Capacity,** 12 exposures ; **Photo,** 3½ x 3½ inches.

The shutter is fitted with two speeds for snap shots, and also has a device for time exposures. The lens is achromatic and fitted with a set of three stops.

**We have Hawk-Eyes of every description from $5 to $50**

**The Blair Camera Co., Mfrs.**

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## VELOX AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE EXHIBITION.

The Nepera Chemical Company has scored another success abroad, with its celebrated Velox paper, its exhibits at the Crystal Palace, and at the Portman rooms in London, having attracted much attention. From a letter which the Nepera Chemical Company has just received from its London agents I extract the following:

"As regards the 2 photographic exhibitions, one at the Portman rooms the other at the Crystal Palace, we are pleased to give you a very encouraging report as to the impression produced by the Velox demonstrations. We enclose herewith a few cuttings from newspapers, and you will be able to form your own opinion from these as to the success which has been secured. We were able, by carefully arranging the hangings of the demonstration room, to work Velox from morning until evening, and as you may imagine the process attracted considerable attention. The space within the Velox room was entirely filled with spectators during the day, the other stalls being almost deserted, and from the congratulations we received, from many leading people in photographic circles, it cannot be doubted that Velox will be one of the most popular papers in this country before long. The group taken of the executive was printed on Velox, and owing to the quickness of the process a half-tone block was produced in time for the edition of the Journal, which, without this help, would have been impossible. Also the photographs taken of all the exhibits, by a leading paper, were all printed on Velox and this fact duly advertised by the editor of the paper. A further fact of some interest to you is that the Prince of Wales, on the occasion of the opening, was attracted by the Velox exhibit and asked several questions of the Earl of Crawford, who gave all the necessary information. We shall send samples of Velox to the Princess of Wales, and we have already received an application to submit the paper for trial to the Princess Beatrice, as well as to certain high officials of the Court, who are interested in photography."

---

Some time ago a report was widely circulated in the daily papers to the effect that Vice-President G. G. Cleather, of Spratts' Patent, had been seriously injured by being run over. The accounts were greatly exaggerated and I am glad to be able to say he has entirely recovered.

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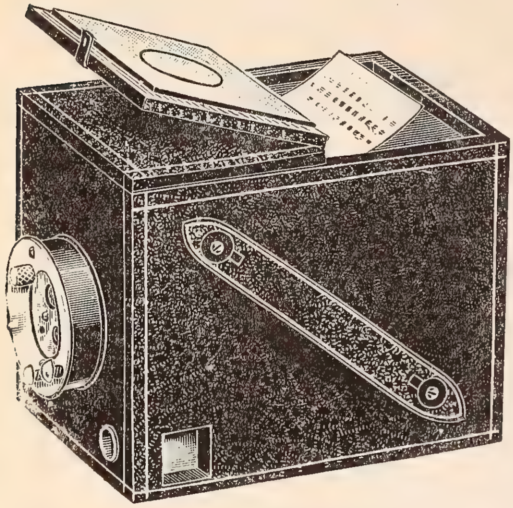
When woman drowns her home in suds
  Her husband feels despair;
She roots out such a lot of duds
  She thinks he ought to wear.
—Chicago Record.



... THE ...

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THE CAMERAS OF THE FUTURE

**Involve a new principle which does away with roll film, film holders. changing sleeve or bag.**

**The Willsie 3½ Camera** **$10**

Loads with 24 flat films 4 x 4, or
Six glass plates, 3½ x 3½, in holders.
Achromatic lens with three stops.
A view finder and tripod plate.
Time and snap shot shutter.
Accurately scaled focusing device.
An Exposure Meter.
Covered with seal grain leather.

**The Willsie 4 x 5 Camera** **$15**

Loads with 48 mounted flat films 4½ x 5½, or
Six glass plates, 4 x 5, in holders.
Achromatic lens with three stops.
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Time and snap shot shutter.
Accurately scaled focusing device.
An Exposure Meter.
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## THE MOUNTED FLAT FILMS

are easy to put into the camera, easy to change, and do not require holders. Any film may be removed for development without disturbing the others. The exposed films can always be separated from the unexposed. The subject, time of exposure, etc., can always be learned from the memoranda on each film; and the number of exposed and unexposed films in the camera can always be told at a glance.

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are the best meniscus achromatic that can be obtained, and give superior definition combined with rapidity, flatness of field, and depth of focus. Their length of focus (five inches in the 3½ size and six and one-half inches in the 4 x 5 size) prevents the distortion which results from the use of shorter focus lenses.

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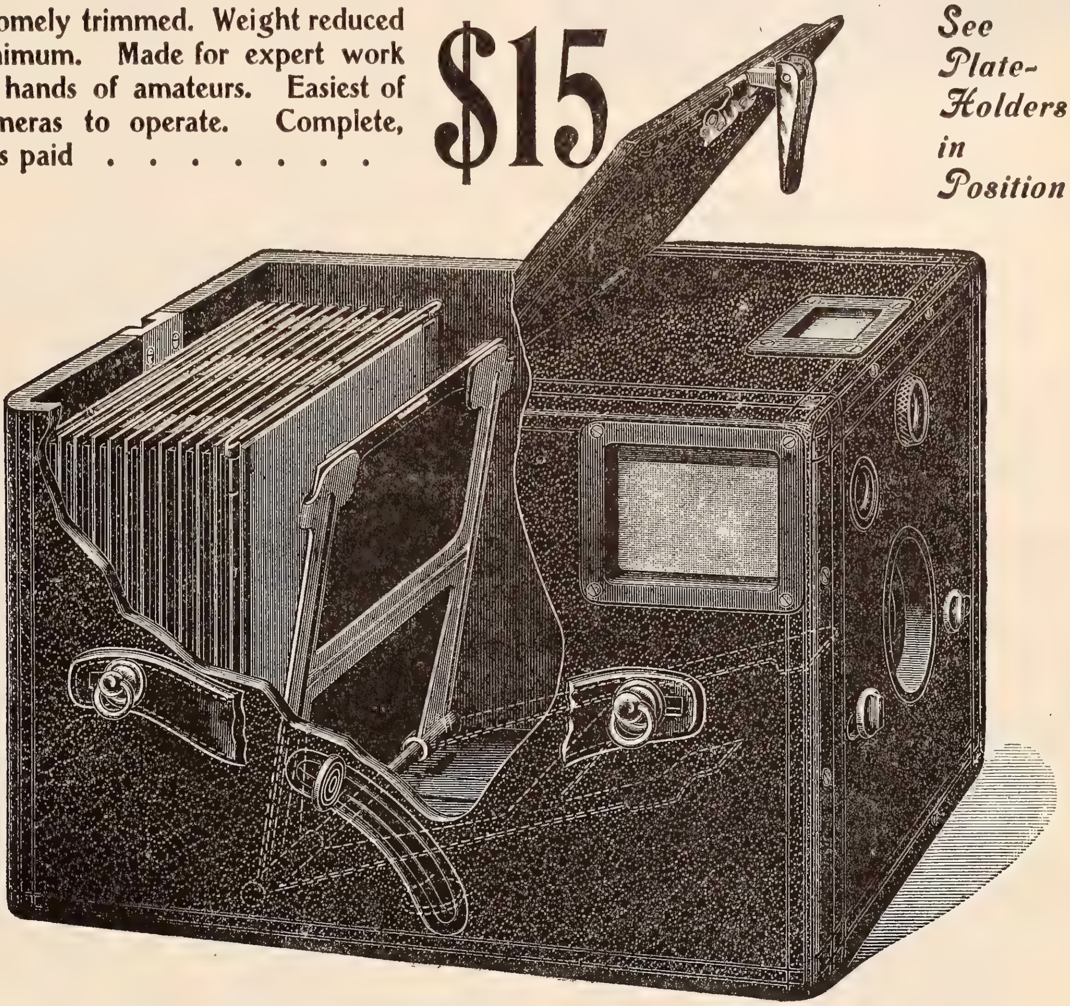

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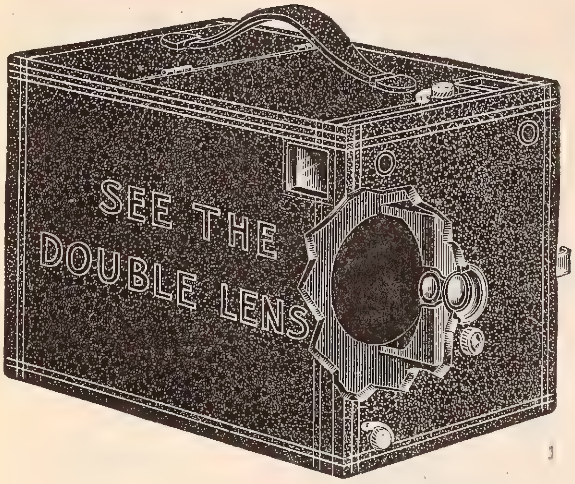

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**Chicago Camera Company.**

58 FIFTH AVENUE, CHICAGO. ILL.

Mamma—Johnnie, were you and the boys playing war this afternoon?

Johnnie—Yes, ma'am.

Mamma—Who got licked?

Johnnie—Spain.

Mamma—Who was Spain?

Johnnie—Nobody. Wouldn't nobody be Spain, so we just played it.—Chicago News.

Teacher—How many parts of speech are there, Johnny?

Johnny—In our house there ain't any, 'cause when mammy gets her speech started it never parts; it just keeps right on without a break.—Boston Courier.

"How will you have your eggs cooked?" asked the waiter.

"Make any difference in the cost of 'em?" inquired the customer, cautiously.

"No."

"Then cook 'em with a nice slice o' ham!" said the customer, greatly relieved.—Tit-Bits.

He—You say you like a manly man. What is your idea of a manly man?

She—Well, for instance, one who doesn't stay and stay and stay, just because he knows the girl isn't strong enough to throw him out.—Chicago News.

---

**Date,**..................................................**1898**

**G. O. SHIELDS,**

**Editor and Manager of RECREATION, 19 West 24th St., New York:**

**Herewith find One Dollar, for which please send me RECREATION for one year beginning with**..................................................**number.**

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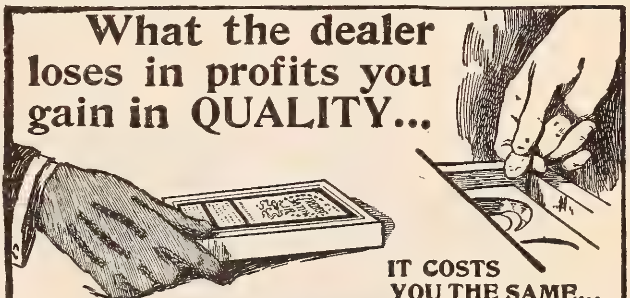

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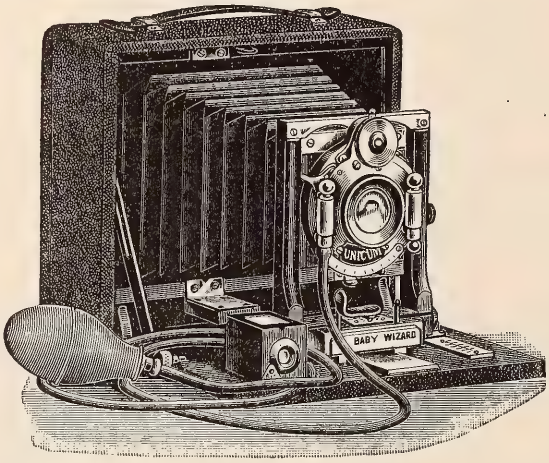

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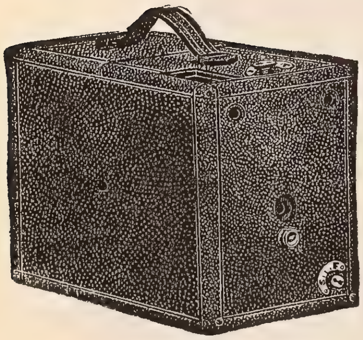

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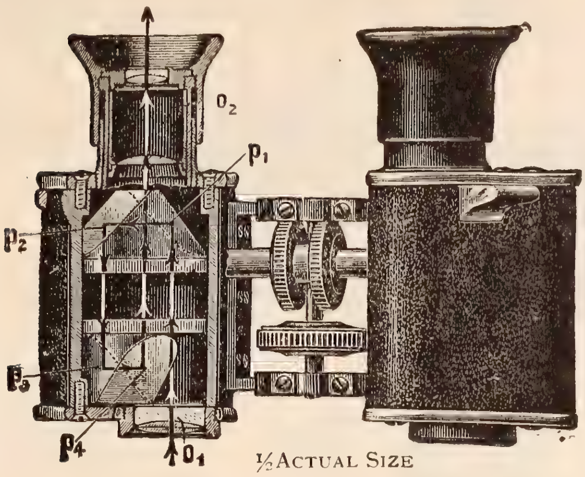

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*Philadelphia*—Queen & Co., Bonschur & Holmes.
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PHOTOGRAPHIC

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**GEO. B. BERGEN**, Mnfr., T73 McVicker's Bldg., Chicago.
**J. G. RAMSEY**, Dis. Agt. for Can., 87 Bay St., Toronto, Ont.

We have organized a gun club here and have taken the liberty of calling it the Recreation Gun Club.

W. O. Jackson, Ripley, Ont.

Thank you. I have sent you a flag properly inscribed.—EDITOR.

Overman Wheel Company, Chicopee Falls, Mass., has announced special prices to their agents, on Model 35's, which are listed at $40, to close out entire stock and make room for '99 product, which is now well under way.

Beggar—Please, sor, wud yez giv me a few pennies for a starvin' wife an' child?

Skinner—I should say not. What do you suppose I'd do with a starving wife and child?—Chicago Record.

She—If you dare write me while I am in the country, I shall return your letters unopened.

He—Very well, then; I'll have to use postal cards. And you know a country postmaster's wife has a good deal of spare time.—Indianapolis Journal.

"Did you ever sleep in the next berth to a snoring person in a sleeping car?"

"No, but I've often tried to."—Chicago Record.

Always mention RECREATION when answering ads.

Teacher—Of course, you understand the difference between liking and loving?

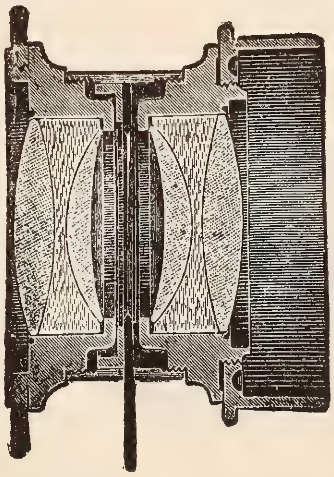
Pupil—Yes, marm; I like my father and mother, but I love pie.—Boston Traveller.

She—Do you know married men, as a rule, live longer than bachelors?

He—Oh, I don't believe that. It only seems longer to them.—Cleveland Leader.

She—Your wife has very nice hair. She must take mighty good care of it.

He—She does; she locks it up every night.—Yonkers Statesman.



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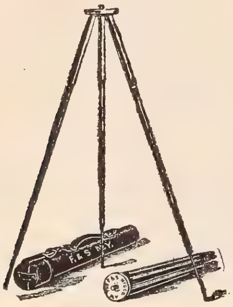

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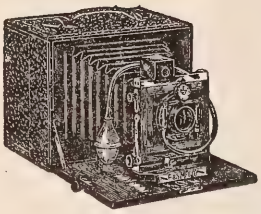

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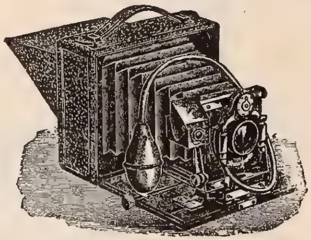

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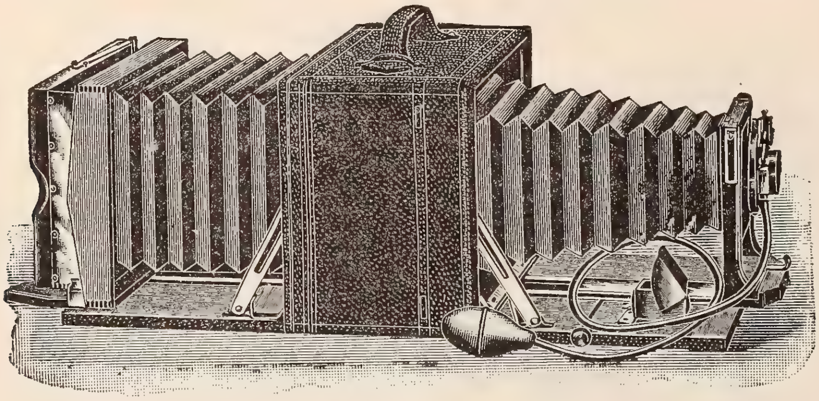

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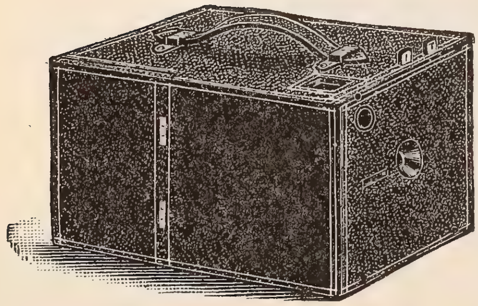

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|---|---|
| 3 1-2 x 3 1-2 | $12.00 |
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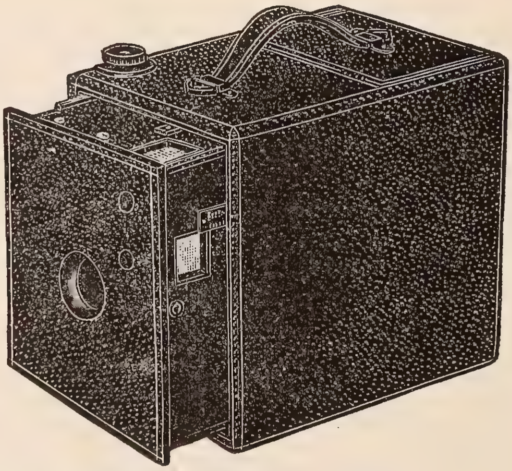

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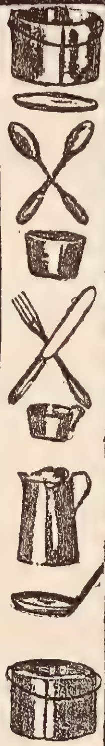

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Beneath these spreading trees;
Remember, I'll be shelling towns
While you are shelling peas."
—Yonkers Statesman.

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Young Friend—Yes; I know that; but it takes money to buy them.

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Moose Hunting in the Rocky Mountains. Newton Hibbs ("Roxey Newton").
Elk Hunting in the Olympic Mountains. W. A. Perry ("Sillalicum").
The Wapiti (Poem). By "Wah-bah-mi-mi."
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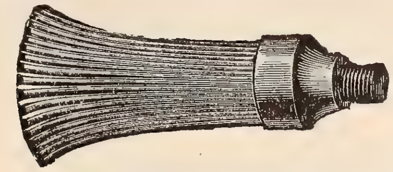

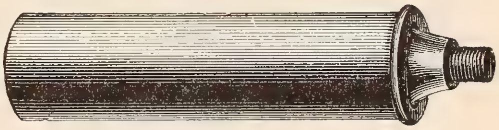

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Max Bleiman, of the Herald Square Theatre, recently bought of J. Charles Davis the famous blue autograph letter—the most perfect one in existence—of Henry William Herbert ("Frank Forester"), the Shakespeare of American field sports literature. Of all the Herbert relics, this one is perhaps the most interesting. It is dated "No. 369 High Street, Newark, N. J., October 22, 1845," and is as clear as if freshly penned.

Santiago got the Merrimac where the "bottle gets the cork."

Sue Brette—She's so tender hearted; she would not hurt a bird.

Foote Light—Nonsense; I've seen her drown them.

Sue Brette—Drown birds?

Foote Light—Yes; drown them in cold bottles.—Yonkers Statesman.

"Look here, George," said Mrs. Pepper, "I've been aggravated enough, so don't you put me out."

"Certainly not, my love," returned George, suavely, "I'll go out myself. Don't sit up for me."—Pick Me Up.

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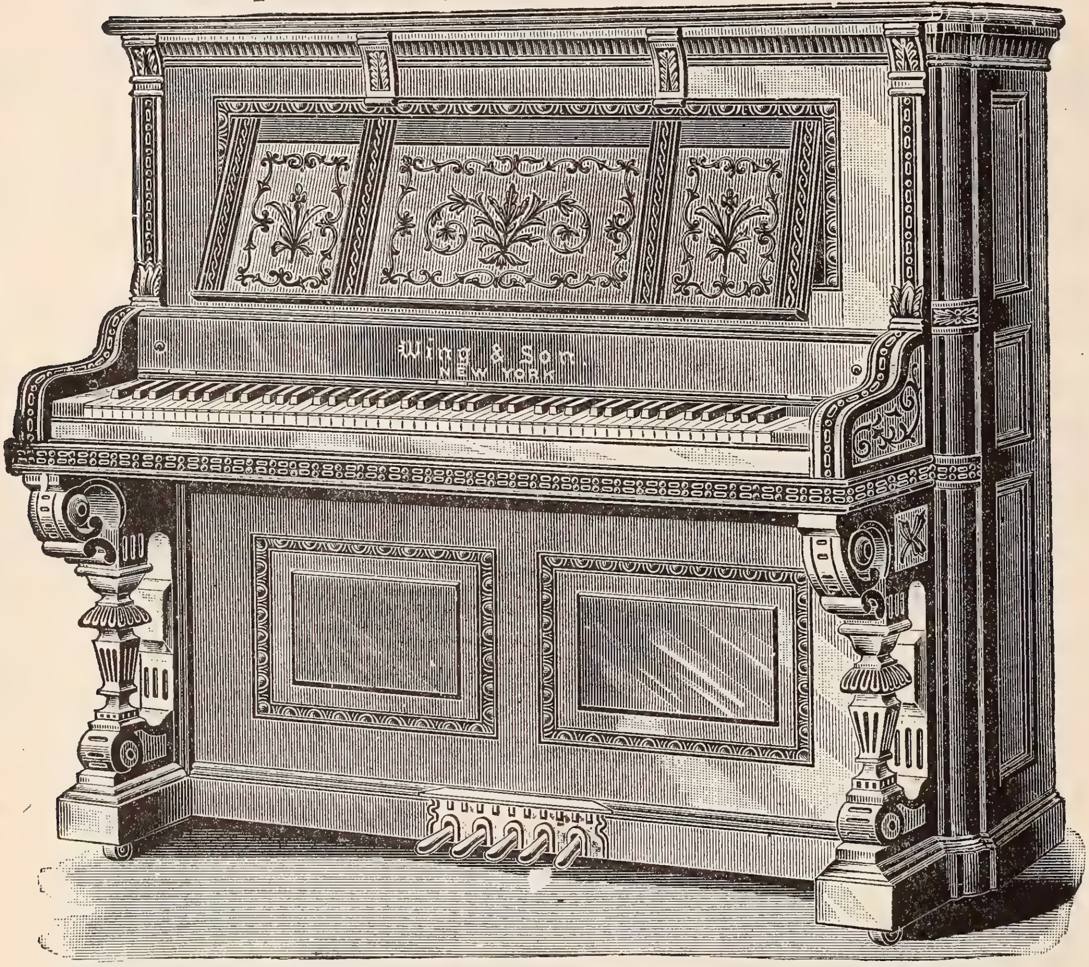

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On the 16th of May, a friend and I went trout fishing at a pond 17 miles from this city. We had rather poor weather, but made a fair catch. We got 11 trout. Our largest one we caught at 8 a.m. It weighed 6 pounds 3 ounces. Its length was 21 inches; girth 14½ inches. These were all square-tailed speckled trout, the genuine salmo fontinalis. We are having the big fish mounted. The taxidermist says it is the largest of this species he ever saw.

G. A. Bridges, Bangor, Me.

I spent 2 weeks last summer at Sparrow lake, Can., where we found bass and muskalonge fishing good. William Doolittle is as good a guide as any man could wish for. He lives on the Severn river, just at Sparrow lake. Address him at Hamlet, Ont., Can. He will meet parties at Severn Station. Norman E. Bennett at same place, keeps boarders, and furnishes good meals. Good camping grounds everywhere.

D. H. Rhoades, McKeesport, Pa.

It is too bad there is not more activity among the game wardens of this vicinity, as one can hear the pot hunters brag of using ferrets, or the "Doctor," as they call it. A farmer near here told me one of his neighbors put dynamite in a small brook called Bucktooth river, and killed 60 trout, some which tipped the scales at 2 pounds.

C. S. Beals, Salamanca, N. Y.

Mamma—"So you've been playing hide and seek have you?"

Tommy Uptodate—"No, we've been playing Cervera and Schley."

Why is the mention of Alfred Austin like the attack on Morro Castle?

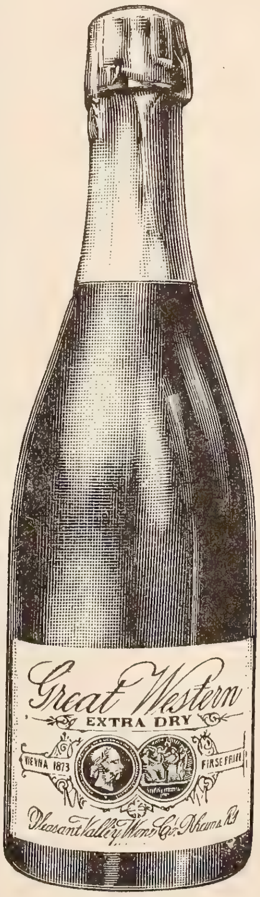
A bum bard meant.

Cervera's fleet, but not fleet enough to escape Schley.

"What line are you on now?" asked the young lady of her lover, who chanced to be a street car conductor. "Just at present," replied the register manipulator as his arm stole around her waist, "I'm on the belt line."—Chicago News.

"Jones is very patriotic, isn't he?"

"Yes. Since Dewey's victory, he has used Manila paper for all his correspondence."



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The Syracuse gun you gave me for premium is beautiful. I am fully repaid for getting the club. The Syracuse does not require heavy charges to kill game, but it does not kick about a heavy load as much as some heavier guns do. I shot at 69 grey squirrels last fall and bagged 67 of them. One got into a hole after being knocked out of a tree and the other I shot at hoping to tree him, as he was too far away to kill, but I failed. Can anyone beat the Syracuse's record? I claim to be no game hog, as I limit my bag to 6 in a day except the first day of the season, when I got 11 and one grouse. We ate them, of course.

Roy P. Schermerhorn, Wilton, N. Y.

I take pleasure in acknowledging receipt of the Marlin repeater, model '97, which you sent me in return for 30 subscriptions to Recreation. Accept my thanks for your prompt and courteous treatment. The rifle more than meets my expectations, though I have been familiar with the Marlin arms for years. It is accurate, admirable in its working, beautiful in appearance and the take-down principle makes it as convenient as a single shot gun. I believe the Marlin Arms Company has succeeded in making the best 22-calibre repeating rifle on the market.

Leroy S. Townsend, M.D., Beaver Falls, Pa.

The Bristol steel rod kindly sent me for a club of subscribers to your valuable magazine pleases me greatly. A friend, one of the kind who would rather fish than eat, was strongly prejudiced against steel rods. When he left on his vacation, for a two weeks' outing on the water in Canada, I persuaded him to take my rod along. He has just returned, enthusiastic in his praises of the steel rod, and thoroughly convinced that it is strong enough for any kind of fishing.

H. G. Reading, Franklin, Pa.

The Ithaca premium gun you sent me was received in due time. I have now used it 3 weeks and would not take 4 times the price for it. It is perfect in every respect and for shooting qualities it beats any gun I ever owned. I have used many different guns, from an old army musket to a $200 Greener. It doesn't seem possible you can give away such premiums. A boy 10 years old can get up a club for Recreation.

E. B. Stearns, Mitchell, Ill.

I wish to thank you for the .30-30 Winchester carbine I received from you as premium. It is a first class rifle in every respect. I have shot 2 deer with it this season, one at 50 yards, striking in the hips, passing the length of the body and breaking 2 ribs on the opposite side near the shoulder. The other I shot through the neck, at 200 yards, killing instantly.

Eben Nevins, Lynn, Mass.

The Bristol steel rod came to hand in perfect condition. I lent it to a friend, who went out for a 10 days' fish. He landed some salmon trout with it and captured a pickerel that weighed 16 pounds. It took him 25 minutes to conquer the pickerel, but at last he was lifted into the boat completely exhausted. My friend says the rod is a fine one, very evenly balanced.

Frank Moffatt, Owosso, Mich.

The Marlin rifle came promptly and it certainly is a beauty. In fact, I like it so well I can hardly lay it down long enough to write and thank you for so fine a present. I feel more than repaid for the small amount of work I had to do to get it, as getting subscribers for Recreation is not much work. The magazine speaks for itself.

J. E. Larrabee, Cincinnati, O.

I am in receipt of the Bristol steel fishing rod, you so kindly sent me for obtaining 10 subscribers to Recreation.

To say I am pleased with it is putting it mildly; it is the finest rod I ever saw.

W. S. Beckley, Jr., New York.

Bicycle arrived this morning and I am much pleased with it. It is just as you represent it in your premium offer. I have not heard a complaint from one of my 75 subscribers to Recreation and know as a positive fact that they are all more than satisfied. Thank you for the bicycle and for your promptness in sending it.

Henry F. Ludwig, Victor, Col.

I have just received a 4 x 5 camera as premium for 25 subscriptions to Recreation. The regular price of this camera is $25 and yet for this sum I received this beautiful instrument and 25 people are made happy by getting Recreation once a month for a year. How in the world you can do it is a mystery to me.

E. W. Smith, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Forehand double hammerless shotgun, which you sent me as premium, arrived promptly and am greatly pleased with it. I have tried the gun thoroughly and find it first class in every respect. Please accept thanks for sending me such a valuable premium.

Chas. Python, Dallas, Texas.

Accept my sincere thanks for the Forehand gun you sent me. It is just as represented and as good a gun as any one could want. I have given it a fair trial and find it up with the best, both in shooting qualities and in finish.

Lewis P. Self, Greenville, Tenn.

Please accept my thanks for the Bristol steel rod which came to hand promptly. I consider myself under lasting obligations to you for such a valuable premium for so slight an effort and expense.

R. L. Ham, Stockport Centre, N. Y.

The Davenport gun you gave me for a premium reached me promptly and exceeded my expectation. I am deeply grateful to you. We take 6 magazines and Recreation is the favorite.

C. C. Vincent, Rochester, N. Y.

Received the Ithaca hammerless gun sent me as a premium. It is nicely finished, well balanced and an exact fit. It is the admiration of all who see it. Its shooting qualities are excellent.

E. W. Fitch, Keene, N. H.

I received the Marlin repeater you sent me as premium and am much pleased with it. It is well worth the time I spent in securing the subscriptions.

G. A. Johnson, Chicopee Falls, Mass.

I received the .30-30 Marlin in due time, and am greatly indebted to you for giving me such a handsome premium. It is a much finer rifle than I expected.

I. R. Emmons, Fremont, Neb.

I received the camera and am delighted with it. It is the finest amateur outfit I ever saw. Have proudly showed it to several friends who think the same. Many thanks for your kindness.

E. M. Hall, Solvay, N. Y.

I received the Bristol fishing rod all right and am much pleased with it. I consider my time well spent, in getting the 10 subscribers.

J. Sullivan, Sanitaria Springs, N. Y.

I thank you for the Cyclone Camera which you sent me as premium. It is a beauty and I am much pleased with it.

W. F. Bowker, Bryant's Pond, Me.

The Winchester-Brush repeating shot gun you sent me as premium received and am well pleased with it.

D. H. Sumner, Avondale, Ala.

The camera sent me as a premium was received. It is a beauty and I am amply repaid for getting the club. J. F. Boss, Drummond, Wis.

I received the Cyclone Camera you sent as premium and am well pleased with it.

J. W. Snyder, Massillon, O.

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**1 " " Riesling**
**1 " " Tokay**
**1 " " Sweet Catawba**
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**1 " " Elvira**
**1 " " Niagara**
**1 " " Angelica**
**1 " " Port**
**1 " " Sweet Isabella**
**1 " " Imperial Grape Brandy**

This offer is made mainly to introduce our **Grand Imperial Sec Champagne** and our fine double-distilled **Grape Brandy,** without which no Sportsman or Hunter should start on an expedition, as it is very necessary where such exercise is taken. This case of goods is offered at about one-half its actual cost and it will please us if our friends and patrons will take advantage of this and help us introduce our goods.

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When soiled on both sides, discard. **Ten Collars or five pairs of Cuffs, 25c.** Send 6c. in stamps for sample collar and pair of cuffs. Name size and style.

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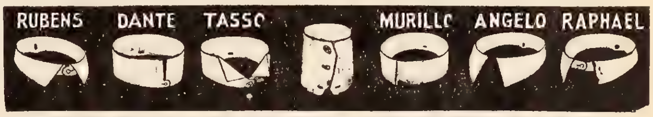

**Amateurs Attention!** Make your own blue print paper. Send 50 cents and I will send you, prepaid, sufficient condensed preparation, with full directions, to make 40 dozen 3½ x 3½, 35 dozen 3¼ x 4¼, 25 dozen 4 x 5 or other sizes in proportion. Any plain white paper may be used. Sample blue print, made by this process, sent for 2 cent stamp.

O. W. Hale, Wilmington, O.

**For Sale or Exchange:** $25 gramophone, nearly new; 26 records and 2 large horns; also box for carrying gramophone and records, worth $3.50; for Marlin repeater, '92 model, 32 calibre; or will sell entire outfit cheap. This is a thoroughly reliable and guaranteed offer, and I expect same in return.

A. J. Durand, Moorestown, N. J.

**Wanted:** By an old time mountaineer, scout, hunter and guide, a companion, with capital, for a trip of 6 months to one year in South America. Good wages can be made collecting natural history specimens. Address,
Jos. B. Jennett,
P. O. Box 262,
Mountain Home, Idaho.

IN ANSWERING ADS PLEASE MENTION RECREATION.

Mr. Charles S. Fee, General Passenger Agent, Northern Pacific Railway, St. Paul, Minn., has issued his '98 Wonderland. Little more than this need be said to create in the mind of every lover of the Great West a desire to see a copy of this book. All the previous editions have been works of art, in the highest sense of the term, yet the present issue seems to excel all the others. It is indeed a beautiful piece of work, and furthermore is full of valuable information for sportsmen and tourists. A copy of it will be sent to any applicant who will send Mr. Fee, 6 cents, and mention RECREATION.

I felt so much like Dewey as I crept along the hall,
I didn't dare to strike a match, I felt along the wall;
And then as I in victory to chuckle was inclined
A fierce soprano hailed me and I knew that I was mined!

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Smith—Funny a woman has so much trouble finding her pocket, isn't it?

Robinson—Yes, especially when she finds it so easy to find her husband's pocket.—The Yellow Book.

B&O
BEST LINE
Solid Trains
TO
Eastern Cities
STOP OVER
AT
WASHINGTON

A number of Iowa sportsmen have organized a Field Trial Association, with headquarters at Des Moines. The officers are J. W. Blythe, of Burlington, President, and M. Bruce, of Des Moines, Secretary. The association numbers about 75 members already, and all persons desirous of joining are requested to send their applications to F. H. Perry, Des Moines.

---

"The game hog who killed the big lot of ducks out of season and whose picture you published, with his bike load of ducks, has, I think, scented danger and skipped the country. Good riddance."

J. S. Stangroom, New Whatcom, Wash.

---

Will some reader of RECREATION kindly inform me what a 38-40 Marlin will do? Is it effective on bear?

Reader, Hamilton, Ont.

---

"Woods and Waters" is the title of a modest little journal issued from 212 East 105th Street. The editor is Harry V. Radford, a bright boy of 16, and the subscription price of his paper is but 35 cents a year.

---

Teacher—Who discovered America?

Little Albert—Christopher Columbus.

Teacher—And who was it furnished him with his ships and the authority to go ahead on his voyage?

Little Albert—The editor of the New York Flapdoodle.—Cleveland Leader.

Of Interest to
Fishermen
and Canoeists

An unequalled array of pleasant retreats for the sportsman, where fish in greatest variety abound, are to be found along the line of the

Lehigh Valley Railroad

All interested should send four cents in stamps for copy of "Hunting and Fishing on the Lehigh Valley," to

CHAS. S. LEE
General Passenger Agent
NEW YORK

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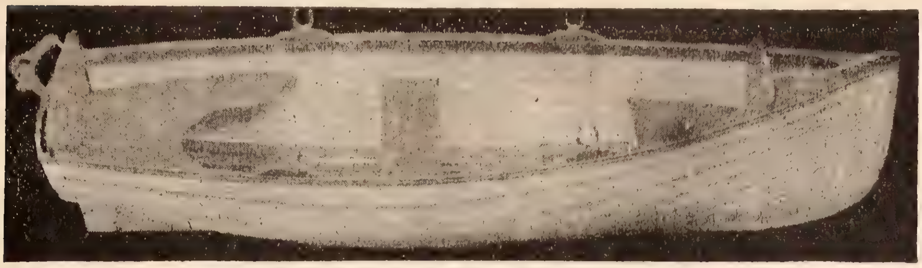
THOUSAND ISLANDS
ADIRONDACK
MOUNTAINS

The greatest of American health and pleasure resorts are directly reached by the through parlor and sleeping cars of the New York Central. The service by this great line is elegant and luxurious in every particular, strictly maintaining the apt title bestowed upon it of "America's Greatest Railroad."

For a book or folder descriptive of the above resorts, together with the time and rates of fare, send a two-cent stamp to George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

**Sheet Metal Pleasure Boats** ...**Hunting and Fishing Boats**

Made in Aluminum, Manganese Bronze and Galvanized Steel.



Top view of 9-foot Dingey or Yacht Tender.

We make the same style boat 11 feet long. Send for copy of catalogue, showing complete line of boats, with full description, sizes, prices etc. Correspondence solicited.

**W. H. MULLINS .. 228 Depot St., Salem, Ohio**

PIERCE 16 FT. VAPOR 18 FT. LAUNCHES 20 FT. $150 AND UP

SEND FOR CATALOG. PIERCE ENG. CO., Box 6 Sta. A, RACINE, WIS.

No Fire, Smoke or Heat. Absolutely Safe. Catalogue Free.
**TRUSCOTT BOAT MFG. CO., ST. JOSEPH, MICH.**

When Johnny comes marching home again
  We'll give him a rousing cheer,
And I hope it won't be long till then,
  For I am lonesome here.

When Johnny comes marching home, hooray!
  We'll all be happy then,
And the gas bills papa has to pay
  Will go bounding up again.
—Chicago News.

Oh, no, they needn't bound so high
  When Johnny comes home, brown,
For when he calls on you at night,
  You'll turn the gaslight down.
EDITOR.

A grand old ship is the Oregon,
  The guns her sailors serve
Will carry 15,000 miles
  And kill around a curve.
—Chicago Tribune.

**For Sale or Exchange:** Thoroughbred foxhound, 3 years old, black and tan, with white points and collar. Trained on foxes and coons. Handsome, courageous, and elegant; long bay. Never abused, or sick. Will sell for $25, or exchange for wheel, camera, etc., of equal value.
P. P. Beal, Lisbon Falls, Me.

**For Sale or Exchange:**—Magnificent Optamus 10-gauge Lefever hammerless ejector gun; 32 inch barrels, $400 quality; one of the finest guns ever made by these celebrated makers. Will sell for $150 cash, or exchange for 12-gauge of equal quality.
W. H. Mullins, Salem, Ore.

**For Sale:** 44 Russian model D. A. revolver, 6½ barrel, blue finish, pearl stock, Lyman sights, tools, shells, bullets. Cost $32; sell for $18. Revolver alone, cost net $22; sell for $15. Perfect.
L. D. Hubbell,
1500 Broad St., Hartford, Conn.

**For Sale:** Established gun and locksmith shop and store, bicycle repair and light job shop, in a village of about 4,000. Best equipped shop in town, for light repairing.
F. H. Mark,
Bellows Falls, Vt.

**5000 BICYCLES**

All makes and models, *must be closed out at once.* **New '97 models, guaranteed, $9.75 to $18; shopworn and used wheels, $3 to $12; swell '98 models, $13 to $35. Great factory clearing sale.** *Shipped to any one on approval without advance deposit.* Handsome souvenir book free.

***EARN A BICYCLE***
**by a little work for us. FREE USE of sample wheel to rider agents. Write at once for our special offer.**

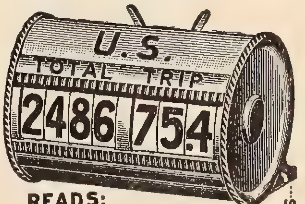
**M. L. MEAD & PRENTISS, Chicago, Ill.**

**U. S. TRIP CYCLOMETER**

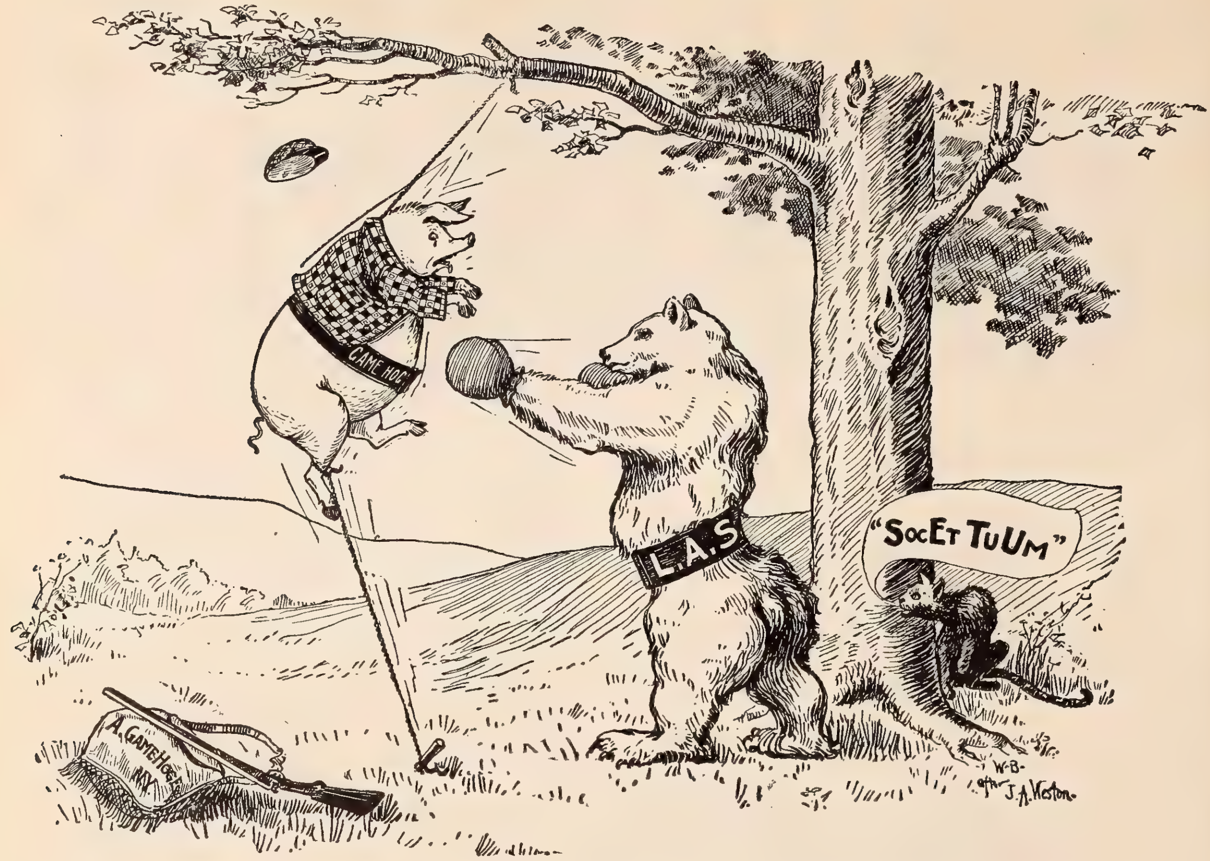
Made for all sizes, 20 to 50-inch wheels. Polished Nickel or Antique Copper finish. Easiest to read—largest figures. Fully guaranteed.

**Price, $1.00**

**U.S. MFG. CO.**
**Fond Du Lac, Wis.**



READS:
TOTAL 2486 MILES.
TRIP 75 4/10 MILES.
SET BACK


GAME HOG
L.A.S
"SocEt TuUm"
A. GAME HOG N.Y.
W.B. after J.A. Weston

CAUTION
HAYNER'S
SEVEN YEAR OLD
RYE
CAUTION
None Genuine
THE HAYNER DISTILLING CO.,
DISTILLERS AND IMPORTERS
DAYTON, OHIO, U.S.A.

DIRECT FROM DISTILLER TO CONSUMER

**$3.20** FOUR FULL QUARTS
Express Prepaid.

*Saving Middlemen's Profits,*
*Preventing Possibility of Adulteration.*

We are distillers with a wide reputation of 30 years' standing. We sell to consumers direct, so that our whiskey may be pure when it reaches you. It is almost impossible to get pure whiskey from dealers. We have tens of thousands of customers who never buy elsewhere. We want more of them and make this offer to get them:

**We will send four full quart bottles of Hayner's Seven Year Old Double Copper Distilled Rye for $3.20, Express Prepaid. We ship in plain packages—no marks to indicate contents. When you get it and test it, if it isn't satisfactory return it at our expense and we will return your $3.20. Such whiskey cannot be purchased elsewhere for less than $5.00.**

We are the only distillers selling to consumers direct. Others who claim to be are only dealers. Our whiskey has our reputation behind it.

References—Third National Bank, any business house in Dayton or Commercial Agencies.

**THE HAYNER DISTILLING CO., 267 to 273 West Fifth St., Dayton, O.**

P. S.—Orders for Ariz., Colo., Cal., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash., Wyo., must call for 20 quarts, by freight, prepaid.

[The above offer is genuine. We guarantee the above firm will do as they agree.—EDITOR.]

**THE GREGG LENS**

The most universal . . .
(*Rapid and wide Angle*) Lens made
WRITE FOR BOOKLET TO
W. T. GREGG
104 Fulton St., New York

## ACCELERATED.

She sighed.

I had been waiting for the proud beauty to show some symbol of sentiment, and yet when she let that telltale sigh escape her I swiftly arose.

"I must go," I said, with averted head.

"So soon?" she murmured.

I backed away toward the door.

"I really must," I said.

She looked at me with those glorious humid eyes. I paused.

"Must you go?" she whispered and sighed again.

"Good night," I cried and bolted through the doorway.

Her sighs were laden with the pungent breath of early spring onions!—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**ASHLAND HOUSE**

FOURTH AVE. and 24th ST.
*Two blocks from Madison Sq. Garden*

...HEADQUARTERS FOR SPORTSMEN

American and European Plan

RATES:

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|---|---|
| Rooms, with board, $2.00, $2.50 and $3.00 per day | |
| Rooms, without board, | $1.00 and upwards |
| Breakfast, | 75 cents |
| Lunch, | 50 " |
| Table d' Hote Dinner, | 75 " |

## THE DARWINIAN DEFECT.

The lynxes have no tails, we know,
But he will waste his time who thinks,
By finding how to make them grow,
He'll thus supply the missing lynx.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

The Brook—Come and have a bath.
The Beaver—I'll see you dammed first.

Join the L. A. S. at once.

Olivette Relish
TRADE MARK
Olivette Relish

Made of Queen Olives, rare herbs, spices and a delicious sauce. An absolutely new and unique condiment and food combined. Tempting and appetizing. Get a jar at your grocers.
SEVILLE PACKING COMPANY
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EXCLUSIVISTS IN OLIVES AND OLIVE PRODUCTS.

FOR SALE: Living wild animals and game birds, for propagating purposes; Elk, Deer, Jack Rabbits, Fox Squirrels, Quails (Western birds only), etc. I do not handle dead game.

Address **CHAS. PAYNE**
Box 913 WICHITA, KANSAS

**ALASKAN VIEWS**

Take a look at the country, and the methods of travel, before you start for the gold fields.
A full series of views of Juneau, Dyea, Skaguay, Chilkat Pass, Miners and outfits, along the route, etc.
50 cents each. An assorted doz. $5.00
Send for Catalogue of Alaska Curios.
GEO. G. CANTWELL, Taxidermist, Juneau, Alaska.

Don't forget that $2 will buy a copy of that beautiful book, "Bird Neighbors" and a yearly subscription to RECREATION.

**Neatness, Quality and Durability**

If Howarth's Flies do not excel all others in above items, purchasers are at perfect liberty to return them and get their money back in full.
Introductory Prices for 1898, 75c. a dozen.
Flies tied to any pattern. 30 Years' Experience.
S. HOWARTH, FLORISSANT, COLORADO

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# Most Popular Resort . .

## FOR SPORTSMEN

**WM. W. HART & CO.'S**

NEW STUDIO

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LEADING TAXIDERMISTS

Artistic, Lifelike Work Guaranteed Moth Proof

We Originate Others Imitate

*Send two stamps for catalogue*

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Don't forget that $2 will buy a copy of that beautiful book, "Bird Neighbors" and a yearly subscription to RECREATION.

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**LYMAN'S RIFLE SIGHTS.**

Send for 96 Page Catalogue of

**Sights and Fine Shooting Rifles.**

**WILLIAM LYMAN, Middlefield, Conn.**

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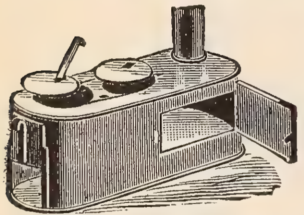
**A Practical Common Sense Camp Stove.**

In 6 Sizes. Patent applied for.



The lightest, most compact, practical camp stove made; either with or without oven. Won't get out of shape, combination cast and sheet steel top, smooth body, heavy lining, telescopic pipe carried inside the stove.

Burns largest wood, keeps fire longest of any stove made. For full particulars address

D. W. CREE, Manufacturer, Griggsville, Ill.

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# Taxidermists' Supplies

**Artificial Glass Eyes**

WHEN you get a good specimen of bird, fish, mammal etc., that you would like to get mounted, send it to us. We will do it right and also make the price right.

Send five cents for new Taxidermists' Catalogue.

WE prepare and mount all specimens of natural history true to nature, in the best style of the Taxidermist's art, at reasonable prices.

We also keep a complete line of **Oologists' and Entomologists' Supplies**

**FRED. KAEMPFER,**

**Taxidermist,**

**88 State St., Chicago**

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Ernest L. Brown

**The Minnesota Taxidermist**

Does true and artistic work at reasonable figures.

**WARREN, MINN.**

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FINE MOUNTED GAME HEADS, BIRDS, ETC., for sale at unheard-of prices. Send 10 cents for photos.

JOHN CLAYTON, Taxidermist, Lincoln, Maine.

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## Finest Trout Flies in the World

**Awarded Certificate of Merit at the International Fisheries Exhibition, London, 1883**

All tied by hand—my own personal work—on imported hooks. Send 25 cents for samples, price-list and full particulars. I live with the trout and know what they like.

**S. HOWARTH, Florissant, Colo.**

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## ARTIFICIAL ... NOSES AND EARS

Missing or deformed noses or ears replaced or covered by light and durable substitutes, natural in appearance and securely attached.

**Dr. G. A. MACK, Pleasantville, N. Y.**

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The Davenport shot gun was received and my small son is delighted with his prize.

Mrs. H. D. Warner, Hackensack, N. J.

Please accept my sincere thanks for the camera you sent me as a premium. Am delighted with it.

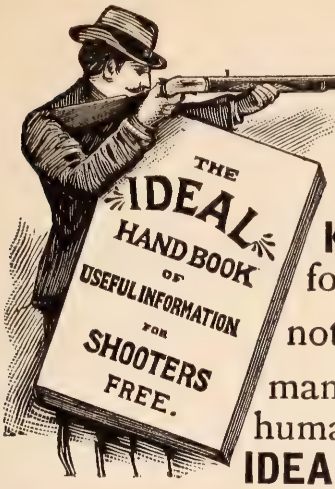
G. P. Rand, Newburyport, Mass.

I received the Baby Hawkeye Camera you sent me as premium and am much pleased with it.

Carl McIlrath, Cleveland, O.

I received the Marlin rifle you sent me as premium and am more than pleased with it.

G. Perier, Butte, Mont.



# All Shooters

of *Rifles*, *Pistols* and *Shot Guns* will find it to their interest to possess a copy of the *Ideal Hand Book*, No. 10, a **KLONDIKE OF GOLDEN NUGGETS** of information relating to *arms* and *ammunition*, not **FOR WAR** but **FOR PEACE**ful manly sports that elevate and invigorate humanity. **120 pages.** Send stamps for postage.

**IDEAL MANUF'G CO., New Haven, Conn., U.S.A.**

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## NEWHOUSE STEEL TRAPS

**The best made for catching fur-bearing animals.**

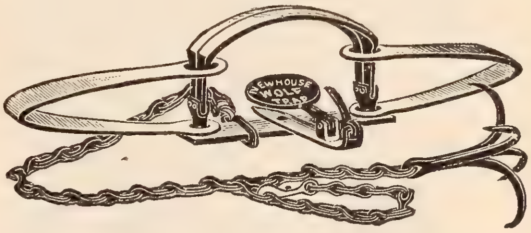
## SPECIAL WOLF TRAP No. 4½

**on lines suggested by Mr. E. S. Thompson**

**Specially Heavy 5-ft. Chain with Drag**

Send for Wolf circular, prices, and discounts

**Oneida Community Limited - Kenwood, N. Y.**



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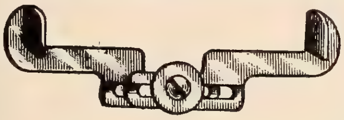
## HOWARD TOE-CLAMP



THE ONLY PERFECT CLIP. Does not injure the shoe as it touches the sole only. Will not grip the shoe and throw the rider, yet holds the foot securely. **The Rolled Edge Protects the Shoe.** Fits any pedal; adjusts to any size shoe. Ask your dealer, or send 35 cents for sample pair.

**HOWARD TOE-CLAMP CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.**

Agents Wanted

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**"Exchange a Bad Odor for a Good One."**

**SCENTED TWINE** burnsand sweetly medicates the air. Superior to pastilles; indespensable for Toilet Room, Stateroom, and Apartment. Luxurious and healthful. Mailed—**3 Spools, 25c. Agents Wanted. J. T. COMMOSS, Perfumes, 125 Fulton Street, New York.**

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## If all Ambitious Amateurs,

by this I mean amateurs who aspire to portraiture, would visit the studio of LAFAYETTE W. SEAVEY, they would find something at bargain prices in the way of head and bust grounds, and other effects, that would greatly aid them in their work.

Address **LAFAYETTE W. SEAVEY**
**Station "R," N. Y. Walton Ave. and 140th St.**

Please mention RECREATION.

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**FOR GOUT & RHEUMATISM**

**Use the Great English Remedy**

**BLAIR'S PILLS**

**Safe, Sure, Effective. 50c. & $1**

**DRUGGISTS, or 224 William St., N. Y.**

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## Muskalonge:

We have the finest Muskalonge, Pike, and Bass Fishing that can be found anywhere in America, and are comfortably located in reach of 120 beautiful lakes.

Good Deer, Duck, and Grouse Shooting in the fall.

The record fishes caught last season were as follows: Muskalonge, 42 lbs.; Small-mouth Black Bass, 6¾ lbs.; Pike, 12 lbs.

Accommodations offered are the Divide Resort, on the Turtle Waters (with cottages), the Spider Lake Resort, on the Manitowish Waters (with cottages), and the Manitowish Hotel at Manitowish Station.

We have *Telephone Connection*, which gives us communication between the three places and which is handy for receiving and sending telegrams.

Either resort can be reached in three hours' drive from Railroad. We have fine spring water, and are on the highest land in the State, being 1,400 feet above Lake Superior, and only forty miles distant therefrom.

For further information write

**G. W. BUCK & SON**

Mention RECREATION **Manitowish, Iron Co., Wis.**

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If you would live next to nature, read RECREATION.

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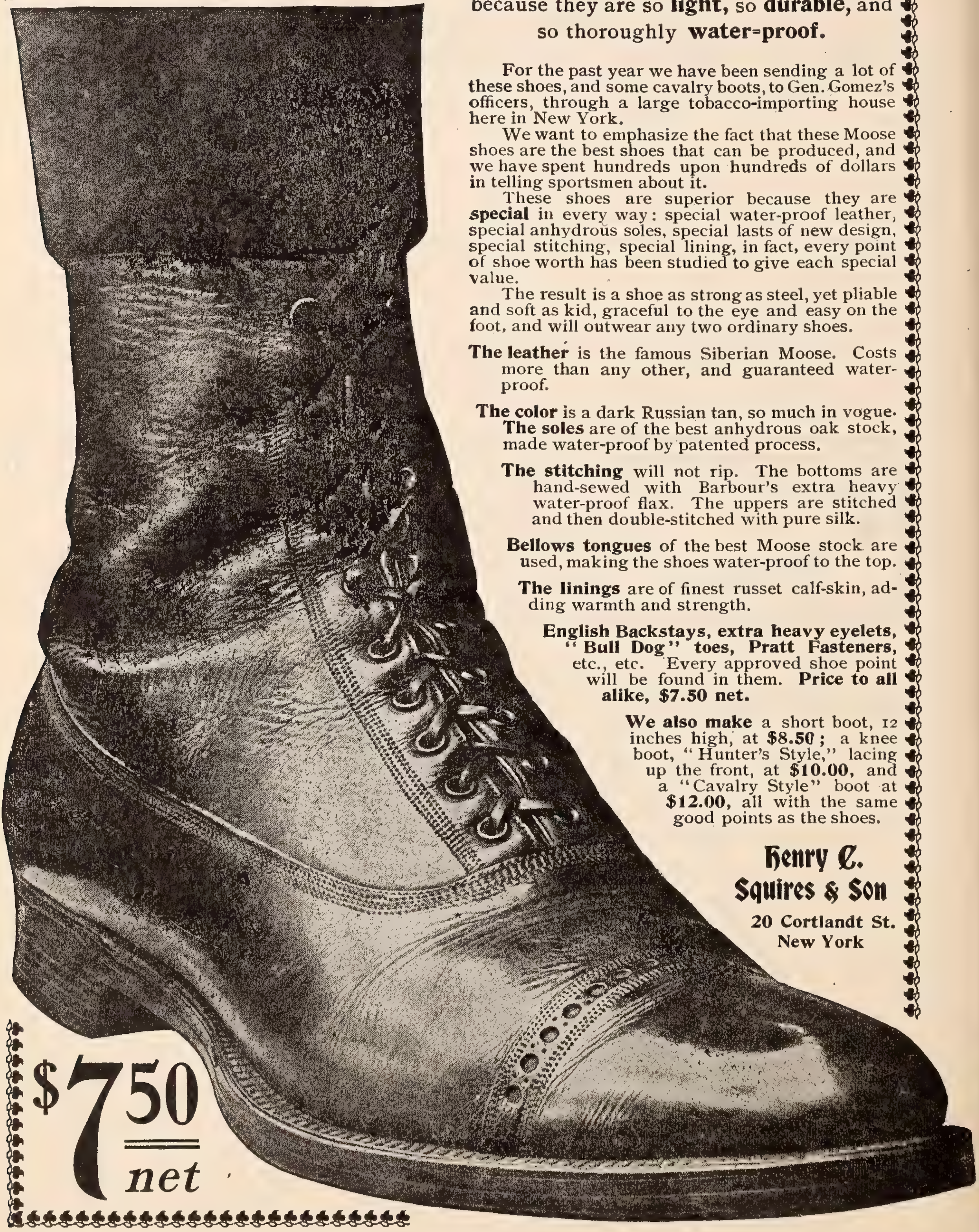
IN ANSWERING ADS ALWAYS MENTION RECREATION.

**The National Guard** and many Officers of the

**United States Regular Army**

have been buying, for use in Cuba, our

# Siberian Moose Shoes



because they are so **light,** so **durable,** and so thoroughly **water-proof.**

For the past year we have been sending a lot of these shoes, and some cavalry boots, to Gen. Gomez's officers, through a large tobacco-importing house here in New York.

We want to emphasize the fact that these Moose shoes are the best shoes that can be produced, and we have spent hundreds upon hundreds of dollars in telling sportsmen about it.

These shoes are superior because they are **special** in every way: special water-proof leather, special anhydrous soles, special lasts of new design, special stitching, special lining, in fact, every point of shoe worth has been studied to give each special value.

The result is a shoe as strong as steel, yet pliable and soft as kid, graceful to the eye and easy on the foot, and will outwear any two ordinary shoes.

**The leather** is the famous Siberian Moose. Costs more than any other, and guaranteed water-proof.

**The color** is a dark Russian tan, so much in vogue. **The soles** are of the best anhydrous oak stock, made water-proof by patented process.

**The stitching** will not rip. The bottoms are hand-sewed with Barbour's extra heavy water-proof flax. The uppers are stitched and then double-stitched with pure silk.

**Bellows tongues** of the best Moose stock are used, making the shoes water-proof to the top.

**The linings** are of finest russet calf-skin, adding warmth and strength.

**English Backstays, extra heavy eyelets, "Bull Dog" toes, Pratt Fasteners,** etc., etc. Every approved shoe point will be found in them. **Price to all alike, $7.50 net.**

**We also make** a short boot, 12 inches high, at **$8.50**; a knee boot, "Hunter's Style," lacing up the front, at **$10.00**, and a "Cavalry Style" boot at **$12.00**, all with the same good points as the shoes.

**Henry C.**
**Squires & Son**
**20 Cortlandt St.**
**New York**

**$7.50**
*net*

## MINNESOTA HUNTING GROUNDS.

Northcote, ducks, prairie chickens.
St. Vincent, ducks, prairie chickens, sharptail grouse, geese.
Appleton, ducks, prairie chickens, geese.
Richmond, ducks, prairie chickens, geese.
Morris, ducks, geese.
Stephen, prairie chickens, geese, ruffed grouse.
Ruthton, ducks, prairie chickens, geese.
Long Lake, ducks, geese, ruffed grouse.
Donnelly, ducks, prairie chickens.
Fosston, ducks, prairie chickens, grouse.
Maple Plain, ducks.
Brandon, ducks, geese.
Osakis, ducks.
Anoka, ducks, prairie chickens.
West Union, ducks, prairie chickens, geese.
Ashley, ducks.
New London, ducks, geese.
Atwater, ducks, prairie chickens, geese.
Sandstone, ruffed grouse.
Milaca, ducks.
Excelsior, ducks, grouse.
Bellingham, ducks, geese.
Willmar, ducks, prairie chickens, geese.
Cold Springs, ducks, geese.
Elbow Lake, ducks, geese.
McIntosh, prairie chickens.
Brown's Valley, ducks, prairie chickens, grouse.
Darwin, ducks.
Menahga, ducks, prairie chickens, ruffed grouse.
Thief River Falls, ducks, prairie chickens, sharptail grouse, ruffed grouse.
Spicer, ducks.
Hinckley, sharptail grouse.
Dassel, ducks.
Alexandria, ducks.
Big Lake, ducks.
Sauk Centre, prairie chickens.

## NORTH DAKOTA HUNTING GROUNDS.

Leeds, ducks, geese.
White Earth, ducks.
Lakota, ducks, geese.
Rugby Junction, ducks, prairie chickens, sharptail grouse.
Larimore, prairie chickens, sharptail grouse.
Michigan City, ducks, geese, prairie chickens.
Wahpeton, prairie chickens.
Church's Ferry, ducks, prairie chickens.
Park River, prairie chickens.
Neche, prairie chickens.
Devil's Lake, ducks, geese, prairie chickens.
St. John, ducks, prairie chickens.
Portland, prairie chickens, sharptail grouse.

## MONTANA HUNTING GROUNDS.

Great Falls, sharptail grouse, prairie chickens.
Cascade, sharptail grouse, ducks.
Wolf Creek, sharptail grouse.
Blackfoot, grizzly bear, elk, deer, mountain sheep, grouse, ducks and geese.
Libby Creek, sharptail grouse, ruffed grouse.
Jennings, sharptail grouse, ruffed grouse.
Kalispell, sharptail grouse, prairie chickens.
Big Sandy, prairie chickens.
Columbia Falls, sharptail grouse, prairie chickens, ruffed grouse.

## WASHINGTON HUNTING GROUNDS.

Chester, chickens.
Leavenworth, sharptail grouse.
Wenatchee, chickens, sharptail grouse, ducks, geese.
Marysville, ducks.
Blaine, sharptail grouse.

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I want the names of all the gun clubs in the U. S. and Canada, and the names and addresses of the Secretaries thereof. Readers of RECREATION will do me a valuable service by kindly giving me such information.

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If you would live next to nature, read RECREATION.

The Lightest
Cheapest and
Most Complete
Camping Outfit

When arranging a trip "up river" or in the forest or field, be sure to provide yourself with a

**Bay State Camping Outfit**

**Why?** Because it comprises every cooking utensil you will require; knives and forks, kettles and pans, and a stove too. **How many separate articles are there?** Twenty-two in all. **Well, I'm afraid, it's too cumbersome for me.** There you are wrong, for every utensil nests within a single containing vessel or pail which is but thirteen inches high, and ten inches in diameter. **Then your outfit must be a mere toy.** No sir — kettles and pots hold full quarts, and the plates are eight inches in diameter. **Well, you see I'm a canoeist, and the outfit would be too heavy for me.** Oh, no, my friend, it only weighs a little over five pounds. You see, the secret is this — this outfit is made entirely of aluminum. Each vessel is spun of a single sheet, so there are no cracks or joints or seams —there can be no rust—for aluminum cannot rust or tarnish. The vessels require no polishing — water cleans 'em; soap and water cleans 'em better. **Doesn't the outfit cost a good deal?** No, indeed; it's quite inexpensive. Write to us and we'll tell you all about it.

**BAY STATE ALUMINUM CO.**
**Office, 78 Chauncy St., Boston, Mass.**
**Factory, Quincy, Mass.**

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While fishing in the Wallkill river, I became tired of wading and climbed to the old iron bridge at Philipsburg. I seated myself on the iron railing to fish and incidentally to get dry. After a few casts, I had the most peculiar "strike" of my experience. A moment later another followed, which left no doubt as to its nature. My Bristol steel rod had touched an overhead telegraph wire and I had nearly dropped the rod into the water below and —well, steel rods don't float.

The bass fishing in the 'kill was rather poor last season, owing to the high water.

M. Bill, Middletown, N. Y.

---

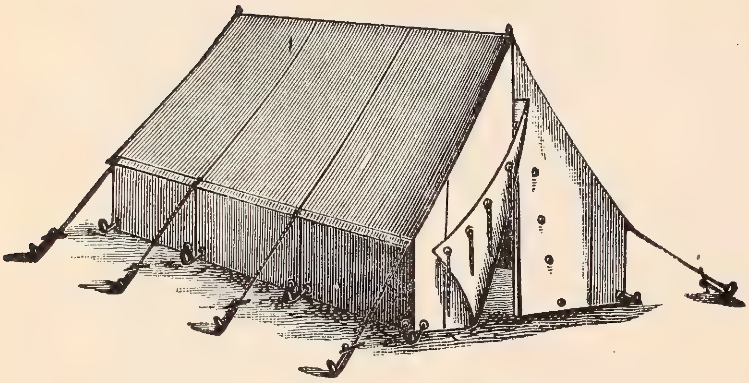
Our fishing, last season, was poor, because of the dry weather. We had, however, plenty of work for our guns and dogs. There were lots of rabbits, quail and pheasants. I saw 2 Mongolian pheasants in this neighborhood and heard of others. The game laws here are pretty well observed, except the one relating to ferrets. Many of these are used here.

Harry Johnson, Lisbon, O.

---

IN ANSWERING ADS ALWAYS MENTION RECREATION.

# Articles for Sportsmen and Travelers



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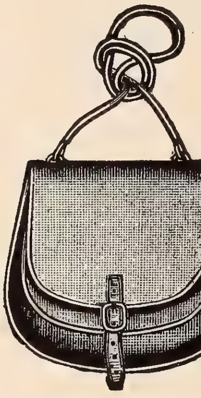

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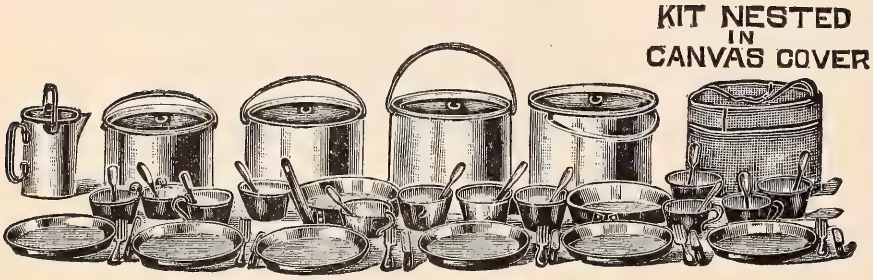
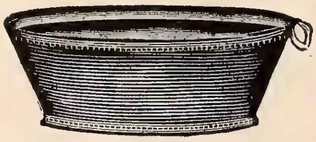

KIT NESTED IN CANVAS COVER



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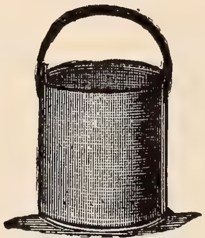
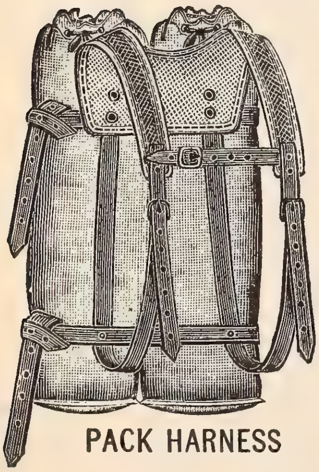
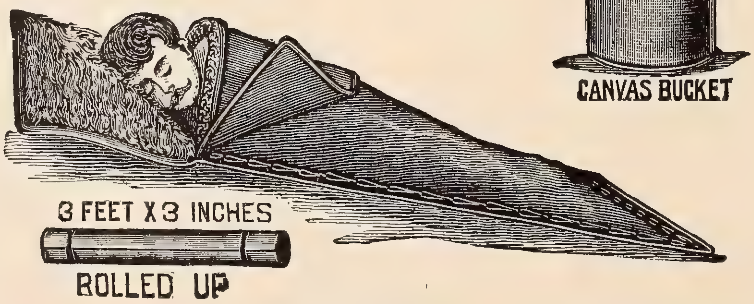


CANVAS BUCKET



PACK HARNESS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## SOME GOOD GUIDES.

Following is a list of names and addresses of guides who have been recommended to me, by men who have employed them; together with data as to the species of game and fish which these guides undertake to find for sportsmen.

If anyone who may employ one of these guides should find him incompetent or unsatisfactory, I will be grateful if he will report the fact to me.

### CALIFORNIA.

S. L. N. Ellis, Visalia, trout, deer, bear, grouse, and quails.

### COLORADO.

F. W. Allen, Dotsero, Eagle Co., elk, bear, deer, antelope, trout and grouse.
W. H. Hubbard, Glenwood Springs, ditto
Charles Allen, Gypsum, "
J. M. Campbell, Buford, "
R. W. McGhee, De Beque, "
W. L. Pattison, Buford, elk, deer, bear, grouse and trout.

### GEORGIA.

Sam. T. Denning, Augusta, turkeys, quails and rabbits.

### IDAHO.

W. L. Winegar, Egin, Fremont Co., elk, bear, deer, antelope, mountain sheep, trout and grouse.
Geo. Winegar, St. Anthony, Fremont Co., ditto
R. W. Rock, Lake, Fremont Co., "
Ed. Stailey, Lake, Fremont Co., "
Ed. Blair, Victor, Fremont Co., "
Clay Vance, Houston, Custer Co., "

### MAINE.

E. J. Page, Burlington, moose, caribou, deer, grouse and trout.
Henry Gantnier, Benedicta, ditto
George Gantnier, Benedicta, "
James A. Duff, Kineo, Moosehead Lake, "
Henry D. Lowell, West Ripley, "

### MINNESOTA.

E. L. Brown, Warren, ducks, geese, prairie chickens, and black bass.
W. B. Croff, Young America, ditto

### MONTANA.

G. H. Heywood, Red Lodge, elk, bear, deer, antelope, mountain sheep, trout and grouse.
W. H. Ryther, Columbia Falls, ditto
Quincy Myers, Columbia Falls, "
Theodore Christiansen, Columbia Falls, "
W. A. Hague, Fridley, "
Vic. Smith, Anaconda, "
M. P. Dunham, Woodworth, "
William Jackson, Browning, "
E. E. Van Dyke, Red Lodge, "
James Blair, Magdalen, "
George Whitaker, Gardiner, "
Edward Olcott, Red Lodge, "
W. Jackson, Browning. "

### NEW YORK.

H. M. Tacey, White Lake, Sullivan Co., deer, grouse, rabbits, squirrels and trout.
Eugene M. House, Glendale, ditto
Buel Girard, Moriches, ducks, geese, grouse, quails, snipe and salt water fishing.
Willie E. Ross, Moriches, ditto

### NORTH CAROLINA.

Fred. Latham, Haslin, deer, quails, ducks, salt-water fishing.
F. S. Jarvis, Haslin, ditto
W. B. Tooley, Haslin, "
F. P. Latham, Haslin, "

### OHIO.

Ugh F. Catanach, Kelley's Island, ducks, geese, grouse, quail, black bass, and muskalonge.

### OREGON.

W. H. Bowen, Camas Valley, elk, deer, bear, grouse and trout.
Henry Bowen, Camas Valley, ditto
E. L. Howe, Creswell, "

### PENNSYLVANIA.

W. W. Wikoff, Sinnamahoning, Cameron Co., deer, grouse and trout.
Len Champion, Carney, Wyoming Co., grouse, quail, black bass, pike and pickerel

### WYOMING.

S. N. Leek, Jackson, elk, bear, deer, mountain sheep, antelope, grouse and trout.
Mark H. Warner, Ten Sleep ditto
Milo Burke, Ten Sleep, "
Nelson Yarnall, Dubois, "
S. A. Lawson, Laramie, "
H. D. DeKalb, Big Piney, "
Ira Dodge, Cora, "
Wm. Wells, Cora, "
A. S. Marshall, Cora, "
F. Allston, Basin, "
N. E. Brown, Ishawood, "
George N. Madison, Jackson, "
John Tate, Wise P. O., "

### CANADA.

Dell Thomas, Lumby P. O., B. C., elk, deer, bear, sheep, goats, grouse and trout.
Henry McDougal, Kelowna, P. O., B. C. ditto.

## "KNOTS" AND MILES.

The use of the word "knot" in connection with the speed and distance sailed or steamed by a ship, in a given time, is open to misconstruction. The difference between the geographical mile, as the term is used by landsmen, and a nautical mile, is that the latter measures 6,080 feet, or 800 feet more than the land mile. Thus, when we read of a war ship making 20 knots, it means that she is covering 23 ordinary miles in an hour.

L. L. BALES

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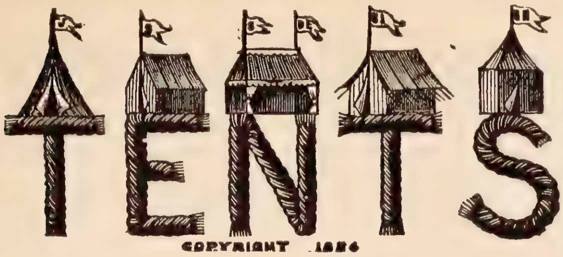
OFFERS his services as guide for hunting parties in Washington and British Columbia. He has lived in that region many years, has traveled many thousands of miles; has hunted and trapped all the species of game found there, and knows where to find them now.

REFERENCES

Lieut. G. T. Emmons, U. S. Navy, Naval Dept., Washington, D. C.
Will D. Jenkins, Secretary of State, Olympia, Wash.
And the Editor of Recreation.

Johnny—Do they have elephants in Asia?
Papa—Oh, yes.
Johnny—Do they have circuses in Asia?
Papa—No—o; I think not.
Johnny—Well, what's the use of having elephants if they don't have circuses?—Tit-Bits.



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A few months ago I received by mail a copy of RECREATION for which accept my heartiest thanks. I also wish to thank the person who gave you my address, for I experience the greatest satisfaction and pleasure in reading the magazine. I look forward with eagerness to each number, and would be delighted if you could issue it 52 times instead of 12 times a year. Your L. A. S. platform suits me to a nicety, and I am glad you are the man you are. This sounds Irish, but you know what it means.

J. A. V., Toronto, Ont.

Dr. Ashley A. Webber, with a revolver, which he picked up in a pawn-shop, recently did some excellent shooting, at 10 yards, at the Brooklyn Revolver Club. He used full charge ammunition, of The Union Metallic Cartridge Co.'s make, and on several of his targets, which were shot under club rules, put all of his shots in the 4 or 5 circle.

I saw a man the other day who could knock a penny from between a person's fingers, and he used a Marlin 32, W. C. F.

J. V. Gaul, Darby, Pa.

I shoot a 38-55-255 Winchester, and find it effective and accurate.

R. C. Gibson, Lewiston, Idaho.

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A young man addicted to freight
His Juliet's front garden geight
With his slender physique
Got caught at the frique
By the yeomen who bossed the esteight.
And when he forthwith bade adieu
To the same, he so speedfully flieu,
There was hardly a doubt
But he'd been fired oubt
On the prow of a double soled shieu.

—Boston Courier.

A turkey's age can be told by the teeth,
Though we broil it or bake it or stew it;
Not the teeth of the bird—no, that is absurd!—
But the teeth of the people who chew it.

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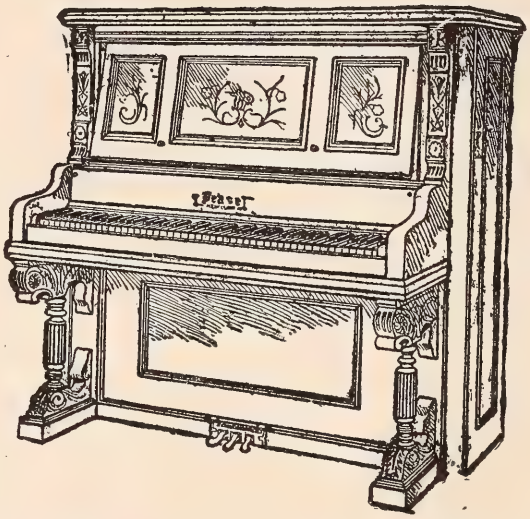

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It's exactly what we like,
Something 'bout a gun or bike.

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We can read whene'er it rains;
Now we hasten to the mail,
Neither stop for snow or hail.

For we know it is a treat,
That nobody else can beat;
When a "hog" goes out to slaughter,
He finds Recreation hotter.

Soon he finds he has no friends,
For they chase him to their pens;
When he hears the verdict read,
He no doubt wishes he was dead.

Recreation takes the lead,
Beats the record, yes indeed;
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I look forward to the coming of RECREATION with great pleasure. I take several other magazines, but none of them comes up to RECREATION.

I have just organized a gun club here, and have named it "Recreation Rod and Gun Club."

Jas. Russell, Cambridge, Mass.

I thank you sincerely for the honor thus conferred and send you herewith a flag, duly inscribed, which kindly present to the club, with my compliments.—EDITOR.

They had a war correspondent in court in an Eastern city. He said to the judge:—

"Do you want me to tell the truth about this matter?"

"No," said the judge. "I don't expect it. Just do the best you can!"—Atlanta Constitution.

The boy stood on the burning deck
  And didn't care a durn—
His father was a billionnaire
  And he had decks to burn.
—Cleveland Leader.

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It is a pleasure for me to work for RECREATION, for all who have subscribed, through me, are well pleased with the magazine. James E. Barton,
445 Gifford St., Syracuse, N. Y.

I think there is going to be a good crop of grouse through this state this summer. I see some already that are nearly as large as quail. D. C. Covert, Norfolk, Neb.

RECREATION is the stuff as an advertising medium. I received 29 answers to my ad. and my boat is gone and I have a good gun in place of it. Long live RECREATION.
C. E. Rathbun, Norwich, N. Y.

He raved about the red, red wine
  That sparkled in the flagon,
And, later, paid ten dollars' fine
  Because he had a "jag" on.

What is the difference between B. C. and the islands taken by the United States?

One is full o' pines, the other Phil o' pines.

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This book is but 6 months old yet is in its 15th thousand. It is now being used in the schools, and has been taken up by Boards of Education because the plates present the *real* birds in *natural colors*. Secretary Frank Hill, of the Massachusetts State Board of Education, writes :

> " The illustrations by color photography are accurate, beautiful, and yet inexpensive. I wonder if people realize that this marvelous process is bringing within their reach, for a trifle, illustrations that not many years ago would have cost 20 or 30 times as much, and would have been restricted to the use of the favored and wealthy."

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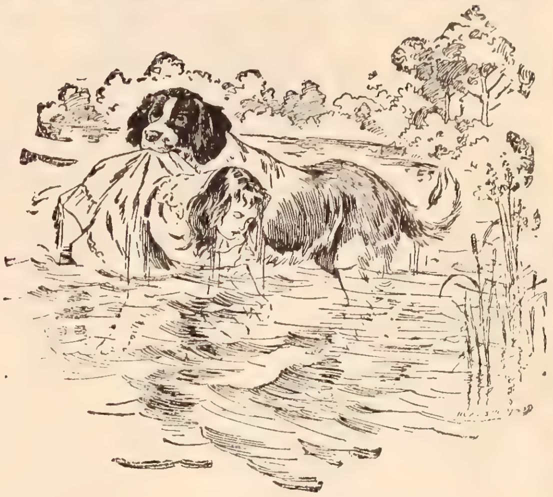
# Dog . . .

# "Instinct"



Some people will tell you that a dog has nothing but "instinct." Those people don't know what they are talking about. A dog has brains. He reasons, learns and judges by facts, exactly as his master does. When a dog rescues a child from drowning, "instinct" is not what prompts him. He knows just as well as a human being that he is saving the little one from death.

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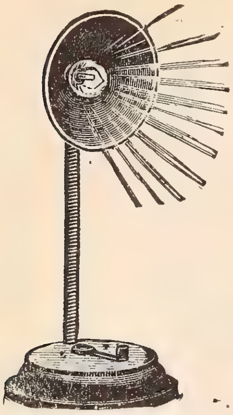

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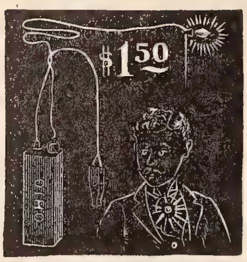

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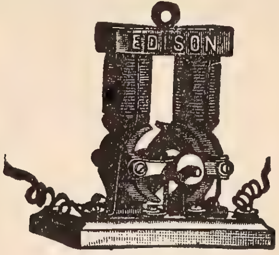

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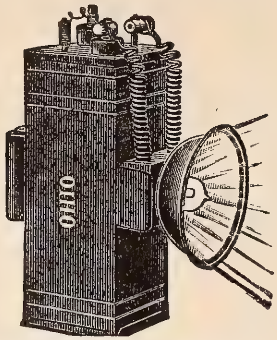

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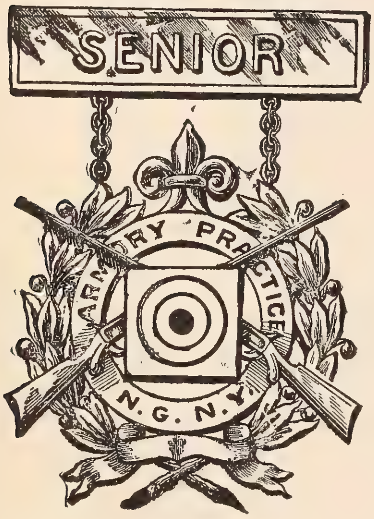

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La Grange Robe and Tanning Co.,
La Grange, Ind.

**For Sale:** Remington Hepburn rifle; weight about 7 pounds; half octagon barrel, Lyman bead front sight, open rear; fine pistol grip, stock checkered, chambered for .25-36 Marlin shell.

Good as new and fine shooter, $10. One 44 Winchester, 1892 Model, in fine condition, plain open sights, $10.

Ideal loading tool for .25-20 shell, with 77 grain bullet mould, in good condition, $1.50. No trade. Percy J. Bowker

96 Railroad Street, Wakefield, Mass.

**To Exchange:** A .44-40 Lightning Repeater; also a Remington single barrel hammerless shot-gun.

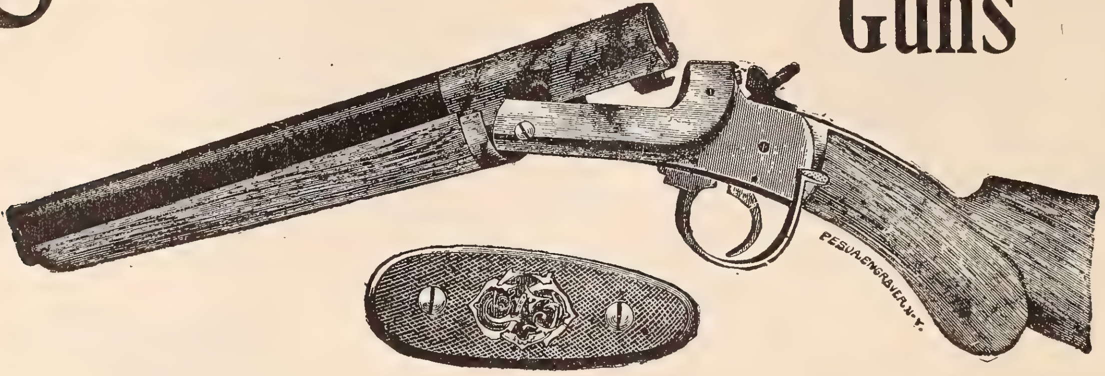
B. B. Bennett, Redfield, S. D.

**YOU CAN NOT ENJOY FISHING WITHOUT THE Y. & E. AUTOMATIC REEL**

**YAWMAN & ERBE MFG. CO.**

**ROCHESTER, N. Y.**

# SHATTUCK Single-Barrel Guns


PESUAL ENGRAVER N.Y.

**THE BEST GUN IN THE MARKET FOR YOUNG SPORTSMEN**

**Made .12 and .16 Bore**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 101. | Side snap action, rebounding lock, walnut pistol-grip stock, patent fore-end, rubber butt and pistol grip cap nickel or case-hardened frame, choke bore. Steel barrels . . . . . . . . . | $6.00 |
| 102. | Same as above. Twist barrels . . . . . . . . . | 7.00 |
| 3. | "New Model," top snap action, double bolt steel barrels . . | 7.00 |
| 3T. | Same as above. Twist barrel . . . . . . . . . | 7.50 |

SCHOVERLING, DALY & GALES
325 BROADWAY
NEW YORK

---

# Trolling Rods

that will stand the terrible strain of lifting yards and yards of line, and, in many cases, a sinker, to say nothing of "striking" the fish—are hard to find: That is to say—they *were* hard to find, until the Bristol Steel Fishing Rod was evolved, which, with its special trolling tip and powerful action, makes a combination beyond compare. Have you got one? Send for Catalogue "R" which tells about the 17 different sizes and styles of "Bristol" rods, and contains cuts and illustrations pertaining to the needs of rod users.

The Horton Manufacturing Co., Bristol, Conn.

Mention Recreation.

C&O ROUTE
F.F.V. LIMITED

**Chesapeake and Ohio Railway**

**95% On Time**

Between

New York . Philadelphia
Baltimore . Washington
Cincinnati . Louisville
St. Louis and Chicago

Dining Cars . . .
Pullman Sleepers
Observation Cars

Strictly . . .
up to Date

Grandest Scenery in America

**H. W. FULLER, General Passenger Agent,**
WASHINGTON, D. C.

NEW DESIGN · HANDSOME · COMPLETE
G. S. HUDSON & SON
RECREATION GUN CABINET
ELLISBURG N.Y.
SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CIRCULAR

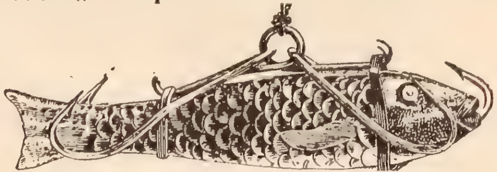
## WHAT WON MY HEART.

F. C. RIEHL.

I loved her for her winsome face,
  And for the air she bore,
In every act, of perfect grace;
  And yet I loved her more
For one fond look she gave, that was
  Assurance in its place
That she esteemed me more because
  I also loved the chase.

IN ANSWERING ADS ALWAYS MENTION RECREATION.

**A SURE-CATCH FISH BAIT**
**...Votaw's Duplex Hooks and Bait Combination**



(PATENT PENDING)

This system of hooks can be used with either live or artificial bait. No hook through live minnow to punish or kill it. The most sympathetic lady can use a live minnow in connection with these hooks.

Prices: One three (3) inch decorated flexible rubber minnow, together with harness and hooks to equip a live minnow, postpaid to any address for 90 cents, or two for $1.50.

Special rates to dealers. Write for circular and wholesale price list.

**M. W. VOTAW, P. O. Box 97, Bowling Green, Ky.**

## THE MINNOW'S WAIL.

M. W. VOTAW.

I am nothing but a minnow,
  And you a knowing man;
But now let me teach you something,
  I'm very sure I can.

To be your bait we don't object,
  If in a humane way;
It's always been as you would like,
  Now we would like some say.

The common way of piercing us
  With hook thrust in the back,
Is too barbarous for these days—
  Of sympathy it's lack.

Be modern, for that is humane,
  And use the Duplex hook;
For then you are just sure to catch
  The finest in the brook.

When harnessed in the modern way
  From danger we are free;
Big fish eating up little ones
  Will be broken up, you'll see.

But they will try it just the same
  As in the days of yore;
But once, I'm sure, will satisfy—
  They ne'er will try it more.

They've been treacherous now so long,
  We want to turn the joke;
And we'll be sure to do it, too,
  With Duplex for a yoke.

Don't put us on a common hook,
  Or they'll take us away;
Harness us up like this sure-catch,
  And then they'll have to stay.

William Dicer asks if anyone knows of a good place to hunt bear. If he will write J. Lehman, Kagawong, Ont., Box 89, he can get the desired information. This guide informed me bears were plentiful at that place, also other big game, including some caribou and moose. Grouse are said to be abundant, as but little hunting is done on Great Manitoulin island.

J. D. Joslin, Newark Valley, N. Y.

There are still some unfortunate sportsmen who are not readers of RECREATION. If you know any such send in their names, and greatly oblige them and

THE EDITOR.

The L. A. S. now has 793 members, distributed over 34 states.

# The Muskoka and Midland Lakes Resorts

Reached only by the

## Grand Trunk Railway System

Is the Paradise for not only hunters, fishermen, and canoeists, but also those in search of health, where comfort and pleasure can be obtained economically.

The woodland and lake scenery would satisfy the most critical tourist.

Camping outfits can be purchased cheaply, or guides, thoroughly acquainted with the region, fully equipped for camping, can be secured readily.

Parties can be furnished with names of guides, and, by communicating with them, make all necessary arrangements in advance.

The following fish and game, in season, are to be found in abundance, the variety of which is not surpassed by any other sporting region in the world:

**Fish.**—Bass, pickerel, brook trout, lake trout, whitefish, perch, sunfish, salmon, trout, sturgeon, catfish, herring and muskalonge.

**Game.**—Deer, partridge, rabbits, pigeons, ducks, geese, plover, bear, woodcock, snipe, grouse, and moose.

**A few of the other Principal Resorts.**—Androscoggin Lakes, the White Mountains, the salmon resorts of Quebec, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, Lake of St. John region, the River St. Lawrence, the Thousand Islands.

For descriptive books showing routes and rates, apply to M. C. Dickson, D.P.A., Toronto, Ont.; D. O. Pease, D.P.A., Montreal, P.Q.; L. R. Morrow, C.P.A., Chicago, Ill.; R. McC. Smith, S.P.A., Cincinnati, O.

Chas. M. Hays,
General Manager,
Montreal, P.Q.

Geo. B. Reeve,
Gen. Traffic Manager,
Montreal, P. Q.

W. E. Davis,
G. P. & T. A.,
Montreal, P.Q.

Frank P. Dwyer, E. P. Agent, 273 Broadway, New York.

---

# AMERICA'S GREAT RESORTS

As Americans are likely to spend the summer in the United States they will want to find the most comfortable means of reaching "America's Great Resorts." This being the case, their thoughts will naturally turn to "America's Greatest Railroad," the New York Central. More summer and health resorts are located along its lines and reached by its through Parlor and Sleeping Cars than any other railroad.

A copy of "America's Great Resorts" will be sent free, postpaid, on receipt of a two-cent stamp, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

---

## ...To "the" Pleasure Resorts of...

# Texas and Gulf of Mexico

TAKE

THE
MK AND T
MISSOURI, KANSAS & TEXAS RAILWAY.

Via CHICAGO, KANSAS CITY, or ST. LOUIS

WAGNER BUFFET SLEEPERS
FREE "KATY" CHAIR CARS

For further information, address

W. S. ST. GEORGE, Gen. East. Agt.
309 Broadway, New York

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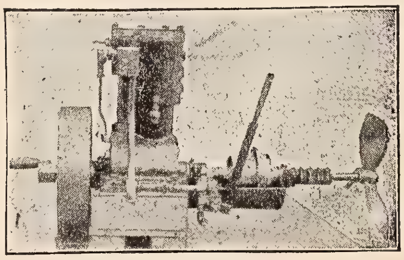
# Empire Marine Motor

MANUFACTURED BY . . .

C. C. RIOTH CO.

1955 Park Avenue New York City



I H.-P. REVERSING GEAR

Electric Ignition Without Batteries
Automatic Lubrication
No Adjustment of Air Supply
No Moving Parts on Outside of Motor

NO NOISE, BECAUSE THEY EXHAUST UNDER WATER

COME · AND · SEE · THEM · RUN

## A SUMMER COMPANION.

G. E. VAN BUREN (Cool Van).

There’s an insect on this river
That’s known all o’er the land;
It has a torpid liver,
But it’s chuck full of sand.
’Twill come at you as merry,
An’ as blithely as can be,
And smite you on the cheek
With a smite you can’t foresee;
An’ you rise up in your anger,
To smash him with your hand;
But you miss the little hummer
That’s so chuck full of sand.

He is singing in your ears,
He is buzzing at your nose.
If you put them through the cover,
He is pumping at your toes.
An’ you quote him scraps of scripture,
While you fan him with your hand;
But you miss the little warbler
That’s so chuck full of sand.

You may talk about the instinct,
That’s found in insect life,
But this bird knows his business
And he carries a two edged knife;
Your wife may raise her dainty arm,
To smite him with her hand,
But she’ll miss the little insect,
That’s so chuck full of sand.

Here lies the little baby,
Here rests the tiny head,
And the lovely little cherub,
Smiles to hear the angels tread,
While the parents, ever watchful,
That their darling knows no dread.
The father sees an insect,
Settle down on baby’s arm,
And he cautiously approaches,
As he mutters “ you be — darn,”
But it sails out through the window,
With its little bunch of sand.

Oh, why were they created,
Can you tell me why they’re made?
To express my mind real free on ’em
Indeed I am afraid.
Men tell about a vampire,
A blood sucking thing of yore,
A mosquito’d eat the liver out of
Two or three or more.
And he’d do it all so easy that,
The vampire couldn’t stand
’Gainst this cussid little critter
That so chuck full of sand.

---

We have chickens, ducks and some quails here.

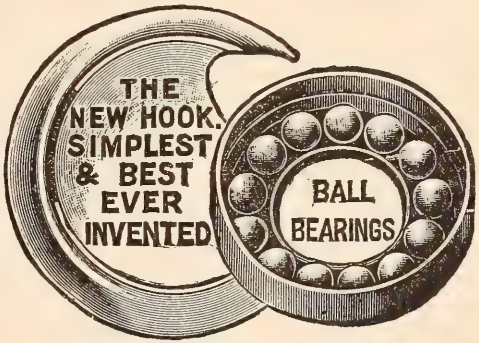
D. L. Pascal, Grand Mound, Iowa.

---

Don’t forget that $2 will buy a copy of that beautiful book, “ Bird Neighbors ” and a yearly subscription to Recreation.

**Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine.**

**Rotary Motion and**
**Ball Bearings.**

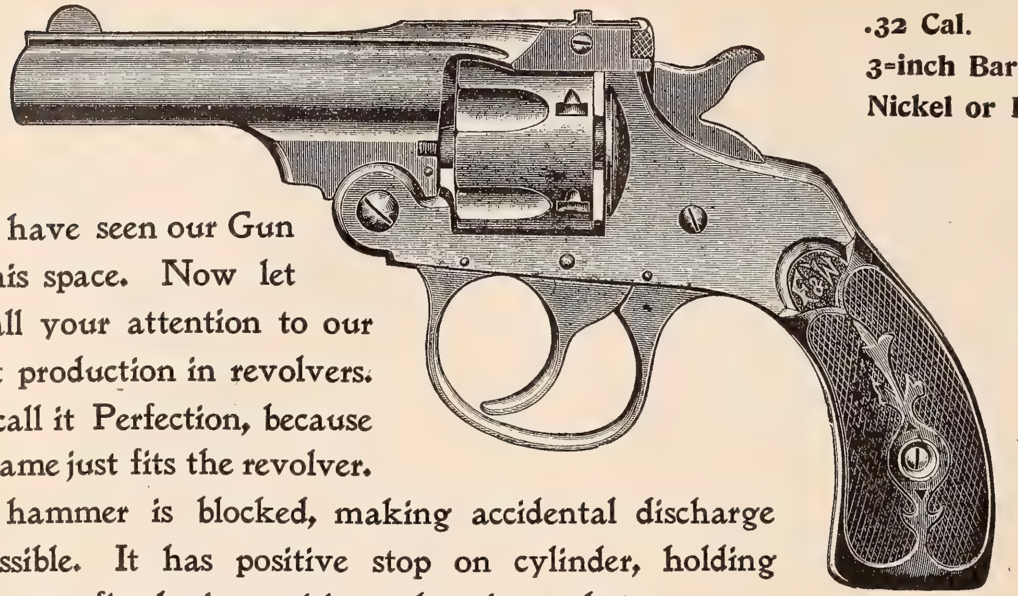

THE NEW HOOK. SIMPLEST & BEST EVER INVENTED
BALL BEARINGS

WHEELER & WILSON MFG. CO.,
MAKERS OF SEWING MACHINES,
ALL STYLES AND SIZES, FOR CLOTH AND LEATHER.
FACTORY AND HEAD OFFICE,
BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT, U. S. A.

Please drop my name from your subscription list. I cannot afford to take Recreation. The ads. keep me poor. I have just bought a .30-30 Marlin take-down rifle—the one they represent as being their handsomest sporting rifle, and it’s a strawberry. Gee whiz! Mister, it’s a beauty and no mistake. Half octagon barrel, pistol grip and the stock is enough to drive you clear crazy. Then I bought a Yawman & Erbe automatic reel, and now I am getting ready to send for some Chatfield flies. Whenever I have bought through Recreation ads. the goods have always reached my expectations. I expect a hummer of a time with all my new things.

J. E. Miller, Aspen, Col.

"PERFECTION AUTOMATIC"



**.32 Cal.**
**3-inch Barrel**
**Nickel or Blue**

You have seen our Gun in this space. Now let us call your attention to our latest production in revolvers. We call it Perfection, because the name just fits the revolver. The hammer is blocked, making accidental discharge impossible. It has positive stop on cylinder, holding the same firmly in position when in pocket. Weight only 12 ozs., and 10 ozs. in bicycle size.

No better pistol at any price. This retails at $4.00.

**Forehand Arms Co.** WORCESTER MASS.

### A. C. A. NOTES.

The New York Canoe Club held its open regatta, Saturday, June 4th. While the weather was not all that could be wished for a successful Regatta was run, resulting as follows:

UNLIMITED SAILING—3 MILES.

| | |
|---|---|
| J. C. Mowbray | First. |
| L. May | Second. |
| F. C. Moore | Third. |

DECK PADDLING—½ MILE.

| | |
|---|---|
| F. C. Moore | First. |
| H. H. Smythe | Second. |

TANDEM PADDLING—OPEN CANOES—½ MILE.

| | |
|---|---|
| B. Fredericks<br>J. C. Mowbray | First. |
| C. V. Schuyler<br>F. Pinckney | Second. |

The Regatta ended with an amusing tournament between J. C. Mowbray-B. Fredericks and H. H. Smythe-F. C. Moore, which resulted in the latter team taking to the water. A number of ladies attended, and encouraged the "struggling heroes." A number of old A. C. A. racing men were also present. A dinner for 60 was served at the Country House. The prizes were presented by Commodore Dunnell, after which he, in a few well chosen remarks, told what is being done toward making the A. C. A. Camp a big success, and he expressed hope that a large delegation would attend. His speech was heartily applauded.

If you are not a member of the A. C. A. but are interested in canoeing, and want to attend the camp, we shall be glad to welcome you there. You can fill out an application blank at camp.

---

A "Vaux" canoe, made by J. H. Rushton, retail price $37.50, for 60 yearly subscriptions to RECREATION. Who will be the first to earn it?

---

I am delighted with the way RECREATION rakes the game hogs. It has done more to protect game and fish in this part of the State than all of the game constables combined. It is just the book needed to stir up the sleeping ideas of the sportsmen. It sets them thinking where the game has gone. I could tell them where some of the fish go, as I hooked on to 9 trap nets within 2 miles square, on Oneida lake in October, while I was trolling. We have not much faith in the officers here and the farmers dare not say anything for fear of having their buildings burned. One constable we had 2 years ago drew his salary and a seine at the same time, so he must have made money; but I heard he was caught at last and fined $100. It should have been $1,000.

H. Roberts, Syracuse, N. Y.

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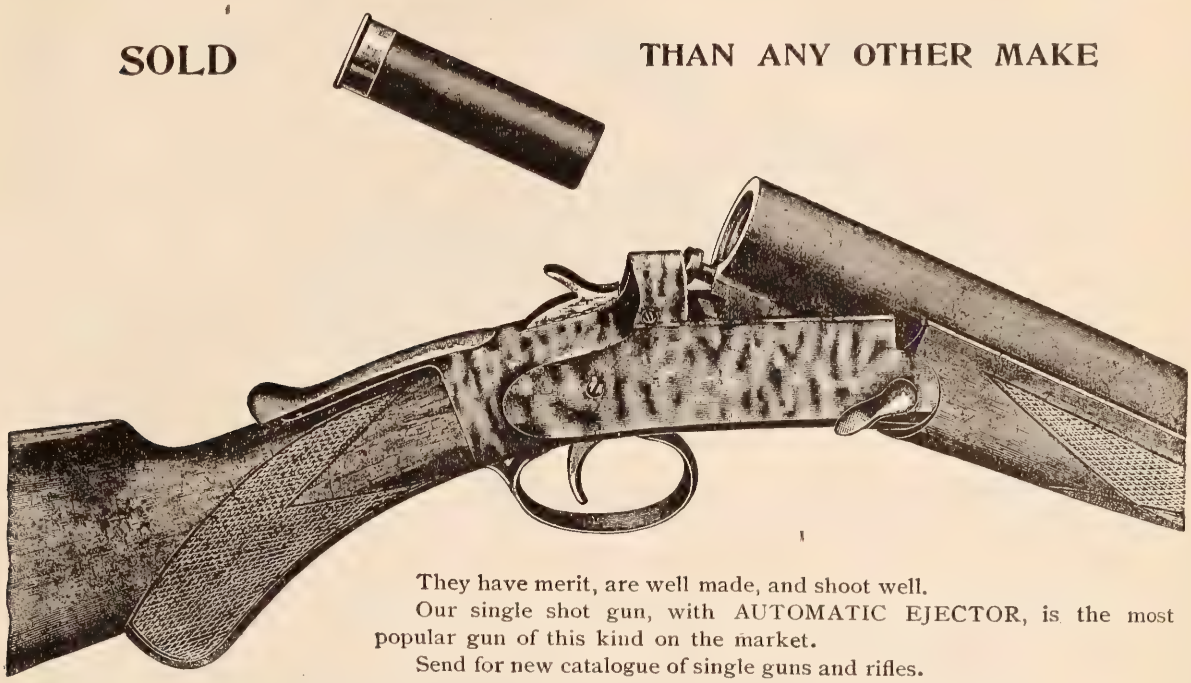
IN ANSWERING ADS ALWAYS MENTION RECREATION.

THERE ARE MORE

DAVENPORT SINGLE GUNS

SOLD THAN ANY OTHER MAKE



They have merit, are well made, and shoot well.

Our single shot gun, with AUTOMATIC EJECTOR, is the most popular gun of this kind on the market.

Send for new catalogue of single guns and rifles.

**THE W. H. DAVENPORT FIRE ARMS CO., Norwich, Conn.**

### CHANGES IN THE NEW YORK GAME LAW.

The State Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission has just issued the new code of fish and game laws. Many important amendments were made by the last Legislature.

Under the new law a bounty will be paid by the State, ranging from $3 to $15, to every person who destroys a fish net found in State waters, which is not duly licensed.

All dogs found at large in the forests, whether pursuing deer or not, may be killed by any person.

The open quail season is shortened 15 days, and now extends from November 1 to December 15.

The ruffed grouse season is also shortened 15 days, and extends from September 1 to December 31, except in the counties of Clinton, Essex and Warren, where the season runs from August 16 to December 16.

All black bass caught which are not 10 inches long must be returned to the water. Under the old law the limit was but 8 inches.

No weirs can be placed across creeks or rivers, except eel weirs.

---

Why not send in your $ for membership in the L. A. S.?

Can you or any of your readers tell me of a remedy for "chigoes" or red bugs? They are awful in this country and something that would keep them off would be a great blessing to the people who camp out in spring or summer.

Ed. Prather, Dallas, Tex.

---

The Supreme Court has handed down a decision holding that Indians have no more right to violate the game law than other people. They can kill what game they want for their own consumption, but must be amenable to the general statute so far as disposing of it to others is concerned. It is no defense for a white man, found with game out of season, that he purchased it from the Indians.

This is probably the most important game law decision that was ever rendered.—Hubbard County (Minn.) Clipper.

---

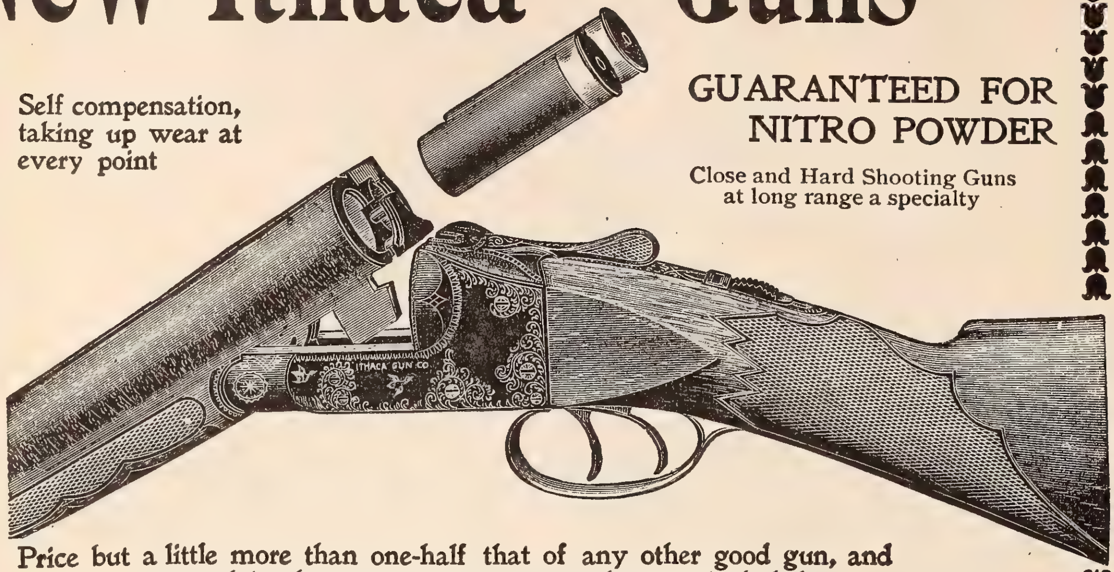
We landed here in 7 feet of snow, and from the 26th of April to the 2d of May had 6 feet more; so snow shoeing is now the proper caper. About 3,000 people have gone over Bates' pass, and are now in the Copper river valley. Look out for a sensation in about 60 days.

H. R. Abercrombie,
Captain U. S. A.,
Port Valdez, Alaska.

---

A tele-photo lens worth $150 as a premium for 100 subscriptions. Who will be the first to earn it?

**New Ithaca Guns**



Self compensation,
taking up wear at
every point

GUARANTEED FOR
NITRO POWDER

Close and Hard Shooting Guns
at long range a specialty

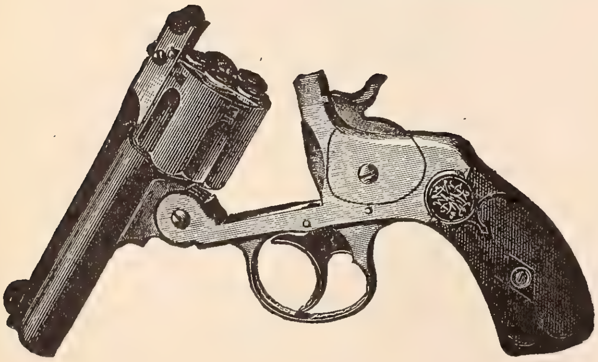
Price but a little more than one-half that of any other good gun, and
warranted in the most positive terms, shooting included

ITHACA GUN COMPANY, ITHACA, N. Y.

**Send for circular and ask for special prices**
Mention RECREATION

Manufacturers of fine Hammer
and Hammerless Guns

**MARLIN DOUBLE ACTION REVOLVERS**



All Parts of
DROP FORGED STEEL

Perfect in Finish

Unsurpassed
in Accuracy

MADE IN 32 AND 38 CALIBRES, WITH 3¼ INCH BARREL

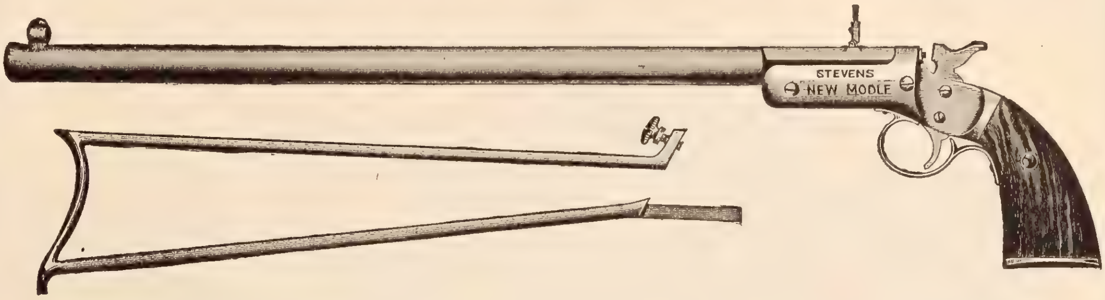
Blued or Nickel Finish

Send for Catalogue **The Marlin Fire Arms Co.,** New Haven, Conn.

Given as a Premium for 10 Subscriptions to RECREATION

STEVENS

New Model Pocket Rifle



The neatest and handiest arm of this type made

Made in the following styles for these three cartridges
.22 Long-Rifle R. F., .25 R. F. and .32 Long R. F.

Weight varying from 2 to 2¼ pounds, according to length of barrel

| | LIST PRICE |
|---|---|
| With 10-inch barrel . . . . . | $ 9 25 |
| With 12-inch barrel . . . . . | 10 00 |
| With 15-inch barrel . . . . . | 11 25 |
| With 18-inch barrel . . . . . | 12 50 |

We can supply a leather case with shoulder strap for convenient carrying of this rifle. Price of case . . . . . . . . . . $1 75

An admirable traveling companion
Light weight. Perfect in accuracy and finish

J. Stevens Arms and Tool Co.
BOX 444
CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS.

*To introduce where not sold by Dealers, Rifles will be sent prepaid, on receipt of price*

*Send Stamp for Our Complete 80-Page Catalogue. We make a Specialty of re-boring Barrels*

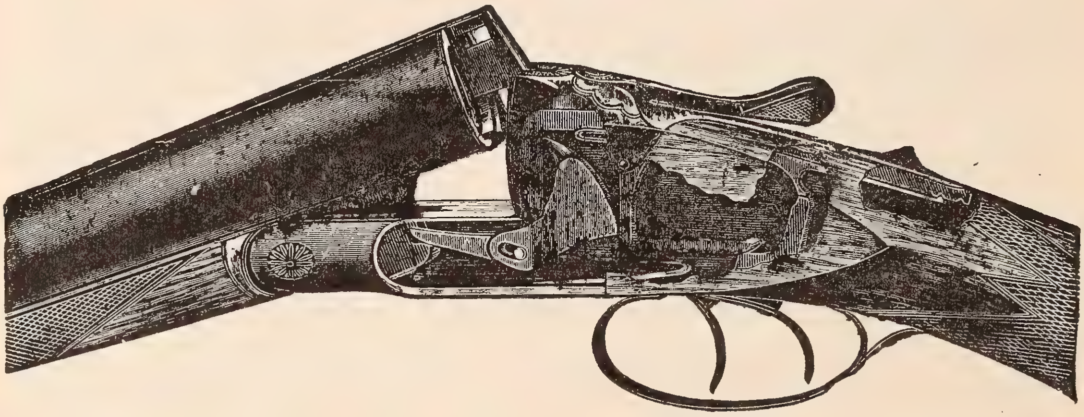
*For Field or for Trap,*
*For Pot Hunting or Fun,*
*No Sportsman is Equipped*
*Without a Syracuse Gun*

**"More Truth Than Poetry"**

WE DO NOT SAY THAT

# Syracuse Hammerless Guns

"ARE AS GOOD" AS ANY GUN IN THE MARKET



THEIR simplicity of construction and superiority of finish stamp them "BETTER" for practical all-round work than any gun in the market. The "old, old story" but, nevertheless, substantiated by every man who ever drew a Syracuse to his shoulder.

*Here is what men say of the Syracuse who are using it . . .*

I promised to tell you exactly what I thought of the SYRACUSE HAMMERLESS GUN you sent me, after having given it a thorough trial. I spent two weeks in Minnesota, during October, and as the chickens and ducks were wild, had an excellent opportunity to test the killing qualities of this gun. I killed as often and as far, with my 12-gauge SYRACUSE, as those of our party who were shooting more expensive 8 and 10-gauge guns, and which required, or at least used, nearly double the ammunition. I am satisfied I shall never own a better gun, for the money, than the SYRACUSE. I can heartily recommend it to all who want a moderate-priced, yet good, close, hard-shooting gun.

HARRY A. BEAVER, Cadillac, Mich.

Accept my thanks for the valuable little SYRACUSE HAMMERLESS GUN. The shooting qualities of the SYRACUSE, and its neat appearance, cannot be beaten by any gun I ever saw, for the money.

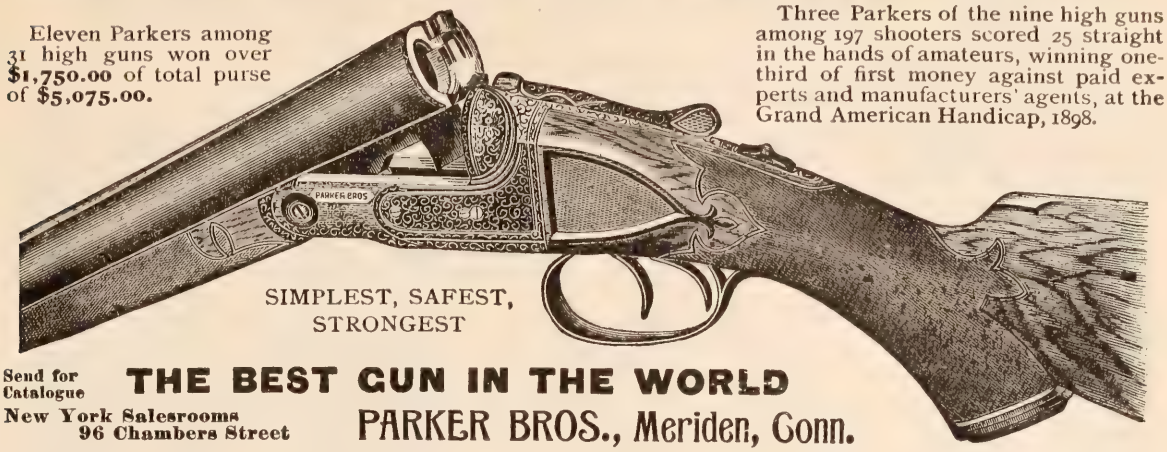
CHARLES L. BIGART, Dunmore, Pa.

SYRACUSE ARMS COMPANY
SYRACUSE, N. Y., U. S. A.

**THE OLD RELIABLE PARKER GUN** AGAIN AT THE FRONT!

Eleven Parkers among 31 high guns won over **$1,750.00** of total purse of **$5,075.00.**

Three Parkers of the nine high guns among 197 shooters scored 25 straight in the hands of amateurs, winning one-third of first money against paid experts and manufacturers' agents, at the Grand American Handicap, 1898.



SIMPLEST, SAFEST, STRONGEST

**THE BEST GUN IN THE WORLD**

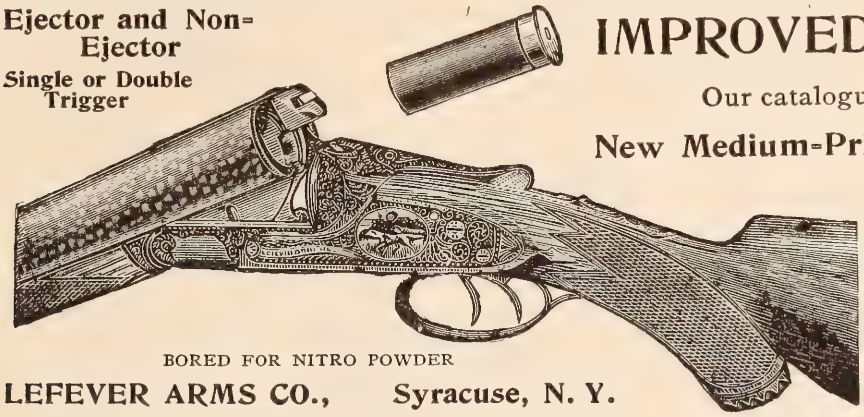
**Send for Catalogue**

**New York Salesrooms**
**96 Chambers Street**

PARKER BROS., Meriden, Conn.

**You are not up to date** unless you have seen the

**Ejector and Non-Ejector**
**Single or Double Trigger**



IMPROVED LEFEVER

Our catalogue describes our

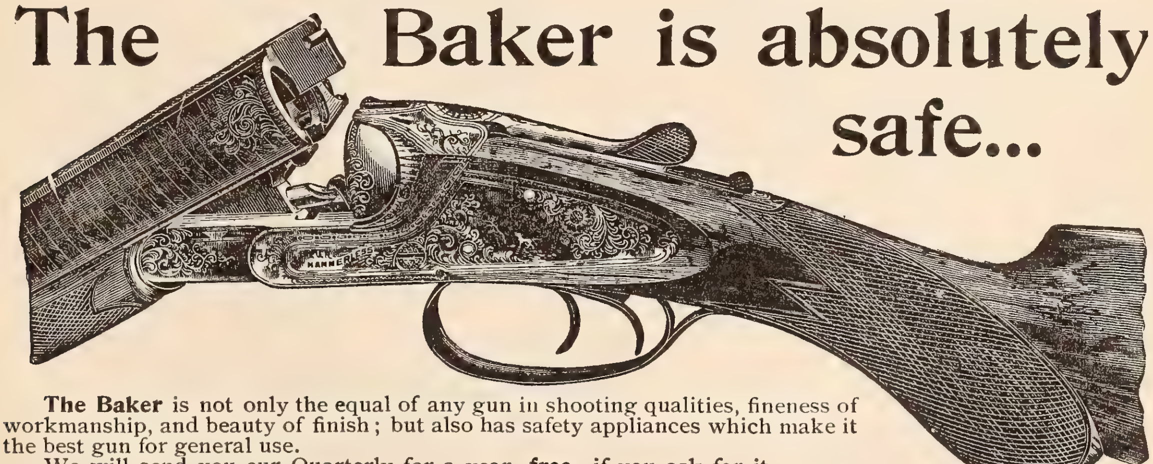
**New Medium-Price Hammerless**

**This New Trap and Field Gun** meets the requirements of sportsmen who desire a first-class and reliable gun but are not prepared to buy our higher grades.

BORED FOR NITRO POWDER

LEFEVER ARMS CO., Syracuse, N. Y.

**The Baker is absolutely safe...**



**The Baker** is not only the equal of any gun in shooting qualities, fineness of workmanship, and beauty of finish; but also has safety appliances which make it the best gun for general use.

We will send you our Quarterly for a year, **free,** if you ask for it.

**BAKER GUN & FORGING CO., Batavia, N. Y.**

"Do you think an ammunition magazine could have blown up the Maine?"

"Oh, I don't know; you see how the RECREATION Magazine blows up the game hogs."

"Kissing is dangerous," quoth he.
She archly asked:—"How soon,
With due precaution, might one be
Regarded as immune?"
—Washington Star.

What's
the Use
of walking when you can get a first-class, high-grade bicycle for nothing?

How?

By getting 75 subscriptions for

Recreation

If you live in a town of 3,000 or more, and if you are a hustler you can get these in 2 days.

I can give you the names of 20 people who did this in 1896, and who now have their wheels.

Write for particulars.

RECREATION
19 West 24th Street
New York

## THE PIMPERNEL.

E. W. MASON.

With the rising sun it opens—
  Sweet herald of the matin time!
On the sea strand, softly spangled,
  With the fragrant dew of clime.

It whispers low to the ocean,
  When its hushed blue waters shine,
And laughs at the gray gulls wheeling,
  And the pranks of the playful brine.

But ah! should the heavens darken,
  With the presage of coming rain,
It closes its cup of scarlet
  Till the skies have cleared again.

A flower like this with blossoms,
  Love unfolds in the human heart,
As sweetly fair, and as timid,
  When sunlight and warmth depart.

---

## WHAT SPAIN LACKS.

They say Spain's schools are few and poor, and so
It isn't strange in war she's very slow:
She lacks our teachers, wise, profound, acute,
To teach her young ideas how to shoot.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

**BOOKS** BY G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA)

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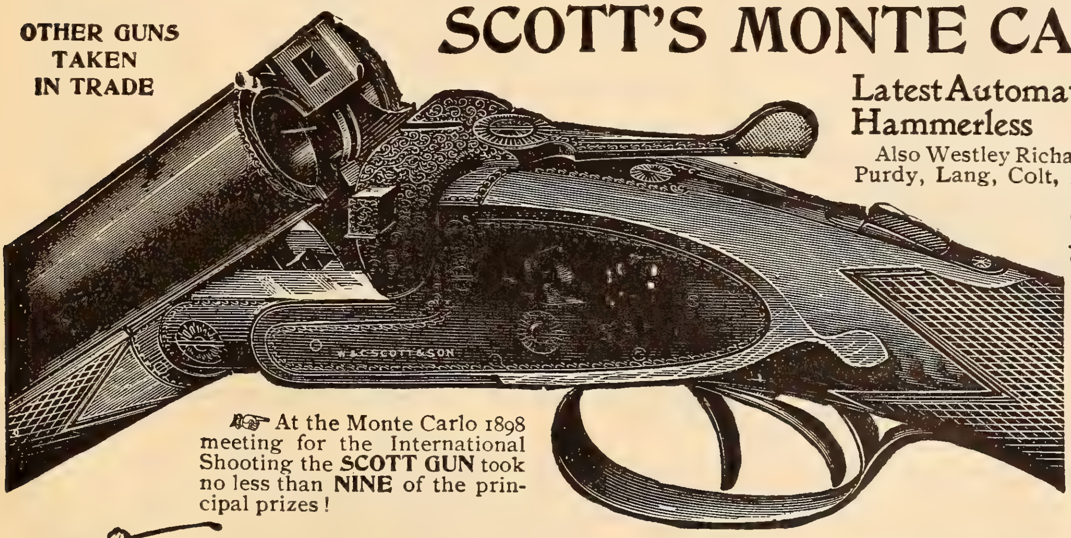

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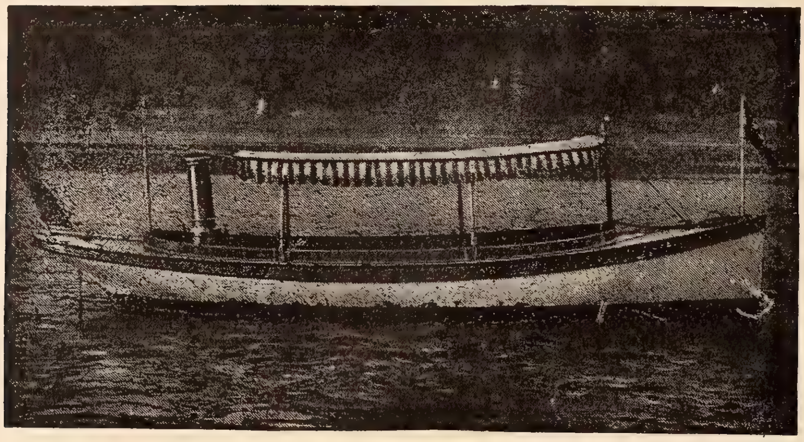

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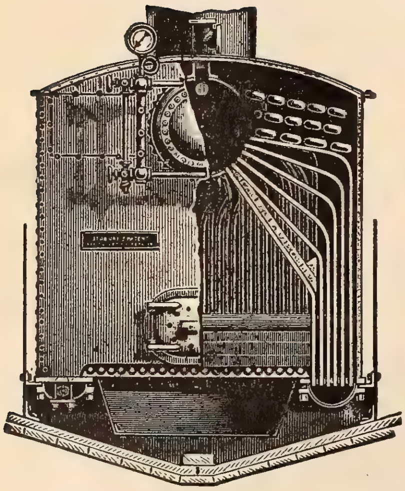

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IT is doubtful if the full extent of the Adirondacks wilderness is realized, even by those who are annually attracted by the unsurpassed opportunities they afford to sportsmen and seekers for recreation and rest. No one has traversed their entire territory, which consists of 3,500,000 squares acres and between 1,400 and 1,800 rivers, lakes, and ponds. Few people are familiar with the sights outside of the beaten paths, save an occasional weather-beaten guide.

The Adirondacks have long deen recognized as the Sportsman's Paradise of the East. Deer is plentiful, and, under the direction of experienced guides, even the effort of the amateur hunter is generally successful. As for fishing, the Adirondacks boast of the best trout streams in the world. Twenty-five years ago this great Northern forest was known only to a few sportsmen, who bravely bore a tedious ride from Ausable Forks, where the railroad ended, in order to reach a place where hunting could be had. To-day things are changed. The railroad facilities have been materially improved, and it is now possible to reach, either by the Mohawk & Malone Railroad from Childwold Station, or by the Rome, Watertown & Ogden Railroad from Potsdam, the best hunting ground—St. Lawrence County, situated in the heart of the wilderness.

That it is entitled to the palm as the finest hunting section, the number of shooting lodges bears testimony. No other part of the mountains is so anxiously sought for by sporting clubs. These are not close enough to be sure, to rub elbows, but many of the vast grounds are already pre-empted, and even new organizations find it difficult to secure suitable lands. It requires no second sight for a man to discover, now, that Adirondack game preserves are not only a good investment, but the party who wants to be in at the round-up, and who desires to place his finger on the trigger when the game season opens must either be interested in some well-established game preserve, or be content to sit on the piazza of some hotel and pluck pond lilies near the shore.

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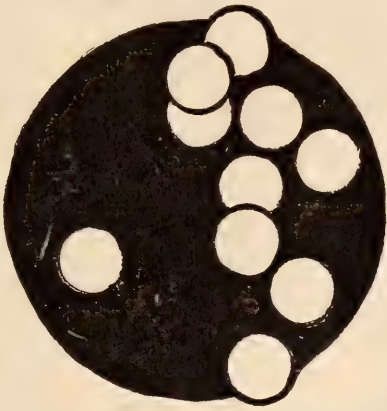

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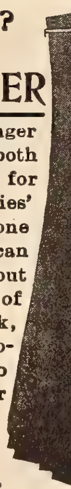

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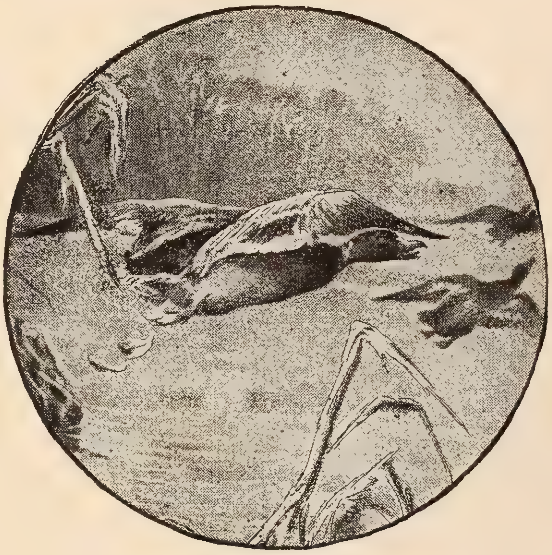

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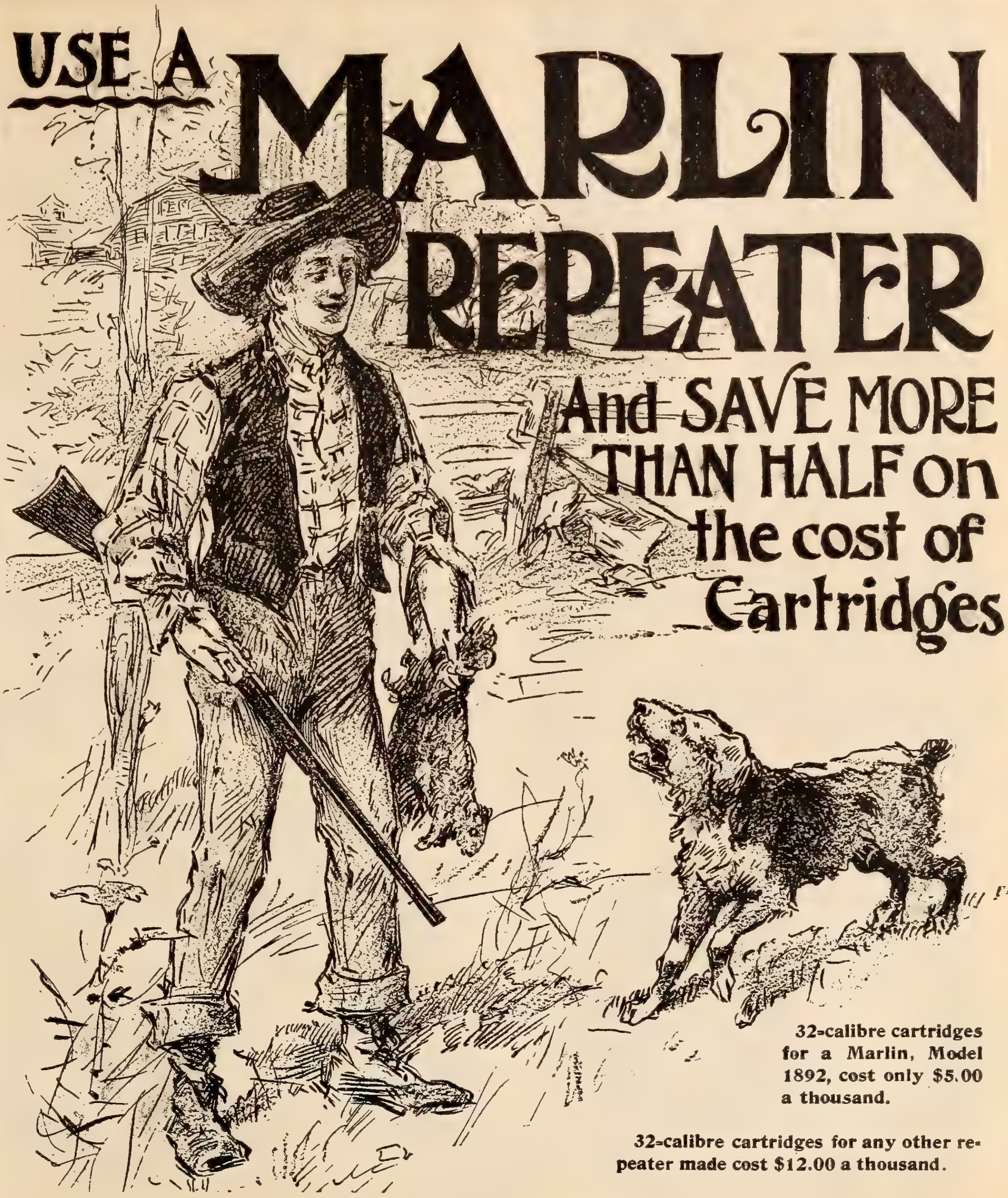
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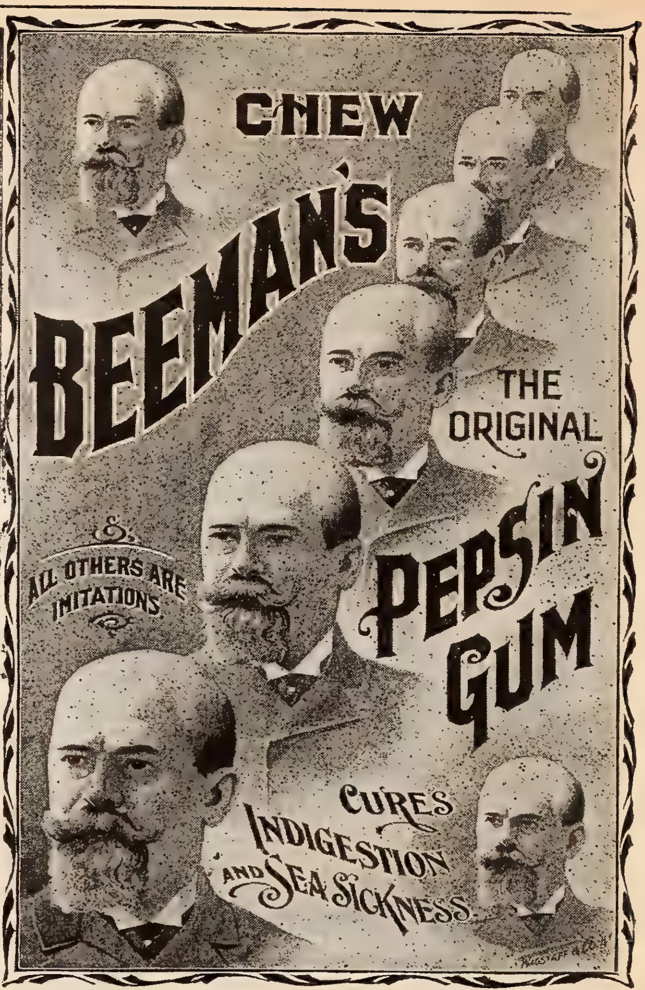
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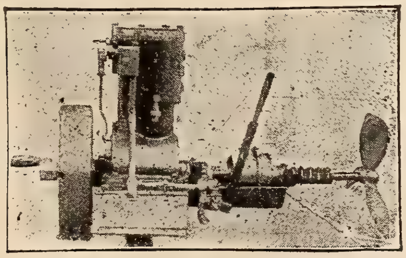

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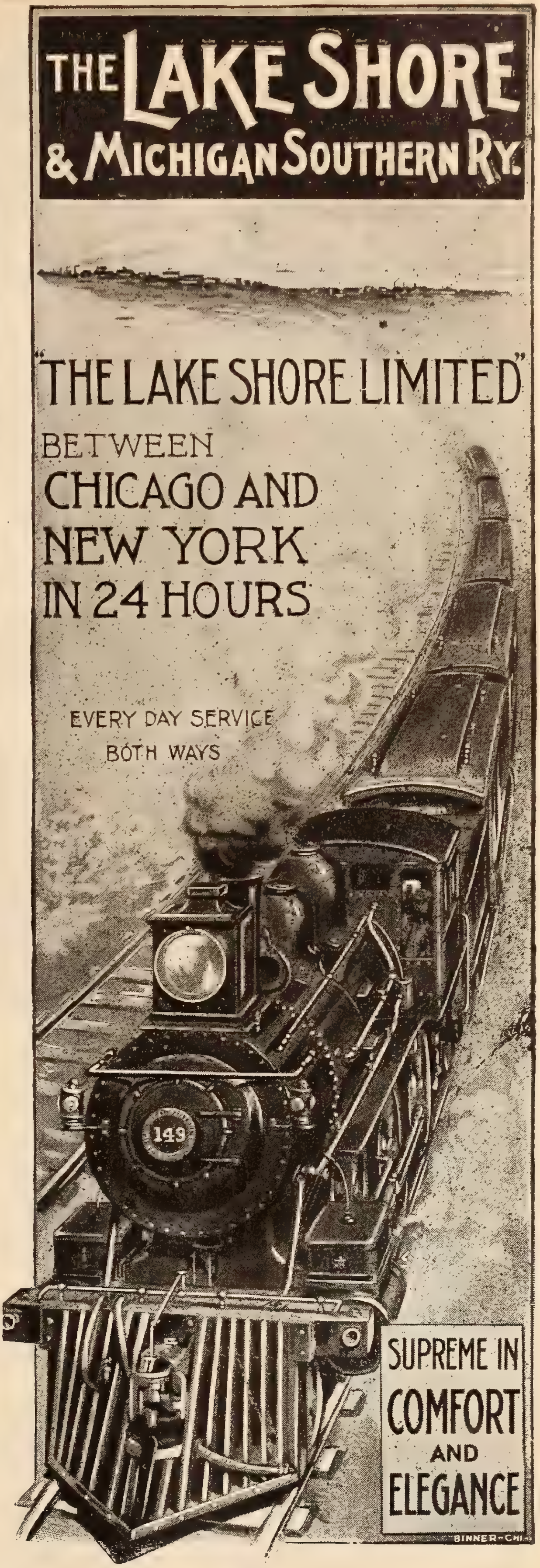
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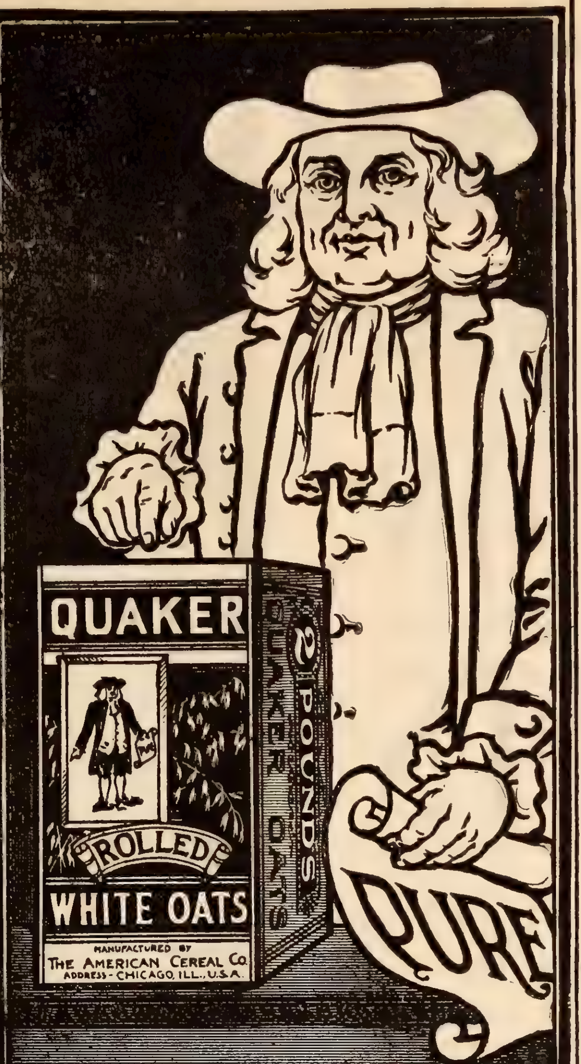

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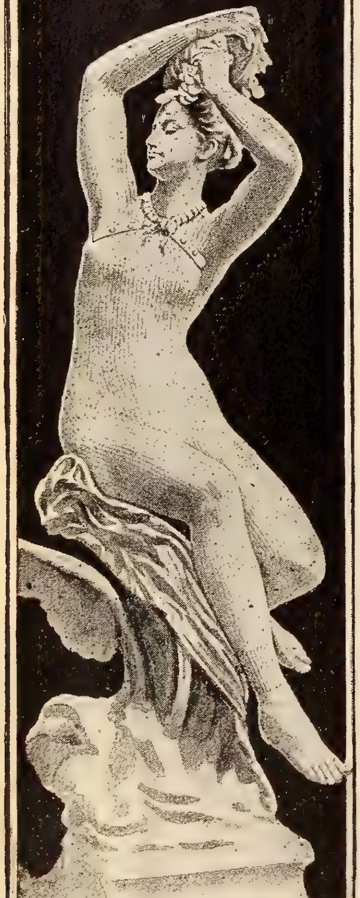

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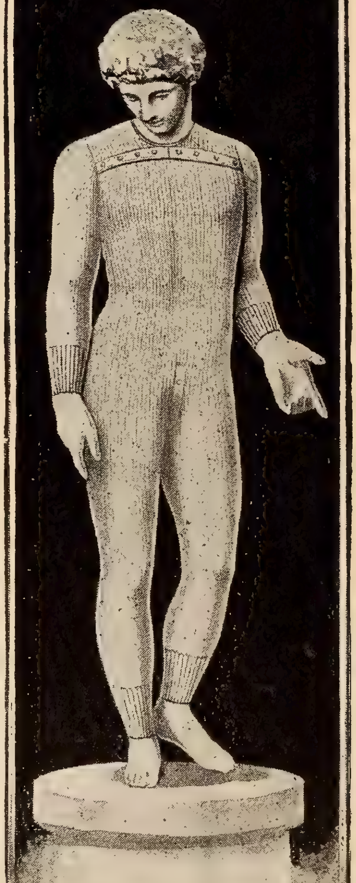
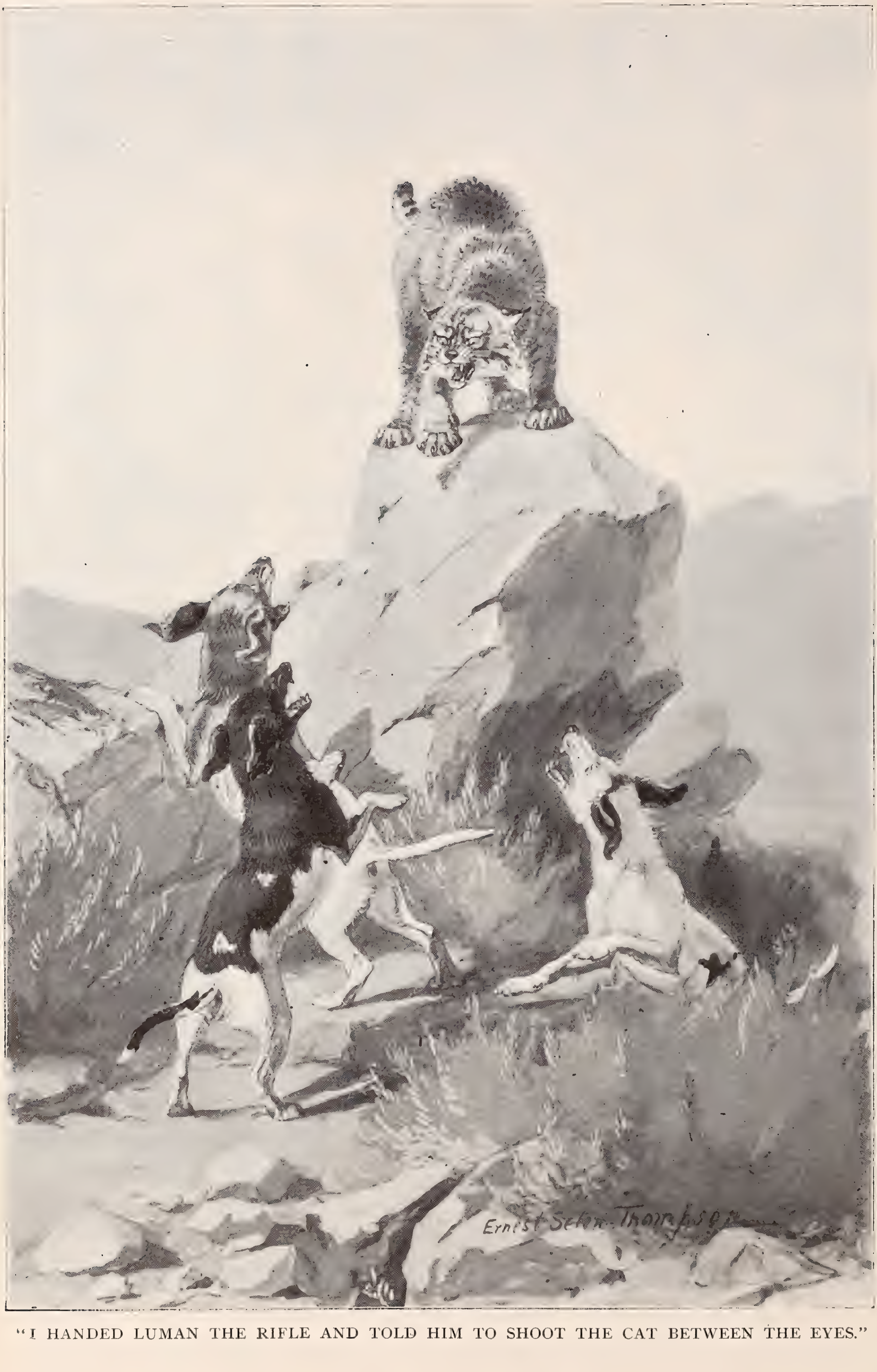



Ernest Seton-Thompson

"I HANDED LUMAN THE RIFLE AND TOLD HIM TO SHOOT THE CAT BETWEEN THE EYES."

RECREATION.

Volume IX. SEPTEMBER, 1898. Number 3.

G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA), Editor and Manager.

# A WILDCAT HUNT IN THE FOOT HILLS.

DR. A. J. WOODCOCK.

"Doctor! Doctor! In the bunk-house there! Hello!" So rang the clarion tones of the old mountain man, honest John Luman, on a certain frosty morning in early spring, not long ago.

It was in the upper part of the beautiful Paint Rock valley, one of the Eastern vales of the Big Horn basin, and from the porch of the ranch-house the old hunter was making his roar. His voice was yet echoing among the cliffs when I answered him right sharply with, "Well, what do you want?"

"Tell Rannells to saddle our horses. I have business to do in Hyattville to-day, and if you will ride with me I will introduce you to some of my old friends."

"All right, old man, that suits me. Anything is better than lying around the bunk-house all day," I replied.

On our way to the stables we met Luman, who said, "Doc, let Billy saddle the horses. You come with me down to the creek bottom and we will see if anything passed last night." Crossing the turbulent stream, by jumping from one ice-sheeted rock to another, we entered the dense thickets beyond.

Here, in wild confusion on the rough, narrow, bowlder floor of the creek bottom, was cotton-wood, box-wood, willow and birch, rose and a score of other bushes, dead weed stalks and shrubs.

Midway of the copse we found a fresh track. "Wildcat," the old man said. "One of the biggest tracks I ever saw. He passed here about daylight this morning. We will straighten this trail." In and out through a wilderness of brush, drift-wood and snow we followed the trail which repeatedly crossed and re-crossed the creek. A few moments sufficed to determine that the cat had kept on down the stream. We then cut back across an alfalfa field to the bunk-house where the saddle horses awaited our coming.

Here the old bear hunter (Luman has killed 80 bears in his time) straightened up and shot a keen glance over the foothills and lower spurs of the mountains which hid the higher peaks of the mighty Big Horns to the Eastward.

There he stood, upward of 6 feet in stature, rugged as a mountain pine, and with bared head and chest well thrown out he drank in the bracing mountain air. "What a morning!" said he. "What a glorious hunting morning! There is just enough fresh snow on the ground to make the scent lie well. Rannells, put away those horses. Doc, get the camera and a light rifle, and we will take that wild-cat's picture." While the old man went to the kennel I ran into the bunk-house, jerked a light rifle from its scabbard, slung the camera over my shoulder, and emerged just in time to cut the fresh trail of Luman and the hounds.

On strode the old Virginian with his 2 favorite hounds, Buster and Roller, tugging at their leashes. These dogs are types of that class of hound which is produced by crossing the better English strains on the native hunting stock of the South, and are endeared to their master's heart by the camaraderie of innumerable hunts, and battles with bears and other dangerous animals. There is not a coward in the Luman pack. Every one of them will track, bay and fight a bear.

Soon we were on the trail. From cliff to cliff and hill to hill rang the bugle notes of the dogs as Luman laid them on the wildcat's trail. The leash was slipped, the camera clicked, and the hunt began in earnest. The scent laid well and the hounds followed the track at speed. Their soul-inspiring music rolled through the wooded copses and echoed from side to side of the lovely valley. Old Spot's nose froze fast to Luman's right boot-leg, and we followed the rapidly receding hunt.

The sounds of the chase died away in the distance and silence rested on Paint Rock, unbroken save by the crunch of the snow as it packed beneath our impatient feet. We followed the trail down the creek a mile or more. It then left the creek and followed a long draw which, for several miles, ran parallel with the divide separating the canyon of Luman's creek from Paint Rock valley.

Following the draw, we climbed steadily up among the foothills and soon came to the hounds, at fault on the trail. The fervent rays of the sun, aided by the Chinook wind that was blowing, had melted the snow and dried the resulting moisture so the scent only lingered on the Northern exposures. The great draw up which we had been traveling was bounded on the West by a series of towering red buttes and cliffs. Far up among them a low divide separated this draw from Military Hollow, another of the Paint Rock draws.

Our hounds had been working for hours among the mighty network of smaller draws which for some miles gashed the Western side of the divide. Many of these draws were bordered with overhanging rim-rock, beneath which it seemed to be the especial delight of our quarry to pick his way on dry sand, where his trail gave forth but little scent. Time fled and still we worked among this discouraging labyrinth. I wanted to give up the hunt, for it seemed to me we were asking too much of the hounds, but each time the old man said, "No; give the dogs time and they will round up the cat for us. They are working at a great disadvantage."

Late in the afternoon Luman's faith in his dogs was vindicated by a pandemonium of canine yells which came from a network of short, deep draws just beneath the grass covered summit of the divide. After a long, hard run we turned into the draw from which came the fierce baying of the hounds. Luman was the first to see the game. "Doctor," said he, "there is your wildcat. Now take his photograph." The order was promptly obeyed. Then I handed Luman the rifle and told him to shoot the cat between the eyes, and I would take its picture just as it was falling from the rock into the draw below. Luman took the rifle, but instead of complying with my request he allowed the butt of the weapon to rest on the ground and said:

"Doc, we have hunted that cat up and down these draws for 7 mortal hours, and, save the first burst of speed in the creek bottom, we have not had a good run yet. That cat is coming off that rim-rock. There is plenty of snow above us and time for a first class run."

He stooped down, picked up a rock and landed it on the rump of the cat. Two bounds took the animal to the head of the draw, out of sight of the hounds, where he switched under some low brush.

The hounds, taking it for granted the cat had doubled back down the draw, overran the trail in their anxiety to taste of cat hair. It was a good quarter of an hour before we got them back on the trail. Then the foot hills rang again with their deep voiced mouthings. We ran quickly to the top of the divide overlooking the creek canyon. There we stopped and watched the chase. Over the canyon floor went the hounds and disappeared among the junipers of the rugged sand-rock region beyond. As we climbed down, a burst of stationary canine music announced the cat had again been brought to bay.

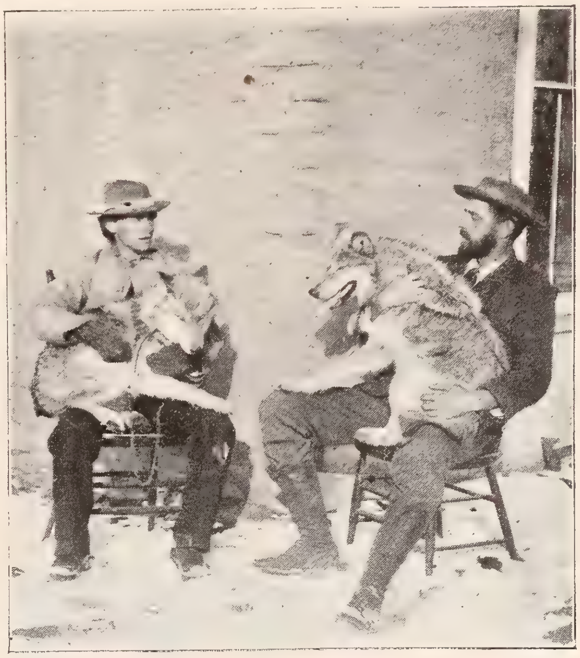
We found the dogs had treed the cat in a crevice near the top of an overhanging wall of sandstone, some 60 feet high. It did not seem possible anything short of a bat or a bird could get there. Twilight had come, and I was regretting my inability to use the rifle, when my hunting partner said, "Come along, Doctor. We have 14 or 15 cat hides on the garden fence now. Take it all in all, we have had a bang up good hunt. It is a mystery how the cat got into that crevice, but it will get out somehow, and a live cat hide is better for us than a dead one. It will furnish material for another hunt." And so, calling off the hounds, we returned to the house.

TORITO, MALTESE TERRIER.
Owned by Mrs. J. J. Smith, Stockton, Cal.

This is an ideal picture of an ideal dog. Torito was awarded first prize, and special prize, by J. Otis Fellows, in miscellaneous class at bench show of the Stockton Kennel Club, San Joaquin Valley Agricultural Exposition, 1896, Stockton, Cal.

This breed is peculiar to the City of Puebla, Mexico, and this is one of the few specimens in the United States.

He is an Angora or Maltese terrier, is entirely white, very intelligent and has large, brown eyes. He was brought from the City of Mexico 8 years ago, when 7 months old.



SETTLING THE WOLF QUESTION.

It is not often, even in the wild West, that a breathing and able-bodied gray wolf is converted into a household pet; but this was really done by Mr. S. B. Strain, of Pueblo, Col., who appears in the right of the picture, holding on his lap a nearly full grown Canis lupus griseo-albus. These wolves were caught when quite young, and took kindly to captivity. Since they sat for their photograph, they have been purchased by the Buffalo Zoological Garden, and as an evidence of good faith on the part of the female she has presented the Garden folks with 6 fine puppies.

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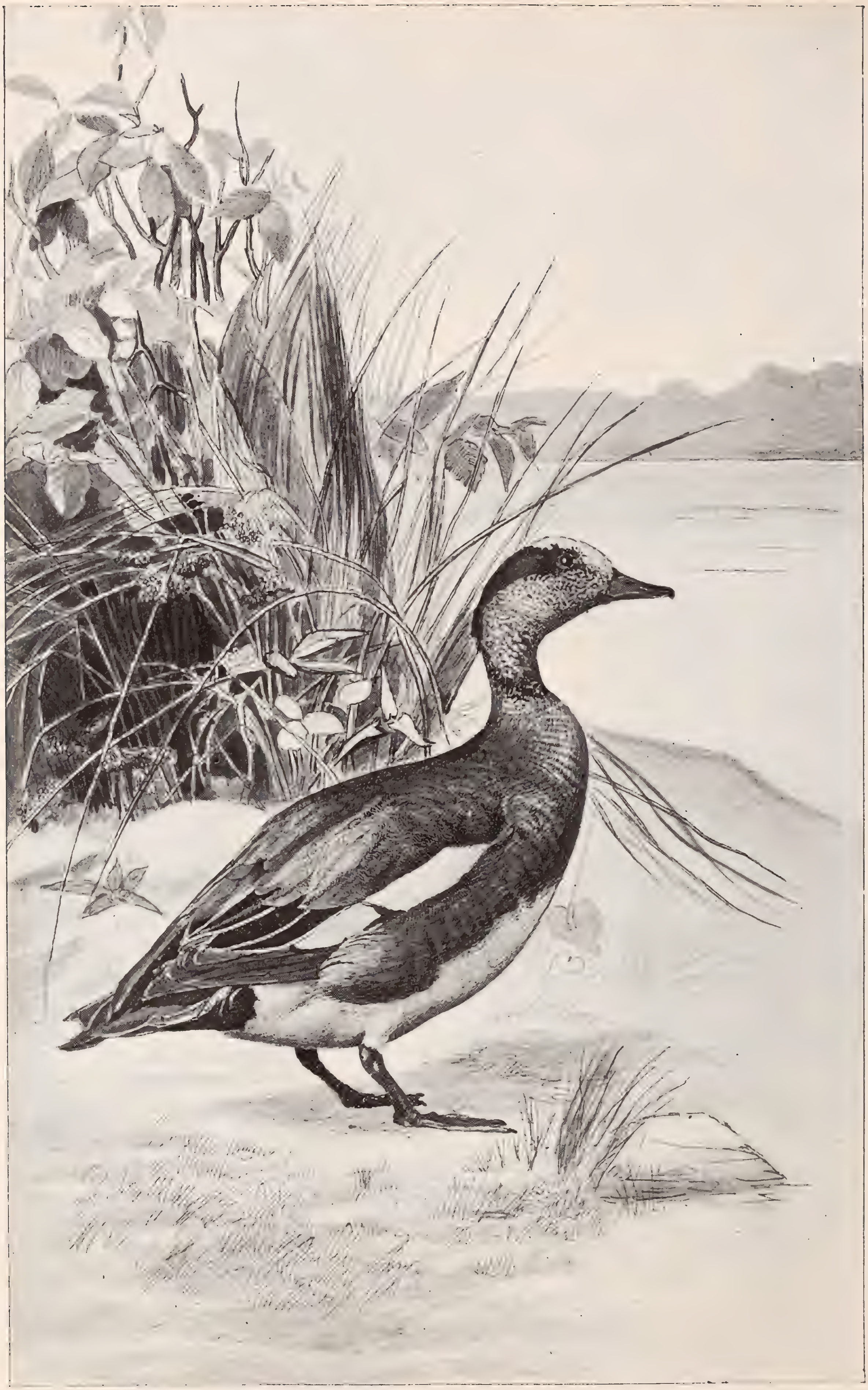
Philanthro—Look here, my fine fellow, do you work?

Weary—Yes, sir, when I can work the right person.—Boston Courier.



THE BALDPATE, OR AMERICAN WIDGEON, *ANAS AMERICANO.*

# A LEGEND OF THE LAURENTIDES.

JOSEPH W. HOWE.

Our party, consisting of 2 ladies, 4 gentlemen and our Canadian guides, left the Cinq camp of the Laurentian Club at 3 a.m. to follow a 5 mile trail through the woods to the St. Maurice river.

Of course we took lanterns to light our way, for whoever has threaded a forest trail by night knows that, in the woods, the darkness is something not to be trifled with. It is tangible—is made manifest by rocks and roots, bushes and fallen trees, holes in the ground, bogs, logs, tangled vines and stumps, barring the way, catching the legs and tripping the feet stepping never so carefully.

Thanks to the lanterns we got through the woods and down the steep bluff to the landing at the Baptiste farm all right; and at 5 o'clock were on the small steamboat we had chartered to take us 50 miles up the river.

Adolph, the veteran guardian of the Cinq camp, had put up an enticing luncheon for us, and we should have fared well if our hungry guides had not devoured it, supposing it their own. But we had plenty of plain bread and did not go hungry.

The fuel of the steamer was cord wood, and she carried enough on the forward deck for 2 hours' steaming. As often as the pile grew low she would make for the land and thrust her nose against the bank, while the crew and guides scrambled ashore and rolled down the logs gathered there for her use.

For the most part we passed our time at the stern of the boat, sheltered by a wooden roof; only going forward when we desired to have holes burned through our hats by the vicious little coals puffed from the smoke stack.

Our canoes on the roof were kept from burning by relays of the guides, with buckets of water.

The voyage was not without a peculiar interest. The scenery was wild and fine; the river broad and swift, with wide sweeping channel well marked by Government buoys. We ran up the Croche rapids, a mile long, in a current so quick, rough and strong that, at times, the little boat scarcely made headway. We knew, too, we were traveling the route followed for centuries past by the Hudson Bay Company and their dependants, the Indians, with their stores and furs, their canoes and strange barges.

We remembered that by these waters the savage Iroquois made their incursions into the land of the Northern Indians, and that by this way had passed, in years gone by, many a painted war party laden with the scalps and spoils of their foes.

The most remarkable feature of the day, perhaps, was the celebration—if it may be called so—of the visit of the Roman Catholic bishop to the lumbermen who live widely scattered along the banks of the river. The bishop pays his pastoral visit to these French habitants once in 4 years.

They are festive days when he comes. Flag poles, cut in the adjoining forest, are erected at intervals on the river banks. Double rows of trees are temporarily set up from the landing to the small one-story log house where the bishop is expected, that he may be sheltered as he walks. The families—men, women and children—gather from other houses up and down the river to receive blessing and absolution.

As we steamed along, these groups greeted us by waving of hands and hats and an occasional salute of musketry. One fact particularly attracted our attention. It was always the French and never the British flag that floated from the staff.

Some of our guides confided to us their hope and belief that the Bishop would banish the black flies. Later in the day, on a long portage when both black flies and mosquitoes swarmed about our heads, we regretted the Bishop had not preceded us and worked his blessed work.

In the St. Maurice, about 100 miles North from the point where the river empties into the St. Lawrence, is " La Tuque," a magnificent fall of 70 feet, and here is the head of steamboat navigation.

At 2 p.m., after 9 hours' steaming, we landed at the foot of the " Tuque " and began a portage, 11 miles long.

Joe Mercier was at the shore ready to carry our luggage and provisions. Joe is a famous river and forest guide, and in knowledge of the river, its currents and rapids, perhaps has no equal in that country. He was one of the Canadian boatmen employed by the British government in the famous Nile expedition.

Our guides carried our canoes, and at sunset we had made the portage and were casting for trout in Big Wayagamack lake.

The managing director of the Laurentian Club, who accompanied us, had listened to Indian legends by many a camp fire. He had also dreamed dreams of wonderful specimens of *Salmo fontinalis* that lurked in the depths of the remote and unfrequented lake; of trout of 20 pounds weight, too big and clumsy to come to the surface and leap for the tinsel flies, and he prayed us in the name of St. Maurice to seek them in the deep, rocky caverns among the wooded isles.

His importunities prevailed, and the next morning 2 of us, with a show of sportsmanlike reluctance, laid aside our light rods and flies, for trolling tackle.

A rocky island, 3 miles distant, invited us to the experiment. A guide rowed us there and then pulled slowly, parallel with the Southerly shore and about 300 feet from it.

We trolled for 2 hours—from 11 to one—with large minnows, in deep water with waves, raised by a sharp Northwest wind, running too high for our comfort—and this was the result:

Eight brook trout, *Salmo fontinalis*, that weighed 31¼ pounds.

Their separate weight was as follows:

One each of 2, 2¾, 3½, 3¾, 5 and 6¼ pounds, and 2 of 4 pounds each.

The largest was 24¾ inches long and 14¾ inches in girth.

Eight smaller trout, weighing together 7¾ pounds.

Total: 16, weighing 39 pounds.

In the afternoon another of our party fished on the same ground with the trolling tackle, for an hour, and brought to the camp 5 trout that weighed 18¼ pounds; their separate weight being as follows:

One, 3 pounds, one, 3¼ pounds, 2, 3½ pounds each, and one, 5 pounds.

This catch made the total for the day 39 trout; weight 57¼ pounds.

The fishers were satisfied with the result; but the 20 pound trout of the Abenaquis legend, and of the director's dream, still waves his fins in the azure depths.

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# RICHARDSON'S GROUSE, *DENDRAGOPUS RICHARDSONI.*

ALLAN BROOKS.

Blue grouse and mountain grouse are the names all sportsmen apply to this bird and its near relation, the sooty grouse, of the coast and Cascade ranges.

This subspecies is distinguished from Richardson's grouse by its darker coloration and the presence of a gray terminal bar to the tail. The last characteristic is also shared by the typical species, *Dendragapus obscurus*, dusky grouse, which has a more Southerly range.

All 3 subspecies interbreed where their ranges overlap. They might be considered only climatic races of the one species, were it not for the very different noises they make during the breeding season, and the notable difference in the wrinkled, inflated skin on each side of the neck at this time. I shall only speak of the 2 Northern forms, as I have never come across the dusky grouse in life.

The breeding note of the sooty grouse (analogous to the drumming of the ruffed grouse) is a peculiar, weird hooting, which can be heard for miles in calm weather.

At a distance, this sounds like a single hoot, repeated about 5 times with a regular inflection; but when close, one hears a grunt before each hoot.

The noise resembles the " pumping " of a bittern, especially when the birds are a considerable distance away. I have several times heard both birds at once, at an equal distance away, and have been struck by the similarity.

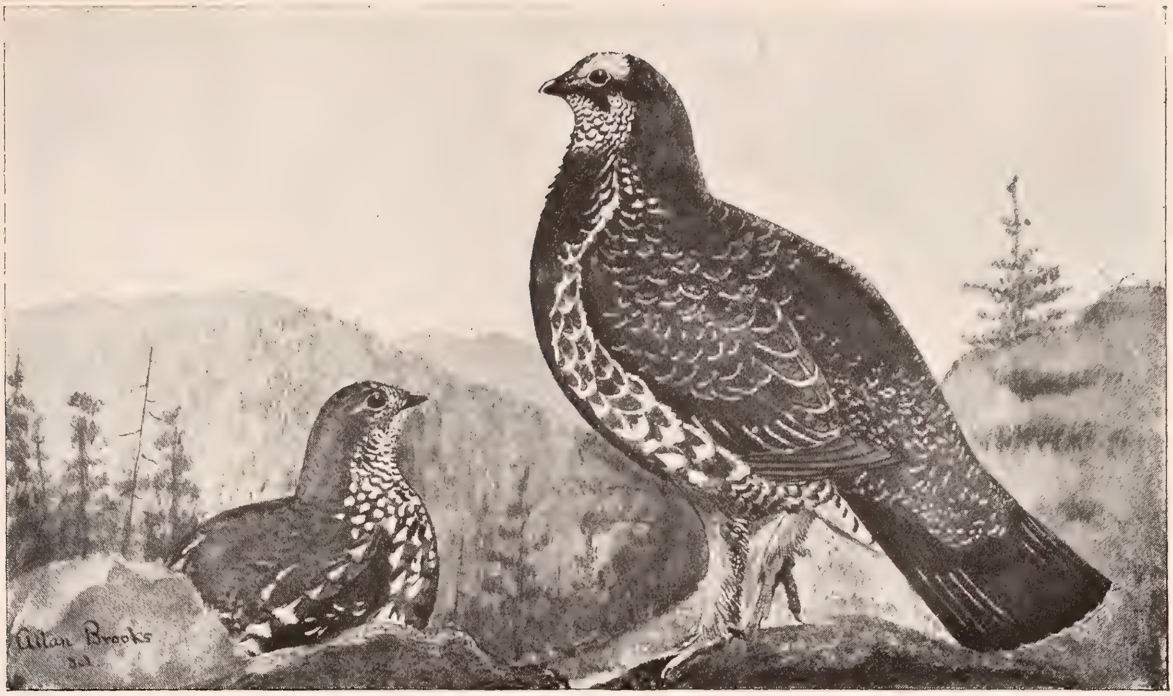
The ventriloquial powers of this bird are known to all Western sportsmen. I have often spent half a day trying to locate the tree from which the hooting came. Some hunters claim that pressing your ear to the tree will often decide the particular one the bird is in.

While the hooting is in progress, the skin on each side of the neck becomes thickened and corrugated, and of a bright yellow color. At every hoot 2 large orange-like bulbs appear on each side of the neck, which is swelled to an enormous size.

In the case of the inland form (Richardson's grouse) these conditions appear in a much reduced form. The skin is only slightly thickened and rugose, and is dull reddish instead of yellow.

As might be expected from this, the breeding note is different from that of the sooty grouse. It consists of a single hoot followed by a tremendous whirring of the wings, which resembles nothing so much as the noise of 3 or 4 horses going at full gallop over a short wooden bridge. I have sometimes heard a faint, subdued hooting also, resembling that of the sooty grouse on a very small scale. This can only be heard a few yards away. The bird evidently relies on the tremendous whirring he makes with his wings to attract the attention of the females.

These birds are essentially mountain loving species and are seldom found on flat land. Rough, broken country, covered with rocky " kopjes " and without heavy timber, is their favorite resort. They are also found on the heavily wooded mountain sides of the coast range, where their hooting, on a summer's day, seems to shake the heated air. Later in the season, they range



BLUE GROUSE—RICHARDSON'S GROUSE, *DENDRAGOPUS RICHARDSONI.*

to the summits of the higher mountains. There the heart of a Scot would be gladdened by the familiar cackle of the covey, rising from the heather almost like that of the red grouse of his native land. The flight is heavy and slow compared with that of the ruffed or sharp tail grouse; but when going down hill the blue grouse drops like a thunderbolt. I once saw one of these birds distance a golden eagle in a headlong dive of several thousand feet down the side of a mountain.

The male bird is much larger than the female, and is a splendid grouse. It is only exceeded in size by the sage grouse and the capercailzie of Europe, which last it much resembles.

The flesh is dark, though not so dark as prairie chickens', and is whiter in young birds and darker in the old males.

Both Richardson's and the sooty grouse have a splendid yellow "comb" over the eye, in male birds, which can be erected or depressed at pleasure.

A curious feature is their invisibility in the winter; where they go is a mystery. The Indians claim they congregate in the tops of high fir trees, and never come to the ground at this season, which seems to be the case.

## A JUVENILE DIANA.

Woodworth, Mont.

Editor RECREATION: I have read in RECREATION of several little girls shooting different kinds of game. One has killed a rabbit, one a bear, and another has helped to kill a lion. As I live in a game country and have done some hunting, I would like to tell you of some of my trips in the mountains, with my brothers. I have hunted more or less for several years.

Some time ago I killed a large elk, and last spring I killed a black bear. The elk I shot once and the bear I shot at twice. I missed him the first shot and killed with the second shot. He fell dead in his tracks. I used a 25-35 smokeless Winchester, for the elk and bear. Have also killed a great many grouse.

I have read the controversy in RECREATION about big and little bore guns. My little gun is big enough for any use. I am only 13 years old. Can any other little girl beat my record?

Jennie A. Peers.

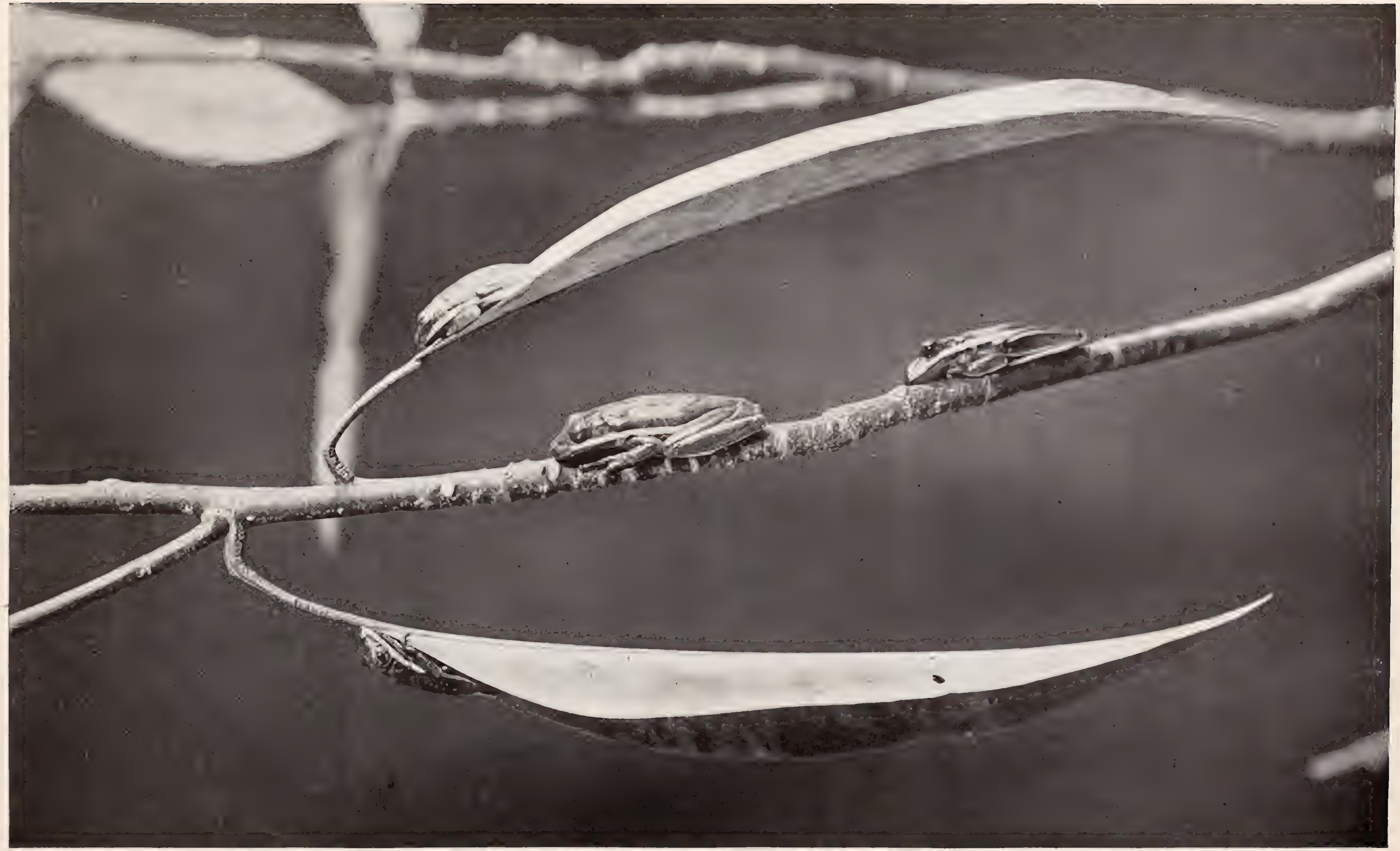


PHOTO BY W. E. CARLIN.

TREE TOADS ON BRANCH OF WAX LEAF.

# OUR VENOMOUS SNAKES.

M. G. ELLZEY, M.D.

A man near Cumberstone, Md., was mowing grass, and felt something prick the calf of his leg. A few minutes after, seeing in the grass a tiny green snake, he supposed himself bitten and seizing his scythe tried to hack out with it the bitten part. The pain caused him to desist, in a fainting condition; but soon recovering sufficiently he whipped out his jack-knife and renewed the assault on his leg, this time successfully, in so far as by dint of cutting and hacking he got away a large piece of skin from the calf of his leg. At once thereupon he dispatched a boy for whiskey; bidding him ride for a man's life, and to fetch along a doctor, if one could be found. The hapless little reptile, innocent as beautiful, was of course frantically crushed to death; and the poor man was frightened sorely, and painfully, if not seriously mutilated as the result of ignorance scarcely less ludicrous than pitiful.

This shows the defectiveness of an educational system which exercises itself with cramming and shamming for exhibition day, to the total neglect of the things of common life. How easily might every child be taught that in Southern Maryland there is but one species of poisonous snake, the copperhead; and that its bite, though painful, is rarely fatal to man; even when, as is commonly the case, the treatment employed increases rather than diminishes the danger and suffering. In the United States, there are about 16 species of rattlesnakes, all instantly recognizable by the possession of rattles; 2 species of mocassin, the copperhead and his Southern congener, the cotton-mouth or venomous water moccasin. Besides these we have but one other snake which possesses venom, viz., a small bead snake, a Southern species, with permanently erect poison fangs; but having the head and mouth so small as to be scarcely able to inflict a wound, and so indisposed to even attempt to bite that it is commonly handled with impunity. It is doubtful whether its bite would be, under any circumstances, at all dangerous to man.

The bites of some large rattlers are dangerous, but of the smaller sorts—prairie rattlers—but little so. I have met many persons who have recovered from bites of the common banded rattler of the mountainous regions of the East. Doubtless the most dangerous of our species is the diamond rattler of the South, which has been known to attain a length of 9 feet. There are few, if any, more deadly snakes in the world. Some of my readers will recall the case of the unfortunate English gentleman who lost his life from the bite of one of these snakes in Florida, several years ago. He laid down a loaded gun, strange to tell, and attempted to dispatch this deadly and powerful reptile with a short stick. But the snake dodged the blow aimed at it, and struck back with deadly effect, implanting its terrible fangs deeply in the gentleman's forearm. Yet some tell us the rattlesnake cannot strike more than 1-3 of its length from the place of its coil, nor more than a foot above the ground. The gentleman's companion immediately shot the snake. He himself at once ligatured the arm and freely excised the bitten part. His companion hurried him toward the nearest habitation, sucking the wound vigorously as they went. Alas, the gentleman sank rapidly and died, and his companion, having some abrasions about his mouth, was also seriously poisoned. His life was only saved with the utmost difficulty by skilled and experienced medical attendants, who were promptly brought to his assistance.

This case exhibits the deadly character of the venom of the diamond rattler, and the insane folly of laying down a loaded gun, to attack a deadly reptile, in defensive coil, with a short stick. Whether in such a case as this any possible treatment can avail to save life is more than doubtful. I have often treated the bites of copperhead snakes, and many of my acquaintances have been bitten by them; but no fatal case ever came within my personal knowledge. I have heard of 3 fatal cases. One was that of a tramp who claimed to have been bitten by a copperhead, while alone in the Blue Ridge mountains. It is doubtful whether the man was bitten at all, or if bitten, by no means certain he was not bitten by a rattler. What is certain is that he drank within a few hours more than a gallon of whiskey, which he begged of several persons on the plea of having been bitten by a copperhead. In any case it seems clear the whiskey caused his death.

I come, therefore, to the conclusion that the bite of the copperhead is rarely indeed fatal to man. In the case of the venomous water moccasin, I have personal knowledge of 2 bites, both of which proved fatal in less than an hour. I have seen newspaper accounts of several other fatal cases, and have had from medical friends accounts of a number of recoveries. It seems certain the bite of this species is more dangerous than that of the copperhead. Except in the case of the diamond rattler I believe prompt and skillful treatment will save life in the great majority of all cases of the bites of the venomous species. What then should the treatment be? Dr. D. Hayes Agnew, in his great work on surgery, sums up briefly:

"Alcohol is the best remedy," and so no doubt it is. But alcohol is not an antidote to the poison, which it has been shown it will neither destroy nor in any manner modify. It is, however, the most prompt and valuable diffusible stimulant man possesses, and in these cases directly opposes the tendency to death, which takes place through general depression of all the powers of life, and notably by paralysis and arrest of the respiration, the heart continuing to beat a brief space after the cessation of respiration. It is true some persons have lately put forward the whimsical contention that alcohol is not a stimulant but a depressant, lowering vital energy and bodily temperature. No nonsense will appear more ridiculous to those of us who have seen military surgery on the battlefield, have rescued from impending death hundreds of brave men, mangled by shot and shell, and some in profound collapse, by administering alcohol, and have perhaps often witnessed the same happy results in attendance on the victims of railroad wrecks; to say nothing of malignant diphtheria, typhoid pneumonia and all similar conditions. We know alcohol is a stimulant, whatever may be said about it.

I am fully aware of all that may be said about the responsibility resting on medical men who habitually and recklessly prescribe alcohol. But I am also aware, and well aware, of the tremendous responsibility resting on those physicians who refuse to prescribe it when necessary and when experience shows it is the best remedy; as in case of dangerous snake bite. Reckless abuse of a remedy in no manner justifies the denunciation of its scientific use.

In case of a dangerous snake bite, then, we are to immediately, if possible, pass a ligature above the bitten part and make it tight enough to stop the circulation below. Some authorities (French, I believe) say this expedient does no good. It does good, nevertheless, by retarding absorption of the venom, which of itself lessens the shock and collapse, and gives time, precious time, for the administration of stimulants and the applications of other means of relief. Next apply artificial suction by means of a cupping apparatus of some sort. Third, inject hypodermatically at several points encircling the bitten part solution of permanganate of potash, or peroxide of hydrogen, which may be done while the cup is drawing, and close to its edge; and after removing the cup insert syringes full into each puncture of the fangs.

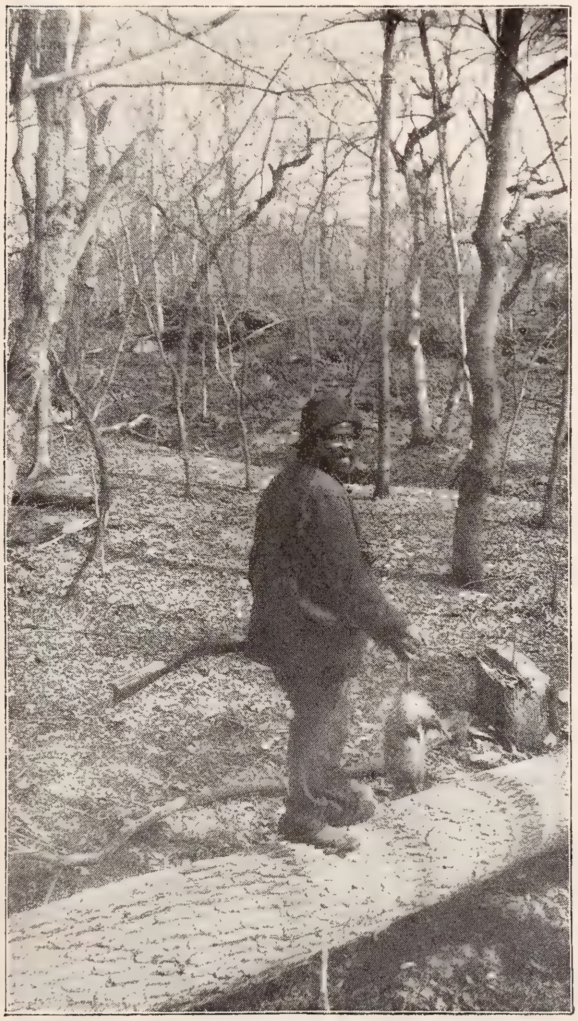
These will neutralize all the poison they come in contact with. It is, of course, understood that alcohol is to be administered from the first, which is best given diluted with water, 2 parts to one of whiskey or brandy, in small quantities frequently repeated. If this does not seem sufficient 1-20 grain of nitrate of strychnine and 1-50 grain of nitro-glycerine, hypodermatically, may open the way to recovery. Ether is a prompt and powerful stimulant which may be used hypodermatically as an adjuvant to alcohol. Convinced by experience of the great utility of hot, stimulating enema, I would not omit their use. Belladonna, a prompt and specific cardiac and respiratory stimulant, may be useful in emergency. Many other measures to the same purpose and effect will readily occur to the skilled and judicious physician.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY A. C. MELLETTE.

WONDER IF DAT DOG'S A LYIN'.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY A. C. MELLETTE.

JES' COME ON OUT, MISTAH 'POSSUM.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY A. C. MELLETTE.

YES, 'NDEED, I'S GWINE EAT DAT 'POSSUM.

This group of 3 pictures was awarded Twenty-fourth Prize by the Judges in RECREATION's Third Annual Photo Competition.

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## ALGY OBJECTS.

Newport, R. I.

Editor RECREATION: I am a great angler, but dampness gives me malaria, and riding in a boat makes me quite ill. So, you can imagine, with what interest I read of the new sport " Bait-casting for fox terriers." It is so attractive, you see, in not requiring walking or wading, nor sitting cramped in a boat; such things knock a fellow up so, don't you know.

Wouldn't it be still nicer, if practised indoors? One can't always have shade on the lawn, and it's awkward to hold a parasol, while you cast; and yet such a beastly nuisance to get sun-burned. I shall try it in our new ball-room, and put mittens on the terriers, so they won't scratch the floor. It will be quite awfully jolly.

This glorious idea set me thinking, and I have devised another new sport, adapted to the most delicate and refined sportsman. Take a few yards of linen thread, or silk, if you prefer, and to one end tie a spool; drag it across the carpet, and if you can get the cat to chase it. There you are—trolling for kittens, by Jove

You could substitute a live mouse for the spool, but the nasty thing might bite, don't you see. If your readers will try this, and report, I shall read their letters with great pleasure. I'm so dreadfully interested in real live sport.

J. Algernon Smythe.

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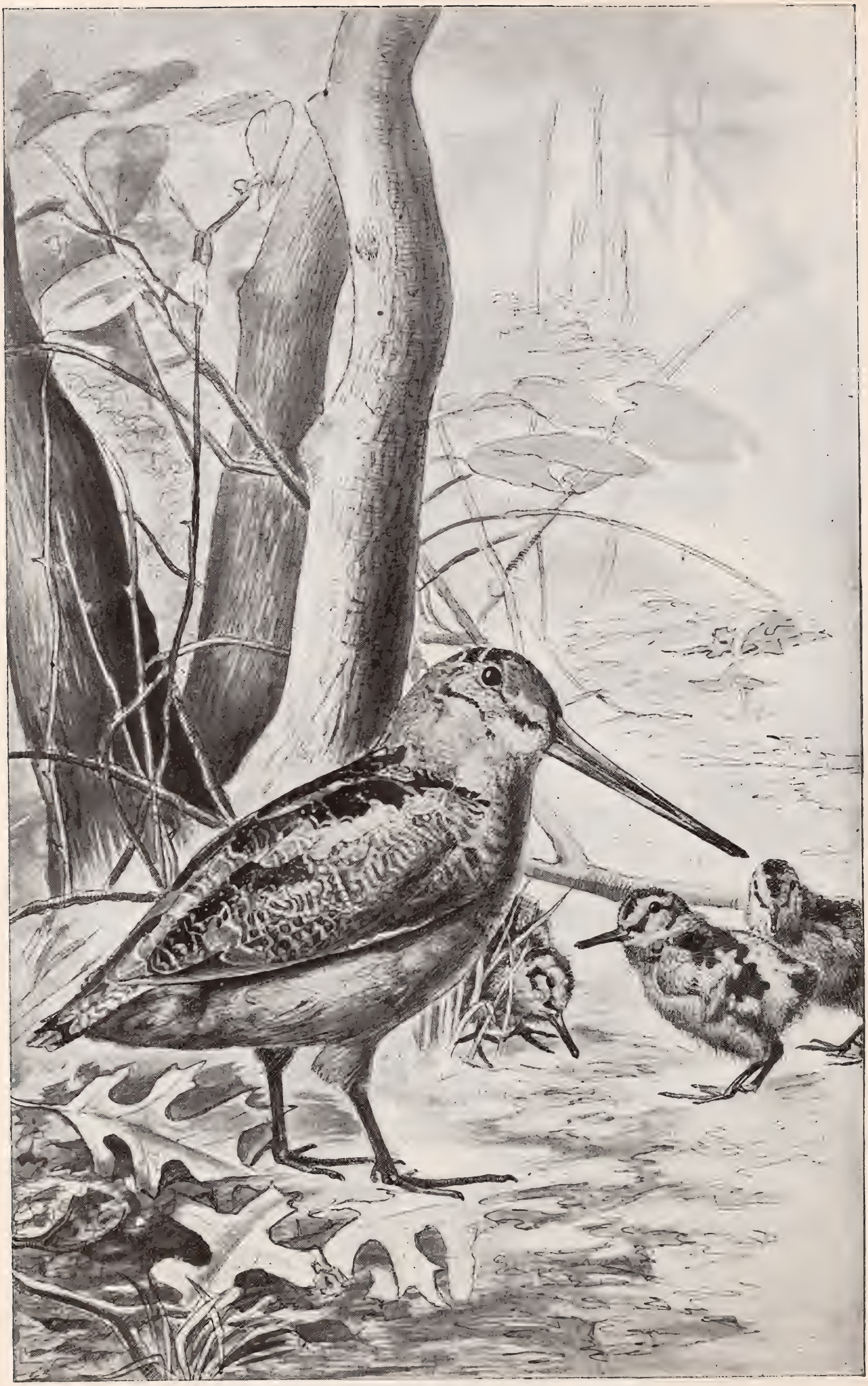
" They say Russell Sage has started a poultry farm, up the country."

" So? Gone to raising sage hens, eh."



AMERICAN WOODCOCK, *PHILOHELA MINOR.*

# ASLEEP ON THE FIELD OF FAME.

W. H. NELSON.

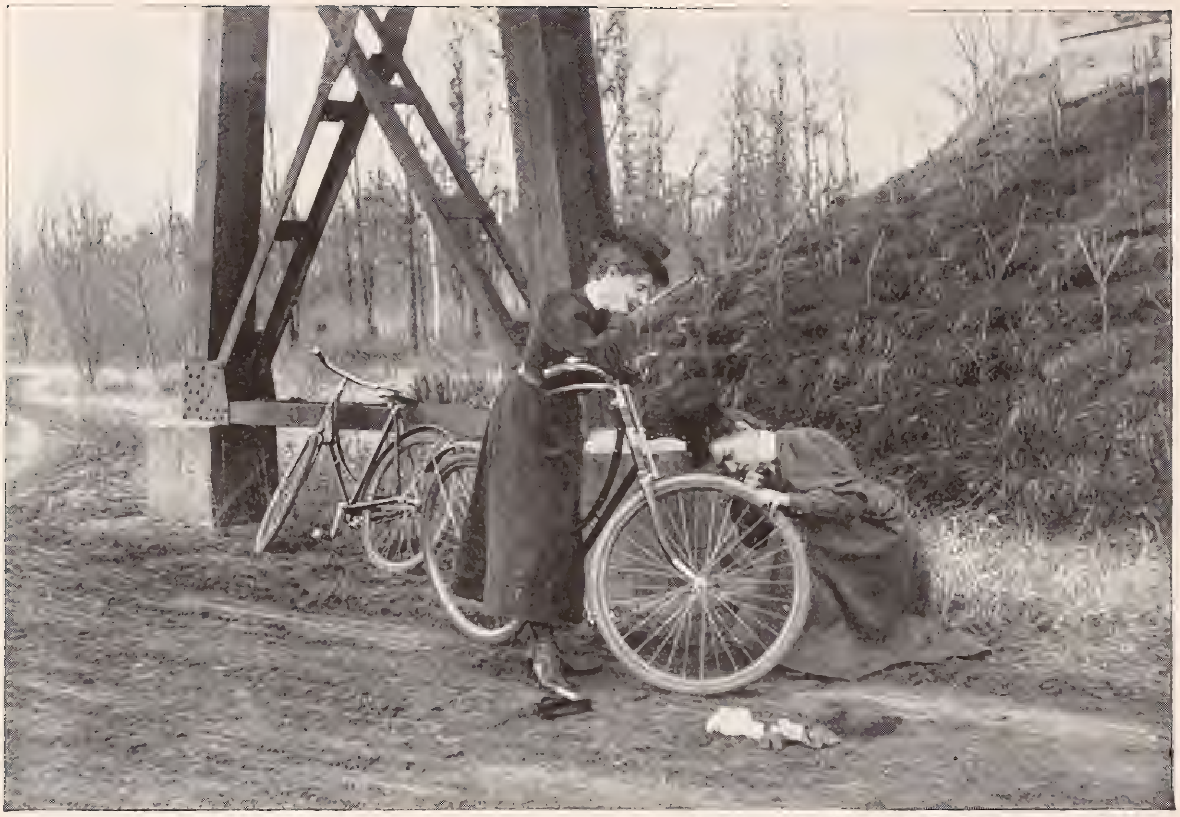
(To the heroes who fell in the attack on Santiago.)

'Neath tropic palm frond's spreading shade
And the tangle of chaparal,
Where the wild Bahama cyclones sweep
And the Carib surges swell,
Our heroes lie. Though the hosts of war
Rush past in smoke and flame,
Serene and tranquil these rest unmoved
Asleep on the field of fame.

Beneath the Northern oak and pine
When the twilight weaves her spell,
When the cushat calls from the thicket dim
Where the waiting echoes dwell,
Sad mothers weep and sisters mourn
And sweethearts breathe each name
Of those who lie so far and still
Asleep on the field of fame.

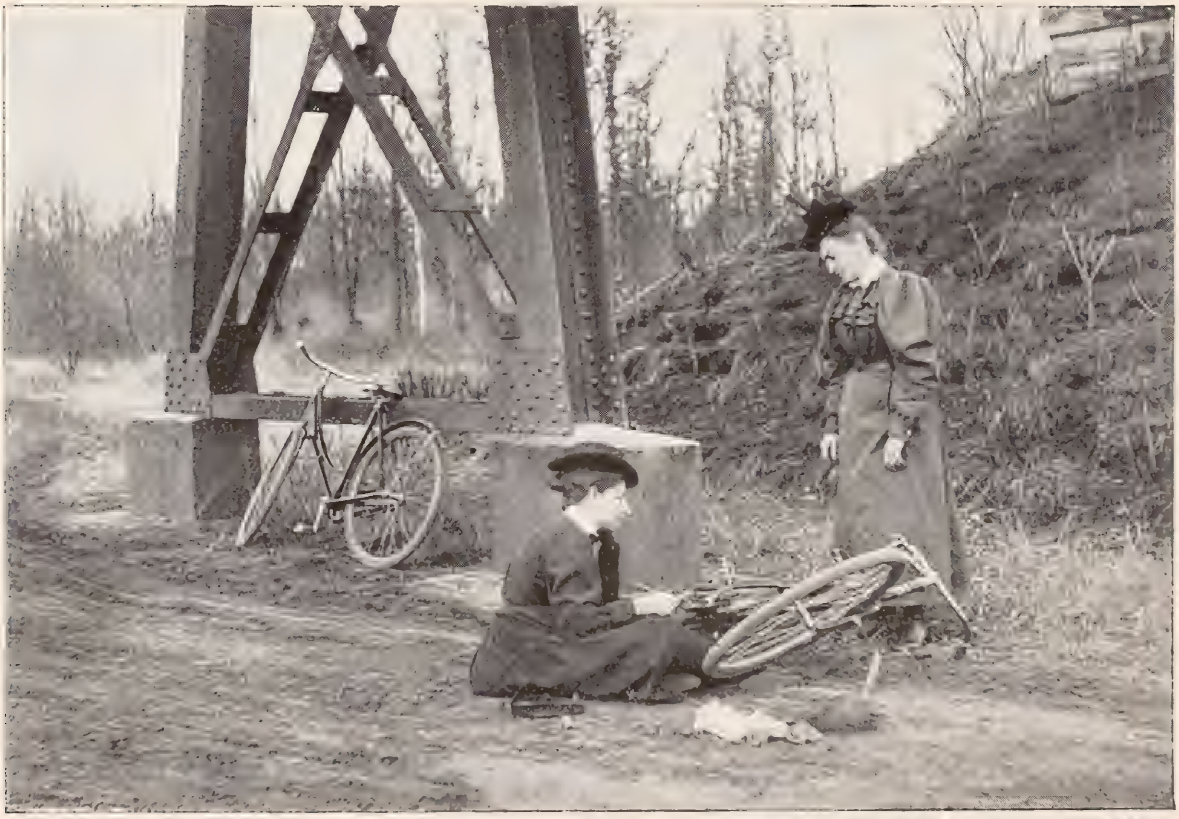
We gave you up to God, beloved,
And to sad humanity;
We sent you forth like plumed knights
To conquer or to die;
We buckled on your stainless swords,
We bless'd your banner's flame,
As now we bless you where you lie
Asleep on the field of fame.

America, lo! these our sons
We give to thee with tears.
Oh, Cuba may thy children smile
In all the coming years;
And when a thousand suns have touched
Their graves with summer's flame,
Still hallowed be the dust which lies
Asleep on the field of fame.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY MRS. CHARLES E. BOND.

4 P. M. "WHO SAYS GIRLS ARE HELPLESS?"



AMATEUR PHOTO BY MRS. CHARLES E. BOND.

5 P. M. "OH! FOR A MAN."

# THE ASSOCIATED PIRATES.

E. T. KEYSER.

## III.

"There is a lack of decoration in this camp," said the Hoodoo, "that runs contrary to my esthetic taste." And, with the aid of some charred wood and a cardboard-box cover, he produced a "This House to Let" card which he nailed over the cabin door with his bowie knife. He was so pleased with the tastefulness of the arrangement that, when the other Pirates landed, an hour later, they were edified by numerous signs requesting them to "Please Keep Off the Grass," "Don't Feed the Animals," and directing them "This Way to the Menagerie," at which latter the Reformed Cowboy was about to take a pot shot with his revolver, when he noticed another of cheerful aspect announcing, "This Way to the Bar."

Hurrying in that direction he found himself confronting the water jug.

"That's a very unclean trick of Irish extraction," he said to the Hoodoo, when he had recovered from his disappointment.

"There's entirely too much levity in this crowd, anyway," growled Paresis Rafferty, who had sat down on a wire nail and was feeling sore about it.

"If some of you fellows would converse less and get more wood, there would be something to eat before sundown," put in the Novice, who was pouring kerosene on the fire.

"Don't inflate yourself with the idea that you're the only industrious man in the aggregation," suggested the Microbe, who was opening a can of salmon with Paresis' pet pocket knife. Just then Grouty hove in sight with some cocktails and the white dove of peace descended on the encampment.

"To whom am I indebted for this delicate attention," asked the Hoodoo, producing a telegram from his pocket.

"'Twas I, my friend," admitted Paresis. "Did it work?"

"'Your grandmother very low. Come at once,'" read the Microbe, to whom the message had been handed for inspection.

"Like a charm," said the Hoodoo, "got a half holiday on the strength of it."

"For my part," said the Reformed Cowboy, "I always distrust that sort of thing since my office boy lost 6 grandmothers in 8 months."

"Well," said the Microbe, "I should think you would be rather wary of a boy who confessed to so many parents. An obliquity of morals is apt to be hereditary."

Just then the Novice poured too much kerosene on the fire and there was a catastrophe.

"See here, my friend," said Paresis to the badly scared Novice, "if you choose to go without eyebrows during the Summer months on account of the heat, that's your affair and no one objects; but the amount of kerosene which you use to remove them, strikes me as being a wasteful extravagance, and necessitates a trip to Yonkers for more."

"What a Godsend he would be to a man with a new hair-grower," said the Hoodoo, scanning the Novice's denuded phiz.

"Great Scott! is it as bad as that?" cried the Novice, making a rush for the looking-glass.

"Never mind, my son," said Grouty, reassuringly, "a little makeup, twice a day, will fix you up all right."

"Speaking of makeup," said the Microbe, to Paresis Rafferty, "how long have you been dyeing your mustache?"

"What?" asked Paresis, looking around for a club.

"I found some mustache cosmetic in foil, lying on your dresser last night," said the Microbe wrathfully, "and it required 2 hours' work and lots of soap and water to get the black out of my mustache, after I had waxed it."

Paresis found a soft, grassy spot and carefully lay down there. "That was my graphite chain lubricant," he explained, and then went off into what closely resembled a fit.

Microbe remembered that wood was scarce and rambled away in search of some.

His quest must have been a hard one, for he did not return until the others were asleep.

"Well," said Paresis Rafferty, gazing at his reflection in the mirror, "I flatter myself that I appear quite distingué."

And he carefully adjusted the cocked hat to his head and strapped a cavalry sabre to his waist.

"Yes: no well regulated dime museum should be without one of you," observed the Microbe, who wore a tabard with the coat of arms of Richard III. over his black sweater, and whose head was encased in a property helmet with lowered visor, through the bars of which he complacently puffed a cigarette.

Thereupon Paresis drew his sabre and smote the Microbe over the head with the flat thereof, who, disentangling his trusty and rusty blade from his legs, was about to respond similarly when the peacemaker, in the form of the Novice, clad in pajamas and a lamp shade ballet skirt, appeared on the scene.

"Pax vobiscum! Sheathe your swords and be friends, gentlemen. What so enraged the Lord Admiral Paresis? Why so agitated, Cœur de Lion?" This last to the Microbe who had swallowed the cigarette in the mêlée and found it seriously disagreeing with him.

Paresis had been loaned the country house of a confiding friend, for the month of November, and he, the Novice and the Microbe were preparing for a moonlight bicycle ride and the consequent edification of the nearest village.

Before mounting his wheel, the wary Microbe, profiting by his experience of the innate cussedness of a sword, unhooked and strapped to the handle bars his two handed crusader's blade, while his companions jeered.

His judgment was vindicated by Paresis' weapon getting into the spokes of the rear wheel and pitching its bearer on a stone heap, where he lost his temper and a large strip of cuticle from his Grecian proboscis.

Beyond starting 2 promising runaways, and convincing an aged inebriate that he "had 'em again," the ride was uneventful until Mamaroneck was reached. Here the piratical trio dismounted and filed into a cigar store.

"Holy Moses!" yelled the proprietor, and made a break for the door.

He was too late, however; the Novice and Paresis crossed swords in front of him and barred his way.

Finding escape cut off in that direction, and paying no attention to the Microbe's request for "Three for a quarter, mild," he jumped for the show window. There was a crash, a distribution of smoker's articles, and a badly scared individual was hastily seeking protection of the police force, with the best efforts of both lungs and legs.

"I fear that the place is about to be pulled," said Paresis, regretfully, "and I propose to wander before that event!"

After wandering 3 miles in 15 minutes they approached a wayside hostelry whose café was tenanted by a belligerent appearing barkeeper and 3 sleepy farmers.

"Good evening, gentlemen," said the Microbe, pleasantly, "Allow me to introduce my friends The Novice and Paresis of the Keeley Institute, and myself, Richard Cœur de Lion, late of London, Jerusalem and Rouen. Have one on me. Three beers please; what'll you have?"

How the crusader purposed disposing of that beer without doffing his helmet had been puzzling Paresis.

His speculations were ended by the Microbe's producing a length of rubber tubing from a pocket, and placing one end in the schooner and the other in his mouth.

"A little idea of my own, evolved in the Holy Land," he observed.

"Be you fellers play actors?" asked one bucolic individual, gazing at the ballet skirt of the Novice.

"No, my friend," said Paresis, "we are the incarnation of the distant past."

"Spirits, be jabbers!" shrieked the bartender. "I'm goin' for a priest." And he went.

"Who have an affinity for other spirits," added Paresis, carefully pocketing a bottle of whiskey which had been standing on the bar, and before the remaining audience had recovered from their surprise at the audacity of the move, the cyclists were spinning homeward with the spoils of war.

What the whiskey lacked in quality it possessed in quantity. The Microbe retired that night without removing his helmet and dreamed that he was one of the princes in the tower, undergoing a lengthy process of suffocation; while his companions in crime, having carefully put their clothes to bed, endeavored to hang themselves on the clothes tree, much to the detriment of that article of furniture.

## AN IMPOSSIBILITY.

It was a Cuban drama
  And the actor's face was sad.
Quoth he, "To play the villain
  Is really too bad;
But injury with insult
  Is mingled and I'll quit.
If I play 'the Spanish gunner,'
  How can I make a hit?"

—Washington Star.

# BIG GAME IN VIRGINIA.

G. G. BARKMAN.

On the morning of November 10, last fall, Jacob Mullendore, a veteran hunter of 60, and I boarded the train at Rohrersville, Md., for Staunton, Va., where we arrived after a ride of 6 hours. We were met by Major Crosby, who at once loaded our baggage into his wagon.

"Get in boys," he called, with a merry shout, "we are off for the happy home of James Crosby, which lies at the foot of the great Shenandoah mountains."

We arrived after a 3 hours' drive, and were met at the gate by the Major's father and family. After the usual greetings, given with open arms, we were ushered into the house, where we enjoyed the comforts of a great log fire until supper time. Then we heard a bell ringing in the kitchen.

"Come on boys," our host said, "the sheep are in the kitchen, and we'll have to drive 'em out." We did not find sheep, but did see a table loaded with a meal fit for a king.

After doing justice to the supper, we repaired to the fire again, got out our pipes, and laid plans for the future.

As corn was not all shucked, we jumped in, the next morning, and helped to finish it, so nothing should interfere with our plans for a good hunt.

On Friday morning we started out. The forenoon was spent without success, but we had just finished lunch, when the Major jumped up and grasped his rifle.

"Look over there," he cried; "there go 3 deer on the opposite ridge!" Sure enough; 2 bucks, and a doe were bounding gracefully along.

The Major and I commenced throwing lead from our rifles, while Jake was jumping around trying to see the game. Failing in this, he became confused. "I can't understand it," he yelled; "this is the first time I ever missed seeing deer when any one else could see 'em."

The deer ran down into a hollow, among the spruce, where we lost sight of them. On going down, we found we had wounded one badly; for there were drops of blood on the leaves.

The Major and I took up the trail, while Jake went around the point to head off the wounded animal. We had not gone far when we found where it had lain down; but he had winded us, and was off again. On we followed for about ½ mile, to a rocky ridge. Looking down I saw the deer lying under the cliff. Major fired, and the buck made a long spring down the mountain. Then I sent a bullet from my 38-56, striking it in the back, killing it instantly.

A loud call was sent up for Jake. The deer was tied to a pole, and a start made for home, for it was getting late and we were 3 miles away. When we arrived at the house, it was dark, but grandmother Crosby and "Miss Lizzie," Jim's wife, were on the lookout. Seeing us coming with the buck, they ran to meet us.

"Just see," "grannie" cried, "they've got a deer! Hang it up, quick; for the buckwheat cakes are ready and will get cold."

Hearing this, we were not long in stringing up the deer, when a rush was made for the kitchen. The next thing to do was to lay plans for a bear hunt, which was arranged for the following Tuesday.

We made an early start on horseback, for the bear country. Arriving there, we hitched our horses and hunted on foot. The plan was for Jim and Jake to hunt near the top of the mountain, while Major and I hunted lower down.

In a short time we heard several rifle-shots near the top of the mountain; then came a plaintive cry. We could not tell what it was at so great a distance. At first we thought one of our friends was badly hurt and was calling for help. Running in that direction a short distance, we stopped to listen. The Major then declared the cry came from a bear.

"Yes," I exclaimed, catching sight of an object moving in the bushes, "there it is up near the top of the hill." We could catch a glimpse of it occasionally, but could not see Jim or Jake. The Major concluded they had wounded another bear and had crossed the mountain. The best thing for us to do was to make a circuit around the top of the hill to get a shot.

When we were about 50 yards from the top, Jim's "stem-winder" was turned loose across the gulch, and the cry of the bear ceased. Just then Jim spied us, and beckoned to come quickly. We were soon at his side. Looking over the cliff, I saw an old bear running from her dead cub. Major shot, but missed. I then jumped on a rock, and as she was passing through a clear spot, I shot her in the back, disabling her.

We all made a rush, and just then Jake, who was about 300 yards down the mountain, commenced to pump his rifle at the bear. It was too late then, for one of us put a bullet behind the shoulder, killing her. Some one said Jake kept firing in our direction 5 minutes after the bear was dead.

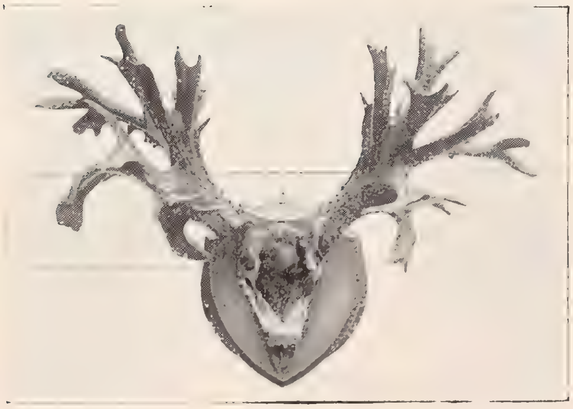
Now came the hardest part of it all. To get the bear on top of the mountain where our horses were, was what troubled us; for we could not bring the horses down to the bear, on account of the rocks. The only thing to do was to tie the legs of the bear to a pole, 2 men get at each end and work.

I would like to have a picture of us as we started; it surely would be a beauty. Sometimes we would all fall down, with the bear on top. Stumbling, slipping, and falling we worked upward, until at last the top was reached. Strapping the 2 bears on our horses, we started for home, arriving at that haven of rest about 8 o'clock. Before reaching the house, we gave a yell that brought out grannie and Miss Lizzie, who patted us on the shoulders, and complimented us on our good luck.

A few rainy days followed, when we could not hunt; and the time for our departure drew near. With heavy hearts, we bade our friends good-by, not to meet again till next hunting season.

DUCHESS.

Owned by J. W. Sawerby, Dover, N. H.



ABNORMAL ANTLERS OF MULE DEER.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY A. E. FLINT.

THE SECOND BARREL.

# FOX-HUNTING, FROM THE FARMER'S STAND-POINT.

PERCY SELOUS.

Several years' residence in the United States has not yet made me look on the shooting or trapping of a fox without a qualm. I know this is foolish, considering the totally changed condition of things; but I have never shot or trapped one myself, though I have been in the company of those who have.

Some time ago I was asked to give a talk on the above subject and was more than ever convinced, thereafter, that the average American—except perhaps some few in favored districts—is either absolutely ignorant of the sport of hunting foxes in the English way, or is prejudiced against it altogether; that is, he believes it unjust, to the farmer especially. As a matter of fact, it would be a bad day for the farmer if fox hunting in England should cease to exist. There are several hundred packs of foxhounds in England, to say nothing of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. Some counties maintain 3 or 4 packs and it costs quite a lot of money to keep them up. Where I resided, I was within easy access of 5 packs —the Pytchley, the Grafton, the Warwickshire, the North Warwickshire and the Atherstone. The great bulk of the money needed is expended in the neighborhood; but that is only a fraction of what is circulated from other sources, pertaining to hunting. Numbers of wealthy men have hunting boxes, with large studs of horses. These require quite an army of servants to look after them. The stud grooms, almost without an exception, have instructions to purchase all the hay, oats, straw, etc., from the farmers, and as they must have the best of everything, in order to keep the horses fit for the strain in the field, high prices are paid. Not the least part of it is, that the " middleman " is eliminated and the farmer gets all the benefit. The store and shop keepers also get much trade, as the wages are spent in the villages and country towns. But one of the chief advantages to the farmer, accruing from fox-hunting, is the inducement it holds out to him to breed good horses. He rides his colts to hounds, educates them and easily disposes of them according to their merits; always at substantial, often at fancy prices, to men who are eagerly on the lookout and to whom money is no object if they can only secure the animal. One instance occurs to me particularly. A young friend lent me a young horse for my week's cavalry training, as my own horse had gone lame. He had hunted him the season before, a little, and he thought it might be as well to break him in to cavalry work. He offered him to me for £40, or $200, but I was fool enough not to buy him. Any way I got him steady by the end of the training; took the Troop Sword exercise on him and the Troop prize for charges with him. Then I rode him in the regimental steeplechase, and if he had not gone the wrong side of a flag, should have won. But this did not detract from his jumping powers or endurance, and he changed hands after the race for £300, or $1,500; more for a hunter than a charger though. I felt a bit mad with myself that I hadn't paid the £40; but I had a good time and my friend a good addition to his banking account.

Fox-hunting also brings the land owner into direct contact with the tenant farmer. They meet in the field as friends; ills, if any, are redressed and that bugbear, the land agent, is dispensed with. As to any harm being done, that is not made good, that is sheer nonsense. If crops are injured they are paid for; if fences dilapidated, they are put up again; if poultry are destroyed, they are either replaced or the equivalent paid. Once a year the Secretary of the Hunt sends round to all the farmhouses for a statement of poultry debited to Reynard. Those who hunt, would generally not care to make any return, though if they should do so, restitution is as cheerfully made as if they never followed the hounds. But they must have foxes when the hounds come around and consequently they are most carefully protected. The Hunt don't care what they pay provided the sport is there. No foxes, would mean an exodus to Austria or elsewhere, and with it would go all the money which is circulated in the farmer's district. From October until April money is being lavishly spent, whereas the crops are sometimes hardly enough to pay for the planting. Then there are the Hunt balls, the Tenant's balls, the point to point steeple chases and other gala days, all bringing emolument to the farmer.

As to the Fox: it is different to the American or red fox, in many respects. *Vulpes vulgaris*, or the European fox, has a skin almost as tough and thick as that of a woodchuck; whereas *Vulpes rufus*, has a skin which is more like thin paper and equally tender. The English species is also more robust. I believe the American fox breeds every year; that is the female brings forth young annually. It is different with the European, which never bring's forth oftener than every other year; often less frequently. It is a veritable survival of the fittest with the English fox. Only the stanchest are left to propagate their kind, and as a sequence their progeny are enduring. And yet there are always plenty of foxes and there always will be, so long as the farmer, who alone can make fox-hunting possible, protects and preserves them in a systematic way. No person dare shoot a fox, though there is no law against it. Only an unwritten law, which if transgressed, carries immense weight along with it.

Of course the country is, one might say, made for hunting. It is so by Nature. There is no barbed wire; it is a felony now to put it up and this is right for several reasons.

As to any cruelty; there is not half so much cruelty in running down a fox and the hounds killing it instantly as there is in trapping and letting the creature languish miserably for hours, perhaps days, till it is mercifully knocked on the head.

The English farmer wants fox-hunting to continue. It means prosperity to him and enables him to keep his position, which if the sport were to go, would often be impossible.

## THE SWORD OF DAVID CLARKE.

F. C. CLARKE.

It is only a rusty sword,
With its buckle, and scabbard, and belt:
Has been hanging long on my white-washed wall,
Slashed by bayonet, dented by ball,
Where it was nicked in the thick of fight,
Avenging wrong, defending the right—
The sword of David Clarke.

When he first wore this rusty sword—
When his country was calling for aid—
High over the tramp of soldiers' feet—
High over the bugle notes so sweet—
Glittered and crested by shifting light
Flashed under the flag so pure and bright—
The sword of David Clarke.

It is only a rusty sword,
With its buckle, and scabbard, and belt,
But it calls to mind, with crushing force,
How sword and master, and gallant horse
Charged, retreated, then rallied and fell
Gritted and wounded by shot and shell—
The sword and David Clarke.

They were prone on the blood-stained sward,
Where the wounded in agony lay;
Gently they lifted his smoke-grimed head—
" Bury me here if you will," he said,
" But keep my sword as it is to-day,
Scarred and blood-stained and caked with clay—
The sword of David Clarke!"

It is only a rusty sword,
With its buckle, and scabbard, and belt:
Has been hanging long where it hangs to-day,
Twined with the red, white, and blue, and gray;
Dented and nicked and covered with dust,
Stained and corroded by clay and rust—
The sword of David Clarke.

# AN HISTORICAL AUTOGRAPH ALBUM.

MRS. IRA DODGE.

In the days when the elk, the deer, the antelope and the bison roamed our Western plains, unmolested save by the Indians' arrows and the rifles of a few trappers, news crossed the continent that gold had been found in California. As the ball of snow adds to its bulk as it rolls, so the tale grew. Wondrous stories of easily acquired wealth were told, and an army of hopeful adventurers sought the new El Dorado. Hundreds of men died by the wayside; some from disease, some from exposure, and many fell by the hand of the jealous savage. But others followed the star of hope and, guided by the setting sun, reached the goal, to find, as their destinies decreed, riches or bitter disappointment.

Some 65 miles from Willowglen, my home, is the old California road over which passed many footsore and heartsore men and women. A few of those travelers put their names on the wall of rock which extends to the foot of a steep decline, locally called " Names' hill." Part of the work was done with jack-knives; but the greater number of names were written with the "' dope " used on the old lynch-pin wagons.

There are hundreds of names on this rock-wall, and others farther down Green river. I here copy but a few of those time has left legible. Some names look as if written yesterday, while others are fast yielding to the action of the elements.

R. Gordon, June 21, 1852.
M. Robinson, July, '54.
T. H. Adley, July the 16, 1850.
S. P. Gillard.
B. A. E. Gillard, July 3, '50.
Jordan Lakin, June 28, '52.
Wm. Cass, of Canton, July 1, '52.
A. B. Davis, U. S. Survey.
P. P. McLick, U. S. Survey, chhm. 1880.
M. Read, July 2, 1852.

There is one name here so nearly obliterated as to be unreadable. It had " and wife " attached, and the date of 185-, the last figure being nearly erased.

Going up this steep hill, over the low divide and down again to the river, we come to another favorite camping ground of the '49ers. Here a fight took place between one party of emigrants and the Indians—some say Mormons—and part of the wagon train was destroyed. Over 30 graves are found here, but none are marked now. The remainder of the party took a hurried departure, leaving many things behind. Everything left was destroyed. The wagons were burned and pieces of iron are to be found even now.

Quite a tragedy occurred at this camp ground. A father was harnessing his team when he saw a band of antelope on the ridge near at hand. He called to his daughter to bring him the rifle. She attempted to pull it from the wagon by the barrel. The trigger caught, the weapon was discharged and the contents entered the young woman's chest, killing her almost instantly. Her grave is one of those that lie under the cottonwoods, on the bank of Green river.

On the small knoll near this place are 4 or more graves. How they died who sleep therein, I do not know. One grave is marked, and perhaps some reader may throw light on the subject. The headstone is the end-gate of a wagon and the lettering is plain and neat. It reads

ALFRED B. HUNT (possibly Hunter), RACINE CO., WIS. DIED JULY 1, 1850. AGED 26 YEARS.

This grave is the farthest South, and 3 more are ranged in line North of it. One more was marked by an end-gate for a headstone, but time and the elements, together with the burrowing work of the badgers, have broken it down and the lettering is undecipherable.

Four miles beyond Names' hill, on the old California trail, are more names engraved on the rocks. In one place is a huge bowlder, about 25 feet in height, that is literally an autograph album. It is impossible to make out all the names, but I append those time has left readable.

Left division of rock:

J. Higgins.
Newton Chambers, 1856.
J. W. Howard, July 18, 1852.
Henry C. French, July 14, '65. (Odd Fellows 3 links.)
H. L. Roberts, 1857.
S. O. N. H. Jeffers, 1860.
W. M. Hanks, July 4, 1850. Waukegan.
J. Bauder.
W. Thorp, June 4, 1850.

These names were cut in the rock; the following were put on with " dope " :

A. C. Marsh.
B. H. Scott.
J. R. Baty, June 20, 1850.
A. Sanger, July 14, 1852.
G. W. Scott, July 3, 1849.
A. C. Roe, June, 1850.
L. Sack, June 18, 1850.
A. Howard, June 30, 18—
G. L. Wadley, July, 1849.
B. F. Jones, July 2, '52.
A. F. Dunn, July 15, '45.

Central division of the rock:

J. N. Ebey, Wis., July 15, '49.
R. W. Ebey, '51.
W. S. Ebey, July 7, '54.
J. J. Stansbury, June 30, 1849.
J. W. Ringober, July 18, '54.

Right division of the rock:

E. Smart.
Ben Barnes, July 4, '53.
E. Buell, July 23, 1847.
J. W. McFarland, '52.
H. Nutt.
T. Fanning, June 30, '49.
S. Heald, July 14, '49.
J. Sperry, July 5, '49.

On the back of this rock and on the surrounding rocks are to be found hundreds, yes, thousands of names. Among them are:

H. Stone, Ill., June 11, 1850.
J. I. Bowen, Wis., July 16, '51.
D. B. Christopher, July 8, 1854.
G. Freesman, July 20, '59.
B. W. Shackeford, July 3, '49, Rockville.
J. Mavity, June 22, 1852.
J. E. B., Wis., 1851.
N. E. Banham, July 8, '50.
July 1, 1852., Ill., J. McCauley.
R. W. Summers, June 2, 1853.
F. Hill, 1853.
B. F. Pangardner, Wash.
D. W. Porter.
F. Phillips, July 13, 1849.

Farther up the valley, on a huge bowlder, are a few autographs which were perhaps the first inscribed in this section:

J. W. Bagley.
W. L. Riggs, July 18, 1845.
T. K. Thompson, Cam. Hy. Co., Ill.
E. Cobb.

A vast change has come over this country since the days when long white trains of prairie schooners wended their way to the land of the setting sun. Now we make the trip from Chicago to the coast in elegant palace cars, and in less time than it took many of the pioneers to move from the crossing of Greene river, at the foot of Names' hill, to the next stream beyond, a distance of not more than 20 miles.

Honor to whom honor is due; and it is certainly due the brave men and women who pioneered the West and smoothed the path of the present generation.

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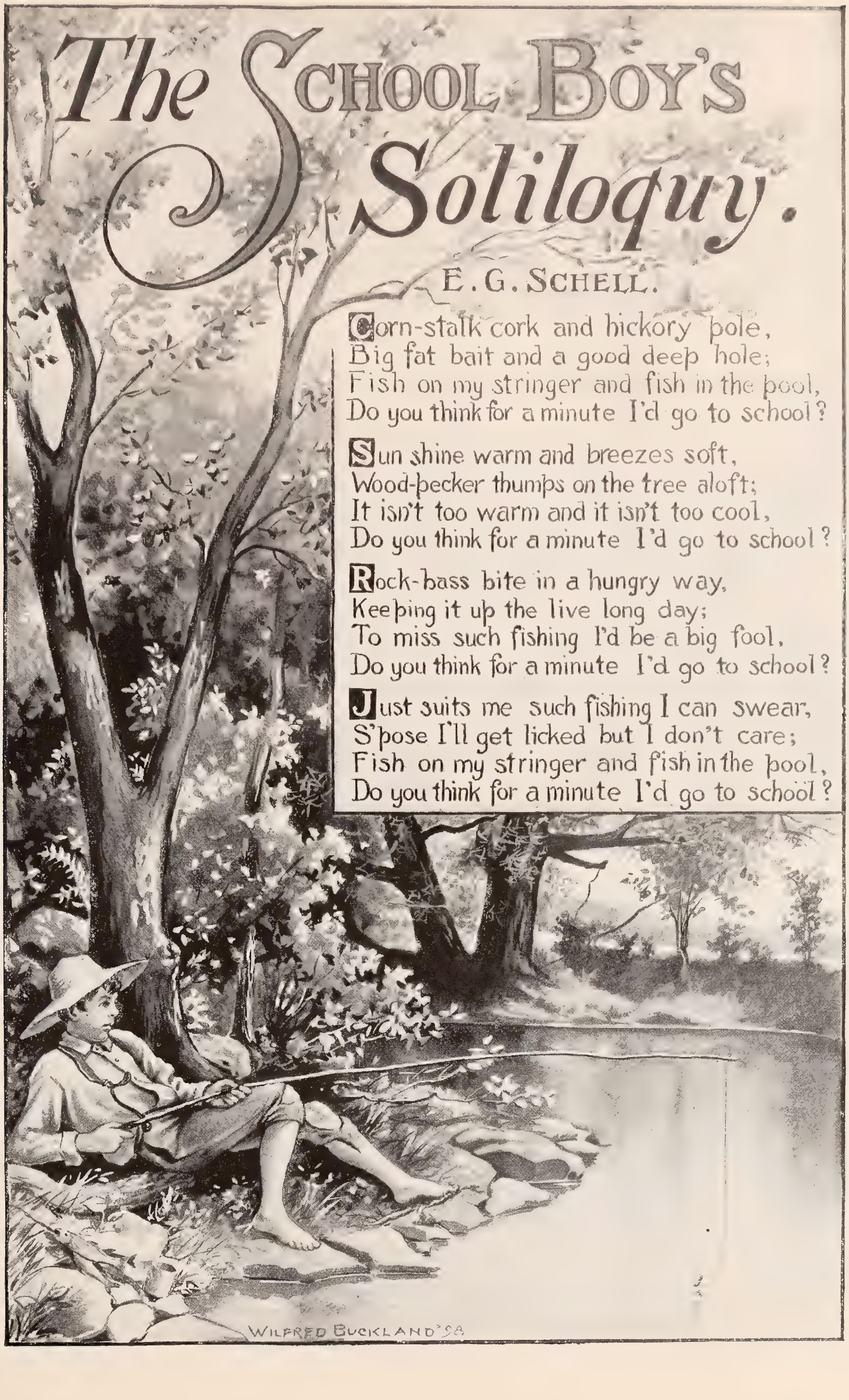
## WHEN THE SPLASH IS ON.

G. A. WARBURTON.

When the splash is on the Tobyhanna
Trout won't bite!
No matter what the day is,
Whether dark or bright;
No matter what the bait is;
No matter how you try;
You may fish it with a minnow,
You may fish it with a fly,
You may wade until your waders
Go entirely out of sight;
When the splash is on the Tobyhanna
Trout won't bite.

When the splash is on the Tobyhanna
Trout won't bite!
You may go at early morning,
You may stay till late at night,
You may fish where bending alders
Drop the flies upon the pool;
You may whip the running ripples,
But unless you are a fool
You will think of what I tell you,
And believe it is all right;
When the splash is on the Tobyhanna
Trout won't bite.

As the splash is on the Tobyhanna,
I will go,
With very great reluctance,
Away from Pocono.
Some day I'll be returning
With my rod and creel and net,
And my heart like fire burning
For the fish I'll capture yet;
And I'll angle in the morning,
And I'll angle late at night;
When the splash is off the Tobyhanna
Trout will bite.



# The School Boy's Soliloquy.

### E. G. SCHELL.

Corn-stalk cork and hickory pole,
Big fat bait and a good deep hole;
Fish on my stringer and fish in the pool,
Do you think for a minute I'd go to school?

Sun shine warm and breezes soft,
Wood-pecker thumps on the tree aloft;
It isn't too warm and it isn't too cool,
Do you think for a minute I'd go to school?

Rock-bass bite in a hungry way,
Keeping it up the live long day;
To miss such fishing I'd be a big fool,
Do you think for a minute I'd go to school?

Just suits me such fishing I can swear,
S'pose I'll get licked but I don't care;
Fish on my stringer and fish in the pool,
Do you think for a minute I'd go to school?

# SHOOTING THE RAPIDS OF THE QUINAULT.

F. J. CHURCH.

Three of us had been camping for a week on the shore of Lake Quinault, Washington, resting after a hard trip across the mountains. To the North and East the snow-clad summits of the Olympics rose to the hazy September sky; while to the West and South lay a rolling, upland country, covered with dense forests.

On the river bars, at the head of the lake, some 50 Indians, of the Quinault tribe, were encamped. They lived in lean-tos built of driftwood, and thatched with split cedar boards or matting woven from rushes. These encampments with the brilliant strings of red salmon, hung up to be smoked, and the bright-colored blankets and headdresses of the Indians, looked extremely picturesque, from our bivouac; but distance truly lent enchantment. On nearer approach our nostrils were filled with the worst combination of abominable smells it has ever been my misfortune to encounter.

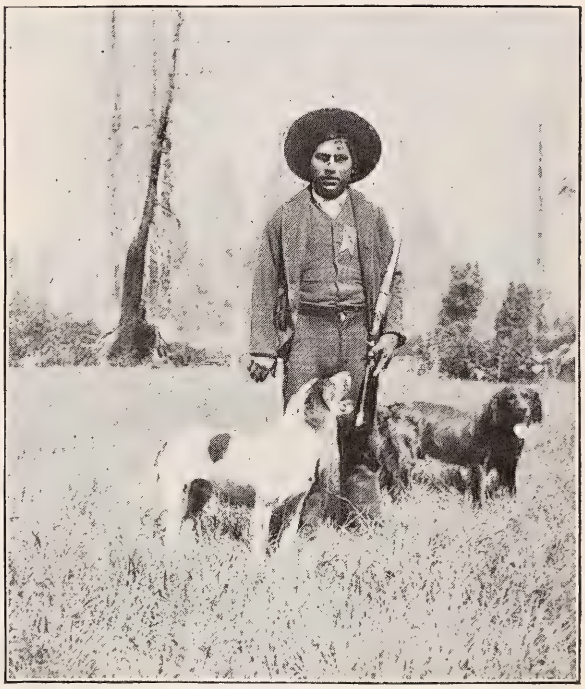
AMATEUR PHOTO BY F. J. CHURCH.

QUINAULT INDIAN RUNNER.

The Chinook, which these people speak, is a queer jargon. It is said to have been manufactured many years ago by an employe of the Hudson Bay Fur Company, who taught the principal chiefs of various Indian tribes to speak it in order to facilitate traffic with them. From that time it has grown and spread until almost every Indian of the North Pacific Coast, and many inland tribes of Washington, British Columbia and Oregon speak it. White men of all nations who live in this country speak it, and even the almond-eyed Chinaman learns it soon after locating here. In short, it is the court language of the Northwest, as the sign language is of the plains. It is made up from various Indian tongues, with a few English, or rather pigeon-English, French, and Spanish words intermixed. There are only about 1,500 words in the language and it is very easy to learn.

We were now desirous of getting an Indian to take us down the river in a canoe, to the ocean, 20 miles in a direct line, but nearly 40 by the winding stream. In common with many of the rest of us, these copper-colored fellows are not on earth for their health. They base their charges for services on the amount they think they can get.

As soon as they knew 3 " Boston " men (all whites are called Boston men, by the Indians of the far Northwest) wished to go down the river, there was excitement among them. We had new rifles and a camera, so they thought we were millionnaires, in which they were only a million dollars out of the way.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY F. J. CHURCH.

FRANK HYASMAN, QUINAULT INDIAN.

From previous inquiry I had learned the ordinary charge was $2 a day, but if the bargain were made with due deliberation and apparent lack of interest, we could name our own figure. We interviewed 2 greasy and fishy fellows, who rejoiced in the names of Spotted Hawk, and Sore-

Eyed Bill. The latter wanted $4 each, while Spotted Hawk underbid him $1 a man. We intended to stay at the lake a few days longer, so wandered on among the lean-tos until we met an enormously fat and jolly looking "Siwash" who told us his name was Frank Hyasman. As Hyasman means "big man," he was appropriately christened. We told Frank we had intended to go down the river, but as their charges were too high we would pack our loads over the trail.

The Indians were all interested in the "box that makes pictures," and in my rifle, a Savage .303. Big Frank wanted to try the rifle, and a crowd of more or less odoriferous natives gathered around while I explained the mechanism. The fact that the rifle shot a metal-patched bullet, filled them with surprise, while its light weight pleased them immensely. Those among them who owned rifles had the old model .45-100 Sharps, weighing 14 pounds.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY F. J. CHURCH.

GEORGE UNDERWOOD, QUINAULT INDIAN RUNNER.

I told the Indians the gun used 2 kinds of cartridges; one big one for deer and a little one for birds. I loaded the rifle with a heavy charge, telling Frank it was the light cartridge. He did not hold the butt close to his shoulder, so it gave him a terrible jolt. I then put in a cartridge loaded with only 5 grains of powder, telling him it was "hyos skookum" (tremendously powerful). Frank, naturally thinking if the bird cartridge kicked, the larger one would nearly knock him over, braced himself for the recoil. When the light charge popped, he plunged forward, on his hands and knees, to the delight of all the other Siwashes, who rolled on the sand and shrieked with laughter. Frank laughed as much as any one, but told me my words were "kultus wawa," meaning in plain English, that the truth was not in me.

Shortly after daylight, next morning, Hyasman came over, accompanied by a superbly built young half breed, called George Underwood. Frank said George would take us down for $2 each. We promptly told him we had a better offer, and we had no money to pay for the trip; all we could offer was photographs and a few odds and ends. We finally made a bargain for a dozen photographs, a trolling spoon and an ax.

Soon after George appeared with a long, light dugout, half loaded with salmon, and we started on our voyage to the sea. After leaving the lake we entered a beautiful, smoothly flowing stream, 250 feet wide. We glided peacefully down, now putting up a flock of ducks, and again scaring a mink from the rock on which he was sunning himself.

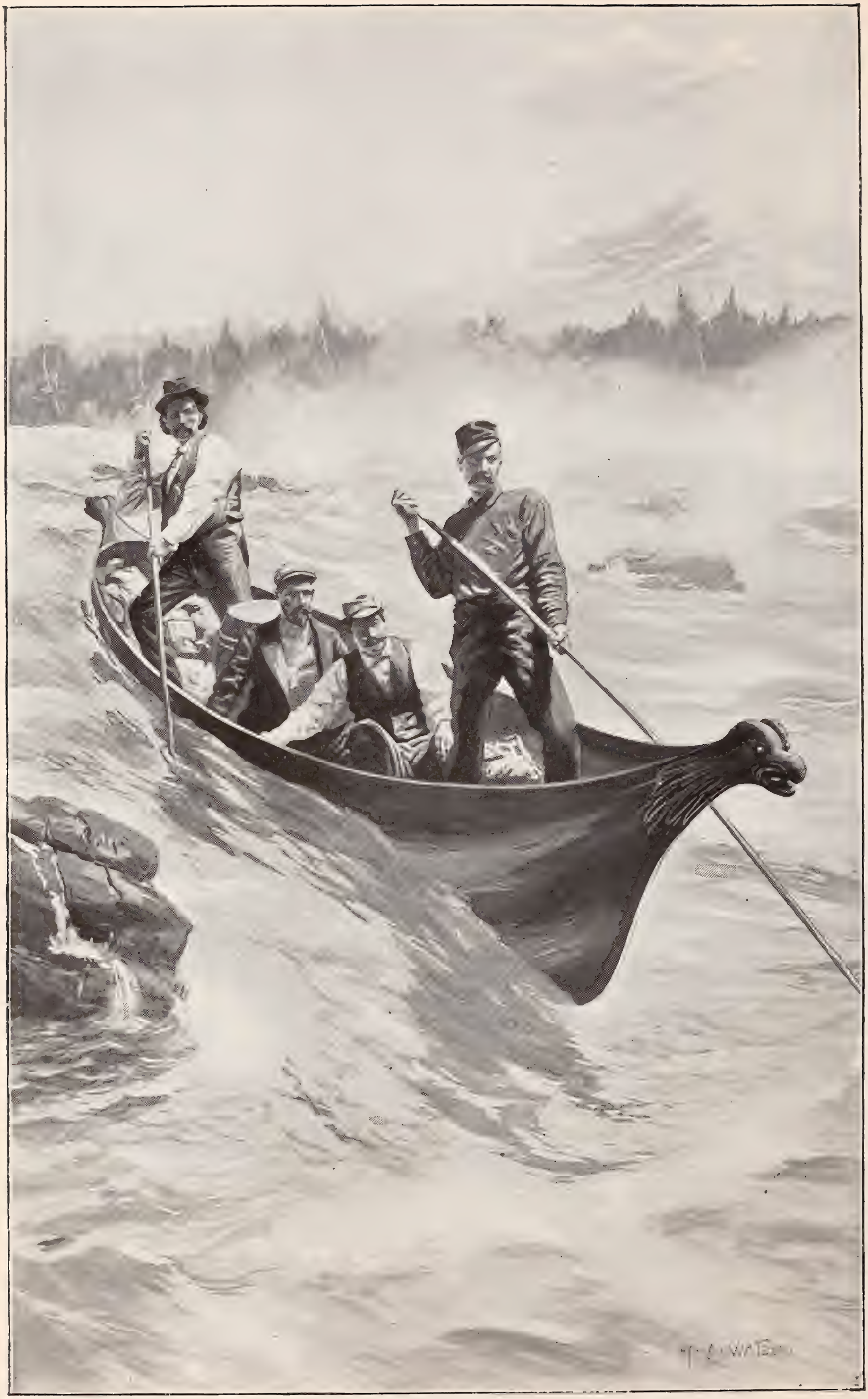
We whipped the stream industriously, with our flies, but could not get a rise. After an hour of this unsatisfactory work, we gave it up. George then said the trout in the lower river would take nothing but salmon eggs.

On asking our boatman if the river was smooth all the way, he replied that, in a little way, the water ran rapidly, among numerous rocks, and as a result, it was no good. In this he was correct, for about a mile farther on, a dull roaring was heard, and on rounding a bend, we saw a long stretch of white water, with rocks jutting up on all sides.

George looked anxious as he told us the river was so low there was no channel. He now dropped his paddle, took a long, light pole shod with a steel pike, and stood up. One of us in the bow also stood, with a similar pole, while the others were commanded to sit on the bottom and to keep still. This we were willing enough to do. George then gave directions about using the pole, and told the unfortunate holder thereof, on no account to let the canoe get broadside to the current, or to gather headway; the intention being to drop slowly down, through the labyrinth of rocks.

On paper it does not look difficult to stand in a canoe, with a long pole, and to keep her off the rocks by driving the pole into the bottom, pushing to the right or to the left, as the case may require. When standing on the shore, watching the natives handle their canoes in a rapid, the task looks easier still; but try it; try it and be convinced you are the clumsiest, most useless, mortal on earth.

The canoe was decidedly cranky, and the place in the bow where our friend stood



"HE NOW DROPPED HIS PADDLE, TOOK A LONG, LIGHT POLE AND STOOD UP."

was only a few inches wide, while the bottom, covered with slime from the salmon, was as slick as soft soap. The river, white as snow, as it rushed and roared past, was doing all it could to carry us with it. The canoe trembled from stem to stern, in its desire to leap madly forward and crush itself on the rocks.

Half of the rocks were barely covered by the water, and therefore invisible until we were almost on them, George worked hard, and let forth a string of unspellable and untranslatable Indian oaths.

The man in the bow was supposed to pick the way, but George, having small faith in the "kultus Boston man," used his own judgment. It is probably due to this I am permitted to tell the story.

Suddenly our friend saw, right ahead of the canoe, not more than 8 feet distant, a jagged rock, barely covered by the water. He drove the pole into the bottom with the intention of fending off, and bore his weight on it before the steel point was fast in the bottom. Before he knew what had happened, he was on his knees, in the bottom of the canoe, one hand convulsively grasping the rail, while the other was wildly grabbing for the pole, which had been dropped when he fell. A thump on the side of the canoe, showed what a narrow shave it was.

The pole was rescued, and he stood up again; while his comrades favored him with all manner of advice and caustic remarks.

In one place George decided we could not advance, on account of the rocks ahead. So, practically unaided, he backed the canoe 10 feet against the rushing, roaring waters, and then worked it sidewise, more than 20 yards.

It was wonderful! as limber as a willow, yet as stiff and springy as a steel rod, he put his whole weight on the pole, his feet alone being in the canoe for his body leaned far over the water. Never once did he slip or make an error. After half an hour of this work, he suddenly dropped the pole and seized his paddle; then we shot forward between 2 great bowlders, into a long, quiet pool below the rapids. The poor unfortunate in the bow had to lose his balance, just as it was all over, and toppled over backward, on the salmon, to the delight of his 2 loving friends.

All day long we swept down the river; now slowly making our way among the rocks, or fairly flying as we rode on the crest of some unobstructed rapid. When we had camped for the night, George suggested "iskum hiyu trout"; so we got out our rods. He sniffed at them, remarking they were "hay-lo kloshe."

Going into the brush, he came back with a small tree, 15 feet long and 2 inches through at the butt. To this he fastened a line fit for tarpon, and a shark-hook; baiting with a big bunch of salmon eggs. He tied the bait on with a piece of thread.

We sat on the bank and watched the native fisherman. He climbed out on a jam of logs that extended nearly across the river, at the head of a big pool. Here he dropped his hunk of bait, weighted with a heavy sinker. The line had barely sagged, showing the sinker had grounded, when we saw it cut through the water, while the tree bent nearly double. George came clambering ashore as fast as he could. Reaching the beach, he threw the rod over his shoulder and ran up the bank, shouting, "iskum! iskum!" (Catch him! catch him!)

Trailing on the line, floundering over the stones, came a huge dolly-varden trout, over 2 feet long. It broke off of its own weight, when only a few feet out of the water, and a wild foot-ball dive resulted in its capture.

George was in great glee. Tying another mass of salmon eggs on his hook he returned to the jam. We promptly decided to show him how trout are caught back in York State; so we dropped our hooks into the pool, near his line. Almost immediately one of us was fast, and the trout sailed under the jam, as if he had no string on him at all. The reel sang for a few moments, then the line snapped.

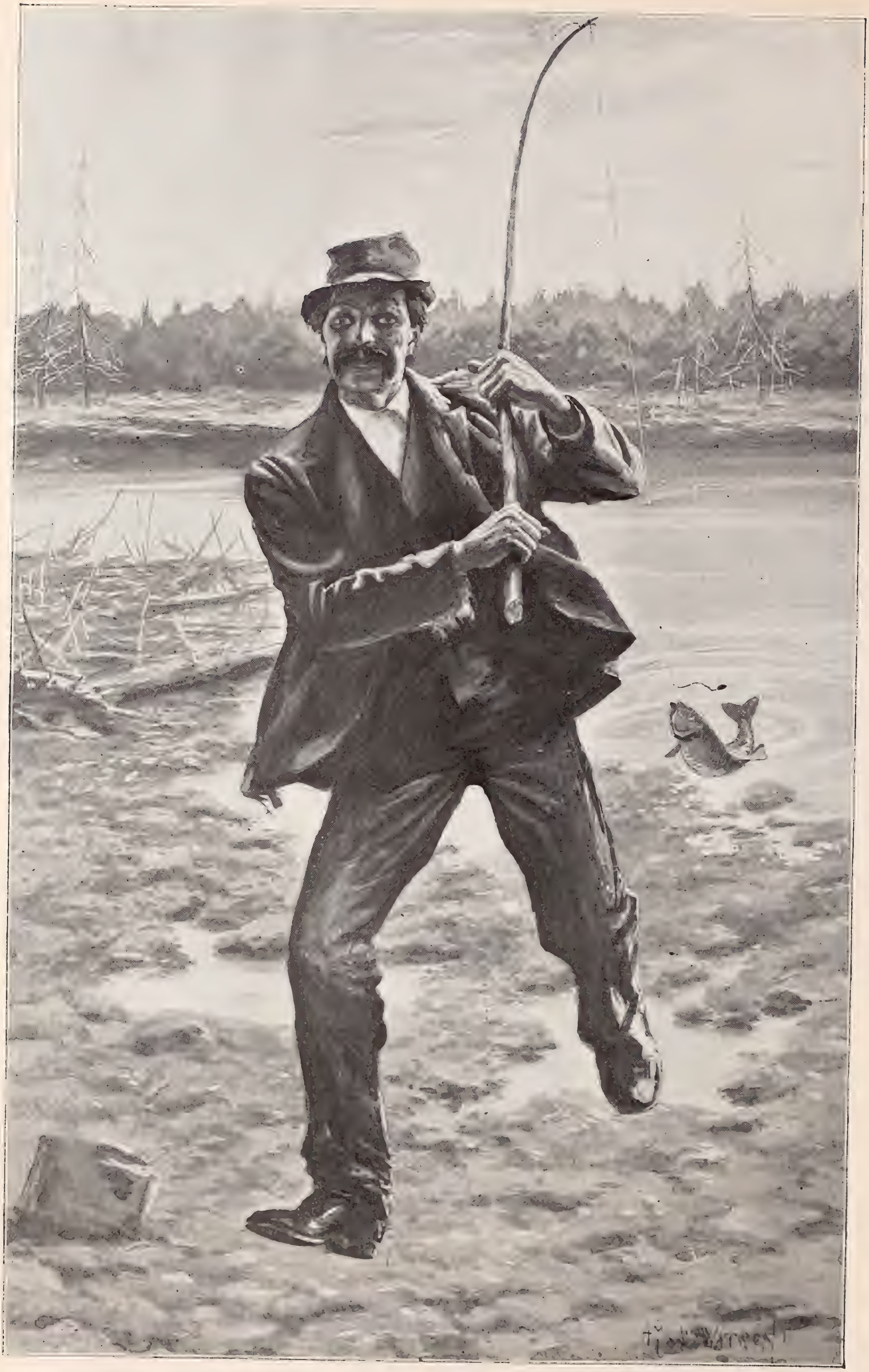
George looked with supreme contempt at the light tackle, and muttered again, "Hay-lo kloshe." Then he repeated the performance of running up the beach; this time landing a steelhead salmon, a 10-pounder.

Shortly after starting, on the second day, we came to a pool that appeared to terminate in a waterfall. George landed and walked down to look at it. The river ran over a ledge, making a fall of 4 feet, the edge of which was as smooth as the crest of a mill-dam fall. The stream then ran almost straight for 200 yards, narrow and deep. The centre combed far above the water along the bank.

Pushing off, we took the middle of the current, everyone paddling. By the time the crest was reached the canoe had gained tremendous headway, and shot far out beyond the fall. For an instant we seemed suspended in mid-air; then the canoe struck the water with a resounding whack, the foam flying, and a few buckets of water shipping. To this we paid little attention, for we were sailing along so fast as almost to take away my breath. The trees on the banks appeared only as a blur.

In an hour we reached a jam of logs, over a mile in length, and had to make our way around it. Time and again we had to get out and wade, dragging the canoe. Twice we had to make short portages.

Toward the middle of the forenoon our ears were gladdened by the sullen roar of the Pacific, and shortly after noon we reached the Government agency, at the mouth of the river.

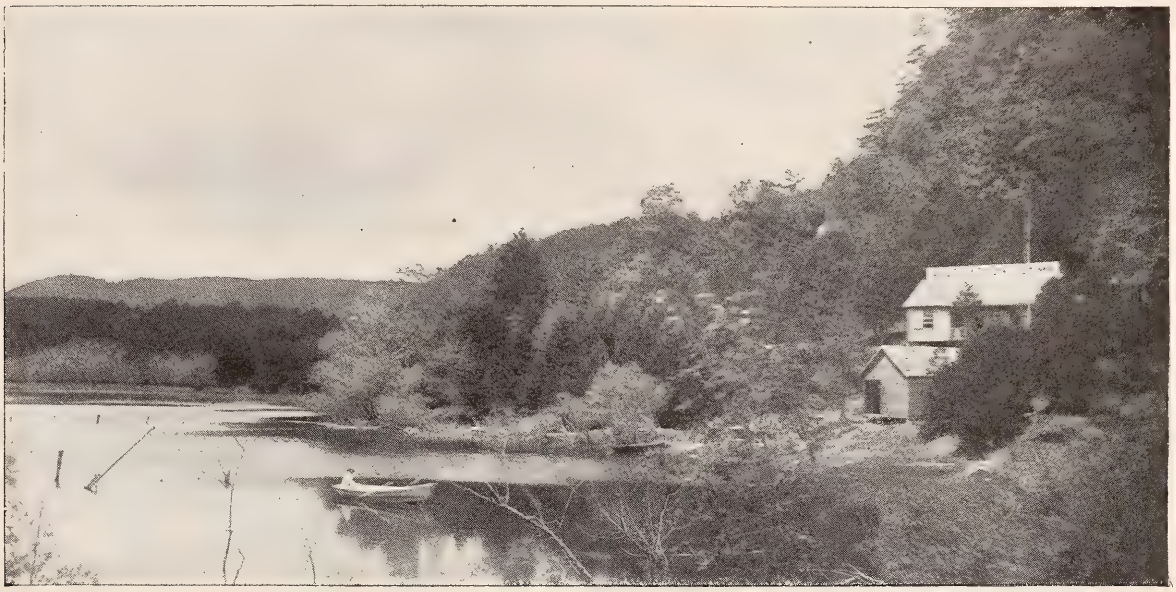


"HE THREW THE ROD OVER HIS SHOULDER AND RAN UP THE BEACH SHOUTING 'ISKUM! ISKUM!'"

AMATEUR PHOTO BY E. H. RUMMELE.

AROUND THE CAMP FIRE.

Winner of Twenty-third Prize in RECREATION'S Third Annual Photo Competition.



RECREATION CAMP.

Summer home of Mr. M. L. Howes, on Lake Champlain.

Being out of health last summer, I was obliged to give up my business and get away from the city. We went to Putnam, N. Y., on Lake Champlain and built this camp. The name was suggested by my wife, and both of us being readers of RECREATION we agreed the name would be entirely appropriate.

This view was taken from the D. & H. R. R. track, which crosses Mill bay in front of our camp and from which the name on the camp can be seen for nearly half a mile.

This picture was made with the Bo Peep camera you gave me as a premium, 2 years ago. Success to RECREATION.

M. L. Howes.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY JAMES MCDONALD.

TROPHIES OF A DAY IN THE HILLS.

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## THROUGH GEORGIAN BAY.

J. D. JOSLIN.

If any readers of RECREATION desire a fine vacation trip, that will make them 10 years younger, I can tell them where to go. Last July my wife and I took the steamer from Collingwood, Ontario, a few hours' ride from Niagara Falls, for a voyage along the North shore, through the islands of Georgian bay. The scenery is magnificent. Flocks of wild ducks and geese rose as the boat passed, and we felt we were in a sportsmen's country. Killarney, on the North shore of Great Manitoulin island, is approached through a deep narrow channel. The scenery here surpassed anything I had ever seen. The place is inhabited by Indians and fishermen. We saw tons of fish ready to be shipped to market. Tied near the dock were some little black bear cubs, recently caught; also some young foxes. At the Indian stores all sorts of Indian finery, mounted heads, skins, etc., were on sale. Our boat touched at several Indian towns on the shore of this island. The scenery is more imposing than that of the 1,000 islands of the St. Lawrence, and the fishing and hunting are excellent. After 2 days and nights' ride from Collingwood, we reached Sault St. Marie, Mich., where we shot the rapids, in canoes guided by Indians. The ride was exciting, particularly for the ladies. We would have been drenched to the skin, had we not worn mackintoshes.

We visited the ship canal, and were much interested watching the large ships pass through the locks. Many men and boys were there fishing for herring and catching nice strings of them. Each time the water from Lake Superior is emptied from the lock into Lake Huron, herring come out in great numbers, and bite freely. Our boat stayed here 6 hours. The next day at noon we reached the famous Mackinac island, a lively summer resort. We visited the old fort, and "sugar loaf arch rock," Devil's kitchen, wishing well, and other famous places on this beautiful island. After a stop of 8 hours our boat left on the return trip, taking a different route back to Collingwood.

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Teacher (in Natural History class)—"Now children, this is a very common bird—a Marsh Tern. What have you to say of the mounting of it."

The small boy. "It's all right, only there should be another one with it."

"Why so?"

"Because one good Tern deserves another."

# A DAY WITH THE SWANS.

THOS. G. FARREL.

Gracefully floating on the surface of the lakes in the parks of our larger cities, may be seen numbers of swans. Some are the black Australian variety, but the majority are white European or American swans.

As one watches them gliding about the mirror-like surface, the idea of their being game birds hardly enters the mind.

In truth, the American swan is one of our gamest birds, as many a veteran wild fowl shooter can attest.

Although strangely unlike in color and size, in more ways than one the swan resembles the canvasback duck. All hail to these 2 birds! A snap of my finger for the mallard, teal, wood-duck, sprig-tail and others of the " fair weather " duck tribe.

Here's to the swan and the divers; to the canvasback, red-head, blue-bill, and black-duck; to the birds that fear not the storm and the cold; to the birds that revel in snow and sleet; that pick choicest morsels from the ooze at the bottom of the pond and are not frightened into the next county at the sight of bobbing decoys.

Two or 3 years ago, when the lakes of the Columbia river valley were fairly paved with succulent bulbs, we did not give these ideas the consideration they deserved. But time has worked a change.

That worthy institution, the U. S. Fish Commission, made a most fearful blunder here in Oregon. Ordinarily the Fish Commission does naught but good, distributing as it does the fry of bass, salmon, pickerel, shad, trout, and other good food fishes; but with us they left the carp.

To some, doubtless, that name explains matters. To those who do not understand " the nature of the beast " let me say that our good people, knowing little of fish in general and less of the variety known as the German carp, took the Fish Commission at its word when told it was a valuable and prolific food fish, and thanked it for the gift of some thousand young water hogs. There are 2 importations the Oregon sportsman will never forget.

Once we imported the Mongolian pheasant; and our fields are now well stocked with those beautiful and prolific game birds.

The other importation—the carp—was even more prolific (we have countless millions of them); but they have eaten our wapatoes and all other forms of vegetation with which our lakes once abounded, leaving them desolate, unsightly seas of mud and roily water.

In the good old days, not long gone, but I fear never to return, we shot the guileless mallard and wood-duck early in the season and thought them birds fit for anyone's sport. But when the North wind howled through the leafless branches of the cottonwood, we furbished up our decoys for the game and dashing canvasback and the snowy pinioned swan. At present he who desires duck hunting must place wheat and barley for the birds.

Great numbers of mallard, teal, widgeon and sprig-tail come to the feast and many fair bags are obtained at the baited boxes. But it is tame sport at best.

No canvasbacks nor swans come to the scattered grain. No indeed; these royal birds will not humble themselves.

The first cold snap drives the open weather ducks toward the Southland, and, there being little or no natural food, we get no canvasback, and the shooting season is practically over.

No longer than 4 years ago many of our ponds were frequently white with whistling swans, gorging themselves on the wapatoe which they extracted from the soft mud. Beautiful, plump birds they were and great sport did they afford.

Many a time did the sportsman bless their presence in his lake, knowing they would prevent the ice from entirely closing up, and so insure a good day with the cold-ignoring canvas backs.

Lying in my bunk on the hunting float, one night about 3 years ago, I heard the cries of a passing band of swan, and, to my ears at least, there is no sound so reminiscent of rushing winds, pelting snow and glorious sport as that strange note.

" Is the swan really a game bird," I hear the reader question. " When you have bagged your bird what is it good for? " " Is it fit for food? "

A young swan, when properly prepared, if not a dainty morsel, forms the *pièce de résistance* to a choice game dinner.

In England they appreciate the swan and at Christmas time a cygnet sells readily at from 5 to 10 dollars.

Breeding in the marshy fens of Alaska the swans, in their annual trip South, reach Oregon about December 1st. They haunt the Columbia river valley for 3 or 4 months, but the best shooting is generally had about February 1st.

Tradition has it that 2 varieties of the swan family are to be met with in Oregon —the common American whistler, and the bugler. I have seen many thousands of these birds, but none other than the whistler or trumpeter swan.

Two or 3 winters ago, 4 of us found ourselves near St. Helens, a hamlet on the shores of the Columbia, in quest of canvasbacks and swans. All night long, as we lay in our bunks on the scow, we could hear the floating ice grating and rasping along the side.

Several times I heard the weird, thrilling cry of the swan and wished for the approach of dawn. "Well, boys, crawl out," called Will. "Guess you fellows would sleep till noon if some one didn't kick you out."

"Oh my," yawned Fred, "I'm afraid last night closed every thing and that skates and not guns are what we'll need."

"Yes," said Louis, the keeper. "You fellows should have come down last week. Swans were thicker than hops and about 250 canvasbacks were using the lake. Maybe the swans will keep a hole open though."

Breakfast disposed of, we shouldered guns and started through the cottonwoods for the lake. In the East a long gray streak gave promise of the approaching day as, under the guidance of Louis, we threaded our way among the gaunt and gloomy tree trunks.

Before we reached the shore of the lake snow began to fall and when we came to the prairie the gray ground was rapidly being carpeted in white. Faster and thicker came the flakes until it looked as if we were to experience a regular storm.

"Well, this is tough," quoth Will. "Looks as if we were in for it this time. Don't see any birds either and the lake is apparently frozen tight."

"Wait a minute and let's see if we can hear any at the upper end," said Louis, "Yesterday the swans were all using there."

Huddled up on the prairie in the blinding snow, we strained our ears for a sound of game.

"Yes, they are there, all right. Hear 'em?" said Louis, as a faint sound like the bark of a small dog was borne to our ears.

Away we went for the lake and nearing its margin we found that a channel which paralleled the shore remained open.

"Charlie," said Will, "you and Tom go up to the little lake; take some of the small decoys with you and set out for canvas and swans. Fred and I will take the boat and set out up at the head of Big lake."

Charlie and I were soon loaded with swan decoys and on our way up the shore of Big lake. Arriving we found there quite a bunch of swans. They had an open hole several acres in extent. A short canal connects Big lake and Little lake, and near the entrance we found our light hunting boat and the box of canvasback decoys.

"Charlie, you put some duck decoys in the boat and I'll take a run up the lake and see where the birds are using."

The snow was yet beating mercilessly in our faces and although we could hear swans at the other end of the lake we could not tell which side of it they had open.

Thin but new and tough ice covered the entire lower end of the lake, and, knowing the exertion required to put our boat at the other end would be severe, we did not care to take a wrong direction.

In the face of the pelting storm I hastily made my way up the shore and soon came to several small bunches of swans sitting on the ice. Taking wing at my approach they flew toward the upper end of the lake.

Soon I was enabled to make out the location of the main body of birds and found they occupied quite a space of open water on the opposite side.

As I hastened toward my companion the storm suddenly abated and the atmosphere cleared. With one man at the bow breaking ice and the other at the stern shoving in the mud we started, but as the ice was phenomenally tough slow progress resulted.

Finally we hit on a plan which eventually brought us to open water. With one of us tugging at the bow line from the shore the other waded at the rear of the boat pushing it forward and rocking it from side to side. This treatment was severe on a cedar boat, but what were we to do, with a flock of swans a few hundred yards from us and the shooting instinct strong in our hearts?

As we neared the open water the birds again took flight with a tremendous racket. The larger part of the flock went toward the Columbia river, on the bosom of which they settled in a clamorous raft.

Quickly putting out the canvasback decoys, of which we had about 25, and our imitation swans, we drew the boat into a depression in the bank. Finding some wire netting on the bank we adjusted it and prepared to construct a blind.

Hardly had we made a move in that direction, however, when down came a large flock of canvasbacks. Seeing them coming we stood motionless and they went by us, with that sound of rushing wings the duck hunter never forgets. One great circle and they came again.

"Let 'em go," said Charlie; "we don't want to fire into such a big flock."

In a second they were right in front of us, dropping into the water and splashing it on the decoys.

It was a temptation but, believing in shooting with some system, we allowed them to depart in peace. Single birds and small detachments would better look out but we do not want to frighten large flocks.

The old wire frame work was shortly hidden by dead grass and broken twigs and our blind was complete. With shell sacks open on the floor of our shelter, we awaited the coming of something to shoot at.

We were not long kept in suspense. Coming up the lake on swiftly beating pinions we descried the form of a canvasback.

Bobbing in the gentle breeze the decoys attracted his attention and in he came with a graceful curve.

"Take him, Charlie!"

At the crack of his 10 gauge cannon the plump form fell among our decoys.

"Very neat, my boy. Just put in a shell and get ready. Here come 2 more."

In a moment there were before us 2 canvasbacks, and 3 shots made them ours. Two spoon-bills next came along and I surprised myself by making a neat double.

"Put in some No. 1's," whispered my companion. "Here comes a swan."

Sure enough a single bird was rapidly nearing the decoys, having come from an unexpected quarter. A shot from Charlie brought him to water and another for safety secured the bird to us. Several more small flocks of canvasbacks shortly made their appearance, their dashing forms making glad our eyes and the sound of their rushing wings music for our ears. Some we got and some we did not get. Some fell in the open water and some would not give up until they lay on the ice.

After awhile the sun came out, the clouds chased each other over the horizon and we were treated to a perfect day. A little cold, to be sure, but not so chilly as to prevent our enjoying the picture nature presented to our eyes. In front of us, with fleecy mists rising from the vales, stretched the Scappoose mountains, the tops of the evergreen forests capped with winter's garb. About us on the island was a little green, and the varied colored trees and shrubs contrasted not unpleasantly with the snow.

Looking over my shoulder, his hoary head towering far above the evergreen clad foot-hills, I saw Mt. St. Helens. The crown and sides of this beautiful mountain are clothed in eternal snow, to which the late storm had given an added sheen.

"Listen! didn't you hear a swan?"

"Yes, there they come; South and high."

Far up in the blue and half a mile South of us we discovered the approaching flock. They seemed a dark line so far away, but the few notes that caught my ears disclosed their identity. If there be one thing on which I pride myself it is my ability to "talk swan." Setting my dulcet tones afloat we quickly changed shells, peering the while through the interstices of our blind. Lower and lower came the birds, but they detected the decoys of our friends on the other lake and kept on in that direction. Again came that weird call from the South. Again did I persuade them with honeyed swan words; told them in their own language of beds of succulent wapatoes; of placid waters and perfect safety.

This time they came to us. They were a little shy, or perhaps we were a trifle anxious, for, when the vapor from our shots was dispelled, we found but 2 dead birds.

"Well, we must do better than that, Charlie. Somebody wobbled off that time."

After noon they came better; sometimes in flocks and sometimes in pairs or singles. Some succumbed to my persuasive tones while others passed on.

Sometimes as the white robed beauties were wheeling about our blind, just a little out of range and just a little too suspicious to come within the deadly circle, small detachments of canvasbacks would drop in on us in a most aggravating manner.

Once in a while ducks obligingly came in when we had no fear of disturbing possible swans. Sometimes we got them and again we did not.

As the number of dead birds before us increased, we speculated as to our ability to carry them to the house boat. One can carry 20 or more ducks without much inconvenience, but when swans are included in the bag each of the big fellows exerts quite an influence in the matter of weight.

"Say old man," said my companion, "we have 6 swans down and at least 12 ducks. Now if we get another swan or 2 some one will have to go after the wagon."

While thus speculating we again heard the sound of approaching game. The flock came in our direction with gently declining flight.

By the time the birds were over the lake they were within gunshot of its surface, and in response to my croaks and calls they came fairly at us. Several were in advance of the main flock and out came their black legs preparatory to settling on the water.

"Now," said I, in a low voice, with one eye on the birds and the other on my companion. With that one eye I saw Charlie was ready and watching for me to arise. With the other glance I noted that the larger part of the flock were on the heels of the advance and would be within gunshot in an instant. "Now, Charlie," and I was up with the deadly tubes leveled.

Four quick but careful shots went forth into that plunging clump of white, and the flock departed minus as many of its members.

"Now we'll just have to get that wagon," said my companion.

It was nearly dark and, as we had a number of birds to retrieve in the tough ice, I set out to procure the vehicle. Some men were soon met with, and one of them went for the conveyance. During my absence Charlie got another swan and several ducks. While retrieving birds with the boat another flock of swans came along, out of which I tumbled a member.

A dozen beauties we had and with a nice little bunch of ducks, mostly canvasbacks, we voted the day a success and the game worth the candle. Arriving at the float, we learned that our companions had secured 2 or 3 swans and a fine bag of ducks.

The great flocks of swans still visit their old haunts every autumn, but for a short time only. No food is found and they go down to the brackish water where vegetable matter is plenty and German carp are unknown. There, if the sportsman wants the swans, he must follow them.

# FROM THE GAME FIELDS.

### A SYMPOSIUM ON GAME BIRDS.

Mr. A. E. Pond, chief warden of the New York State Division L. A. S., has recently sent out a circular letter to a large number of sportsmen, guides, etc., living in various states, asking for information regarding the game birds of their respective districts. The circular reads as follows:

"Being desirous of obtaining some authentic information regarding the game birds of your locality, and knowing you to be an authority on this subject, I beg to ask if, in your opinion, the laws for game protection are all that could be desired. Please give me, on the enclosed sheet, such information as you may care to impart regarding this matter."

Accompanying this were printed the following questions:

Are game birds, such as ducks, grouse, quail, wild turkeys and woodcock increasing in your neighborhood?

If any of these are increasing, which ones?

Are any birds killed out of season?

If so, by whom? Market-hunters, natives or visitors?

Over 30 responses to this circular have been received. I have not room to quote all the answers, but append extracts from a few of them, which show the general tenor of nearly all.

Jas. Blair, Magdalen, Mont., says, "Although there are thousands of ducks, geese, etc., here, yet I notice they are decreasing. I think the season opens too soon. Many birds cannot fly at that time. Swans cannot fly until the middle of September and nearly every young one is killed or caught, and shipped East. The Butte shooters destroy more ducks than anybody else. They kill them by the wagon load, and let them rot."

August Pache, Gleneyre, Col., says "A great many grouse have been killed here in the last few years. The springs have been so late and cold that the hatching has not been good. Coyotes and other predatory animals are on the increase. Many grouse and sage hens are killed by them. Game birds, in my immediate vicinity, are of only 2 kinds—blue grouse and sage hens. The laws in our state are stringent and good, for big and small game, and for fish; but I am sorry to say, they are not enforced, and in my opinion will never be enforced until wardens are appointed, regularly paid, and held responsible for the enforcement of the laws."

A. W. Rundle, Eldred, N. Y., says, "Open season for woodcock should not commence till September 1st, instead of earlier, as gunners invariably bag grouse, as well as woodcock, while the grouse are young and still in coveys."

C. L. Farnham, Avon Park, Fla., says, "The natives here have always killed all kinds of game out of season, but simply for their own use, not for sale. They seldom hunt it, but simply shoot it when they chance upon it, while cow-hunting, etc."

Elliott Rich, Bethel, Maine, says, "Grouse are not nearly as plenty as a few years ago; still they are in fair numbers. The laws are all right, but not enforced as they should be. All other game birds seem to be on the increase—especially woodcock."

W. H. Ackerly, Patchogue, L. I., says, "No ducks killed out of season; but quails and ruffed grouse are often killed and snared, out of season. The laws as to this Great South bay are all right. The ducks cannot be killed from punts, but from batteries they can be killed.

E. M. Reynolds, Alva, Fla., says, "Game birds are decreasing rapidly. They are being killed by so-called sportsmen, and more are killed out of season than in season, by market hunters and natives. Although we have a great many visitors, they do not materially affect our game. The great trouble is that every native, without exception, kills all kinds of game indiscriminately and absolutely regardless of law or season. Venison can be bought every day in the year, in the public meat market of our county seat; and there is not a case on record, in this county, of any person having been punished for violation of game laws, although our laws are fully sufficient for the protection of game, if only enforced."

F. S. Jarvis, Haslin, N. C., says, "We have no grouse in this part of the state, and but few turkeys in my section. I am near the coast and the country is too level for them. Ducks are hunted by oystermen, and Northern sportsmen; consequently they are scarce. Quail and woodcock can never be killed out, here, on account of the amount of cover for them."

W. B. Webb, Ospry, Fla., says, "Very few ducks come here now; probably not 1 to 100 that came 20 years ago. Turkeys have also become very scarce. They are mostly killed by natives. Quail is the only bird that seems to be on the increase. This I think is owing to the destruction of hawks, which every one is anxious to destroy. Furthermore quails are not hunted much, except by tourists, in season."

Leonard Bunting, Greenfield, N. Y., says, "Woodcock are decreasing, because they are easily killed. Grouse hold their own fairly well. Few are killed out of season. Grouse and woodcock should not be shot before the 15th of September, for they are not in good condition. Grouse are not more than half grown on August 15th."

I. O. Hunt, Norcross, Maine, says, "Game birds are not increasing. None are killed out of season. Grouse, ducks and a very few woodcock are all the game birds we have here. The grouse are quite scarce."

W. S. McComas, Havre de Grace, Md., says, "There are about 10,000 pairs of ducks shipped from this city, each season. I don't believe they are really much scarcer, but gunners are more plentiful. Hence the ducks are more disturbed, and are becoming wilder. They do not tarry as long as heretofore. Yes, I must say they are scarcer. They are not killed out of season. The old time 'swivel guns' are of course, outlawed, and are contraband property. They may be seized, wherever found; but have not disappeared entirely. They can still be heard, occasionally, on the flats."

Warren Aldrich, Greenwood Lake, N. Y., says, "The reason birds do not increase here, is because as soon as the law is off we have lots of visitors; and when they can't come, their guides are out alone, killing birds for them when they come. Some visitors send word to the stores that they are coming up, on such a day, and want so many birds; so by the time the law is off the birds are cleaned out."

R. W. Rock, Lake, Idaho, says, "Game birds in this locality are decreasing, on account of the large number killed, out of season. Our game laws are not generally enforced."

M. Corbel, Virginia Beach, Va., says, "Game birds have decreased here, for the past few years, on account of being abused by disloyal citizens, who do not regard the game laws. For the past few years the natives have obstructed the sounds and bays with blinds and boxes, so that the game has to go on South. The game here are swans, geese, ducks, and snipe."

Chas. B. Lane, Good Ground, L. I., says, "I want to call your attention to the way game is driven from our bay. In the first place we want battery shooting prohibited by law. That is the worst thing we have for ducks. It entirely ruins the shooting here, as it drives the game away at once. The next thing we want the life saving men prohibited from shooting. If that is not done goose shooting will be entirely ruined. These men are forbidden to get in the way of gunners, or to shoot for market; but they do it all the same, and shoot every day. They shoot for the market, too. They don't allow a goose to stop in the bay 5 minutes before they are after him. The geese are not allowed to feed, and so leave the bay at once. The life savers drive them out."

## MY FIRST BLACK BEAR.

### H. B. GURLER.

For the past 12 years I have each season, with 2 or 3 exceptions, spent a few days in Northern Michigan, hunting deer. On these trips I make my headquarters at the farm of a lumber company. It was during my third season in the woods that I killed my first bear. I discovered, while looking for deer, that a bear was in the habit of feeding at the slop hole of a lumber camp which had been occupied the previous year. When the lumbermen left they took the sash from the kitchen windows and put them safely away inside. They had also suspended a barrel of syrup by chains to the ridge log in the hallway, between the kitchen and the sleeping room. They evidently knew there was a bear around, and took these precautions to preserve their property. At my first visit to this camp I found the bear had been there but a short time before. The sand he had scratched out of the slop hole, in his search for food, had not yet dried in the sun. This place was 7 miles from any other camp or habitation, and it was a problem to me what to do. I was not acquainted, at that time, with bears, and I had a great respect for them. I had no companion, and hesitated a day or 2 before I decided to try to capture Bruin. I did not have courage to stay alone at the camp over night, to watch for him; so had to make the trip from the farm to this camp—7 miles—daily. A branch of Hood river lay between the 2 places and the only way of crossing was to wade it. This I did, removing my clothes and carrying them over the river to keep them dry. On my second trip I killed a large doe and took her fore quarters to the camp to bait the bear. I put a piece of venison in the slop hole and covered it with an empty butter tub on which I rested one end of a log, so small animals could not get at the meat. Another piece I hung by a strap over the kitchen table. This table was made by squaring logs about 8 inches in diameter, and boring 2 inch holes through them. Then wooden pins were put through these holes to hold the separate parts together.

The remainder of the venison I put in a cracker box nailed to the side of the cabin at a height I could just reach. I did this thinking I might want it to bait the bear later. The next morning the venison under the butter tub was gone, also the piece that was hung over the table. I got on the table and reached into the cracker box, and that was empty. The bear had cleaned up all my venison at his first visit. I made trips in the early morning from the farm 4 times before I got sight of the bear. The fourth morning I found him there and got a shot with my Winchester that knocked him out. I shot down hill from high ground, striking him in the centre of the head, a little in front of the ears. I never killed an animal so dead in all my hunting as I did this bear. I did not suppose it possible to kill a bear so suddenly that it would not move after falling. Once since then I broke a bear's neck, but he struggled for a short time. I have 3 relics from my first bear; a rug from his skin, a watch charm from a claw and a penholder from a bone. It was interesting to study the situation around the old camp. The bear had evidently been feeding and roving around there for some time. There was a greasy trail over the window sill, also on the floor of the hallway under the barrel of syrup. I imagined I could see him marching back and forth under the barrel studying some way to reach it.

I skinned the bear and packed his skin 7 miles to the farm, reaching there at 2 p.m.

Since that time I have lost much of my fear of black bears, as I have found them cowards under most circumstances.

## AN EXPERIENCE WITH LOONS.

HANK HUNKAMUNK.

In 1888, when deer hunting at Witch lake, Northern Michigan, our party discovered 2 loons on the lake. They remained there the 2 weeks we were in camp. From our boat, and from the shore, we often fired at them with Winchester repeaters, but without scoring a hit.

My friend, Peter W——, declared he would whack one of those loons before we broke camp, and he wasted 45-90 cartridges on them, day after day. The day before we pulled out he went down to the shore for a last trial, and I with him to see the fun. The loons were out about 75 yards, and his rifle was sighted for that distance. At the second shot, greatly to my surprise, one of the birds turned bottom up and his white breast lay still on the water. We jumped in our boat, rowed out and picked him up. A big, fine specimen he was, and shot exactly midway through the neck. I wondered that a 45-300 bullet did not cut the head clean off. Two years after, in 1890, I went up to camp again, this time at Fence lake, with my brother and son, and 2 friends. On Fence lake were also 2 loons; and we kept popping at them, as we had at the others. One day we approached the shore through some tall reeds. Before we sighted the water, my brother suggested we go quietly and look for the loons.

We stole cautiously through the reeds to the water and there, within 75 yards, was one of the birds taking his siesta and sunbath. I had with me my single shot Maynard rifle, with Lyman peep. My brother being armed with a 45-90 Winchester, suggested I fire with my more accurate single shot rifle. I wanted that loon badly, and carefully aiming I pulled. I heard the bullet's distinct "ping" as it struck. When the loon was brought to shore, there was the bullet hole directly through the neck, midway, but the head was not severed. Now to have 2 shots just alike, 2 years apart, and I witness them both, struck me as a singular coincidence. Neither of those loons dodged the bullets, and what's more, they could not. The absurd idea, advanced by some old hunters, that, at the flash of a rifle, a loon will dive before the bullet reaches him, got knocked flat in this instance. A friend of mine told me he and a comrade once chased 2 loons on a river, for miles; firing at them repeatedly with shot guns, and that they dived every time and escaped the shot. I imagine they at no time got within 75 to 100 yards, as loons will not allow a closer approach from a boat. Of course when they fired, the birds dived; but the shot never reached them. All this talk of a loon's dodging a rifle ball originated from trying to shoot these birds with shot.

## AN ARKANSAS CAMP.

J. N. HALL.

A company of gentlemen from various contiguous sections of our Western country always look forward to the coming of November, because that means our annual outing is near at hand. This occasion serves as an annual reunion to as congenial a crew as ever tempted a finny strike, or chased a fleeing deer. It is a regular Christmas of a time for us when we get out in the woods, or on the waters of the noble St. Francis.

We had 13 in our party on our last hunt. We got into camp November 19th, and remained a little over one week. Our camp was on what is called Little White Oak, on the banks of the beautiful St. Francis river. Our first care was to ascertain the sort of game we had around us, and to what particular line of sport we would have to adapt ourselves. We soon found deer were scarce, and after one day's hunt we decided to spend but little time on that sort of sport. But duck shooting and fishing were good, and, as most of us liked both, we soon had lots of game in camp.

This is the best duck region I ever saw. There are thousands of acres of sunk lands on both sides of the main channel of the river. The water pepper and moss are fine feed for the fowls, and they are there in great abundance, and are very fat. It is sometimes hard work to reach their feeding grounds, on account of the growth of smart weed and saw grass. One morning Mr. Fonville and I were in our canoe making our way into "Goose Opening" to shoot ducks. I was in the stern of the boat, pushing it over the weeds, when suddenly we pushed over a deep hole, and out I went. As I went down I caught hold of the boat and upset it, and out went Mr. Fonville, too. There we were, 3 miles from camp, cold morning, and soaking wet. Fonville said, "Let's go back to camp." I said, "No, we will make a fire in a stump and dry out." I saw a big hollow snag close by, soon had it blazing, and we had our clothes off, wrung out, and drying. We got on nicely before a roaring fire, and had begun to don our raiment again when the top of the furiously burning snag pitched toward our boat. I jumped out in the water, preferring the bath to the burn. Mr. Fonville caught the burning fagot on his shoulder, but without injury, and dumped it to one side where it caught my trousers, that were hanging on a bush, and burned off one leg before we could rescue them. I was in a fix. I stripped again, dried out and put on what was left of my trousers, and we struck out for deeper water and smoother sailing. We had been out in the main channel of the river only a few minutes when we met another boat with 2 gentlemen and a lady in it and, bless my soul! the lady had on a full suit of men's clothes, except her hat. There I was with trousers off, burned to a crisp, and there was a handsome woman with trousers on. Mr. Fonville suggested that I get up a swap with her, but I had nothing to swap. Don't you think that was hunting under difficulties? But it was so funny to the other boys that I did not care after I got back to camp and borrowed a pair of trousers.

The fishing in St. Francis river is superb. Mr. Ladd and Mr. Lloyd were especially successful in landing a fine lot of bass. It was no trouble to have them take the troll. To put a live minnow in the water was to create a general sensation among the finny gamesters. Our camp was flush with fish and wild ducks all the time, and we remembered the folks at home with a toothsome taste of our luck. Then, too, the fish caught out of that pure running stream of water are the best to be found anywhere. In trolling near the bank, or under the smartweed ledges, we could frequently see the bass or pickerel when they would start for the hook, and could enjoy the decided sport of seeing them as they seized what they thought was their game. They would strike the little red and white bunch of feathers with a righteous vengeance.

Squirrels were also abundant where we were camped. Those who did not care to go on the water could and did have fine sport in killing them. They were fat, and it is hard to find a better piece of meat for camp use than a good fat squirrel.

Judge McGlothlin and J. Ramsey also supplied us with some nice fat turkeys which they succeeded in bringing down. I think some of the other boys got some turkeys, but have forgotten who it was.

The regular visits of your splendid magazine are very much appreciated by your many readers in this section of the country. You are certainly giving us an interesting monthly. Success to you.

## A PARADISE IN THE BITTER ROOTS.

Stevensville, Mont.

Editor RECREATION: The Bitter Root valley is in the extreme Western part of Montana, and for those fond of fishing and hunting, no better place can be found.

The Bitter Root river, a large stream, runs through the valley and is fed from the ice cold springs in canyons which seam the mountains many miles back. The waters of both river and canyons are full of gamy and luscious mountain trout. Often these streams issue from lakes many miles back, and the lakes, too, are full of trout that take the fly more readily than those in or near the river, as they are not fished for so often.

One known as Burnt Fork lake, distant from here 2 days' travel with pack horses, is possibly the best fishing place near here. Trout have been caught there weighing 12 pounds. The last time I was at this lake, it showed evidence that some greedy outfit had used giant powder in the water, leaving many dead fish on the banks. The lake is possibly ¾ of a mile long by ⅜ of a mile wide, and is encircled, except at its outlet, by high mountains. There are also 7 or 8 other small lakes near this, their waters emptying into the river 30 miles from the mouth of Burnt Fork creek. Near these lakes are a few large meadows or basins which are literally cut to pieces with deer tracks and game trails. Here also are found some bear and elk. The latter are difficult to find, and hunters are generally satisfied if they can get a black-tail deer.

In the forepart of November of last year, a party of 4, together with a driver, who returned home the same day, went to the head of Woodchuck creek, 20 miles from Stevensville. We made camp, cooked supper, and before dark took a little stroll up the mountains to locate the country for our first day's hunt. After a careful investigation of the surroundings we returned to camp and retired for the night. At early dawn we, Jos. Little, who weighs 275 pounds, Clyde Hatch, John Foust, one of the best guides and hunters in Montana. and I, started for our hunt. John and Clyde took the North side of the creek and had been gone from camp about an hour when they jumped a band of 7 elk, but owing to their distance did not get a shot. They followed them all day, and that evening about sun down we heard the report of a rifle and counted 3 shots in quick succession. When he returned to camp, John brought the liver of a large elk. The 3 shots he fired all took effect. Any one would have proved fatal, but it is impossible to knock one of those large animals down with a rifle shot unless that shot is through the head. This elk ran about 150 yards before it fell. One ball had pierced the heart, one the lungs, and the other the liver.

Climbing mountains at a pretty stiff gait is not in my line of business and I do not care to be hurried. I picked as my hunting companion that morning the small boy "Bold Joe," for I knew I could out run him if it became necessary, and I also knew there were a few grizzlies in that country. Soon after leaving camp we found the tracks of 3 white-tail deer. We followed them all day but did not get a glimpse of the deer. The mountains were thickly covered with small fir, and in most places we could not see more than 15 steps ahead of us.

Our next day was spent in skinning and packing the elk which was killed the previous day. To get it in we had to quarter it and each man carried a quarter to camp, 1½ miles away.

The third day Clyde was successful in killing a bull calf. "Bold Joe" and I also brought down a bull which weighed, after being dressed, about 600 pounds. When we stumbled on to this big fellow, we both fired. One bullet went through the lungs, the other through the lower part of the heart. The elk ran about 150 yards before falling. The following day we dressed and packed them into camp, and this was the hardest day's work of all. The next morning our driver, Bill Asa, arrived with team and wagon. Noon found us on our way home, feeling happy, as we had about 1,300 pounds of dressed elk meat to hang up in the meat house at home.

E. K. M.

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## THE WOODCHUCK AS A GAME ANIMAL.

ANGUS BALLARD.

Among the smaller animals of the Northern and Eastern States and the lower Canadian provinces is one whose gamy qualities are often overlooked by those who enjoy hunting. This animal is known in New England and New York as the woodchuck, in Pennsylvania and the middle West as the groundhog, and our scientific friends call him *Arctomys monax*.

Unlike most American wild animals, woodchucks are increasing instead of being exterminated. This is because they have few natural enemies; are of no commercial value or utility; and as cultivated fields have taken the place of woodland their opportunities for subsistence have been greatly increased.

The woodchuck's most congenial habitat is a hillside meadow sloping to the East or South. They are, however, apparently more influenced in choice of location by the kind of food immediately available and the matter of "cover" for their burrows, than by configuration of ground. They are never found on wet, swampy ground, rarely on land subject even to occasional overflow, and they are seldom seen in timber except sometimes at the extreme edge of a forest. Their favorite burrowing places are under old pine stumps or logs in meadows or rich pastures, along rail fences or under stone piles. If a clump of briers surrounds the burrow so much the better. The woodchuck is a retiring individual and from his youth up prefers to see without being seen. The stump or fence under which he makes his burrow is useful to him by affording a place from which to ascertain whether the coast is clear before venturing out for refreshments.

In cleared fields, in clover meadows, and where no artificial cover can be had for the burrow, the woodchuck shows his native resourcefulness. In such a place there is nothing to conceal the big pile of earth thrown out in the excavation of the burrow. This pile soon becomes conspicuous, and is an unsafe place from which to make observations. So, from below, a hole or 2 is dug to the surface, all the dirt removed being taken to the main opening, and from this "blind," 15 or 20 feet from where the burrow appears to be, the occupant, with only his eyes above the surface, will quietly note what is going on outside. It is not common for these blind openings to be used in going into the burrow, and they are so inconspicuous as to be easily overlooked by a man at a distance of 10 yards.

In feeding, *Arctomys monax* rarely goes 100 feet from his "hole," more commonly not 50 feet away, and at short intervals raises his head to see that everything is quiet. At longer intervals he rises on his hind feet and makes more extended observations. Any unfamiliar sound or motion will cause him to stop feeding and look around, and its repetition will send him skurrying underground in a moment.

It is seldom a man can get within 75 to 100 yards of an old woodchuck except by taking advantage of the cover afforded by stumps, trees, rocks, etc., and by being as still as a cat in his movements.

Dogs are the woodchuck's natural enemy, but only a wise dog has any business with a full-grown groundhog. I have many times seen a dog whipped to a standstill by an old woodchuck of not ¼ the canine's weight. On the other hand, I have seen dogs so small as not to be able to lift a large woodchuck from the ground, yet who, from knowledge of the habits of the animal could catch and kill a big fellow right on open ground.

Woodchucks are essentially rifle game, and to hunt them successfully, even where they are numerous, requires careful observation, patience and first-class practical marksmanship. The difficulty of killing them is materially increased by the constantly varying conditions under which one shoots. At one time the hunter will come unexpectedly on his game, within 20 or 30 yards, or it will pop up its head from a blind opening, and a shot (if made at all) will have to be at a target the size of an apple, off-hand and quickly, at the risk of overshooting by not properly allowing for the trajectory at the short range. The next shot will be at one standing erect 50 or 75 yards away. Here, if one is not careful, he will worse than miss by shooting at the middle of the animal, striking below a vital spot and only making an injury which will cause a slow death, the woodchuck meantime getting into his burrow. The next opportunity for a shot will be at some distance too great to guess accurately, anywhere from 150 to 200 yards, up a hill or across a gully, and to complicate matters your game has seen you and is half concealed at the entrance of the hole. In this case the shot must be placed so as to kill him instantly or he will be lost. One shot will be with the wind, another against it, the next with the light behind you, another with the sun in your eyes, and so on; 2 successive shots rarely being made under similar conditions.

In most cases a slight miscalculation of distance would result in a miss, or worse, an animal only maimed. In long shots, too, windage must be considered.

For sport the best time to hunt these animals is from the first of August till late in September, or until they hibernate. By this season the young are enough sophisticated to make it some sport to get them, and such fields as they will be found in will have been cropped. The chucks come out to feed soon after sunrise while the grass is yet moist from dew, and again late in the afternoon, more than at any other time of day; but some will be out at almost any hour, if not frequently disturbed. A sharp shower followed by bright sunshine will bring them out in force at any hour. At such times they will not stay in their burrows more than a few minutes even if driven in. But let one which has had his fill be frightened, and no more will be seen of him till the next day.

The woodchuck has one habit which strongly suggests his kinship to the whistling marmot of the West. As is generally understood, the marmot received his descriptive name from his habit of whistling. It may not be so well known that the woodchuck of the Eastern States has a similar habit, though practiced under slightly different circumstances.

In the middle of summer it is not uncommon, where the woodchuck is numerous, to hear, just before dusk, its sharp, chuckling whistle at intervals of 2 or 3 minutes. But unlike the marmot this call is never given by the woodchuck unless he is well concealed. The call begins with an extremely shrill short whistle, followed by one of lower pitch given with a sort of chuckling sound and a *diminuendo* ending. It is rarely, if ever, heard except just at dusk and then in the concealment of briers or other cover right at the mouth of the burrow. What purpose is served by this practice I have never been able to determine.

Often when surprised some distance from the burrow and chased in either by a man or dog, a woodchuck, just as he goes into the ground, will utter a shrill whistle which is an abbreviation of the call above described. It has a saucy sound, and almost suggests a challenge to the pursuer; but is more an alarm call, than anything else.

In hunting these little animals there is ample opportunity for the display of marksmanship of a high order. To make such shots as will kill them where they stand, will tax the skill even of an expert target shooter. To be sure, the range is not often 200 yards, but the unknown and constantly varying distances and conditions more than offset the shortened range.

The selection of a rifle to hunt them with depends on what else, if anything, the shooter purposes doing with it. Were I selecting a rifle for this shooting alone, I should get a Stevens .32-40, of the Schuetzen pattern, 10 to 12 pounds in weight, or in other words, the finest target rifle made, suitable for any range up to 300 yards. This rifle can be depended on to keep its shots within a 3¾ inch circle at 200 yards. If I wanted something nearer an all-round gun, I should get a .30-30 or a .32-40 Marlin repeater, with special smokeless steel barrel and fitted with Lyman sights. Either of these latter guns, with properly reloaded cartridges, would suffice for any game from squirrels to bear or moose.

After getting an outfit for shooting, be careful how you shoot and where, and then hunt more with the camera than with the rifle, leaving some game for those who may come after you.

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### A GOOD PLACE TO LIVE.

We have good shooting here. Our main sport is on Chinese pheasants, which were plentiful the past season. A friend and I were out the first day of the open season, and got 20 each, which is the limit. In 3 hours we saw at least 500 birds and flushed bevies of from 6 to 75. They soon scatter and are then not so easy to get. A pheasant with a broken wing can outrun the average foot racer, with an even start. They are at times hard for a dog to work. The dog will make a point and instead of putting the bird up, will have to take the trail again; sometimes repeating that a dozen times before getting the bird up.

Beside the Chinese pheasant, we have blue grouse and ruffed grouse. Quails are found, morning and evening, in the grain fields close to the timber. In the heat of the day they stay along the streams, in the willows. The season closes December 1st, on these birds. We have fairly good shooting on geese, ducks and jack snipes, all through the winter. From May 1 to about

June 15 we have plenty of wild pigeons. There are many deer and a few bears in the Cascade mountains, within one or 2 days' drive from here. Our lakes and streams afford abundance of trout and grayling.

Winchester Repeater, Albany, Ore.

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GAME NOTES.

Fishing is always good in the Squamish river, 30 miles from Vancouver, British Columbia. In the fall, when the river is low, the Indians send tons of trout to market. The fish are the Dolly Varden variety, good fighters and hard to handle.

Game is plentiful in this section; deer, bear, grouse, ducks and geese abound.

I noticed, in RECREATION, a question relative to the wild pigeon. When the farmers are sowing their grain, flocks of wild pigeons settle in the fields and in the trees, and good sport is had in pigeon shooting. I don't know if these are the same species of bird that used to be so abundant, but I am inclined to think they are.

RECREATION is much appreciated by lovers of legitimate sport here. I think the B. C. readers might give you a little more correspondence, as this is a great country for sport.

If any of the boys pay this section a visit, I shall be glad to give them all the information I can as to the best localities for hunting and fishing.

G. C. Leonard, Vancouver, B. C.

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Cooke Rhea is the best guide I ever saw. On the 16th of October we trailed and killed a large silver tip bear. It was my first. He had been coming to our traps for 2 weeks, but we could not get him in them. He would spring them, again and again, and then eat all he wanted. We got our first light snow on the evening of the 15th, and by noon of the 16th we had our bear. I was ahead on his trail. I saw him jump and run from his bed. At the first shot, over he went, roaring, and I never let him get up until he quit. Then he went down the mountain and out into the willows on Elk river before we caught up with him again. He had both front legs broken and 2 shots in the side, but he tried to get away. I tried to hit him in the ear, but shot low and broke his lower jaw. When he got up again he was facing us, and I put a bullet in the centre of his head. I was using a .30-40 Winchester, and it simply smashed his head all to pieces. Think the .30-40 is the best gun ever made.

R. W. Hill, Elyria, O.

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Editor RECREATION: Soon after reading the article in RECREATION entitled "Reckless Shooting," by E. A. Brininstool, I read the following in a newspaper:

> "Some Maine woodchoppers wear cow-bells to avoid being shot, through mistake, by hunters. They say they would rather be taken for a cow than for a deer."

It hardly seems possible a person could mistake a man for a deer, although I know it has been done. A person who would shoot at any object without knowing just what it is, ought to be prohibited, by law, from ever handling a gun.

Game is quite plentiful here on Coos bay. Ducks, geese and salmon in the fall and early winter, and all sizes of trout at all times of the year, although fly fishing is good only at certain times. Bears, elk, deer, panthers, wildcats, coons, otters, minks, martins, fishers, grouse, pheasants and snipe inhabit the surrounding woods and marshes.

E. G. H., Coos River, Ore.

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The following "official score" is copied from an article by "L. E. B.," published in an alleged sportsmen's paper, and is given as the result of a 3 days' hunt.

| | Reed Birds. | Rail Birds. | Other Birds. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Judge A. M. Beitler | 124 | 396 | 13 |
| John F. Betz | 113 | 327 | 15 |
| C. L. Warfield | 82 | 282 | 9 |
| H. A. Davis | 74 | 226 | 12 |
| J. L. Goode | 63 | 214 | 11 |
| C. B. Kugler | 59 | 211 | 8 |
| W. B. Gill | 41 | 183 | 10 |
| Le Roy E. Brown | 30 | 170 | 9 |
| | 586 | 2,009 | 87 |

The writer states farther:

"This does not represent the actual number killed, as many were lost." He also says the above named gentlemen (?), except "L. E. B.," hail from Philadelphia.

B. C. B.

He should have said "the above named hogs."—EDITOR.

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I enclose you a clipping from one of our local papers as a sample of Nebraska vandalism. RECREATION is very popular here in Lincoln. Will you please give us some roast pork in the next number?

A. E. Porter.

Here is the record:

> John M. Fairfield and Forry Moore have returned from a shooting trip near Woodlake, Neb., and they report excellent sport and good luck. The latter is evidenced by the fact that they brought back 225 ducks to distribute to their friends.
>
> Of the ducks bagged, 160 were red-heads, 24 were mallards, 2 were canvas-backs, 6 were teals and the rest widgeons.

It is difficult to roast 2 such big hogs as these. Hell is supposed to be the only place where there is a fire big enough and hot enough to do this variety justice. Give me something easy, Brother Porter.—EDITOR.

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John G. McLeod, of Lookout, Wash., raked in one 6 point buck, 5 wild cats, and a few mink as his share of last fall's sport.

I didn't get out, even for a grouse. All your pot shots at the hogs of the woods and streams are watched with interest by us. You are doing a noble work, and if the hogs find it too hot, they must keep out of range. We have a gang near here who hunt deer with hounds, at all seasons, in violation of a State law and sportsmanlike decency. Their names will be spoken "right out in meetin'," one of these days. They are devoid of shame, mere butchers, not capable of a single sportsmanlike feeling.

Fred. G. Abbey, Lookout, Wash.

I am pleased with the way you slaughter game hogs. Am a rifle crank myself, but what I shoot I eat. It makes me hot under the collar to see men leaving the city with shotguns, 3 or 4 dogs, and each man with a ferret in one pocket and a bottle of whisky in another. They say they are going "hunting," but they go intending to kill all they can, and, in most cases, do not spare even song birds. God speed the day when such men will be forced to "assume a virtue, if they have it not," and act like sportsmen, though they be butchers at heart. G. W. Jones, Cleveland, O.

I find many punches at the game hogs, but I think you have overlooked one—on page 215, May issue. E. G. Gardner, Chetco, Curry Co., Ore., says he killed 72 deer last winter. Is that not a large number of deer for one man to kill? I think it is. I killed 13 last season, and I have been calling myself a hog all winter; but 72! I, with my 13, have just got a start. Our game law on deer is, open season, August 1st to December 1st. Seventy-two deer in 16 weeks is 4½ deer a week. There is a suspicion of bristles and slop.

G. B. Dennick, Waldport, Ore.

In the fall of 1894, I went with a party to the Flat Top mountains along Williams river, Rio Blanco county, Colorado. It is a paradise for game of all kinds. Elk, deer and bear are found in great numbers. There are also a few mountain sheep. If you wish to hunt antelope go to Twenty mile park. Small game of all kinds is plentiful. I shot a 15 point buck, and was also fortunate enough to kill a 6 point elk, in fine condition. Williams river contains both salmon trout and brook trout. The scenery is grand.

Albert J. Ruoff, Hamilton, O.

Quails are abundant here and there are plenty of deer and turkeys, 40 to 80 miles from here. All we need is game protection. All hunting is done with hounds and consequently the game is being driven out.

If protected this is going to be a great quail country. I have killed about 50 birds this season and now the flocks do not seem to be in the least wild. We have a ranch of 500 acres and there are 6 coveys, together containing about 200 birds, on the place. R. A. Radle, Chapin, Mo.

A sportsman's club, to be known as the Recreation Shooting Club, has been formed in this city, with the following officers: Dr. L. A. Richmond, president; P. C. Weeks, vice-president; W. T. Sanborn, secretary and treasurer. W. H. Thomas, A. D. Black, W. B. Armstrong, standing committee; Harry Pierce, measurer; Arthur Dodge, keeper of targets; E. W. Dodge, Challenger; W. A. Shepardson, C. C. and B. W. P.; A. D. Rich, caterer.

Everett (Mass.), Republican.

I see our State Game Warden, Mr. Henry W. Loveday, ran down to Bloomington, our County Seat, last week and placed in the hands of Prosecuting Attorney Fleming, 78 counts against a number of violators of our game laws—who have been shipping game, out of season, to the Chicago markets. Their shipments were seized and their names placed on the docket in court. The penalty is $50 for each count, and costs in addition. Thank God for small favors.

Daniel Arrowsmith, LeRoy, Ill.

We have a gun club of 15 to 20 members, whose president is a thorough sportsman; so much so, in fact, that he fails to note the opening and closing of the season. I should not care to class him with the game hogs, yet I think he might find some more suitable fertilizer for his land than the surplus game he can not make use of. He would better have a care or some one will write up him and 2 or 3 more of his ilk, for RECREATION some day.

G. W. Ward, Hallstead, Pa.

We have good shooting in this section, although game is not so plentiful as it used to be. Within the past 2 or 3 years jack rabbits have become numerous and many are shot during the winter. Two golden eagles were shot here last winter, but they are scarce. There are a few wolves and coons, and numerous squirrels and common rabbits. In the fall we have prairie chickens, ducks, and some quails.

F. L. Wood, Stewartville, Minn.

While hunting in Minnesota, in the fall of 1897, I shot a small deer through the right fore leg and heart, and she fell dead in her tracks. Her weight when drawn was 82 pounds. This statement will probably not suit G. B. who says, in April RECREATION, that no animal can be instantly killed by a heart shot. He should learn that a thing may be true even if it does not jibe with his experience.

C. V. M., Humboldt, Ia.

We are in one of the finest game countries in the West, and are getting our place in shape to accommodate tourists and hunters. We are on a beautiful stream, at the foot of the mountains. Deer, elk, antelope, mountain sheep, mountain lions and bear, are abundant. Sage chicken and willow grouse shooting is good and the trout fishing is excellent. Game wintered well.

W. G. Warren, Big Piney, Wyo.

We were camped in the Tionestic valley last summer for more than a week. Caught only 17 trout, but had a fine time. There are a few deer in that section, but they are hunted out of season, by licks, and jacks. One night, while on Brown run, about 11 o'clock, we heard the report of a gun. At the head of the creek, the next day, we found a runway, and a lick, which we destroyed.

C. S. Beals, Salamanca, N. Y.

The legislature of Virginia recently passed a bill making it unlawful to ship any game out of the State. This bill was badly needed in Virginia, for, during the past game season, Bishop Bros., of Monterey, Va., shipped thousands of grouse and hundreds of wild turkeys and deer, killed by the swine of that section, who made it a business to slaughter everything they came across.

A. E. Dabney, Staunton, Va.

Game is quite plentiful here. It consists of deer, grouse, rabbits, foxes, ducks, snipes and once in a great while a goose. Deer seem to be especially plentiful. I have a .44-calibre Winchester, and the other day I and several others went out to try and get a crack at one. We succeeded in starting 2, getting within 20 rods of the last one; but could not see him on account of the brush.

W. E. Spaulding,
Dresden Centre, N. Y.

We are afflicted here with the genus (hog) who hunt for what there is in it. One of them claims, for one day, 42 quails, 5 grouse, 7 rabbits, and 2 woodcock. I told him he was either a liar or a hog. Of course he knows which class he belongs to. Quail were plentiful here last fall, but the bristled gentleman got in his work, almost before the season opened.

DeMorest, Leslie, Mich.

Game is scarce here. There is little but rabbits and squirrels. It was too dry last fall for ducks, and the chickens were nearly all shot in July and August. Chicken season commences September 15. There are no quails, nor have there been any for several years, on account of out of season shooting. I like the way you give it to the hogs.

W. R. J., Chemung, Ill.

There are plenty of quails and grouse here. They have wintered well and, with a good summer for breeding, we will have fine shooting next fall. The shooting season should open 2 weeks later than it does under our present law.

The prohibition of spring shooting prevents us from getting any snipe, as they leave here before September 1st.

P. D. Northrop, Penyann, Mich.

Wolves are on the increase all the time, and the damage done by them each year is beyond my estimation. It is hardly possible to ride on the range and not see 5 or 6 coyotes or wolves. The only way to get rid of them is for the State to offer a bounty of $10 or $15 on wolves and $5 on coyotes. Then in the course of 2 or 3 years there would not be many left.

J. H. Soper, Cora, Mont.

There is not much game here. I killed about 20 birds last fall, mostly grouse. I go to Nova Scotia or Canada every fall, for 2 or 3 weeks' vacation. I got 59 birds near Greenfield, N. S., last fall, chiefly woodcock. There are lots of birds, but it is not a very good place to shoot, as there is so much brush. I have an excellent English setter.

W. D. Johnston, Marlboro, Mass.

There was never a finer prospect for quails and turkeys than we have now. A few days ago, I stood on my porch and counted 8 wild hen turkeys in my lot, convoyed by a magnificent gobbler. Large quantities of grain were sowed, so there will be plenty of quails if the pot hunters will give them a show.

J. R. Buford, Lawrenceville, Brunswick, Va.

We have a great deal of game in this section. Grouse are common. One man last fall killed over 250 grouse within a month. Trout fishing is also very good.

J. J. Murphy, Mitchell, Mont.

And if you allow this kind of slaughter to go on the time will soon come when you wont have 250 grouse in your whole country.—Editor.

We now have a road opened through from here to Teton basin, making a saving of 60 miles to Jackson's Hole. This is a good town for tourists to outfit in. All tourists who desire to go to the Park via Jackson's Hole should bear in mind that Idaho Falls is now the railroad station, instead of Market Lakes, as formerly.

Dr. F. B. Jones, Idaho Falls, Idaho.

In the fall we have duck and snipe shooting; in summer good bass fishing.

C. F. Boyd, Bath, Ill.

A number of the sportsmen in this town have clubbed together and purchased 15 dozen quails from Indian Territory, which they have turned loose on the ranches close to town. This is a move in the right direction, and if they are properly looked after there is no reason why they should not do well.

R. E. Hooyar, Canon City, Col.

Had splendid quail shooting in this country last fall. My Irish setters, Jap and Lou, and my new gun as usual led the procession. There are plenty of birds left to insure fine sport for next year, if we have a favorable season. All true sportsmen approve the stand RECREATION takes against game hogs.

Will N. Arterburn, Standish, Mo.

I live near the South loop in Buffalo Co., Nebraska, and never saw quails so plentiful as they were last fall. Chickens were also quite numerous. The game law in Nebraska does not amount to much, but we stayed by what little we have, and have plenty of birds left for seed.

A. J. Stovers, Majors, Neb.

Deer in this part of the country have been killed off by pot and hide hunters, and the fish by dams and sawdust. It seems almost impossible to convict a man here for destroying game in any way, as the lawyers seem to stand in with the mill men and the game hogs.

J. C. Cowgill, Chattaroy, Wash.

I had a pleasant trip to Haslin, N. C., last fall. There was not much duck shooting, but quails were abundant, for the time of year, and must be fine, earlier. Mr. F. P. Latham I found pleasant. He has good dogs, understands the game, and has a comfortable house.

Howard Fuguet, Philadelphia, Pa.

The quail season opened with lots of birds. But there would be many more if we knew a way of catching those who shoot them out of season. I have been told of several parties doing this, but cannot learn their names.

What good do the game wardens do?

Geo. Terrell, Columbiana, O.

This is a great moose country, but I am sorry to say the slaughter of them was great last season. Unless the season is shortened and the sale of game prohibited in 5 years there will not be a representative of the monarch of the forest left.

John M. Thomson, Sheet Harbor, N. S.

You deserve unlimited praise for your treatment of the game hogs, who do not deserve earth room.

H. D. Kirkover, Jr., Fredonia, N. Y.

There is nothing in this section to shoot but rabbits, squirrels and a few quails. Much game is killed in the close season here but not by any true sportsmen. We have a lot of fish and game hogs who care nothing for the law.

F. H. Churchill, Marseilles, Ill.

All my subscribers are well pleased with RECREATION except one or 2 of them who are game hogs. Of course you roast them some, and I hope you will continue to do so until there is not a game hog in the country.

J. H. Hale, Audubon, Ia.

Deer and grouse are plentiful here, with an occasional bruin; also, a number of that species of animal that wears bristles. Give it to them. RECREATION is the thing. They should have rings put in their snouts.

Edgar Chisholm, Princeton, Me.

There are yet a great many hunters who need the education to be absorbed from RECREATION, in order that they may inherit the better name of sportsmen in all the term is now construed to mean.

G. W. Humes, Potsdam, N. Y.

I had my first moose hunt last fall and was fortunate enough to get a magnificent bull. We hunted in the extreme Northern part of the State, near the Canadian line, and had a very enjoyable trip.

J. W. Gilboy, St. Paul, Minn.

I was in Florida on a hunting trip last fall. Game was plentiful the first part of the season but scarce later, as it was much shot over. RECREATION is the finest sportsmen's periodical published.

Chas. G. Law, Tallahassee, Florida.

The dogs destroy more deer in this country than the hunters do, by great odds. If we could banish dogs from our woods, the deer would increase, in spite of all the still hunters could kill.

Seth Nelson, Round Island, Pa.

There are more quails on my land at present than for 10 years before. I have not shot one for 2 years. Last winter I got one deer, one small bear, 3 foxes and 5 chicken hawks.

Samuel Matter, Loganton, Pa.

A lady residing in this vicinity recently killed a 6 point bull elk. Her husband cannot kill anything; but she is well able to keep the family in meat.

M. P. Dunham, Ovando, Mont.

In the month of November, last, I shot 12 rabbits and 2 grouse, with a single barrel shotgun.

E. W. Lane, Dexter, Me.

## FISHING ON LITTLE BEAVER.

### A. R. FRISBIE.

"Lay aside your business for a few days and take a trip with me to Little Beaver. I have an idea we can catch a trout or 2, if conditions are at all favorable."

Thus spoke my friend, George C., on a beautiful evening early in June. At about that time of the year one always has a burning desire to seek some trout brook, anyway; and as I knew George to be a capital companion and a skillful fly caster, I accepted his invitation with alacrity.

Since the opening of the season on June 1st, several good catches had been reported from the Beaver and its tributaries. The weather was fine, the light spring rains having left the creeks in good shape for fishing. So with light hearts and great expectations we set out the following day for Fancher's, 18 miles distant, where we purposed spending the night. Then we were to make ready for the hard trip of the succeeding day, which we knew must be made before good fishing grounds could be reached.

Fancher's place, well known to anglers in this vicinity, is a beautiful ranch nestled in the mountains at the head waters of the Beaver proper, a short distance from where Little Beaver and West Beaver unite, and within sight of the majestic Pike's Peak.

Before the days of Cripple creek these streams afforded good fishing; but since the advent of mills and prospectors, which now cover the hills, reminding one of bee hives, the trout have left the main stream for more secluded haunts.

We made a few casts that evening but the willow fly, or "yellow Sally" (*Chloroperla viridis*), on which the trout feed, were just beginning to move, and the fish were too well fed to be tempted by our artificial flies.

We induced Mr. Fancher to accompany us as guide, on the morrow, after agreeing to implicitly follow his instructions, and long after we retired for the night we could hear him about the old camp house, making ready the paraphernalia for the trip. By 4 o'clock the following morning we had eaten a hearty breakfast, and just as the sun was peeping over the hills and illuminating the mountains with a brilliant light, which betokened a clear day, we started on our journey. Each of us rode a hardy broncho and carried necessary equipment, which included a jointed steel rod with an assortment of flies, leaders, etc., and a small supply of provisions, coffee pot and frying pan.

For 5 hours we struggled over the mountains, now and then following an almost obliterated cow trail, but a greater part of the time allowing our animals to pick the way, until by dint of hard riding and considerable walking we arrived at East Beaver. This we found a beautiful brook, between high mountains, lined on either side by willows and quaking asp. The industrious beaver had taken possession of the stream and had, in places, transformed it into deep pools of clear, cool water, the ideal home of the big brook trout. As we reached the top of the divide overlooking the valley through which the stream ran, and beheld the beautiful panorama spread out before us, so grand and yet so desolate, we were filled with admiration at the delightful view.

While 2 of us made camp and cared for the tired animals George rigged his tackle, with a royal coachman and a brown hackle, and in less time than it takes to tell it had landed a fine trout, thus solving the problem of fish or no fish. It was the work of but a few moments to capture enough for our noonday meal, to which we were in condition to do ample justice. Dinner over we started in for fun, and for the next few hours had the most lively sport any of us had ever enjoyed. We soon learned that nothing but the royal coachman would tempt the capricious trout and accordingly used no other that day, stringing our lines with 4 foot single leaders and 2 flies. The trout were ravenous and on several occasions, when casting from 20 to 30 feet into one of the beaver ponds, I caught 2 nice ones at one time.

They stopped rising, however, at about 4 o'clock, a cool rain having set in, and, on comparing notes when we reached camp, we found we had 80 trout, ranging in length from 6 to 12 inches.

The beaver dams and the heavy growth of willows and quaking asp made fishing difficult, in places, but the gameness of the trout more than repaid us for the bruises and wettings we got. Where is the man who has ever cast a fly, and enjoyed that thrilling sensation experienced when a gamy trout strikes it, who would not bear fatigue and privation, for a repetition of that pleasure?

We bivouaced that night on the soft side of a log, after disposing of a goodly number of our catch, and on the following morning started out to finish our sport. The fish did not bite at all until nearly 10 o'clock, when they started in with a rush, and for the next 2 hours we were kept busy crawling over logs and brush and unhooking our trout.

When we were ready, that afternoon, to start on the homeward trip we had a fine lot of dressed trout in our saddle bags, the largest, 16 inches long, having been caught by me in a deep hole, by baiting with grasshopper and using a sinker. The honor of the largest catch fell as usual to the champion, George. Each of us has had many pleasant experiences with the wary trout in Colorado waters, but this trip was voted the best of all.

### LYING FOR THE BELT.

Pendleton, Ore.

Editor RECREATION: A party of 5 gentlemen met at a summer resort, Binghams Springs, Oregon, a pretty place, where the hot springs are a sure cure for all complaints of the human race. These gentlemen (I being one of the number), were lounging on the porch, enjoying the lovely evening and the roar of the stream close by. Naturally, discussion waxed high on the topic of trout fishing. Our friend, an Englishman, became quite enthusiastic. He related a number of his experiences in Scotland. One particular experience of his greatly interested us. He was informed there was a king trout which no one could land, and he determined to tackle it. He studied the surroundings, and silently crawled 100 yards or more, without making the least noise, to the pool. Silently he cast his fly. There was a splash and his line and reel sang. Then the battle commenced and raged for an hour. When he thought he had tired the fish out he stooped to pull him ashore. Whirrrrrrh! went the reel again. The work had to be done over. The honor of England was at stake. To be conquered was to lose all. By careful manipulation, and with the assistance of a small boy, he landed the fish safely.

"Sirs," said he to us, "it was the proudest moment of my life."

"What did it weigh?" inquired one present.

"About 2 an a arf pounds," said he.

"Oh! Oh!" said we all. Seeing one of our particular friends wink, we all settled back again to listen to his story. But he merely said, that at Walker Lake, Nevada, it was a common practice to catch trout with a 5 pound fish as bait.

"Sir!" Our Englishman was on his feet in a moment. "Impossible!"

"Why, my dear fellow, can you be sane?" Before he could get his answer I chipped in, saying,

"Why, Charley, that is nothing. Two of my friends left San Francisco one day, for Truckee, to enjoy the beautiful scenery, fishing on the coast. Arriving at Truckee, they secured pack horses and traveled to Lake Tahoe. There they pitched tent, and were soon in the land of slumbers. At an early hour one of them awoke, dressed and fixed his trout outfit, thinking to catch a few fish for breakfast. As you all know, the California side of Lake Tahoe is a forest and the other side is a desert for 25 miles in a direct line to Carson. My friend cast his line into the waters of the lake and felt a pretty stout pull. Next he became aware that he was going at a terrific rate through the water. Naturally, self-preservation was the uppermost idea in his mind, so he clung to his pole. Next thing he knew he was sitting at table in the Arlington Hotel, at Carson, eating some of that same trout." Our English friend, with considerable exertion and without a word, raised his hat to us, bowed profoundly, and with all the dignity possible, walked away.

J. E. K.

### KEY TO THE SPECIES OF LUCIUS.

*a.* Cheeks entirely scaly; branchiostegals 11 to 16. KENOZA (an Indian name of the pike, variously spelled by authors):

*b.* Opercles entirely scaly; dorsal rays 11 to 14; color greenish, barred or reticulated with darker.

*c.* Branchiostegals normally 12 (11 to 13); scales in lateral line 105 to 108; dorsal rays 11 or 12; anal rays 11 or 12; snout short, the middle of eye nearer tip of lower jaw than posterior margin of opercle. Species of small size, the fins unspotted.

*d.* Head short, 3 4-7 in length of body; snout 2½ in length of head; eye 2 2-3 in length of snout. Color dark green; sides with about 20 distinct curved blackish bars; fins plain. americanus.

*dd.* Head longer, 3¼ in length of body; snout 2 1-5 in length of head; eye 2½ in length of snout. Color light greenish, the sides with many narrow curved streaks of darker; these usually distinct, irregular, and much reticulated; fins plain. vermiculatus.

*cc.* Branchiostegals 14 to 16; dorsal rays 14; anal 13; scales in lateral line about 125; middle of eye midway between tip of lower jaw and posterior margin of opercle; head about 3 1-3 in length of body; snout 2 1-3 in head; eye 3½ in snout. Color greenish, with many narrow dark curved lines and streaks, mostly horizontal and more or less reticulated; fins plain. reticulatus.

*bb.* Opercles with the lower half bare of scales; branchiostegals 14 to 16; dorsal rays 16 or 17; anal rays 13 or 14; scales in lateral line about 123; head 3¼ in length of body; snout 2 2-5 in length of head; eye 3 in snout; middle of eye midway between tip of lower jaw and gill opening. Color grayish, with many whitish spots, the young with whitish or yellowish crossbars; dorsal, anal, and caudal spotted with black; a white horizontal band bounding naked portion of opercle. Size large. lucius.

MASCALONGUS (*masca*, mask; *longus*, long):*

*aa.* Cheeks as well as opercles with the lower half naked; branchiostegals 17 to 19; dorsal rays 17; anal rays 15; scales in lateral line about 150; middle of eye midway between tip of lower jaw and gill opening; head 3 2-3 in length of body; snout 2 1-3 in head; eye more than 4 times in length of snout. Color dark gray, the sides usually with scattered round black spots, sometimes immaculate, sometimes banded with dark; fins spotted with black; size very large. masquinongy.

### THE SHOVEL NOSED STURGEON.

In a recent RECREATION is the following: "I saw D. T. Smith land a 17¼ pound shovel mouth cat, on a 4 ounce rod."

I should like to know what a "shovel mouth cat" is. We have here in the Mississippi, a fish locally called shovel nosed sturgeon. This fish neither resembles a sturgeon nor a catfish, except in its naked skin. It tapers gracefully to the tail. Is small and round where the tail commences and has a heterocercal tail. It is called, in some localities on the Ohio river "paddle fish," as the projection from the end of the snout bears a close resemblance to the blade of a paddle.

Its technical name is Pollyodon folium. I think it is found only in the Mississippi and Ohio rivers and their tributaries, and in the Yang tse kiang, in China. It rarely if ever takes bait, and when caught is usually hooked accidentally. It is in no sense a game fish and does not fight much when hooked. It lives on conferva, fish eggs and worms. I am told they use the paddle to stir up the mud in the river bottom, but I never saw them doing this. It hibernates in winter. I have examined the stomachs of many caught in the winter, with seines drawn under the ice, and never found any food in them at this season.

I have seen them over 4 feet in length. Its technical name, Pollyodon folium, I think is a misnomer, as I have never seen a full grown fish of this kind that had a tooth in its jaws.

They have large mouths, ample gill rakes and perfect gill covers on the outside, and 2 blowholes near the front of the upper jaw, about an eighth of an inch in diameter.

It would seem that they swim with mouth and gill covers open, and that the conferva and other food is caught on the gill rake. When they wish to swallow their food, they force water through the gill which holds the food and blow the water out of the blow holes, thus detaching the food from the gill rake.

Horace Beach, Prairie du Chien, Wis.

### COSTLY FISHING.

Nathaniel Bentley, Jesse Honeywell, John Shaw and son, Arthur Shaw, of this city, went to East Stony creek, near Hope, Hamilton county, 10 days ago and returned Saturday with a fine lot of fish, which, however, will probably be one of the most valuable ever brought to Gloversville. The party camped on the creek, back in the woods, and were about 5 miles from any road or habitation. They found the fishing fairly good, but being so far from civilization concluded that the game laws were inoperative there and many baby trout were lured from their haunts and placed in pails.

The party had fished 5 days when Game Protector Emmett Lobdell, of Northville, walked into camp and asked to see their fish. A pail of trout which had been salted down was the first inspected by the game protector, and a rule indicated that 43 trout lacking from 2½ to 3 inches of the legal 6 inch limit had been caught. In another pail were a number of fish about 5 inches long.

The protector questioned the party as to the ownership of the fish and secured 2 affidavits to the effect that they belonged to the fishermen of the camp. The latter did not claim ignorance of the law, but said they never expected to see a game protector as far back in the wilderness as they were. Mr. Lobdell warned the party not to take any more small trout and returned to Northville. The fishermen were all responsible men and he did not consider it necessary to arrest them.

He then referred the matter to Chief Protector Pond, and this morning received a letter from that official directing him to prosecute the men unless they made a settlement. Lobdell will communicate with the members of the party, and if they desire to settle, the matter will be closed; but if otherwise they will be prosecuted. The penalty is $10 for each fish of illegal size, and as there were 43 fish, the bill will be $430.—Gloversville (N. Y.) "Daily Leader."

### SOME MICHIGAN SWINE.

A Michigan reader recently sent me a clipping from the Elk Rapids "Progress" of which the following is a copy:

> Rob Rex, John Lickley, Alex. Sharp and Harry Briggs spent the greater part of last week on Rapid river. They returned Friday evening with over 800 brook trout, several of which weighed from ¾ to 1½ pounds each.

My correspondent requested me to roast these men, but I thought best to verify the statement before doing so. Accordingly I wrote Mr. Harry Briggs and asked him

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*An erroneous etymology of the word muscalonge, formerly supposed to be from the French *Masque allongée*, long face. The word is now known to be of Indian origin, *Mas-Kinongé*. *Kinongé* is apparently the same word as *Kozane*.

if the statement was correct. He replied as follows:

"In regard to trout catch of myself and 3 friends, I beg to inform you that it is no fish story, but a fact in every particular. We have often done nearly or quite as well, at the same place. I send you copy of paper containing notice of catch; also guide map of the surrounding country, which we think the finest in the world, and we are not alone in the opinion. Am going out again next week for 2 or 3 days and will send you paper with report of catch. Will be pleased to answer any questions. Rapid river is easily reached from here—12 miles distant.

"H. J. Briggs, Elk Rapids, Mich."

Truly this man is a shameless wretch. It seems he is the editor of the "Elk Rapids Progress," and not content with advertising such butchery in his own paper he cheerfully sends a report of it to RECREATION with the expectation that this magazine will pat him on the back, even as he has patted himself. Instead of that RECREATION hereby brands him and his 3 friends as typical fish hogs, of the most despicable type. This is not said with the hope of reforming these men, for evidently a man who publishes a paper for the instruction and entertainment of other people, and who will still resort to such slaughter of trout, is beyond hope of redemption. My only object in exposing these men is with the hope that others may see how contemptible a man looks when he becomes a fish hog, and that they may thus be deterred from doing likewise.

## SALT WATER FISHING.

San Diego, Cal.

Editor RECREATION: Owing to a backward spring and the unsettled condition of the weather up to April 15th, the fishing in the bay was not as good as usual last spring. Since then there has been much improvement in the fishing. Some fine halibut, running from 5 to 30 pounds, have been taken from the different wharves in the bay; and large strings of crokers have rewarded the anglers who frequent the Marine ways and different buoys in the lower bay.

The first silver sea trout of the season was taken from the Santa Fe wharf April 21st. It was a beauty, and weighed 5 pounds. Several smaller ones, running from 1 to 2 pounds, have been caught. They will take nothing but live bait, and prefer herring and sardines. They run from about May 1st until July 15th, although an occasional one is taken, up to September. Surf fishing has become quite a popular pastime. Fine catches of the gamy and toothsome crobina, or surf-fish, are made during May, June and July.

The crobina run from 2 to 8 pounds and are as game as the sea trout. They are beautiful fish and much resemble the sea trout in their iridescent colors of bronze, silver and blue, shading off to white on the under side. The only bait they will take readily is clam, craw-fish, and a small soft shell crab found in the sand at low tide. A good cane or lance wood rod, 9 to 10 feet in length, and a free running multiplying reel, holding at least 300 feet of 18 thread cuttyhunk line, is the tackle used for them. The iron piers at Coronado, Pacific Beach and La Jolba, are the favorite fishing grounds for surf fishing.

The jetty at the mouth of the harbor is also a famous fishing point, during the summer and fall. Yellow-tail, sea bass, halibut. smelt and mackerel, run in large numbers, and an occasional Jew-fish is taken.

B. C. Hinman, San Diego, Cal.

## STREAMS OF EASTERN OHIO SUITABLE FOR TROUT.

The streams of Eastern Ohio are inclined to be sluggish and, in some places, muddy. Their bottoms are fairly good; mostly stone and gravel. The maximum summer temperature of the water is between 50° and 60° Fahr. Could these streams be successfully stocked with trout?

P. C. Kuegle, Columbiana, O.

The above was referred to Prof. Evermann, who replies:

"The factors of greatest importance in determining whether any given stream is suitable for trout are (1) the temperature of the water, (2) the character of the bottom and banks, (3) the presence of suitable food, and (4) the absence of predaceous fishes.

"The colder and clearer the water the better. If the summer temperature does not rise above 60° or 65° Fahrenheit, the temperature is all right. If the stream is a swift one, at least in places, with gravelly bottom and occasional deep pools, it would be regarded as favorable. The trout would make use of the gravelly riffles for spawning purposes and the deep holes would serve for protection. The water should, of course, be pure and free from danger of contamination from any source. The food supply must receive attention. It is likely, however, that all streams in Eastern Ohio would prove satisfactory in this regard. They are quite sure to contain insect larvæ of various species, numerous small crustaceans and small mollusks, and an abundance of small, non-predaceous fishes such as the various Cyprinoids or minnows. Such fishes as the black bass, however, will prove a constant menace to the trout and should be kept out.

"In view of these requirements and what Mr. Kuegle says of his streams it would be well worth while to make a plant of trout there. The conditions seem fairly favorable and the experiment is worth trying."

Barton W. Evermann.

### A DECEITFUL FISH.

Colorado Springs, Col.

Editor RECREATION: In the town of Westport, Mass., are a number of trout streams where, 40 years ago, I often filled my creel with fish weighing from ½ to 2½ pounds. It was just before sunset, one fine afternoon in June, that I set out with my rod rigged with 100 feet of braided silk line and a hook with a 3 strand snell. The stream was about 30 feet wide and from 10 to 15 feet deep, with a hard gravelly bottom. It was shaded on the West by tall oak trees and was just the place for large trout. I knew little about fly fishing in those days, so I put on a large worm and made a cast for the deepest place. After whipping the stream for awhile I let the bait sink to the bottom. Presently I had such a bite I thought I had hooked a whale. Down the river went the fish, but before he ran out all of my line, I got him headed up stream. I managed to reel in a part of the slack, then he used up most of the line again. But after a hard fight I brought him back and nearly to the top of the water. I caught a glimpse of him and was sure it was a 4 pound trout. He went down stream, this time, and I could not stop him. He seemed to slide through the water as if he were greased. After fighting him for nearly half an hour I came to the conclusion that he never intended to give up. Finally I threw my rod behind me, took the line in my hand and pulled him in hand over hand. I landed him, and my lower jaw let go and slid down my neck. For there lay, squirming and wiggling, the largest eel I ever saw. He had snarled up my line so badly that I took my knife and cut off what I could of it, and let him have the rest. I met a French Canadian, just then, who took the eel home. Next day he told me it weighed 6¼ pounds. I thought it had a 25 pound pull at least.

Will Howard.

### AN EASY ONE.

Up in the hills, 6 miles back of Altamont, N. Y., rests a pretty body of clear, cool, spring water. There you can catch pickerel, pike, perch, bass and trout, descendants of stock planted 20 years ago.

The shores are rocky, rising in places into bluffs, and are covered with grass and studded with pine, oak and elm trees.

Seated one day in a boat on this lake, were J. Kiefer and his companion, E. Clute. On the shore were a party of friends lunching and watching the boat. The boat drifted idly along, a baited-line hanging over the side. Suddenly, out ran the line, rods at a flash. Then a fish broke water about 100 feet from the boat. It jumped 6 feet in the air and plunged back into its native element, raising a cloud of silver spray and glistening chops.

For the next 20 minutes we saw as pretty an exhibition of nerve and skill as I care to witness. The fish led off with a double quick. Then for 3 minutes he sulked on the bottom.

Then, in answer to a gentle pull on the line, he cut loose once more.

The anxious friends on the rocks forgot their lunch in the excitement of watching the contest.

Through it all, Joe held on to the pole. The fish made a complete circle, Clute keeping the side of the boat toward it. At last Joe brought the fish to the boat, tired out, and lifted him in. What kind of a fish was it? Its square tail, 9 inches broad and slightly red on upper edge, shaded down to a blood red at lower edge. It had elbow fins, crimson red gills and white belly. Was 31 inches long, 16 inches girth, and weighed 10½ pounds. Guess.

Frank W. Parsons, Altamont, N. Y.

### A FISHING SNAKE.

In the summer of 1893, while fishing a mountain stream in company with O. W. Hall, M.D., my attention was attracted by the floundering of a fish on the opposite side of the creek. At first glance I could see nothing to cause such action, as the water was deep and there was no chance for the fish to become entangled in the grass. On looking closer I was astonished to discover that the fish was held by a small snake whose tail was coiled around a shrub near the edge of the water. The snake was of the "garter" variety, about 18 inches long. He had seized the trout—a small one about 4 inches long—just forward of the dorsal fin. He made no attempt to draw the fish from the water until it ceased struggling. Then he slowly drew it out and began to climb the sloping bank, tail first. Although out on the same kind of a mission myself, I objected to a rival of that kind, and, jumping across the narrow stream, I compelled the snake to let go his prey, and restored it to the water, where, in a few moments, it revived and swam away. Perhaps, in the interest of science, I should have waited to see what the snake would do next; but the spectacle of this curse of creation carrying off a trout was a little more than I could stand.

M. A. Bates, Parma, Idaho.

### IN SUNNY FLORIDA.

With my family I left New Haven March 4 and after spending a few days at Palm Beach and Miami, we came here to enter into the full freedom of negligé and true life without frills. This is the paradise of our country in early spring. We dress here as we do in midsummer at the North.

The first day I arrived, Commodore Munroe, of the Biscayne Yacht club, took my boy Roger and I king fishing, in his fast ketch rigged yacht. We went 14 miles away, and just beyond Cape Florida, near Fowey Rocks Light. We had excellent luck, catching 15 king fish. All mine were caught with rod and reel; but the people here usually take them with hand lines. I was fortunate in catching the second largest taken this season—25¼ pounds. He went out of water at least 10 feet when he struck the hook and the merry sound which came from the reel made me forget all else in life. Roger caught one with hand line weighing 20 pounds. It was nip and tuck with the little fellow to capture this big fish and at times he could make no headway. But he insisted on catching his fish alone and finally did—all but the gaffing and lifting in, which it was impossible for him to do.

Since then I have made large catches of red snappers and mackerel; have shot ducks, quails and alligators and had no end of sport.

We are going on a 10 days' cruise among the Keys, and possibly may go around Cape Sable. We expect to have a glorious time and obtain tarpon, red snapper, mackerel, bluefish, bonyfish—the gamiest fish with rod and reel that swims—crawfish, ducks and alligators.

F. H. Benton, Cocoanut Grove, Fla.

## SOME PENNSYLVANIA ROOTERS.

Johnstown, Pa.

Editor RECREATION: I have clipped from this morning's Johnstown Democrat, and herewith hand you 2 items which will show that the genus Fish Hog flourishes, even on the foot hills of the Alleghenies.

Your subscribers here would appreciate it if you would kindly take "judicial notice" of these 2 cases. Such notice would no doubt have a tendency to restrict such people to reasonable catches hereafter.

Subscriber.

Here are the records:

> D. R. Schnabel, of this city, and John Bryan, of Ingleside, made a catch of 201 trout in a Somerset county stream yesterday. This is considered a good haul, is a "dead square" fish story and can be accounted for only by the fact that Dan traveled to and from the fishing grounds on a lady's bicycle. It was cruel to so deceive the trout, but Dan abandons all sense of chivalry when he goes fishing.

It seems he also abandons all sense of decency.

> James Boyer and James McMeans, 2 of Johnstown's well-known young men, returned to the city last evening with the biggest catch of fish of the season. They were evidently at a good stream, the locality of which they have not divulged, but they brought back with them 304 trout as evidence of their skill as fishermen.

The reporter should have said, "as evidence of their hoggish instincts." It requires no skill to be a hog. That's dead easy for a man who is built that way. These men seem to have a cinch on that kind of qualifications.—EDITOR.

## INDIANA FISH LAW VIOLATERS IN THE COURTS.

> Six violators of the fish law arrested at Lake Wawasee the past few days, as a result of the work of Deputy Fish Commissioner Earle, were to-day arraigned at Warsaw. L. B. Whippy went to the Kosciusko county seat to assist in the prosecution. S. J. North of Milford is also engaged in prosecuting the offenders.
>
> It is known that several Goshen attorneys, who have been asked to defend some of the violators, have refused to render them any assistance and have advised them to plead guilty and pay their fines. The general feeling among local attorneys is that all their aid should be given to breaking up this pernicious practice. They favor stocking the lakes with fresh fish, rather than devastating them of what fish they now contain.
>
> Sheriff Kidder, Attorney E. E. Mummert and A. E. Keith were at Lake Wawasee Tuesday afternoon and report that not a fisherman, with spear or net, has been seen on the lake for the past few days; whereas they were previously so bold they set their nets during the day directly in front of cottages or hotels. The heavy fining of a few of these men will do more toward stopping this illegal fishing than any other means that could be adopted.
>
> Goshen, Ind., paper.

That's right Commissioner Earle. Soak them good and deep. Nothing gives a pot fisherman so wholesome a dread of law as to have to put up a lot of his ill-gotten dollars as a penalty for his illicit work.

EDITOR.

The fish hog can also be found in large numbers in Southern California. Catalina Island and some of the beaches near Los Angeles furnish opportunities for them to show what they can do. With 2 lines, each having 6 or more hooks, they get in their work in great shape. Some of them tell about catching 275 or 300 rock-cod in half a day, pulling in one line and then the other as fast as they can bait.

E. L. Stevenson, Pasadena, Cal.

I have just returned from a fishing trip in Minnesota and had a fine time. I caught over 250 pounds of bass and pike.

The prospects for good chicken shooting in the Red river valley were never better, the weather having been just right.

Clint Smith, Fargo, N. Dak.

Why did you catch so many fish? What could you do with such a quantity?

EDITOR.

We had great sport last fall trolling for salmon, mostly silversides, although a few chinook were caught. One, a 40 pounder, was caught by a boy 10 years old. My wife and I caught 19 silversides in less than 3 hours, one day, and could have caught more. Salt salmon is not so bad any time in the year. We use a trolling spoon.

E. G. H., Coos River, Ore.

### EJECTORS AND OTHER THINGS.

For 20 years or more I have been an experimental sportsman, and have fired enough shot at paper targets to ballast a small boat. I have used many guns of different makes, good, bad, and indifferent; but like my human friends, the worst of the lot was capable of teaching me something.

I remember trying my first high-priced gun at a paper target at 40 yards. I was disappointed with its performance. I tried it with different shells, and while occasionally it made a fair pattern, the average was below what I had expected.

A friend accompanied me to the range the next day, and after he saw the results of the first shot, suggested that I change the line of range. I did so and the gun made an excellent target, putting over 360 pellets of No. 8 shot into a 30 inch circle at 40 yards. I tried it again, shooting in the same direction, with the same result. Then I shifted around and fired in the direction I had at first pointed the gun, getting poor patterns again. I could not understand it, and when my scientific friend began to explain the effects of contrary, or uneven currents of air on a charge of shot, I could hardly understand or believe him, but I have lived and learned and I know now he was correct.

Let any sportsman take his best gun to a place where the air currents are influenced by topographical surroundings, and note the difference in patterns, when firing at targets placed at different angles. He will be astonished at the results. It is not necessary that there should be a high wind blowing; even a light breeze shifting along the side of an uneven hill will be sufficient to interfere with the patterns.

Another thing in this connection should be noted. Try your best shooting gun when the sun is high and the air dry, and preserve the target. When the sun has set, and the air is moist, fire at a paper target over the same range, using the same load, and compare the patterns. After sunset the gun will make a far closer pattern. Most sportsmen, of an experimental nature, have found these facts out long ago; but I know many good guns are still being condemned, and all because their owners have not given them a fair chance.

In regard to the preservation of a gun from rust, I will give my own experiences. I spoiled several good sets of barrels by following the bad advice given, with good intent, by writers for sportsmen's journals. One writer said to wash out the barrels with a strong solution of soap suds; another, to use kerosene oil; and still another said turpentine was an excellent thing to take out lead.

I have forgotten how many things were suggested, but I tried them all. In the end I was convinced I had been wrong in following the advice of my friends. I remember particularly manufacturers of nitro powders told me their powder would not stain or pit the barrels, even if left uncleaned. I was simple enough to believe them, but had my tubes pitted and corroded all the same.

Then I began to use a little common sense. I had found that snapping primers in empty shells in the chambers was sufficient to corrode and pit the metal, if the barrels were not well cleaned. After that I used plenty of strength in wiping the barrels dry, until a clean white rag came out only slightly stained. Then I set the tubes over a stove until they got hot, so that one could just bear to hold them, after which I gave them a good coating of vaseline from a swab, kept free from dampness and used for no other purpose. This method was a complete success and I have adhered to it ever since.

The latest experimental work I indulged in was with modern ejectors. I thought the ejector idea a good one, so bought a high-priced ejector gun, of English make. Sometimes it would eject, and then again it would not. Every time it refused to throw the shell out, it required a mule team to haul it out. I became disgusted, and after selling that gun bought another.

This was an American gun, and as the top of the bolt lever was set in a circle cut half way into the extension rib, it occurred to me the manufacturer had made a miscalculation and had to cut half circle into each in order to permit them to work. This gun had one fault. The ejectors would turn and cause no end of trouble and annoyance. I had to carry a tool box when I went hunting. After firing 2 or 3 charges I had to disconnect the gun. It was sold and another one bought.

The new one was guaranteed to work, and it would work providing I broke it so far apart, after firing, that the barrels and heel of the stock met. It had a stud working in a slot cut into the huge extension rib, the object being to keep the ejectors from turning and getting out of plum.

I had some trouble with that gun and soon began to look around for another. I picked up an Ithaca hammerless, in a Pittsburg store, one day, just to look at the new ejecting mechanism. I had used an Ithaca of the old style which was an excellent shooting and good wearing gun; but the improved outlines of the new gun pleased me, so I thought to test the ejector.

Two empty shells were given me and I put them into the chambers. The gun was snapped and then opened. "Click," went the extractor on the side I had snapped, and the shell flew over my shoulder. The other lock did the same after being snapped, and did it just as soon as the under edge of the barrel came on a line with the top of the frame. The whole arrangement looked simple and worked perfectly.

Would the ejectors turn? There was no such thing as a stud or an upright sliding in a groove, and the neat little extension rib could not have been made to permit such a thing. Well, I thought there was no use fooling with an ejector which had no bolster or other auxiliary to keep it from turning; but I looked again, and saw a little square bolt working in a square hole in the lug. Eureka! Just what had been wanted. I had faith in the Ithaca ejector from that time, and have never changed my mind. It is an ejector that will eject and can never get lopsided or out of plumb.

There are other good qualities about the new Ithaca. All told, it is one of the neatest, most perfect of American guns; but its ejector alone ought to recommend it to the sportsmen who have been dislocating their shoulders trying to open other ejector guns wide enough to allow the shell to fly out.

Concerning nitro powders, I have only this to say: I have tried them all, from American Wood to Walsrode, and found them all right. I was once an advocate of black powder, muzzle-loading guns and soft shot, and swore by them; but that was before I understood the nature of an oath. I have no use for black powder or soft shot now. The days of the paleozoic ammunition are gone, and it has gone with them.

T. E. M.

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## SMALL BORE RIFLES IN THE WAR.

Dr. Orlando Ducker, an expert in gun shot wounds, went over the battle field of Cusco Mountain, near Santiago, and examined the bodies of dead and wounded soldiers with a view to determining the effectiveness of modern small bore rifles for military purposes. He says in his report:

The effectiveness of rifles of small calibre but of great initial velocity, like the Krag-Jorgensen, the Lee-Metford or the Mauser, should be regarded as settled, if we accept the results of the battle of Cusco Mountain, on June 14. One of our soldiers received a flesh wound in the left arm, at a distance of 200 yards. The ball struck just below the elbow as the arm was being extended, semi-flexed. The wound at the entrance was no larger than the bullet, but the exit was a terrible laceration; so great in fact that it was supposed until a minute examination had been made that an explosive bullet had been used.

Of the Spanish soldiers examined one had sustained a comminuted fracture of the fifth and sixth ribs, at the anterior curvature. The man was evidently stooping and running when struck by the fatal bullet, the ball entering the back, below the tenth rib, and ranging upward, striking the inner side of the sixth and the outer side of the fifth rib, shattering them for the space of 2 inches. The second was a negro Spanish guerilla, with the usual thick negro skull. The wound at entrance was near the middle of the left parietal bone, tearing away the outer table for a quarter of an inch around it, but leaving the inner table intact, except a clean-cut hole the size of the bullet. The ball passed out through the right orbit, tearing away half of the floor and all of the inner wall. There was complete longtitudinal fracture of the skull, extending from the ciliary ridge of the right side to the occipital suture on the same side, passing one inch above the wound at entrance.

The third Spaniard was one of the regulars, judging from his uniform, and a man about 25 years old. He was evidently stooping forward and facing our troops, as the ball entered the right frontal bone, 2 inches anterior to the parietal suture and 2½ inches above the temporal articulation, traversing the brain longitudinally, passing out through the right side of the occipital bone on a line of and midway between the mastoid process and the occipital protuberance. The wound at exit was irregular in shape, but one by ⅞ of an inch in size, damaging alike both the inner and outer table of the skull.

The wound at entrance was clean cut and the size of the bullet, so far as the inner table was involved; but along the lower margin extended ¾ of an inch on either side, and one inch below the entrance the outer table was completely torn away, as though it had been excavated by a chisel. A complete longitudinal fracture extended from the roof of the right orbit through the frontal bone, passing half an inch above the wound at entrance to 2-3 the distance of the right parietal, the other extending downward and outward to the middle and posterior margin of the bone. In both cases of wounds of the skull the longitudinal fracture did not communicate with the wound at entrance or exit. In both cases the fracture was parallel to the course of the ball and complete. A thin bladed knife was passed through the fractures. The shooting was from 600 to 800 yards, and the fractures along the line of greatest pressure.

Whether a ball passing through the head from side to side will cause a fracture at a right angle to the long diameter of the head or not, further investigation will demonstrate. The bursting of the skull is no doubt due to the great velocity of the ball through the brain substance, giving not sufficient time for cell compression.

Another fact yet remains to be proven. That is whether the mortality is greater from the use of the modern or the old style rifles. In the case of our own troops the fatality was greater in proportion to the number wounded than formerly. However, that will require further demonstration, as the results of the 14th may have been purely accidental as to fatalities.

There is yet no means of ascertaining the proportion of wounded to the number killed of the Spanish troops, during the engagement referred to; but it may be safely assumed that in the case of the Spanish the mortality was also larger than normal. The topography of the region where the fight occurred, and the evidently scanty means of transportation at hand, make it unlikely that the Spaniards could have removed all their wounded had there been a great number of them. As a matter of fact, however, not a single wounded Spaniard has been found.

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An associated press despatch, sent out during the fighting at Santiago, says:

The Spaniards are using brass sheathed lead bullets. The brass rips, on striking, and tears the flesh horribly, while the small brass splinters cause blood poisoning. These are practically explosive bullets and are used in the Remington rifles.

The Spaniards also cut a small cross through the end of the Mauser bullet, so that it mushrooms on striking, with similar result.

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## ON BUYING AND SELLING A GUN.

RALPH BLIVEN.

A month before the game season, in cleaning my room I came across the old gun. As I examined it my memory was crowded with recollections of the past—this gun had a past—and on the spot I made up my mind to dispose of the senile weapon and get a new one.

So I procured some sportsmen's journals, and that night a score of postals started across the continent. Every one bore the inscription, "Kindly favor me with a copy of your catalogue as per ad." Before the answers could appear I cruised about among our San Francisco dealers. Not one would buy my pump gun outright. One man offered me $7.50 in exchange; another refused to take it as a gift (I did not ask him to); and a third essayed a barter on a basis of $12.50.

Presently the catalogues began to arrive. In immense envelopes, in tied packages that burst open when touched, and in rolls they came, until the postman grinned derisively when we chanced to pass on the street. Then appeared a letter from a local firm: "We have been advised by the Jones Hammerless Co., which we represent, that you are contemplating the purchase of a shotgun this season. The Jones gun has improvements found only on the Jones. If you can make it convenient to call on us, we shall be pleased to point out to you its particular beauties." This was signed "City Agent for the Jones Gun." A similar letter from another store was signed, "Agent for the Pacific Coast." The remaining dealer modestly styled himself "Sole Agent."

I saw the City Agent first. He was the $7.50 man. He recognized me at once, and assumed I had come to haggle over his offer until I produced my letter.

"But this belongs to Mr. Barker," he said, peering at me suspiciously as if I had filched it.

"That's my name," I explained.

"Oh, it's you!" ejaculated he in not a little disappointment.

Afterward I proceeded to the $12.50 man, the Pacific Coast agent. He also knew me, but he did not seem so displeased as the $7.50 man. The Sole Agent—the man who did not want my gun as a gift—I ignored.

Next morning 3 more letters reached me. "As well be orderly," I thought with a sinking heart, so I first broke the seal of the one from the $7.50 man, the City Agent. "Dear Sir," it commenced, "the Green Gun Co., makers of the celebrated Green Gun, have communicated with us under date of the 5th inst., mentioning you as a probable customer. Permit us to remind you that on the Green are found not only all improvements of all other guns but many special features peculiar to the Green. We hope to soon have the felicity of showing you the Green." The Sole Agent's missive I burned unread. In the Pacific Coast Agent's I found a rehash of his former letter. This firm I again visited and inspected the Green.

Every day came 3 fresh letters. With slight effort I could picture the smile on that $7.50 man as he despatched a new torment to seek me out. It is remarkable how many men have invented guns and given them their own foolish names. For a time I was fascinated and opened 2 new letters each day. But this way, it struck me, lay madness; and thereafter I destroyed them all unopened. Full well I knew that hateful, solicitous style, the interested counsel writhing from line to line.

Perhaps it is needless to state that by this time my shooting fever was entirely cured. Indeed, the thought of a gun was painful beyond expression. Only one correspondent persevered, the Pacific Coast Agent, and I was tempted to buy a gun if only to cut off his detestable communications.

Finally nature rebelled. I began to feel ill. I lost my appetite, and my friends told me I ought to go to the mountains.

It ended with the only possible ending. I paid another visit to the Pacific Coast Agent and bought a Jones, listed at $60, and, leaving my old pump gun, I paid $47.50.

To appease my conscience I undertook a trip, although I declare I did not want to. The trip turned out the usual way—all day I floundered in a swamp banging away at ducks, and somewhere I lost a knife worth $3.75. The cold I caught is with me still. Also my rheumatism, which I thought cured, has reappeared and when I walk my knees cry out.

On a farewell tour I again bearded the City Agent, the Sole Agent and the Pacific Coast Agent. The last named firm made the best offer and increased it slightly when informed I had purchased from them direct. The gun was good as new, was new in fact, but they took off $5 for wear and tear. So they gave me $7.50 more than I paid them, since the pump gun was no account anyway. I have as much as if the City Agent had paid me $7.50 outright and I had never heard of the Jones.

The same week I transacted a little business with a man down town; we hate each other like brothers. He looked pale when it was settled.

"You need recreation, Dash," I suggested. "Buy a gun; they're below par. I'll send you a list of makers to-night."

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### THE .25-36 FOR BIG GAME.

Randolph, Wis.

Editor RECREATION: I can say for the .25-36 that mine killed a cow so quickly she fairly picked her feet from under her, when shot through the head. The cartridge was loaded with 12 grains of Dupont's No. 1 smokeless powder and a soft lead bullet. This rifle also killed a horse, the bullet of hardened lead passing clear through its head.

Again, a neighbor had an ugly cow he wished to butcher, but was afraid of her; so he borrowed my .25-36. He asked for 3 or 4 cartridges. I gave him 6, but told him to bring back 5. He laughed and looked dubiously at the small bore. That evening he returned the gun and 5 cartridges, having killed the cow with a single shot. A metal patched 117 grain bullet, backed by 26 grains of Dupont's 30 calibre smokeless powder, was the charge. The bullet entered the cow's forehead and passed clear through the head, thence through the full length of the cow's neck, coming out back of her right fore leg. The cow dropped as if struck by lightning.

After this work of the .25-36, I concluded to risk it in the North woods, for deer. When the season opened, my friend Smith and I went to the North for an outing.

Starting from camp early one morning, we went to a gulch where game was expected. Starting down the gulch, we had gone about 15 rods when up jumped a buck. Straight up the side of the gulch he went, when a short, hoarse blat stopped him, broadside. Up went my .25-36 and Smith's .38-55. Snap, bang, at the same instant, followed by a jump from the buck. Down he went in a heap. We climbed the steep side of the gulch to where he lay. We cut his throat, and then looked for the bullet holes. We could easily tell the .25 bullet had struck him at the point of shoulder, or rather the butt of shoulder blade. Only a little hole, the size of a lead pencil, but the bullet had crashed through and out on the other side, making a big, ragged wound.

Smith also made a good shot, hitting the buck back of the foreleg, 2 inches above the heart, the bullet passing out on the opposite side.

The shell I used was loaded with 13 grains Dupont's No. 1 smokeless powder and a 106 grain homemade bullet, one part tin to 10 of lead. Smith's load was 19 grains Dupont's No. 1 and a 255 grain bullet.

My rifle is a Marlin, and cost about $30. It weighs 8 pounds 11 ounces, and has a 30 inch barrel. I never advise the use of black powder in the .25-36. The low pressure nitro is just as accurate as black. All we need to look out for is to not try to increase the velocity over that of black powder. It should be remembered that if velocity is increased, the bullets must be hardened in proportion to the pressure you wish to get. Hence the metal patched bullets for nitros. I use Dupont's No. 1 smokeless powder and homemade bullets for small game. I once tried .30 calibre and nitro powder with home cast bullets. The result was terrific. I could not hit a 3-foot tree at 8 rods; but when using the metal patched 117 grain bullets, and the same charge of powder, the accuracy was good. I dress all of my shells to a proper length, so the crimp barely takes effect. The shells should not be crimped tightly. I say not to crimp the shell, providing your bullet is hard enough to give the proper amount of resistance. With nitro powder you must have resistance from the bullet, or crimp. I prefer the resistance from a hardened bullet, rather than in crimping. Crimping is equal to adding powder, and is likely to burst the shells; whereas a hard bullet and no crimp gives the resistance and hard shooting.

J. W. Griffiths, Randolph, Wis.

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### THE IDEAL GUN FOR COYOTES.

Ever since I first heard of smokeless powder and rifles to use it, I have been suspicious of it as regards accuracy and killing power; but I could not be contented until I had tried it. The first was a .30-40 model '95 Winchester. This gun was good, but had too much recoil. It was accurate, long ranged, and gave a flat trajectory. I did not use it with soft point bullets, but my partner, to whom I traded it, says it seemed to be as great a tearer as a .45-70. He uses full mantle bullets.

About 3 months ago I bought a .30-30 Winchester. This gun is simply immense. There is no perceptible recoil. It is fully as accurate as any black powder rifle I ever used. Up to 250 yards one need make no allowance for distance. I have not tried this on big game, but it is the gun for coyotes. The first one I shot was 310 yards away, and running. The bullet tore a hole through his neck large enough to insert 3 fingers. I crippled another at 400 yards, and afterward got 3 more shots at 100 yards, killing him. All were running shots. Another was killed at 465 yards. I shot one to-day at 210 yards, running. Fired 4 shots, hitting 3 times. I shot one this morning, trying to run off with 2 traps, at 250 yards. All of these coyotes were badly torn.

When I got the rifle I shot a coyote in a trap, to see what effect the soft nose bullet would have. He was struck back of shoulder, and a hole torn, where bullet entered, about 3½ inches in diameter.

I have killed 16 beeves with this rifle; some with full mantle bullets. They were either shot in the forehead or just back of the ear. The full patch tore as badly as the soft nose. I shot a dog through the head with a full mantled bullet, tearing it to pieces. I have shot about 40 jack rabbits and a dozen cotton tails, most of them with soft nose bullets, which expanded in every case. Most of the rabbits were shot at over 100 yards and several as far as 200, while one was crippled at 350 yards. I did not raise the sight once, but at the longer ranges made slight allowances.

There are 2 things about these rifles I do not like. One is, the shells cannot be reloaded with any degree of success. I tried loading with 20 grains of black powder, and a lead bullet of 115 grains. This charge was accurate, but could not be used without elevating the rear sight. It also leaded badly.

The other fault is in the cleaning. I find by using a bristle brush and finishing with an oiled rag, I get the best results in cleaning.

A. A. Haines, Armington, Mont.

## CALCULATING TRAJECTORIES.

Toledo, O.

Editor RECREATION: Can good results be obtained by reloading the .25-20 Winchester single shot cartridge? Is it advisable to purchase factory bullets? What black powder is best suited to this calibre?

Another subject I would like to see discussed is that of trajectories. I believe the highest point of the trajectory is not at the centre of flight, but beyond that point. For instance, on a 200 yard range, the bullet, I believe, reaches its highest point at about 125 yards. Is this constant or does it vary with different cartridges? In other words, will the distance to the highest point always be a certain fraction of the whole flight? With this determined, cannot the approximate elevation of the rear sight be calculated for long distance shooting? Suppose a rifle with tang sight is being used, on a 300 yard range. The bullet rises, at its highest point, 36 inches. If this point is 2-3 of the distance, or 200 yards, then the bullet would rise, if not acted on by gravity $(36'' = \frac{2}{3} — 18'' = \frac{1}{3} — 4' — 6 = \frac{3}{3})$ 4 feet 6 inches at the end of the range. We would then have 2 similar triangles; the base of one being the distance from muzzle to rear sight and the base of the other being the range. The 2 perpendicular sides of the triangles would be represented by the proper elevation of rear sight (as yet unknown) and by the theoretical rise of the bullet. We would then have the following equation:

Height is to base as Height is to base, or

$$2 : 3' :: 4.5' : 900 = \frac{4.5 \times 3}{900} = 2 = .015'$$

which = 3-16 of an inch, very nearly. Is this correct?

E. Wager-Smith.

### ANSWER.

Many powders are used in reloading .25-20 shells. Have found Dupont's f.g. and f.f.g. as good as any. Factory bullets always give good results.

The greatest height of the trajectory is at mid-range, in theory, when considering the trajectory *in vacuo*. In air, the highest point is necessarily slightly beyond mid-range. For ordinary sporting ranges it is generally 52 per cent. to 54 per cent. of the whole range. Theoretical angles of elevation will be approximately correct only, I think, when applied to rifles so heavy as to be free from jump. The subject is interestingly treated in "Problems in Direct Fire," by Capt. J. M. Ingalls; published by Jno. Wiley & Son, New York.

W. E. Carlin.

## STRENGTH OF BLUE BARRELS.

A writer in RECREATION claimed that blued barrels, such as used on some of the cheaper American guns, are as strong as the imported twist barrels. My observations teach me this is a mistake. Anyone who is familiar with gun making knows the cheap blue barrels are all made from a good grade of rolled iron, which is bored at the factories where used. The grain of the metal must necessarily run lengthwise, and consequently will not stand the bursting strain which the same metal would stand if the grain ran in a spiral course. Besides, the twist barrels are made of the best Norway iron and steel, welded together in spiral form.

Again, the writer referred to says twist barrels are no longer made. This is a mistake. All barrel makers make them, although the old stub-and-twist, which were made of old horseshoe nails, are no longer made. I have it from so good an authority as Mr. Josette, of Pagnoul & Josette, the barrel makers of Liege, Belgium, that the twist or Damascus barrel will stand a much greater strain than the decarbonized steel (iron) barrel.

Anyone who frequents the Northwestern duck fields will see that many more cheap blue barrels than twist are burst with the heavy loads used for ducks. I pin my faith to an Ithaca twist duck gun, and feel safe with 4 drams of Dupont's smokeless.

Northwest, St. Paul, Minn.

## NOTES.

Since the last issue of RECREATION many accounts have been given of accurate shooting by naval gunners, but one of the most remarkable of these tells of a wonderful shot made by Gunner Hartman, of the auxiliary cruiser St. Paul.

It was at San Juan, Porto Rico. The Spanish torpedo boat destroyer Terror, and the Spanish cruiser Isabella II., had attacked the St. Paul but could not withstand the withering fire of the Yankee gunners, and both vessels retreated.

As the Terror was running for cover, and after she had gotten 3 miles from the St. Paul, Gunner Hartman trained his 5 inch rapid fire rifled gun on her and let go. The sharp pointed shot went shrieking over an expanse of water 3 miles wide. Its target was a craft as big as a small yacht, making for the shore as fast as her powerful engines could take her. The projectile caught her in the stern and crashed through her engine room, killing the chief engineer, an assistant engineer and another man in the room, and wounding 11 others by fragments of flying steel.

The Spaniards will learn, one of these days, that it is dangerous to monkey with the Yankee buzz saw.

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I have noticed several inquiries in RECREATION, asking the opinion of readers of the merits of the Winchester repeating shotgun. I have used one for several years, and have always found it a gun that could be relied upon in all cases. They are unexcelled as close, hard shooters, and if a hunter cannot kill game at 65 and 70 yards, there is something wrong with the man.

I would suggest to the prospective buyer, who can afford to own only a cheap gun, to be sure and give the Winchester a trial before making the purchase.

Some correspondents have, without due reflection, branded the user of the " pump gun " as a game hog. Now, I do not think sportsmen should be branded as game hogs because they see fit to use a repeating shotgun. So far as my observation goes, I think a few people in this section who handle the double barrel weapon, will stand a good deal of watching. The use of ferrets and seines is quite common in this neighborhood, but may the Lord help the hog I catch practicing any of his tricks in my bailiwick; for I will surely give him a rocky road to travel.

F. W. Bibb, Pittsburg, Pa.

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I was delighted at the promptness of the Marlin people in getting the .30-30 rifle to me. I am a crank on Marlin rifles. This is the fourth I have owned in the last 8 years. I first used a .40-60, and am now using a .38-55, and will say a good word for this gun. I have killed with it probably 2 dozen deer and antelope. Have shot them in all positions, at 50 to 350 yards. Have never yet found a bullet in one of them.

I have used a .45-70 Marlin and a .40-82 Winchester, and can not see but the .38-55 has as good killing powers on deer and antelope as either. When hit in the right place, the .38 does the work. When not hit right, they carry off the .45 bullet just the same.

I think the .38-55 and the .40-60 Marlins the best black powder rifles made, for antelope and deer shooting. I have not had an opportunity as yet to use the .30-30 on game. It is certainly a liberal premium for the amount of work done, and I thank you for it.

F. Horton, M.D., Newcastle, Wyo.

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In reply to the inquiry of E. R. Wilson, I will say the Ithaca is one of the best guns I ever used at the trap. To me, the 12 gauge hammerless is the perfection of guns, though at present I am using a Baker, also a fine gun.

I would like to add my voice in favor of small bore rifles. While on the West coast of Africa, last year, I used a .30-30 Marlin, which proved most satisfactory. I could score a clean kill on the large crocodiles when my friend Wilson, with a .45-70, would often fail to penetrate their hard skulls, though we both had much sport in seeing their jaws fly open, when hit in the cervical vertebra. I also found its killing power ample for deer, leopards, monkeys, and even larger game. While it is a dangerous gun in the hands of a tenderfoot, the cool and thoughtful sportsman can exclaim, " Eureka."

Some time in the near future I hope to send you the story of my trip up the Gambia. W. N. Fowler, M.D., Bluffton, Ind.

I would say to L. E. Morris, I have a Winchester .30-40 smokeless, box magazine, which is as near an all-round rifle as it is possible to make.

I use model '94 Winchester reloading tools, short range. I cast all my short range bullets of 15 parts pure lead and one part block tin, and reload with 10 grains of smokeless revolver powder.

For short range work such as hunting squirrels, rabbits, etc., and for target practice, it is equal to any .22 or .25 calibre rifle, for accuracy and penetration. I have done good work with this gun on all kinds of small game. When used with the factory loaded shell, with 220 grains soft nose bullet, there is no other rifle to compare with it in killing power.

I killed 2 deer with it last fall, in Alger county, Mich., and it proved its superiority over all other guns, to my entire satisfaction.

H. T. W., Minard, Mich.

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In answer to F. V. Perry's inquiry in May Recreation, will say I have used and am still using a .303 Savage rifle. I think it the best all round rifle in the market. I have killed white and black tail bucks and have never lost but one wounded deer. I killed a large doe at 90 yards, with a miniature cartridge. It broke the shoulder, went through the heart and on out on the other side. She ran about 30 steps. I reload my shells and make the bullets considerably harder than factory made; one part tin to 9 or 10 of lead. The heavy ammunition does not shoot as accurately as black powder, but is good enough for large game. The stopping power is fearful. As one man says, a deer looks as if it had been run through a saw mill, after being shot with a Savage mushroom bullet. Here, where deer are plentiful, I use the miniatures, as they do not spoil so much meat.

John B. Renshaw, Ione, Wash.

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I notice in February Recreation some one asks about using smokeless powder in a .40-60. I use it in a .40-82 and find it far better than black powder. Killed 5 deer last fall, all the law allows. Had only one bullet stop in a deer. That was a large buck. Shot through about 5 feet of venison and the bullet lodged in his neck. I use Dupont's No. 1 for large bore rifles. There is no smoke to speak of, no recoil, not much noise, very little dirt. It doesn't hurt the gun. Tell the people who read Recreation not to try shot gun smokeless powder in a rifle, for if they do they may get blown up. Anyone sending to R. S. Waddell, Cincinnati, O., agent for the Dupont powder, will receive prompt attention. Tell Dupont people to advertise their No. 1 for big bore rifles, in Recreation.

W. S. Moon, Big Rapids, Mich.

In February Recreation Mr. Cuckle, of Athens, O., asks in regard to wadding nitro powder for light charges of powder.

Use a 2⅝ shell, fill out with wadding on top of powder, and leave ¼ inch or more room for a good crimp. Just use one shot wad on shot. Nitro powder does good work with new rival and blue rival shells, but will do better and quicker work in Winchester leader shells, with Dupont powder. The best trap or filled load I can find is a 3 in. leader shell, 12 gr. 3¼ dr. of Dupont smokeless, 1 trap wad, 1⅜ in. white felt wad, 1 black edge wad, 1¼ oz. No. 7 chilled shot, 1 top shot wad, with ¼ in. crimp. It is a sure killer if held properly. Light, cheap shells, such as blue rival and new rival are all right for very light, slow loads.

John A. Stoops, Chicora, Pa.

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"Brooks" of Olivet, Mich., makes a great mistake when he speaks as he does, in April Recreation, of the Marlin rifle. He not only shows a poor mechanical eye but is talking against the best rifle on the market, for the price.

The Marlin people are doing as much to make a rifle crank happy as any manufacturer in the country. If you don't believe it ask them to make you anything in reason, and you will find these people ready to please you in price and workmanship.

I have hunted deer in Brooks's State and used 3 or 4 different kinds of rifles. It is my experience that a Marlin works as smoothly as any gun in the world, and will not stick unless its holder becomes too rattled to fully swing the lever.

C. C. Starbuck, Pittsburg, Kan.

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I would like to say to F. V. Dale, Cal., that I purchased a Savage rifle with Lyman bead and receiver sights, last September. Just what it will do I cannot say, as I fired only 5 shots at a target, to sight the rifle. The first shot was low. After raising sight a trifle, I fired the remaining 4 at distances of 100, 150 and 200 yards, placing all in the black in a space 6 inches square. I hunted deer and turkeys much of the time last winter, and found the Savage a powerful arm. I used to use a .45-70, but like the .30 calibre better.

I like the Savage because the magazine is not tubular, neither does it protrude below the stock, making it inconvenient to carry on the shoulder. Then, too, it is an easy action to work.

L. S., Little Rock, Ark.

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In March Recreation, Mr. L. H. Philip replies to some remarks I made regarding the killing of hawks at 127 yards, with No. 6 shot. He does not believe this probable, nor do I. He says, however, his Parker 10 gauge will kill at 100 yards, and he does not consider a gun that will not kill at 60 yards a good one. I am familiar with Parker, Colt, Lefevre, Ithaca, Remington and Baker guns, as well as others of cheaper make, and I never found one among them that was " in it," at 100 yards, with No. 6 shot. I still think a 7 pound 12 bore that is a sure killer at 40 to 60 yards, with No. 6 shot, is a good gun.

If Mr. Henry wishes a good single gun I will give him pointers if he will write me.

D. T. Tuthill, Orient Point, N. Y.

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I was amused at the wonderful performance of the person who signs himself George Richardson in the November issue of Recreation. He says he killed a jack snipe at 190 yards, with a 14 gauge shotgun, using No. 9 shot. Not content with this assertion, he further says so many pellets hit this unfortunate snipe that it forthwith sank to the bottom of the lake. Then that writer adds insult to injury by saying, " This is a true statement."

To those of us who have lived a lifetime on the frontier, especially in Montana, and are ardent advocates of rod and gun, we must admit this was a wonderful performance. Still, we do not like to be made bag holder in a snipe hunt.

David Hilger, Lewistown, Mont.

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Grand Rapids, Mich.

Until last year I always used a large bore heavy repeating rifle for deer and large game. Last season, after trying almost all the repeaters made, I bought a .30-30 Winchester, model 1894. I never saw deer drop so quickly as when hit with a .30 soft nosed bullet; nor did I ever take so much pleasure on a hunting trip as I have since I carried this seeming toy. It weighs but 7½ pounds loaded and is a featherweight compared to the guns of 9 to 12 pounds I formerly used. The .30 makes a hole as large as any .50 calibre I ever saw used.

The Winchester certainly is the best made, best working, and best shooting rifle now on the market.

Chas. W. Dake, Grand Rapids, Mich.

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Replying to the query of " .40-82 " Dickinson's Landing, Ont., concerning the .22 short, mushroom bullet cartridge, I can say that on March 15th, while shooting at a target with these cartridges, I saw a large chicken hawk hovering about 20 feet from the ground, 25 yards away. I fired at it with the intention of scaring it, but at the second shot it fell without a flutter, the bullet having mushroomed and torn a large hole lengthwise through its body. As to the accuracy of the hollow point .22, I think it is not so good as it should be, owing to its lighter weight, but up to 30 yards I regard it as effective.

W. G. Stevenson, Philadelphia, Pa.

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I have seen many accounts in Recreation of different kinds of guns, and every-one seems to think he has the best. I have 2 Winchesters that I think are hard to beat. One is a 12 gauge, lever action, repeating shotgun, and the other a .40-70 rifle. I killed 25 prairie dogs out of 30 shots, with my 12 gauge and No. 5 and 6 shot, at 80 yards. I think my rifle large enough for any game except bear, and if I get sight of one I am liable to try it on him, too. Out of 11 deer shot at I knocked all down in their tracks but one. Game is becoming scarce in this part of the country.

G. A. Fishel, Fairburn, S. D.

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In answer to C. W. Perry, of Helena, Mont., will say I have used Lyman shotgun sights on a 10 bore hammerless for the last 5 years. I do not find much benefit over the ordinary sights, and there is a constant risk of breaking them. However, when Lyman sights for the rifle are mentioned, it is entirely different. I never had even fair success with running game, antelope and deer, until I fitted Lyman sights to my .38-55 Marlin. Now I get them most of the time. The .30-30 is used with success here, as there is plenty of room.

All hail to the L. A. S.!

W. A. Irvin, El Paso, Tex.

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I have a .303 Savage, which I got for an all round rifle, and think it is just the thing. You can shoot grouse or squirrels and not spoil them, and still it is big enough for deer or bear. You can use a 100 grain lead bullet, with round point, and 5 grains Savage No. 2 smokeless powder, and you have a load suitable for small game and good for 200 yards. If you want to hunt big game, load with 30 grains Savage No. 1 powder and a metal jacketed soft nose bullet. That will stop anything from a deer to a bear.

Will anyone tell me what clay pigeons are made of?

Reader, Barre, Vt.

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On Washington's birthday 3 friends and I went out to try our skill with rifles. We began by perforating cartridge boxes. As we progressed we tried pennies, concluding by damaging .22 calibre cartridge shells and cutting pieces of twine suspended from a line and held taut by a stone at the end. We used Stevens " Favorite " .22 calibre rifles.

We are all enthusiastic readers of Recreation and have just organized a rifle club which we have named after Recreation.

J. A. Myers, Pres. Recreation Rifle
Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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After being out in the mountains, on a hunt, for 2 weeks, the first thing on my return was to read Recreation through.

If the users of small bore nitro rifles, who do not have soft nosed bullets, will split the patch on the point, they will get better results than from the soft nosed ball. The bullet and jacket, under ordinary conditions, part company, and it makes a most killing shot. I saw Archie McKinon shoot a 2 year old deer, the bullet entering the left hip and going out of the shoulder. The patch tore the heart all to pieces.

T. F. Hickman, Lebanon, O.

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In regard to the calibre of a rifle to be used in hunting, my argument is this: If a bear or a grouse can be killed with a .22 calibre rifle, why cannot the same game be killed with a .45-90? If game is hit in the right place a No. 2 shot is as effective as anything else, but my experience is that game does not stand so you can select your place to hit it. Even then, I have known game to be hit in a different place from the one aimed at. I have a .40-60, and one afternoon I put 4 of these bullets into a bear and never got her.

G. W. Jones, Cleveland, O.

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Can you or any of your friends tell me what special boring of a shot gun is required to make it shoot buckshot, or other larger sizes of shot, closely. W. W. Greener says he can make special buckshot guns and will warrant them to shoot buckshot better than ordinary guns will.

A. Andrews, Fournier, Ont.

ANSWER.

Several articles on this subject have been printed in RECREATION. One of the best of these, is in the November, '97, number, page 398.—EDITOR.

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I have a Marlin rifle, .32 calibre, model 1892, with open sights. How would a Lyman combination sight work on it? Would I have to remove the front sight?

We have gray squirrels, grouse, red foxes and rabbits here, but no big game.

W. C. Niceswanger, Eliott, O.

ANSWER.

Lyman sights are well liked by those who use them. You could use your present front sight, but would get better results by removing the rear sight on the barrel.—EDITOR.

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At a shooting match, A. and B. tied by placing a bullet exactly ½ inch from the centre. C. came next, ¾ inch below. D. next one inch away. A. and B. shot off the tie for first money, which was won by B. The judges then gave second money to A. and third money to C., who thought he was entitled to second money. Was the decision right?

James Hanks, Earlham, Ia.

ANSWER.

The judges were right in giving third money to C.

I will say for benefit of Dr. T. J. Hood and others interested, that in my opinion a Stevens "Favorite" is the best of all cheap .22 calibre rifles. I have used several different makes. Now, as to .22 calibre cartridges, I find the U. M. C. long rifle are the best, and I have given the .22 cartridges exhaustive trials.

I am a believer in the .30-40 fitted with Lyman's new sights. To be up-to-date every rifleman wants Lyman sights.

William A. Blaisdell, Worcester, Mass.

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In answer to Greenheart in regard to wire shot loads, I will suggest the following in his cylinder bore gun: Cut the shells between the wads over the powder almost in two. The end of the shell will go with the shot. He will find this a killer. The shock given to game, from a duck to a bear, is greater than from a rifle ball. I would not advise shooting these loads from a choke bore gun or even in a modified choke.

C. A. Duke, Duke Centre, Pa.

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Will you kindly let me know what make of 16 gauge shotgun is the best? We have good shooting here, especially on mallards. Am glad to say we are not troubled by pot hunters.

Walter MacDonough, La Conner, Wash.

ANSWER.

Any 16 gauge gun advertised in RECREATION will give satisfaction. They are all good. The best is a matter of individual preference.—EDITOR.

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In answer to J. H. Haxby's inquiry I would say that 3 drams of powder and one ounce of shot is a good load for a 12 bore muzzle loading gun. I wish to endorse S. R. Sates' opinion as to the .25-35 Winchester. I have one and think it the best rifle I ever owned. Should like to hear through RECREATION what rifle of .38-40 or .44-40 is the best. Also if the .44 W. C. F. is good for big game.

G. W. Bulley, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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J. E. H., in February RECREATION, says the Winchester is the best rifle made. How does he know? He does not say he ever used any other. I have used Winchesters of different calibres, Stevens, Sharps and Marlin, and find them all good. I am now using a .38-40 Marlin, with Lyman sights, and prefer it to any gun I ever used. I think every lover of gun and rod should read RECREATION.

O. G. Plummer, N. Bridgton, Me.

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A little .22 Stevens, 4½ pounds, took 6 turkeys out of 20, at 50 yards, rest shooting. In one score 14 were shooting against me, all kinds of guns, from .22 up to .45, with the finest of sights, and the little Stevens took the gobbler. All 3 of my shots were in the bull's eye and a nickel would cover them. I use long rifle cartridges. I think them the best .22 cartridges made, for accuracy.

S. L. Spencer, Covina, Cal.

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To H. Livingston I would suggest that he put the desired charge of powder in the shell; on this a wad; fill shell with sawdust that has no acid in it. On this place another wad, and then seat the bullet. I have made some very good targets with this combination. The objection is the dust gets into the eyes when shooting against the wind. W. B. L.

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Why don't the cartridge companies make a groove or crimping shoulder in the .30 calibre U. S. A. and the .303 Savage metal patch bullets, the same as the .30-30 Winchester and Marlin? I find in reloading the .30 U. S. A. or the .303 Savage cartridge the shells cannot be swaged tight enough on the bullet to keep it from receding into the shell. P. H. M.

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Lead can be removed from a gun barrel by filling the barrel with mercury, which will amalgamate the lead in a few minutes, leaving the barrel intact. The mercury may then be cleaned by running through a buckskin or chamois skin, and not a particle will be lost. Be careful to cork one end of the barrel tight.

Nye Jordan, Suttons Bay, Mich.

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I can endorse the statements of W. R. C., Joliet, Ill., in regard to Lyman sights. I have used them in the woods and in the open. Am now using a Stevens No. 44 Ideal rifle, .25-21. If W. R. C. gets one he will never regret it. Let him fit it with combination rear sight, with cup disc and No. 3 ivory bead front.

W. C. Turnbull, Cleveland, O.

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I own 4 rifles and one shotgun. The only bore I am opposed to is the common bore —one that has the only gun in existence— is the only one who gets any game. My guns are all good, and none of their victims has ever risen and reproached me for not hitting him with a different kind of projectile.

C. M. Letts, Grand Rapids, Mich.

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In the May number, A. Hedger speaks of making explosive bullets. The mixture he advocates is about as explosive as baking powder would be. A hollow pointed bullet, filled with beeswax, has all the expansive effects (which Mr. Hedger has mistaken for explosion) required.

C. E. Ashburner, Richmond, Va.

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I should like to ask, through Recreation, whether any of its readers have used the .40 calibre army model revolver, with smokeless powder, and whether they obtained better results with it than with black.

J. S. Barron, M.D., Raquette Lake, N. Y.

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Frank McCord, of the Columbian Rifle Club, of Rochester, N. Y., shooting 25 yards at ½ inch centre, recently made what we believe to be the first perfect official score, securing 250 out of a possible 250.

G. H. Cheney, Rochester, N. Y.

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A reader of Recreation asks about the Ithaca gun. I have used a 12 gauge for 7 years, and in that time it has never needed any repairs; it is perfect in every way. It is the best gun I ever handled.

William G. Dunlap, Marion, Va.

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It would be interesting to know how many Spaniards a bullet from the new Navy smokeless powder cartridge would penetrate. Also whether soft nose or full mantle bullets are preferable.

A. B., Lima, O.

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I would like to hear, through Recreation, from some sportsman, as to the shooting power of the American Arms Co.'s single barrel, semi-harmless shotgun, and its exact killing range.

M. Frasier, Rondout, N. Y.

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I shot a match near here with 2 of the best county shots, at 50 birds. I used the Peters cartridge. One of my opponents got 39 birds, the other 40, and I got 46.

R. Boyd Cabell, M. D., Dewitt, Mo.

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Will some of the readers of Recreation please give their experiences with smokeless powder and lead bullets in .38-55 rifles, also the brand of powder used?

B. N. Harrington, Bandon, Ore.

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Can any reader of Recreation tell me where to get .22 calibre rim-fire cartridges, having the letter "S" stamped on the head?

S. L. Doolittle, Ingersoll, Ont., Can.

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I should like to have the opinion of some Recreation readers on the ejecting quality of the Marlin repeater, in sizes larger than .32.

Scott Kneeland, Minneapolis, Minn.

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Will some one who has experimented with all lead bullets and black powder in a .30-30 or .30-40 Winchester, please tell me what the result was?

Samuel Matter, Loganton, Pa.

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My favorite rifle is the Winchester .38-40 calibre, and I am the owner of 5 rifles of different sizes.

A. E. Lines, New Haven, Ct.

# NATURAL HISTORY.

## ARE SQUIRRELS CARNIVOROUS ?

Brockport, N. Y.

You ask for certain evidence of the carnivorous propensities of the red squirrel. I will give you my own experience in the matter. My observations lead me to believe that all the squirrel family are more or less carnivorous. The European squirrel has been proved guilty of destroying eggs and young of such large birds as the woodpigeon—a much more robust species than our once common wild pigeon. I take the following from my note book of June, 1893—I was then staying in Park county, Colorado, at an elevation of about 10,000 feet: A pair of robins had a nest on a pine close to my shanty and, as these birds are by no means common thereabouts, I watched them with some little interest. One morning I heard them vociferating in great alarm. I snatched up my small shotgun and ran out. A dead young robin, with eyes and brain eaten out, lay on the ground at the foot of the tree. About 10 feet up was the nest, and close to it was a pine squirrel savagely munching the head of another young bird, while the old robins were dashing round and uttering loud cries. I shot and killed the squirrel, which fell with the dying bird close to my feet. The squirrel was the sub-species Fremonti, so common on the upper timbered slopes of Colorado.

On another occasion, in Platte canyon, a squirrel had been peculiarly noisy all the morning. I at last walked round and watched him for some time. He was evidently in a bad temper. A pair of robins were flying in and out of the tree and dashing at him, giving out their alarm notes. The squirrel in a furious rage chased and sprang at the birds, chattering and sputtering all the time. I found several broken eggshells, in fresh condition, under the tree. I could not see the nest, but had no doubt that the "Piney" had broken the eggs. Last summer a pine squirrel ran across the road in front of me with a young bird, evidently a junco, in its mouth; the old birds as usual showing their distress.

The red squirrel is also accused of driving away the black and gray species. It appears to be generally believed in the Eastern States, that it is in the habit of strangely mutilating the males of the larger species; and this strange charge is apparently supported by the undeniable fact that black squirrels are frequently found in that condition. This is not the work of the red squirrel, however, but of a dipterous insect, a kind of bob fly, *Cuterebra emasculator*, Fitch, which lays its eggs on the squirrel. The larvæ hatch and work internally, thus accomplishing the mutilation referred to. The charge of driving away the gray and black varieties is easily accounted for when we consider the migratory habits of this species (the gray and black squirrel) which are the cause of their sudden presence or absence in certain localities. The pine squirrel is eminently insectivorous, being partial to large grasshoppers and chafers.

The rock squirrel, *Spermophilus grammurus*, is a veritable pest in Colorado, where domestic fowls are kept, as they destroy both eggs and young chickens, and are almost as destructive as weasels. I have many times been requested by ranchmen to kill them whenever I had a chance. They must be also very destructive to game. All the ground squirrels or chipmunks will kill and eat young birds. I was rambling in a piece of half cleared woodland at Kendall, N. Y., and heard a female quail in great trouble. I found the cause to be a common chipmunk, which had caught a young quail and was eating it. It dropped its prey as I flung my stick, but in a few minutes it returned and ran to and fro as if hunting by scent; and it found and killed another young quail within a few yards of me, in spite of the frantic efforts of the old quail to drive off the depredator. Last summer in Garfield county, Colorado, I saw a "Says chipmunk," *Tamia lateralis*, jump up and catch a pine linnet that was busily engaged on a thistle, eating the seeds. I also saw one catch a white bellied mouse. A bag of oats had fallen from a wagon, unobserved by the driver. It was soon discovered by squirrels and mice of various species. I sat and watched their proceedings as they busied themselves in gnawing holes in the sack to get at the contents, and fought and chased each other away. A pretty fawn colored mouse, with white belly, found its way to the sack and soon had its head in a hole. A chipmunk leaped on it and killed it in an instant. I ran to get the mouse, as it was a species I didn't recognize; but the squirrel was too quick for me and dodged under a rock with it.

This chipmunk is easily tamed if taken young and kept in a cage, with a revolving wheel. I kept several for years. They would eat any thing. If a small dead bird was given them they would eat the brain and eyes first. The large hawkmoths that feed on tomato plants used to come freely to an electric lamp close by, and I would catch many and feed my pets with them. They would have the wings off in an instant and, holding the large body up with both fore feet, would commence at the head and eat every morsel with great gusto.

The smaller striped species, *Tamia quadrivittatas*, is very carnivorous. I used to throw bodies of birds I had preserved for specimens out of my windows, on purpose to see these little fellows fight for them. In confinement they are quarrelsome, and the victor will eat the eyes and brain from his whipped companion, almost before it is really dead. I have endeavored to get them home to New York for my wife's collection of living pets, but always failed; the finale being always the same, the "fittest" that survived was invariably a female.

The only truly nocturnal species of the Sciuridæ we have is the flying squirrel, and this is by far the most bloodthirsty of all. Owing to its small size it cannot be of damage to game birds, but to small birds of arboreal habits it must be quite destructive. In pursuit of one of my favorite fads—entomology—I am in the habit of rambling about the woods at night with a lamp specially made for the purpose. I have repeatedly seen the flying squirrels hunting in the trees and bushes and have heard the telltale squeak of their victims. I have seen a whole family of these bright eyed, innocent looking, little demons sliding down a tree trunk where I have spread my bait of molasses and beer to attract rare moths. When they reach the bait they begin to sip and lick the sweets in ecstacy. Presently a large, bright winged moth will hover round and alight on the bait. Then the squirrels will show their real nature, and the moth is caught. Finding their prey so easily attained, they go from tree to tree unless I stop the fun. I caught one and kept it more than 2 years. It was a great favorite with my family until it found its way to our aviary where it killed a pair of canaries and ate 5 eggs the first night. We found it comfortably sleeping in the canaries' nest and the rightful proprietors without their heads. After this it managed to kill and eat about a dozen birds of various species, at different times, until I made a "specimen" of it at last. The flying squirrel is quite common, I might say abundant, yet seldom seen, owing to its nocturnal habits. Let any person desiring to get specimens take a few common Chinese fire crackers, on a fine bright day in early fall, and stroll through any wood where beech or oak grows. When he comes to a partially hollow tree, let him light a fire cracker and drop it in the hole of the tree. If he has good luck he will see—what he will see. I have seen more than a dozen flying squirrels frightened from one tree, so thoroughly scared, too, that they were almost all caught alive. On a bright day they appear to be confused by the sunshine and will alight on a tree trunk and press themselves quite flat, as if for concealment. I never knew one to attempt to bite when handled.

David Bruce.

## AN ODD FRIENDSHIP.

Fredonia, N. Y.

Editor Recreation: May 1, 1897, I moved to Point Chautauqua. Having rented a cottage and being there for pleasure only, I proceeded to surround myself with pets.

I had a dog for a starter and soon a small kitten was presented to me. The kitten was a homely little thing but we soon became much attached to it.

About a week after the kitten arrived, while walking through a piece of woods, I captured a young crow with but few feathers. I took him home, adopted him and became father, mother and all to the bird.

Then the fun commenced. The little beggar could eat all day and cry for more the minute one stopped feeding him. He was tame and easy to handle on account of his appetite, and we greatly enjoyed his pranks. The kitten took a fancy to the crow and as the crow returned the feeling they became fast friends. They were inseparable and as they grew older they became more fond of each other.

They would eat, sleep, play and fight like 2 children. Every morning, just after sunrise, they would stroll over the meadow adjoining our place in search of field mice. They were generally successful on these trips, the crow always capturing his share of the game. After their breakfast they would sit on the wood pile, back of the house, and clean themselves. Then it was time for play. This would usually last until noon, but sometimes they would "come to blows" and that settled it until after dinner.

They would play hide and seek, and tag; they would wrestle, the cat embracing the crow and rolling over and over with him.

The only means of protection the crow had was his bill, and he could use it to advantage when obliged to, though he was not pugnacious.

It was no uncommon thing to have the dog, cat and crow follow me across the fields when I started for a hunt. About 3 o'clock every afternoon the cat and crow would retire to a cool spot under the front veranda and there sleep side by side for an hour or so.

When I moved from Chautauqua to this place I brought the pets with me, but after being here 2 weeks the crow died, evidently from change of diet. I sent him to a taxidermist and had him mounted. When he was returned to me I put him on the floor, and brought the cat into the room where the crow was.

She spied the bird and, crouching low, slowly approached him. When right beneath him she raised up and began licking his bill and then tried to catch him by the neck and roll over with him.

It was a pathetic as well as amusing sight and I shall never forget it.

H. D. Kirkover, Jr.

### WHY BIRDS DECREASE.

Pleasantville, N. Y.

Editor Recreation: Mr. Hornaday did not send me his circular of inquiry anent the destruction of American birds. Still, I am nothing if not obliging, and I volunteer an answer to his third question, " What agency (or class of men) has been most destructive to the birds? "

The way I got my information on the subject is this: For a number of years I had been trying to make a collection of eggs of the birds of this country. I had made fair progress, without buying, selling or exchanging an egg, when, unfortunately for the end in view, I acquired the habit of reading Recreation. Naturally, I soon saw the error of my way, fell under conviction and joined the L. A. S. Wearing the badge of that order I could not view with the same equanimity as before the prospect of being haled to the calaboose for robbing birds' nests.

However, I was not so unsophisticated as to suppose that because I was virtuous there should be no more skins and eggs. In a moment of moral lassitude I conceived the idea of buying the eggs I was too conscientious to steal. I obtained copies of ornithological journals and corresponded with the worthies who advertise therein. In return, I received a fund of information and the moral bracer under the influence of which I now write.

I learned that there are periodicals monthly tooting the loud, glad clarion of bird protection, while deriving their principal income from advertising the sale and exchange of the mortal remains of the objects of their solicitude. Among their contributors and advertisers I was surprised to find names of some who, in Recreation, cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war upon the naughty game hog.

But it was the bulletins of the dealers that clinched my reformation. One reads: " In order to reduce my immense stock I will sell nicely prepared skins of goldfinches, buntings and sparrows at 7 cents each." To kill a bird because you want its skin is bad enough; but to kill one for a measly 7 cents is sordid rascality. And these men allude to themselves as scientists and ornithologists! One embryo Audubon informs me that " all (his) specmens are prepared acording to the direcsions of latest authoraty (Hornaday's Manuel)." If his specimens are as unique as his orthography they should fetch a great price. I have a score of circulars offering bird skins from 7 cents and eggs from 2 cents up, and expressing willingness to buy them at still lower rates.

The most exasperating part of the business is that these men coolly assume to be furthering the interests of science; whereas they are merely lining their own dirty pockets and damning their own infinitesimal souls.

I think, Mr. Hornaday, that these men and boys, coddled as fledgling scientists under the fostering wing of the American Ornithologists' Union, are largely responsible for the decrease of our birds.

G. A. Mack.

### A MORNING WITH THE BIRDS.

Columbus, O.

Editor Recreation: While this region, 2 miles West of the city, is not haunted by game of any value, song birds, in great variety, abound. In a short walk the other morning I saw over a dozen I could name, and others I am yet unacquainted with. My path led along a small, deeply shaded stream, beyond which lay a belt of swampy ground covered with bushes and small trees on which the leaves were just unfolding. On the opposite side of the path the country stretched away in broad, level acres of young clover and freshly plowed fields. At frequent intervals meadow larks flew up and went skimming over the fields in their looping flight, some alighting on the ground to run along with their alert heads above the clover. The swamp proved a veritable rendezvous of the birds. Brown thrushes flitted in the under brush, exposing now and then their dainty, spotted breasts; Baltimore orioles made dots of brilliant orange and glossy black in the higher branches; cat birds, of somberer hue but no less active of voice and wing, played along the water's edge; while a pair of red birds (scarlet tanagers) attracted the eye with their unusual color. What would the woods be without the birds? They would seem as empty as a dance-hall without the dancers or a schoolroom without the children. Besides the birds named, I noted a house wren, a mourning dove, a mocking bird and a crow. While returning along the path and thinking I would see no more birds that morning, a most melodious little song burst out behind me, and looking around I saw the trim body of a song sparrow. On the higher ground about here are numbers of blue jays and 3 species of wood peckers—the golden-wing, the showy red-head, and the less conspicuous downy. The clear, resilient notes of the Wilson's thrush, or veery, are often heard in the early mornings and at sundown—the same beautiful tones that ring from the swamps and wooded hillsides of New England. Another bird common in the East I have occasionally heard hereabouts—the white-throated sparrow, or Peabody bird. Early one morning I discovered, in a mountain birch on the lawn, a night hawk perching lengthwise of a limb. Coming again late in the afternoon I found him slumbering in exactly the same position, evidently dreaming of the sport he would soon have in the twilight.

R. B. Rood.

### A FUTURE ORNITHOLOGIST.

Pasadena, Cal., May 25th 98.
Dear mr. G O Shields

I want to know if you won't give me your good help to stop this destruction of these poor little innocent birds that flys in the beautiful air which makes life sweet for the human race by their sweet song that comes from their little throats. The boys of Pasadena are cruel to go and take their eggs. 1000 and 2000 of eggs are taken ever year and now birds are scarce and are dying by hundred and no eggs to hatch. The poor mother bird looses her eggs and nest. The people of California will be sorry of this crueal act yet after it it is to late. If this keeps on dear Editor half of my nature is ruined for I am in for all of wild nature I can get not to help distroy. It will end in the same way the buffalo has and the mule deer and elk of Humboldt Co. has if it isant stopped. They have killed off the ducks deer rabits and quail now are killing off the birds for wings to put on hats and takeing the eggs and all the nest. In about 4 familys you will find 7000 or 8000 eggs. This wicked, cruel, robbery, mean, and if it isant stopped every body ought to go into the business and get rid of these poor little birds for that is just what they are trying to do all right enough. The poor little birds that flys that night does not think her nice beautiful eggs and nice little home all lined nice and cozy will be taken next morning by that boy who has been watching it for sometime. They can all talk of extermating all the other game but I protect the birds as well. The League American Sportsmen must take this up and you to Editor and put a stop to this. I want to hear from your readers of Recreation on this subject through its colms and if you never publish any thing I ever write I wish you would please be so kind to publish this for my sake. Put it in my July number if not in June and sign my name to it. Have all of the subscripers talk on this subject. I will fight for this to be stopped. I will organize a clup of California for the Protection of birds if nothing else such as C. P. of M. B. for I am not alone in this protection California Protection of Mother Birds for the purpose of Protection of them and their eggs. Well I will close Yours truly

Arthur J. Thompson.

I print this letter verbatim et literatim, in order to show that in this wicked world there is one boy who takes the proper view of the question of preserving our song and insectivorous birds.

Master Thompson does not say how old he is, though I fear he is not yet of such an age as to be eligible for membership in the L. A. S. I trust, however, that as soon as he arrives at the age of 15, he will join the League. Meantime he should advise all his boy friends who are of that age, and all the men of his acquaintance, to join. This is destined to be the most powerful organization, for the purpose of protecting the birds and mammals of the country, that has ever been organized. We hope soon to have a sufficient number of members in California to organize a state division there, and to start the work of California game protection in a practical way. I have requested Mr. W. T. Hornaday, Director of the New York Zoological Society, to send Master Thompson several copies of his recent report on the destruction of birds, in order that they may be distributed among the vandals who are destroying birds' nests. It is earnestly hoped that every boy who gets a copy of that report will read it carefully and heed the warning it gives.—Editor.

### REMEDIES FOR SNAKE BITE.

Houston, Tex.

Editor Recreation: in April Recreation Mr. Greene, of Bethlehem, Pa., cites a case where the old time remedy, whiskey, failed to save the life of an intoxicated man bitten by a rattle-snake. In the first place whiskey does not counteract or kill the poison of snakes. It simply stimulates the man and keeps him alive until his system has time to eliminate it. In the case cited it is quite evident that the man's system, when bitten, was below the normal condition, having been previously stimulated to a maximum degree and reaction had already taken place. The fact of his being bitten in the forehead should not be lost sight of. Should the fangs puncture a large artery or vein, thus throwing the poison directly into the circulation, no remedy would be of any avail.

If G. wants a good treatment for rattlesnake, or any other poisonous snake bite, the following have proven satisfactory after many and varied trials: No. 1. Lloyds Specific Tincture Echinacea angustorum, given in teaspoonful doses every hour; also making a free incision where the fangs have punctured the skin and applying a dressing wet with the medicine.

No. 2. Make a clean cut where the fangs have entered, say about 2 inches long and ½ to one inch deep according to size of snake. Then fill the wound with Potassium Permanganate and give the man all the whiskey or brandy he can drink. No. 2 leaves a wound that heals much slower than No. 1. Either will save life if used in time and done thoroughly. The Specific Tincture of Echinacea is put up by Lloyd Bros., Cincinnati, O., with full directions on each bottle.

Edward L. Fox, M. D.,
Houston, Tex.

If you would live next to nature, read Recreation.

### MARMOT OR WOODCHUCK?

I read with interest the article "In the Olympic Mountains," by C. C. Maring. Is it not probable—I am asking for information—that the whistling marmot, spoken of by him, is the woodchuck, ground hog or "siffleur," of the Northern States? Or is it another, who whistles more?

Many a time, in Western New York, I have heard the woodchuck's whistle, especially if, close pushed by dogs, he ran into the butt of a hollow tree and climbed part way up. He objected to being smoked out, and said so, in whistling protests. The sound, which is probably a squeal, may be closely imitated by the whistle produced by blowing between the fingers. A sharp, ringing whistle, with an upward ending pitch, "wheeet!" followed by a tremulous descent of the scale, "whe-e-e-e-e," rapidly repeated 8 or 10 times.

Fishing one day on Lake Delevan, I called the attention of my companion to one of these marmots, 40 or more rods away, on a log, and asked if he would like to see him stand up; offering a wager of a big apple that I could make him do the trick. The bet was taken, and I won by imitating his whistle through my fingers.

The note is one of anger, and possibly a love call. The animal here in Illinois is the exact counterpart of the woodchuck of my boyhood, and I should like to know whether the whistler or "siffleur," which is French for the same word—spoken of by C. C. M., is not the same *Arctomys empetra*, who whistles more because it is colder in the Olympic mountains.

C. C. Haskins, Chicago, Ill.

### A GREAT DEER PARK IN COLORADO.

A year ago some Colorado men, who are interested in preserving our big game animals from extinction, found that by running a fence, 3 miles long, across the mouth of a certain canyon in Garfield county, they could fence in a deer range of 1,800 acres. This was accordingly done, and on counting up their herd the men found they had thus captured and enclosed about 150 head of mule deer.

These gentlemen have meantime acquired a legal title to all this land and have organized The Glen Beulah Park Association, with John Himebaugh as president and C. E. Noble as secretary. The other charter members are D. B. Fairley, C. W. Fairley, E. W. Giddings and E. Barnett, of Colorado Springs, and C. N. Priddy, C. E. Dickinson and W. H. Beeman, of Leadville.

The association has provided for feeding the deer, in winter, and will buy and turn into their park a number of young elk.

This is a commendable piece of work, on the part of these gentlemen, and it is hoped their example will be followed by many people in other Western States.

### IS THIS THE RECORD MOOSE HEAD?

I noticed in February RECREATION a description of a moose head which is claimed to be the largest on record. Mr. D. G. MacDonald and I, in the fall of 1889, killed 6 moose on the Magnissippi river, in the Province of Quebec. One weighed, dressed, at Deux Riviere Station, C. P. R., 1340 pounds. This animal did not have a good pair of antlers. Mr. MacDonald got one head which beats the one described by Mr. DeWeese. Following are the dimensions: Spread of horns, 71½ inches. Number of points, 32. Width of palmations, 20 inches. Around burr, 15 inches. I have killed many moose and have seen a lot of supposed record heads; but the above was the largest and most perfect head I ever saw.

R. D. Fetherston, Vancouver, B. C.

### DO SNAKES CHARM BIRDS?

I noticed an article in RECREATION about snakes charming game. Here is my experience:

When I was a child, my father and family lived on a farm. We raised many chickens. One morning I heard a great noise in a new house my father was building. I ran in to see what was the trouble, and there was my best hen jumping up and down and sidewise, cackling and flapping her wings. A large snake was about 2 feet from her, thrusting out his long forked tongue, his black eyes fixed upon her. I called mother; she came and killed the snake. It was a yard long, and as large as a broom handle. What could the snake want of a full grown hen when it could swallow nothing bigger than a frog or a mouse? No, that snake was a game hog, and was simply trying to kill. He had more game than he could use.

Mrs. A. G. Wallahan, Cora, Wyo.

### NOTES.

I enjoy reading RECREATION, especially the articles on game birds, for ornithology is my hobby. Should like to correspond with anyone who can give me notes on the location and distribution of game birds.

Your policy with regard to game hogs is all right. At Clarks, Neb., the authorities fined a man $35 for shooting one duck from a blind, in the middle of the Platte. At the same place, 3 men secured 80 ducks and 10 geese in 8 hours. This seems to me too many for one day. The wind and snow blinded the birds and they were easy to get. Near Loup City I saw over 50 pairs of prairie chickens, in a 10 mile drive. They were thick last fall, but many have been shot during the winter.

A. Wilson Tout, York, Neb.

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It seems to me the pine squirrel shown in Mr. Carlin's photo differs slightly from the red squirrel of the East. Those inhabiting this part of the country look larger. E. S. B. is right when he says the reds whip the grays. One time, while still hunting I heard a great rumpus in the leaves nearby and witnessed a battle between a red and a gray squirrel. The red had decidedly the best of the fight all the way through. It was a sharp tussle and the fur flew for a few seconds, until the gray started to run. The red had hold of him and hung on as far as I could see. I have hunted gray squirrels a great deal, and have always noticed, that they never get very near their red cousins.

D. L. Ingalls, Albany, N. Y.

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In conversation with a friend the other day the subject of lightning came up, and I remarked that I had never known of but one case where it struck a beech-tree. My friend said it struck beech about as often as other trees but never left a mark on the trunk, so far as he had observed. The only mark would be a hole through the foliage, close to the trunk, which seemed to have been burned through, as the leaves would be withered and red. I have noticed the withered red leaves many times but never attributed it to lightning. Who knows whether this is a fact? It is a new theory to me and I have tramped the beech woods more or less for 45 years.

Chippewa.

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I was much interested in reading, in March RECREATION, the article on "The Pewee," by Anson Evans. It was well written, but, I fear Mr. Evans has things mixed a trifle between the pewee (Sayornis phœbe) and the wood pewee (Contopus vireus). From the description of the bird, nest and eggs, I judge the bird to have been Sayornis phœbe and not Contopus vireus. All oological collectors know Contopus vireus does not build its nest under bridges and lay 3 white eggs. The description would suit Sayornis phœbe, except, that the latter lays 4 to 6 eggs which are pure white. Occasionally some are taken with reddish brown spots at the larger end.

L. Ernest Marceau, Dubuque, Iowa.

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My experience with the blue jay has been similar to that of Frank L. Randal, of Winona, Minn. When jays are plenty, songsters are scarce. Two years ago I kept the jays killed off, around my house, and we had a great number of song birds; but last year I did not molest the jays and in early summer we could every day see rascals ripping up the nests of other birds and scattering them in all directions. We did not have one songster where we had 10 the previous year. I have all due respect toward the Professors; but there are some things they don't know.

Nimrod, Portage County, Wis.

I am much of Mr. F. L. Randall's way of thinking, about the blue jay. There is little shooting in our part of the country. Chickens are getting scarce; there are almost no quails, and last winter, rabbit shooting was a failure. There are, however, men here who wear bristles and use ferrets. Have heard of 2 or 3 men getting from 150 to 200 rabbits in a day. They claim they use the ferrets to drive the rabbits out and then shoot the bunnies. I think they do shoot them, with a 2 bushel sack and a club.

Zip, Rochester, Minn.

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I was much interested in the article in regard to rabbits swimming. It brought to mind an incident that happened about 2 years ago. I was hunting ducks on the banks of the James river. I had bagged 6 ducks and was just starting for home when a jack rabbit came out of the brush on the other side of the river, jumped in, and swam across to my side, just as easily as any dog could have done. That was the first time I ever saw a rabbit swim and I have only seen one do so since.

L. K. Harvey, Huron, S. D.

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About 5 years ago, while a party of us were camping on Fairhaven bay, in Concord, Mass., my brother shot 2 large water snakes, each measuring over 5 feet in length. On examining them we found in one snake 56 small snakes, and in the other 62. These small snakes averaged 8 to 12 inches in length, and were of 2 different species. We kept them alive a number of days but they would not eat. I had a number of them preserved in alcohol.

Wilfred Wheeler, Concord, Mass.

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Wolves were bad in this locality last winter, and killed a number of cattle. Following is a list of stock known to have been killed, and names of the owners: Charles Stough, 13 head; John Arnold, 6 head; J. A. Carr, 3 calves and one donkey; Sheehan Bros., 23 head, and it is said that James Graham and others on the Sweetwater lost heavily.—Wyoming paper.

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Last year I shot an albino yellow hammer. Have you ever heard of one being killed before? I gave this one to a college in Wisconsin. The professor of ornithology there said it was the only one on record, so far as he knew.

Alvin Jones, Jr., Polo, Ill.

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One of the keepers in Druid Hill Park, this city, told me he saw a pair of wild pigeons feeding in one of the oak groves in that park, October 31, 1896.

Wm. H. Fisher, Baltimore, Md.

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Four albino deer have been killed in this locality in the past 10 years.

B. Bristol, Traverse City, Mich.

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### WASHINGTON DIVISION.

J. S. Stangroom, Chief Warden, New Whatcom.

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### TO SAVE THE FORESTS.

Keene, N. H.

Editor RECREATION: A gray eagle measuring 7 feet, from tip to tip of wings, was shot by a farmer 10 miles from here, and has been on exhibition in the city. Are not such birds rare enough to be protected, rather than shot? This seemed to me a good text for a short L. A. S. sermon, in RECREATION. It is hard for the average farmer to combine the æsthetic with the utilitarian; but the process of education is going on, and here the League has one of its grandest opportunities.

And may I not put in a plea, before the organization of an L. A. S. division in New Hampshire, that an effort be made in the initial make-up of its officers, to secure men thoroughly committed to forestry preservation? Nothing seems to me of more practical importance, and I was both surprised and delighted to find it a plank in the L. A. S. platform. Probably no state in the Union would benefit more from proper forestry regulations, than the Granite State; but the legislation thus far secured has been meagre and unsatisfactory. In this part of the State there has been such a demand for pine and other timber, for wood-working establishments, that old growth woods are quite rare, and it is positively painful to drive or wheel through so much denuded territory.

The old inhabitants will tell you that more "sprout land" is being allowed to grow up than the territory that is being stripped; but it is a fact that it is a rare thing for the greedy lumberman to allow his pines to get much beyond the sapling stage. As soon as they can be converted into money, he feels his palms itching for the axe helve.

Of course such skinning of land is all wrong in principle, even though it be allowed to grow up again, being in the long run a most wasteful procedure. And our diminishing rainfall is another evidence of the harm being wrought.

People familiar with the White mountain attractions know how much will depend, for them, on the care of the forests for the next 50 years. Yet the brigandage of the lumbermen continues unabated!

Edward W. Wild.

#### ANSWER.

I see no strong reason for the special protection of the eagle, in a State like New Hampshire. The species is not systematically hunted; and it would be better to expend one's energies in working for the better protection of the long list of miscellaneous game birds, that are being exterminated. Nevertheless, it would be a great pity for the eagle to become extinct, even though it does carry off a lamb now and then.

Why don't you join the League, Brother Wild, and help organize the New Hampshire Division, with a view to the proper protection of your forests?—EDITOR.

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### HE WANTED A SALARY.

One F. G. Flower, of Butte, Montana, is roaming up and down that State spreading himself over sundry sheets of writing paper, postal cards and telegraph blanks reviling the League of American Sportsmen and its officers. This man Flower wrote me he was a candidate for Chief Warden of the State, and that he was working vigorously to secure his election. He said he was in it for the money, and he should see that he got a good salary as Chief Warden. This is contrary to the constitution and the objects of the League, and when Flower made these sweeping declarations we decided he was not the proper man for the place.

When the necessary 25 members were obtained in Montana to authorize the organization of a State Division, the Secretary called an election, in accordance with the Constitution.

Two Montana members recommended Dr. Conyngham, of Butte, as a suitable man for the place, and a statement to this effect having been sent out to the Montana members, Dr. Conyngham was unanimously elected.

Mr. Flower's correspondence, and his conduct in this matter, dating from some time in January last, indicate plainly that he is insane, and it is strange his friends (if he has any) do not send him where he can be properly taken care of.

### WHY THEY OPPOSE THE LEAGUE.

Some of the people connected with the other sportsmen's papers are industriously circularizing the statement that the League of American Sportsmen was organized and is being pushed for the purpose of advertising RECREATION. This, of course, is the result of jealousy. These journals do not believe in the League because they did not start it, and because none of them was chosen as its official organ. Nothing could be more ridiculous than the idea that an organization which is in its infancy could by any possibility be an advertisement for RECREATION. In the first place this magazine does not need any advertising. Everyone knows it is the most powerful and the most widely circulated journal of its class in the United States. Probably every member of the League is already a subscriber to RECREATION. How then could their joining the League benefit this magazine? The L. A. S. is a RECREATION enterprise, pure and simple, and inasmuch as the other papers are persistently throwing cold water on it, it will grow only so fast as RECREATION can make it grow.

### WEAR YOUR BADGE.

I notice Mr. U. W. Gallaher, of Rockport, Mo., suggests each member of the L. A. S. wear an emblem or pin, not because it will be a secret society but because it will not be one. This is a good suggestion in some respects but it might be detrimental in others. While the members would readily recognize one another when they met, these pins would warn the market hunters and violators of game laws and give them a better chance for concealment.

J. W. Durham, of Lockland, Ky., expresses my sentiments exactly in regard to getting members from the country for the L. A. S. I claim that one good, faithful sportsman, living in the country where the game is, can do more to protect it from violators of law than a half dozen living in cities or large towns. Of course we want all the members we can get, but don't forget to urge the country boys to join the L. A. S. They help to feed and rear the game, to a certain extent, and we want all we can get of them.

H. E. Gillett, Benton Harbor, Mich.

### PROTECTING BIRDS.

The League of American Sportsmen, a new association recently formed in New York City, has started a crusade against a practice, quite prevalent in Buffalo, of killing and trapping song birds.

Henry Selbert was the first man arrested in Buffalo, as a result of the crusade. He was seen trapping birds in the rear of E. P. Dorr's home at Central Park. Mr. Dorr secured a warrant for Selbert's arrest and placed it in the hands of Officer Grassell, who arrested Selbert at his home, 76 Dupont Street.

When arraigned before Judge King, Selbert pleaded guilty, but said he was ignorant of the law, was out of work, and had a family depending on him for support.

Judge King allowed him to go, but other offenders will not be dealt with so lightly.

The league intends to prosecute offenders vigorously and will endeavor to have heavy fines imposed. The maximum fine for the offense is $25.
—Buffalo Express.

### NOTES.

The L. A. S. is a good thing, for it is an evident fact that if some prompt and decided action is not taken it will not be many years until the game will be exterminated. Here in Idaho only a few years ago trout were dynamited and shipped by the ton, and last winter I saw, in one of the railway freight houses, 2 truck loads of deer to be shipped. Of course, it is against the law, but the law is seldom enforced, and it is high time something was being done to stop such work. I have talked with a number of sportsmen friends, and they all think well of the L. A. S. and are anxious to join. If you will send me about 25 blanks, I can get that many names and perhaps more. You may also send me a few circulars, although I will be able to see nearly all the sportsmen I am acquainted with. We ought to get a good big division in this State, and I shall do all I can toward it.

G. W. Oliver, Pocatello, Idaho.

That's right. If every member would do likewise we should soon have 100,000 members.

Not only every sportsman, but every citizen of Whatcom county is more or less interested in the birds, fish and other game of the country, and should support every effort to prevent their needless slaughter. The organization of a strong auxiliary of the League of American Sportsmen, now being formed in Whatcom county through the vigorous efforts of John S. Stangroom, is a part of the general awakening of sportsmen all over the country. The plan is to rigidly enforce the game laws of each State, by maintaining a game warden in each county. Whatcom county now leads the State in this movement, with 50 members already enrolled, and we are in a fair way to stand supreme in the progressiveness of our sportsmen, as in the superiority of our field for pastoral diversions.—New Whatcom (Wash.) daily paper.

Mr. Stangroom is the Chief Warden of the Washington division and is the right sort. He has sent in 53 applications for membership and is busy making up his list of local wardens for the State. Let us hear from some of the other friends of game protection in that State. Mr. Stangroom needs help in this work.—EDITOR.

On returning from a trip in the Catskills I find your communication and book of By-laws of L. A. S. Have looked it over as well as time would permit and am highly pleased with the plan. I enclose $1 with my application and if I can be of any service to the League shall be glad to know it.

I arrested one William Greene on the border of the Catskills, on the 16th of June, for spearing small trout in Hanneroix creek, and he was fined $25.

The case of Bently and others, to which you referred in RECREATION, was settled in court, they paying a penalty of $300. They know they have been fishing.

E. J. Lobdell, Northville, N. Y.

Mr. Lobdell is a Local Warden of the L. A. S. and pot hunters would do well to shy around his county.

There was once a fair amount of game in this section but "hogs" and market shooters have about cleaned it out. We have a class of men who hunt the year around, and hunt grouse at that. The law is a dead letter here; at least there are no game wardens to enforce it. Respectable people will obey the law, but market hunters and game hogs will shoot as long as there is anything to kill. I think RECREATION is the best journal for sportsmen, and we have named our new camp in honor of it. G. V. Schenck, Rensselaer, N. Y.

[Join the L. A. S. and induce all your friends to do so. Then we can place a game warden in your county, and enforce the laws there, as well as elsewhere.]

Miles City, Mont.

Hon. L. A. Huffman,

Dear Sir: With pleasure I ask you to send my application along with your own for membership in the League of American Sportsmen. I am in hearty sympathy with the object of that organization.

Yours truly,
William Courtenay.

Mr. Courtenay is known throughout the West as a heavy live stock operator. He never shoots, but doesn't want the song birds all killed to supply the Eastern milliners with wings and tails.

Mr. E. P. Dorr, of Buffalo, the Erie County Warden of the L. A. S., has notified me of the conviction obtained by him of one Henry Selbert, Jr., for trapping robins. Selbert was arrested, pleaded guilty, and I have to-day mailed my check for $10 to Mr. Dorr, in accordance with Article 5, Section 7 of the By-Laws.

A. E. Pond, Chief Warden, N. Y. Div.

Thus Mr. Dorr is the first local Warden to earn and receive a reward for a prosecution in the name of the L. A. S. Who will be the next? The money is ready for you, gentlemen. Don't hesitate to earn and claim it.

L. A. S. is all right. God speed it. Just what we want. When that becomes a reality there will be some tall squealing. Once get the true sportsmen interested, as they should be, and the hogs will stand a poor show. There are men here who would not hesitate to net small streams for trout, or to try any way to kill them. These same people would like to be called sportsmen. I think, as Mr. S. W. Everett says, you are unjust to the 4 legged animal, who has borne the name of hog so long, in giving his name to such men.

E. T. Blossom, Otego, Mich.

I was for 2 years chairman of our State Fish and Game Commission and now hold the long term. I resigned the chairmanship when I came here, but still appoint all the State Wardens, and last year they made a number of arrests and convictions. People in this State now have some fear about violating our game laws. Still they are violated to a large extent. We shall keep at it though until they quit. I will gladly help the L. A. S. every way in my power.

H. P. Kennett, Victor, Mont.

I believe the League of American Sportsmen offers the best plan for protecting game. The game wardens are helpless, for the appropriations are not sufficient. The fields are many and, being scattered over a vast area, it is irksome to guard them. I am strongly in favor of the League. Will give its organization the support of this section. What is done must be done speedily.

L. E. Burnett, Little Medicine, Wyo.

There are several members of the League who have not yet ordered their badges. Are you one of them? If so, why so? The L. A. S. badge is a beautiful ornament and one that any man may well feel proud to wear. The bronze costs only 25 cents; the silver 75 cents and the gold $2.50. You should send in your order at once. We want every member of the League to wear its badge and thus to show game law breakers we are after them.

The league now has 878 members.

### SHALL WE INCREASE THE SIZE OF RECREATION?

A year or more ago I made an appeal to my subscribers to send me in one new subscription each, and pledged myself. in return to enlarge and otherwise improve RECREATION. While the subscribers did not all respond, many of them did. In fact a number of them did much more than I asked and sent in 5, 10, or 20 new subscriptions each. I kept my promise, and since that time have added 32 pages to RECREATION. I have greatly improved it in the matter of illustrations and in other ways.

Now I repeat the request. I have on my books 35,000 regular subscribers, besides the trade of newsdealers. If only these 35,000 subscribers would each induce a friend to subscribe, it would increase my income $35,000 a year. This would enable me to add at least 16 pages more to RECREATION, which I am anxious to do. These 16 pages would add about $250 a month to my printer's bill, besides increasing the postage materially, and I cannot afford to incur this additional expense without a substantial increase in circulation.

I should also have 20 pages more of advertising. As I have before remarked, there are at least a dozen gun makers, powder factories, and fishing tackle makers, who are advertising in all, or nearly all, the other sportsmen's periodicals, and who have not yet been in RECREATION. My readers could greatly aid me in inducing these people to advertise in this magazine by writing them and telling them of its large circulation; its great influence among sportsmen; and the valuable work it is doing in behalf of game protection and in fostering a love of outdoor sports. Will you not all do this?

My friends who buy RECREATION of newsdealers can aid me in this work just as well as those who subscribe for it. You can induce your friends to buy it as you do, or to subscribe direct. You can also advise these doubting Thomases to advertise in it. Will you not do so?

Let us see how many new subscribers the readers of RECREATION can secure within the next 3 months.

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More evidence is being presented in every encounter with the Spanish troops or ships as to the marvellous skill of American gunners. The press of this country is wont to laud our great commanders, and RECREATION has no desire to detract in any way from their glory, but the honor is not all theirs. It is

"The gray eyed devils
Who stand behind the gleaming tubes of steel"

that work such terrible destruction on the Spanish ships and on Spanish troops.

The Spanish, in common with all Latin nations, have black eyes. Many Americans also have black eyes, but, as a rule these are not the men who sink ships and pick off Spanish soldiers at long range. If you will consult the histories of all the long range rifle teams in the world, and examine all the naval gunners, and all the men in the regular army who wear badges as sharp shooters, or as honorable marksmen, you will find that 9 out of 10 of these have either gray or blue eyes. The black eyed man may shoot all right up to say 200 yards; but the men who do the terrible destruction to ships at 1,000 yards, or one mile, or 2 miles, or 3 miles, have gray or blue eyes.

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Captain Dunn, of the Coney Island Police, has issued an order to the effect that women shall not be allowed on the streets in bicycle attire unless riding or accompanying their wheels. Truly, this is an example of straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel. A woman walking in a bicycle costume does not show so much of her legs as when riding a wheel; but the Captain seems to think it makes no difference how much of these members she shows when on the wheel. He evidently reasons that the wheel takes the curse off from any such exhibition, and that it is immodest to show even her ankles when walking.

This is a serious blow at the Rainy Day Club, and at thousands of modest and sensible women who choose to wear short skirts on the street, in bad weather, rather than wipe up the mud with long skirts. Captain Dunn must be a relic of the Puritan days, and should be assigned to duty at Plymouth Rock or Cape Cod.

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An alleged sportsmen's journal published in lower Broadway, roasts the '98 Year Book of the American Canoe Association. This is because the aforesaid journal is not the official organ of the A. C. A. and because it did not get the contract to publish the Year Book.

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I understand "Teddy" is already engaged in writing his great book entitled, "How I Licked Spain."

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"Bird Neighbors" is one of the best books on Ornithology published since the days of Audubon. $2 gets a copy of that book and a yearly subscription to RECREATION. How can anybody afford to be without that book, when it can be had at ½ the publisher's price?

## OFFICERS OF THE A. C. A., 1897–98.

*Commodore, F. L. Dunnell, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

*Sec'y-Treas., C. V. Schuyler, 309 Sixth Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

### PURSERS.

*Atlantic Division, Wm. M. Carpenter, Main St., Sing Sing, N. Y.*

*Central Division, Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.*

*Eastern Division, Francis J. Burrage, West Newton, Mass.*

*Northern Division, Edgar C. Woolsey, 37 Charles St., Ottawa, Can.*

*Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.*

*Date of meet for 1898, Aug. 5th to 19th, Stave Island, 1000 Islands, N. Y.*

## A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.

Applications for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in RECREATION.

The following have applied for membership:

### ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Mrs. J. Herbert Carpenter, Ellis Place, Sing Sing, N. Y., "Polly," Shattemuc.
Mrs. Harry M. Carpenter, Sing Sing, N. Y., Shattemuc.
Miss Mary E. Samson, 25 Linden Street, Rochester, N. Y., "Geraldine," Shattemuc.
Miss Edith M. Wattles, Garnerville, N. Y., Shattemuc.

### EASTERN DIVISION.

Wm. F. Hackett, Wawbewawa C. A., Newtonville, Mass.

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## SIDE LIGHTS ON THE A. C. A.

W. H.

### No. I.—Who was Mr. Racer?

Place, an A. C. A. meet on Lake Champlain. Time, midnight. *Dramatis personæ*, Mr. Racer, Mr. Strongest-man-in-camp, 2 Doctors.

Scene I.—The Doctors' tent. Present, the 2 Doctors smoking pipes, which they lay down as Mr. Racer enters.

*Mr. Racer.*—Well, I'm worn out—been cruising all day and sitting at the Vesper camp fire all the evening. I could not get away before. (Sits down and jumps up again.) Why, what's this I've been sitting on? Two clay pipes and I've broken them both—awful sorry. Well, boys, I am going to sleep. So long. (Exit Mr. Racer.)

The Doctors rise, gaze at the broken pipes and long for revenge.

Scene II.—Mr. Racer's tent. Time ½ hour later. Mr. Racer present in pajamas. Enter 2 Doctors.

*First Doctor.*—Say, Racer, have you any pipes? You know you broke ours.

*Mr. Racer.*—No. There are some cigars; help yourselves.

*Both Doctors* (Together).—No. We prefer pipes. Haven't you any kind of a pipe, Mr. Racer?

*Mr. Racer.*—No.

*Second Doctor.*—Can't you get some pipes? We want a smoke.

*Mr. Racer.*—What's the matter with you fellows? Can't you smoke cigars? Go out and leave me alone.

*First Doctor.*—Now, calm yourself, old fellow, we are your friends.

*Mr. Racer.*—What in thunder are you up to? Will you clear out and let me go to bed?

*First Doctor.*—(Patting Mr. Racer on the back.) You'll be all right soon. Now keep quiet and we'll fix you up all right for to-morrow's race, only you had best tell us what you have been taking. Was it opium? (Mr. Racer rises suddenly and tries to throw both Doctors out of the tent; but they grapple with him, lay him on the bed and hold him there. Enter Mr. Strongest-man-in-camp, while Racer is struggling and swearing.)

*Mr. Strongest-man.*—Whats the matter with Racer? Full?

*First Doctor.*—(Aside to Mr. Strongest-man.) Mr. Racer has been trying to fight us both and we're tired holding him. I tried to find out if he had been taking opium, but he would not say. If he has, he must not be allowed to sleep until dawn; it would not be safe. I don't know what to do about him. We have to leave early in the morning. Would you mind staying with him? You can walk him up and down to keep him awake. (Mr. Strongest-man nods.) Now, Racer, Mr. Strongest-man has consented to take our place and I will leave a prescription which you would best get filled to-morrow if you wish to prevent a recurrence of this excitable state. (Writes prescription and puts it in pocket of Racer's coat, which hangs on tent pole.)

*Mr. Racer.*—Don't act like lunatics. Clear out. (Exit 2 Doctors.)

*Mr. Racer* (sighs thankfully).—Good night, Strongest-man. (Closes his eyes.)

*Mr. Strongest-man.*—Say, that won't do. Let's go out and take a walk.

*Mr. Racer* (Sits up in bed).—Now this is past a joke. What do you think's the matter with me, anyway?

*Mr. Strongest-man.*—You know what's the matter with you, and the Doctors say you must not go asleep, and you will thank me to-morrow for keeping you awake. Now jump up and lets go to the camp surgeon and get that prescription filled. (Mr. Racer groans and gets out of bed, takes the prescription out of his pocket and they both read together):

℞. Two clay pipes.

S. To be taken to the tent of the 2 Doctors in place of those you sat on to-night.

*Mr. Strongest-man.* — By Jove, that's good! Come to my tent, I owe you a drink. (Exit both.)

NOTES.

The Lakanoo Boat Club was organized here recently, and bids fair to become an active club.

The Delaware is one of the finest rivers in the East for boating and canoeing, and we are going to make good use of it.

The object of the club is to create an interest in all aquatic sports.

The following officers were elected: H. D. Hewett, Commodore; J. H. Lukens, Vice-Commodore; C. E. Allinson, Purser; H. B. Fort, Correspondent; W. S. Hewett, Quartermaster; F. H. Lippincott, J. H. Miller, T. R. Davis, Trustees.

We hope to increase our membership, also the circulation of RECREATION and to add some new names to the A. C. A. roll.

J. D. C., Burlington, N. J.

The Atlantic Yacht Club gave an invitation canoe race, June 18th, in which 7 entered and finished as follows: F. C. Moore, N. Y. C. C., Pioneer, 1st; H. L. Quick, Yonkers C. C., Foggy Dew, 2d; Louis May, N. Y. C. C., Az Iz, 3d; F. L. Dunnell, Brooklyn C. C., Eclipse, did not finish; C. V. Schuyler, Brooklyn C. C., Nipsic, did not finish; J. C. Mowbray, N. Y. C. C., Torment, did not finish; H. H. Smythe, N. Y. C. C., Wise Hen, did not finish. A heavy wind from the Southeast made hard sailing and a big sea was running. Other races will be held later in the season.

## PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

### A PEOPLE'S POPULAR PLAYGROUND.

Now is the time tourists and sportsmen are looking about them for some new field to visit. The unsettled state brought about by the war will probably be the means of inducing many of those who each year spend the summer months on the sea coast to digress from the usual ways of the past and to find some attractive and healthy inland resort where the heated months of summer can be pleasantly passed.

So richly endowed with both grand and beautiful scenery is Canada that the traveler is apt to turn in her direction this season. There is no finer scenery to be found in America than in that vast territory lying in the Northern part of Ontario, within easy access by rail, and known as the "Highlands of Ontario." It is also styled "The Switzerland of America." In it lie embedded some eight hundred odd stretches of water, including three principal ones known as the "Muskoka lakes" which have, in the last few years, become the summer home of thousands of Canadians as well as of a large number of residents from the greater cities in the Northern States. This incomparable range of waters studded over a vast area, like crystalline gems set with emeralds in one of those gorgeous pictures of Nature which defy the power of creative genius to depict, and baffle the skill of the brightest imitation, is, without doubt, the tourists' Mecca, par excellence.

The region is replete with historical interest as being the home of the ill-fated Hurons. Now all is forgotten, the scene is changed, and it is only occasionally, in a reflective mind, the name of a village or lake will awaken the memory of some Indian legend "dark with phantoms and shapes of wild enormity." As mentioned before, the waters of this region which stand out in more prominence than the others are the Muskoka lakes, composed of 3 bodies of beautiful translucent water, their names being "Lake Muskoka," "Lake Rosseau," and "Lake Joseph," all 3 being connected and giving a continuous steamboat route of more than 50 miles. The bosoms of these sylvan gems are covered with innumerable islands, on which have been built cosey and comfortable cottages, and on the larger islands may be seen handsome and costly residences, the homes of the wealthy. For those in search of purely scenic beauty there is no other spot in the universe to rival it, while those in search of health will find the purity of air and the general surroundings most beneficial. Being at an altitude of 1,000 feet above the sea level and 500 feet above the city of Toronto, which is not more than 100 miles distant, it is the very spot to invigorate exhausted physical nature.

For the sportsman as well as the Nimrod this magnificent district holds forth unlimited charms. During their respective seasons, ruffed grouse, ducks and geese are numerous, while deer are found in gratifying numbers and the sight of a bear is not at all uncommon during the hunting season. Among the smaller animals may be mentioned foxes, otters, squirrels and rabbits, which are to be found in the forests.

The region is reached only by the capital service provided by the Grand Trunk Railway system and exhaustive descriptive matter, with maps and all information, can be had by applying to any of their agents, or to W. E. Davis, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Montreal.

### WHERE IT GOES.

Chicago, Ill.

Editor RECREATION: "This issue of RECREATION is 65,000." This statement is in the July edition of that magazine. Few of the thousands of RECREATION'S readers realize the significance of these figures beyond their numerical value. Of course, they understand the growth of this particular publication is phenomenal, and naturally so because of its intrinsic value; but few conceive the extent of its circulation—the remote villages in the far West, where its arrival is hailed with delight and its contents devoured with avidity; the tiny, isolated huts of the mountaineers, where the magazine is awaited with impatient expectancy. It would have made your heart stir with pride could you have seen the little groups of Mexicans from the ranches of Taos, New Mexico, collected about the head ranchero as he gave a running translation of a copy of RECREATION recently received from the office. The pictures were a source of deep interest to these rough ranchers and many were the thanks bestowed on me for giving them a few back numbers I had taken with me.

Probably the most isolated spot reached by RECREATION is Ojo Puerto, Arizona, 150 miles from a railroad. Last fall, while prospecting in that region, I met an old miner whose library consisted of a few copies of RECREATION and a copy of Dana's "Manual of Mineralogy." He said he had more use for his RECREATIONS than for the Manual, as a perusal of the magazine reminded him of his days of prosperity, when he had a cottage at one of the Muskoka lakes, Canada, and spent his time hunting and fishing. He was quite successful in the adjoining diamond fields and expected soon to return to civilization and to become a more regular subscriber to his "Bible," as he called RECREATION.

In my trips through Arizona, Utah and New Mexico I saw several copies of RECREATION in isolated and almost inaccessible places. The fortunate possessors had nothing but praise for the magazine.

In these remote regions RECREATION makes its appearance very irregularly, on account of the meager and unreliable means of transportation; but uncertain though it may be in reaching its destination, its beneficial effect on the game hogs is absolutely certain. Where formerly the indigines boasted of their great kills, now they keep a significant silence and in many instances refrain from killing more than they can use. If the civilized (?) game hogs would take the hint as readily as these poor indigenes do, there would soon be no swine left to roast. To the guilty these lessons in RECREATION are severe; but they, too, soon join the great majority and praise RECREATION for its grand work. May we soon read, "This issue of RECREATION is 250,000." G. F. Gebhardt.

### NOTES.

D. T. Abercrombie & Co. make a camp cooking outfit, of aluminum, that is a genuine luxury for sportsmen, canoeists, soldiers and all classes of people who live under canvas, even for short periods. There are 4 separate sizes of these outfits, numbered respectively 2, 4, 6, and 8.

No. 2 consists of 24 pieces, weighs 6 pounds and is intended for 2 people.

No. 4 consists of 43 pieces, weighs 10½ pounds and is intended for 4 people.

No. 6 consists of 60 pieces, weighs 13½ pounds and is intended for 6 people.

No. 8 consists of 74 pieces, weighs 15¼ pounds and is intended for 8 people.

Each outfit includes 2, 3, or 4 cooking pots, a coffee pot, each with cover; fry pans, a number of bowls, cups, plates, knives, forks, spoons, etc., proportioned to the size of the party for which the same is intended. The other articles all nest into the cooking pot, or camp kettle, in a marvelously compact form. The light weight is also a surprise to anyone who is not familiar with this new metal. The outfit can be made for any number of people.

Many of these sets were sold last year and used by well-known sportsmen, who speak of them in the highest terms. The aluminum withstands the action of heat admirably and the vessels are much more easily cleaned and kept clean than either sheet iron, granite ware or any other material that has heretofore been put on the market for this purpose. Camp cooking and even dish washing becomes a genuine pleasure when the cook and the dish washer have this aluminum ware to wrestle with.

It would be well for every person who is planning a trip in the woods or on the water, this year, to write D. T. Abercrombie & Co., 36 South Street, for a circular of these aluminum outfits, and then to buy one of them.

Editor RECREATION: I bought a can of Borden's condensed coffee, which I saw advertised in RECREATION, and am delighted with it. I know you are careful about the character of the advertisements you carry, and am sure you will be glad to know the Borden coffee is all right. Any housekeeper who will give it one trial will never be without it again. It is so much easier to make than ordinary coffee that it is a boon to tired women, and I should think it would be invaluable to campers. With it one can never make a mistake and have poor coffee. The flavor is delicious, and does not weaken by standing, as ground coffee does. People who like coffee without cream or sugar would not, of course, care for the Borden goods ; but others will never want any other kind. Anyone boarding would find it wonderfully convenient for making a quick cup of coffee over the gas or lamp, and the smell of coffee is not diffused through the room, as it is only necessary to boil the water, and afterward to dissolve the coffee in it. No grounds to dispose of. In traveling the porter will bring you boiling water, and there you are—coffee better than you can buy on any train, or at any station.

I hope you will pardon my enthusiasm. I know a good thing when I see it.

Respectfully,
Indianapolis. (Mrs.) Eliza Dame.

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In this age of fancy catalogues, where the real information is often hidden away amid literary and artistic embellishments, the latest "little business book" of The Union Metallic Cartridge Company is exceedingly acceptable.

In these stirring times this Company fills a position of stern need to the Government, and this concise, though complete, catalogue is symbolic of its high standing and excellent methods. It is far from being exclusively a description of munitions of war, however. U. M. C. Loaded and Paper Shells, which have increased so rapidly in popular favor among shooters of every description, occupy an important place. Cartridges of every kind are so catalogued and classified that each variety can readily be found, even by the uninitiated.

Among the new goods listed in this book are:

Grease Proof and Smokeless Card Wads, of improved material, for use over nitro powders, and

Smokeless powder cartridges in a larger variety of calibres and styles.

This exhaustive little book will be mailed to any address on application to the New York office of The Union Metallic Cartridge Company, 313 Broadway. Mention Recreation.

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The National Sharpshooters Association, or, as it is known by the many thousands of devotees of the rifle, "The National Schuetzenbund of the United States of America," held its most successful festival at Glendale Park, L. I., July 3d-11th. The scores made were most surprising, and the shooting was much more rapid than ever before possible, on account of the general use of King's Semi-Smokeless powder, leaving the ranges almost free from smoke. The great event of this shooting festival was the 200 shot match at 200 yards. The first prize was won by Mr. William Hayes, with a score of 373. Mr. Dorrler was second, 347, and L. P. Hansen third, 342. Mr. Hayes' performance is unprecedented in the annals of shooting. It is the World's Record. He made 198 Bull's-eyes out of 200 shots, but 2 shots going outside the black—his 4th and 13th—giving him a straight run of 187 Bull's-eyes. Mr. Hayes used King's Semi-Smokeless powder loaded in Peters' .32-40 shells. Messrs. Dorrler and Hansen used the same powder, as did numerous winners in all the other events of this festival.

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The Lefever hammerless gun ordered by you for me arrived yesterday from the manufacturers. I send you my sincere thanks. It is not only a splendid shooter, but a thing of beauty. The workmanship throughout is thorough, and the checkered finish, the engravings and barrels are a pleasure to a sportsman's eyes. I also thank the Lefever Arms Co., for adhering to the measurements I gave you, as it is exact in this respect. I now own a gun that finds the bird on the first jump, without particular sighting. The first load I fired from it was at a woodcock in the swamp and an invalid lady ate the bird the next day.

Recreation needs no further commendation, but anyone not owning a good gun, can obtain one in no easier way than by forming a club for Recreation. I took 100 subscriptions in a few days, without detriment or hindrance to other business.

A. W. Burnham, Westville, N. J.

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I am much pleased with your magazine and the influence it is wielding. Every hunter should take it. It is a sure antidote for hoggishness, and many of us are afflicted unawares, owing to the desire to excel our neighbor in the size of our game bag. Through the influence now wielded by your pen and others, thousands have seen and others will see the error of their ways and will sin no more.

W. A. Rice, Ellensburg, Wash.

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The advance in wheat and flour has seriously affected all industries making use of breadstuffs. Most of them have advanced their price lists. Spratts Patent have not advanced the price of their Dog Cakes or other foods. They had made favorable purchases of flour, for future delivery; and though they have felt the high prices to a certain extent, they have resolved not to make their customers suffer for it, as long as they can avoid it.

On Friday morning last I mailed you an express order for $15, together with a list of 15 subscribers to RECREATION. On Monday morning I received a letter from you enclosing receipt for same and Tuesday noon I received my premium, an Adlake Camera, by express from Chicago. That is a record for promptness that would be hard to equal. The camera is a beauty and I owe you thanks, not only for your promptness but for your liberality as well. I shall do all I can to advance the interests of RECREATION in this vicinity. RECREATION is the sportsman's friend and deserves well at the hands of all true sportsmen.

W. H. Rowland, Dennison, O.

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The India Rubber Co., of Akron, O., makes the Arrow Tread tire which is so deservedly popular among thousands of wheelmen. It has many advantages over other tires, which are freely set forth in a handsome and elaborately illustrated booklet published by this company. I have not room here to describe the tire in full, or even to give all the good points concerning it, but if you will send for a copy of the little book you will be well repaid for your trouble. Mention RECREATION.

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I have received from the Expodak Co. one of their exposure meters.

I have not yet had time to thoroughly test it but if it is as good as it looks it is all right. The light value is found by printing a piece of Solio in a certain manner; then on the table being set the correct exposure required in that light is given against every stop; the whole operation only taking a few seconds. The advertisement of this exposure meter will be found on another page.

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I am in receipt of a letter from an army officer at Camp Cuba Libre which says "the officers are all highly pleased with the goods we bought of your friend D. T. Abercrombie. Col. Hine and I would not be without these even if the cost had been much greater." These officers bought aluminum mess kits, sleeping bags, mattresses, etc.

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As an instance of the influence RECREATION has here, I know of 2 rifles sold this week solely on recommendations read in the magazine. It has become the recognized authority on all matters pertaining to arms and ammunition, so far as this community is concerned.

H. E. Wadsworth, Lander, Wyo.

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The Acme wheel you sent me as a premium for 75 subscribers has arrived, and I am well pleased with it. I find it as you said, a high grade wheel in every respect.

Thank you very sincerely for your kindness. Maude L. Kelly, Orange, N. J.

## TOO MUCH LOPPING.

Off to the right of the road I saw a man planting corn. To his right and about 30 rods away was a fringe of willows, and as I looked a puff of smoke shot out and the report of a firearm reached my ears. Before I came opposite the man 3 shots had been fired, and I saw 2 of the bullets kick up the dust within a few feet of him. He saw me, and shouldering his hoe came out to the roadside fence and said "Hello!" just as another shot was fired and the bullet struck a rail 10 feet away.

"Come from Thomasville?" asked the man as he looked me over.

"Yes."

"Any news down thar'?"

"Nothing of interest."

"Most everybody out plantin' corn, I guess. Which way you goin'?"

"Down to Parson City. Isn't there some one over in the willows with a gun?"

"Yes, Jim Fisher is over thar' with an ole army revolver."

"Well, he's doing some very careless shooting," I said as another bullet struck the fence in about the same spot.

"He's doing the best he kin, I guess," replied the farmer as he turned his head.

"But what's he shooting at?"

"Me. He's been poppin' away fur the last half-hour. Thar' he goes agin, but thar' ain't no call to get skeered. If it comforts him to pop at me let him pop."

"But you ought to do something!" I protested.

"I'm doing sunthin'," he replied with a quiet smile as he climbed the fence and sat on the top rail. "Yes, it's Jim Fisher, and he thinks I'll come down thar' and ax him what he's mad about. I shan't though. He ain't doin' nobody any hurt."

"But he might hit you by and by."

"Wall, in a year or 2 mebbe. You see, I know Jim, and I used to own the revolver he's shootin' with. Jim is blind in the left eye, lop-shouldered on the left side, and the old pistol shoots to the left. When he shoots he sticks out his tongue, shuts his right eye, lops over and if I don't sit still fur half an hour he can't begin to hit me."

"You take it pretty cool," I said as I made ready to ride on.

"Oh, yes, it's jest as well," he drawled; "Jim's got a new box of catridges, and arter he fires 'em off he'll come out and want to shake hands and trade dogs. He's been shootin' at me fur a month past, and I can tell by the way he pulls the trigger that he's gettin' discouraged and wants to quit. No use gettin' flustered, stranger. I'm a-loppin' to the right and Jim's a-loppin' to the left, and the 2 of us couldn't git up a shootin'-match if we was to try all summer!"—The Baker Gun Quarterly.

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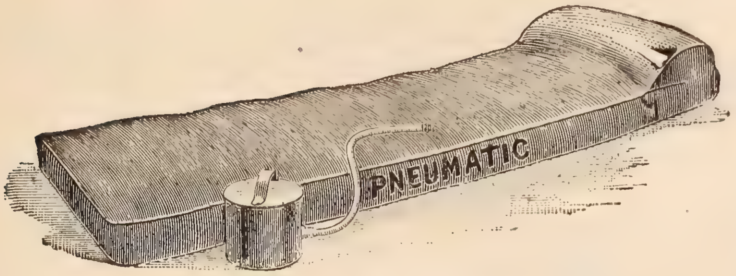
If you would live next to nature, read RECREATION.

# "There is Nothing so Rare as Resting on Air"

## "Recreation" Camp Mattress



When rolled up makes a bundle no larger than a traveling blanket and weighs about twelve pounds.

Wherever night overtakes you, you have only to throw it on the ground or floor, inflate it, and in five minutes you have a bed as soft as down (or hard, if you choose).

As dampness cannot penetrate it, it enables you to have a refreshing night's rest on a luxurious bed, without any danger of taking cold.

No outfit is complete without one, and with ordinary care they will last a lifetime.

**Size, 6 ft. 2 in. x 2 ft. 1 in.**

**Price, with Pillow, $20.00. Without Pillow, $18.00.**

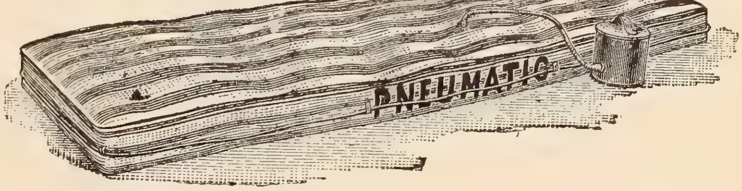
## "International" Ship or Yacht Mattress

They are light and portable and do not absorb moisture, consequently do not have that musty odor so common on board yachts.

They do not mat down, require no springs, and are always clean and sweet.

They are provided with a life-line, and will support as many as can cling to it, forming the best life-saving device ever invented, and one that is always handy.

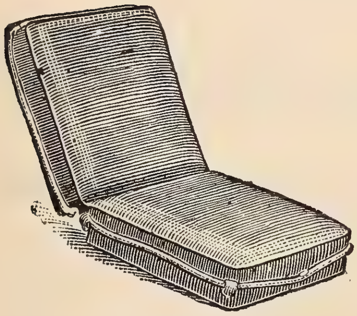
The Steamships "St. Paul" and "St. Louis," Yachts "Nourmahal," "Saxson," "Utopian," "Royal Blue," "Shamrock," and hundreds of others, are equipped with pneumatic mattresses or cushions, made under our Mr. Young's personal supervision.



**Ship or Yacht Mattress, 6 ft. 2 in. x 2 ft. 1 in. Price, $18.00.**

## "Butler"

**Double Canoe or Boat Cushion**



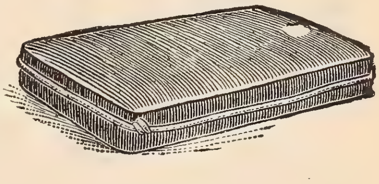
Forms a seat and back. Has life-line attached and will support two persons. Each cushion is 12 x 12 inches and covered with brown duck.

**Price, $5.00.**

## "Peerless"

**Single Boat or Canoe Cushion**

Covered with brown duck, has life-line, and will easily support two persons. This cushion is 12 x 20 inches, and one of the most popular we make.



**Price, $4.00.**

We will forward the above upon receipt of price.

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☞ We make to order Cushions of any size or shape, special size mattresses, pillows, etc. Let us know what you wish, and we will send you an estimate of the cost.

**Pneumatic Mattress and Cushion Co., Reading, Mass.**

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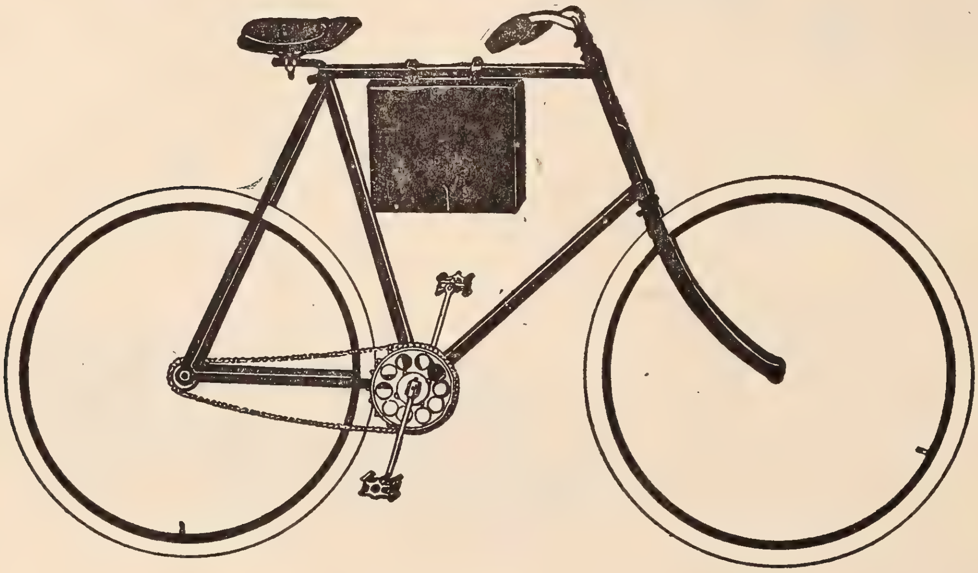
A Film Cartridge for 12 pictures, 5 x 7,
**Weighs 4 ounces.**

Glass Plates and necessary holders for 12 pictures, 5 x 7,
**Weigh 4 pounds.**



# The No. 5 Cartridge Kodak

**is the only 5 x 7 camera which uses light=proof film cartridges and can be LOADED IN DAYLIGHT.**

Being but 3¼ inches in thickness when closed, the Cartridge Kodak fully loaded for 12 pictures 5 x 7 inches can be suspended inside the frame or securely clamped to the bicycle head. It is the only 5 x 7 camera which is adapted to the wheelman's use.

| | |
|---|---|
| Price No 5 Cartridge Kodak, with rapid rectilinear lens, pneumatic release shutter, iris diaphragm stops, | $35.00 |
| Light-proof film cartridge, 12 exposures, 5 x 7 inches, | 1.60 |

**Kodaks $5.00 to $35.00.** *Catalogues free at agencies or by mail.*

**There is no Kodak but the Eastman Kodak.**

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

Rochester, N. Y.

# AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

### WHERE HE GOT THE IDEA.

Newton, Kans.

Editor RECREATION: With all due respect to RECREATION, the grandest sportsman's magazine published, I wish to ask why amateurs do not rely entirely on their own resources when selecting subjects for their pictures for your annual photo competitions?

I refer to the winner of the first prize in your third annual competition, entitled "Contentment," by Mr. H. G. Redding. This was undoubtedly copied from the drawing of Victor Pérard, entitled, "Expecting a Caller," which appeared in the Quarterly Illustrator, in 1894, page 281, used by Will Carlton in an article entitled "Stray Bits of Character."

I was not a participant in your competition, but am a great admirer of good amateur photographic work, and take great interest in the space you devote to it in your valuable magazine.

C. A. Swope.

When Mr. Redding sent in his picture above referred to he wrote me as follows:

Several years ago I saw a picture in the "Quarterly Illustrator," entitled "Waiting for a Caller." It was of a colored boy fishing, in a manner similar to that I have pictured. It left a strong impression on me, and I stored it away in my memory for the subject of a photograph some day, when the occasion might offer. Before sending this in I debated in my mind whether or not a picture made on the line of an idea embraced in another picture, not a photograph, could be called original. After careful deliberation I concluded as I did not copy the other picture it would not be plagiarism to make a picture from life of a scene which is not uncommon. I would therefore have as much right to compose and photograph it as I would to place a man on the side of a stream, with a trout rod and creel and photograph him; for this subject has been painted hundreds of times, and photographed hundreds more.

However, if there is any question as to the legitimacy of making use of an idea that has been used before, then I shall be glad to have you withdraw this picture and return it to me.

I thought of adding, "With apologies to Victor Pérard," as I find that this is the name of the artist who painted the picture containing this idea, but concluded that was not necessary.

This is the only picture I ever made in which I allowed any other picture to influence the one I made; but as Pérard's picture was not a photograph, and as I did not copy a single thing, except the idea, I thought it as legitimate as it would be for an artist of to-day to paint a Madonna and Child, and call it his own work. If I am wrong, please do not censure me, for I am honest and would not want the picture used at all if not perfectly legitimate.

H. G. Redding.

### PRESERVING NEGATIVES.

I frequently find negatives made years ago which are scratched, spotted, and have pieces of paper, etc., adhering to them. Carelessness is the only excuse I can give for their condition. The negative is dried after final washing, a print or 2 made from it and then it is put away with all the others. Can this state of affairs be prevented? Most assuredly, and in the easiest manner imaginable. When the negative has become thoroughly dry, warm it slightly over a lamp or stove, and coat with a good negative varnish, which may be made up after any of the formulæ given in the Annual, or purchased already prepared. This requires a little knack, but is readily learned. Just take care not to pour on too much, nor to let it run over the edge. Any photographer will show you how to do it.

This coating is insoluble in water and should anything wet or sticky fall on the negative it may be removed with a damp piece of cotton, without injury to the film. Scratches do not show as much as on the negative and do not show at all in the finished print unless they are very deep. An 8 ounce bottle costs about 50 cents and will coat hundreds of negatives. Try it.

G. A. C.

### A FEW POINTS ON DEVELOPING.

Hydrochinon, metol, pyro, etc., are the developing agents and when used in excess cause clogging of the whites. To preserve the developing agent sulphite of sodium crystals are used. This preparation prevents the staining of the film unless it is impure. Then it causes yellow stain. The alkalies—potassium carbonate, or sodium carbonate (sal soda), soften the film, open the pores and allow the developing agent to act. Too much alkali will yield too dense a negative and produce fog.

In cold weather chemicals act with less vigor than in warm. Old and dry crystals of sal soda are about twice as strong as fresh, because the water of crystallization has evaporated and in place of the crystals has left a fine powder.

Negatives dried in warm, close rooms dry darker than when dried in a draft.

When developing in warm weather, chill all trays and add a small piece of ice to developer. Add a portion of hypo crystals to the hypo solution also, as the rapid dissolving has a tendency to cool the bath.

In warm weather use about 1-3 grain of bromide potassium to each ounce of developer.

### COMBINED TONING AND FIXING SOLUTION.

Prints toned in this bath are liable to turn yellow and fade.

| | |
|---|---|
| A.—Hypo | 8 oz. |
| Alum Crystals | 6 oz. |
| Water | 80 oz. |

Dissolve cold and add

| | |
|---|---|
| Borax | 2 oz. |
| Hot water | 8 oz. |
| B.—Chloride of gold | 15 gr. |
| Acetate lead | 64 gr. |
| Water | 15 oz. |

To tone mix 1 hour before use.

| | |
|---|---|
| A | 7 oz. |
| B | 1 oz. |

Not original matter. It was taken from a formula furnished and recommended by many manufacturers several years ago, but no longer recommended by any of them, as tones are not permanent. C.

### NOTES.

At frequent intervals something relating to color photography comes forward. The so-called Chassaque process has been shown to be nothing more nor less than staining finished prints with colors and the whole thing smacks of fraud. Chassaque did not make good any of his original claims. The colors for which he charges dollars any one can get, or make up, for a few cents.

The latest claim in this line has just been patented in this country (604,269) and is a modification of the Ives color process. Mr. Selle, the patentee, makes 3 color-negatives. From these he makes, by contact, 3 positives on stripping plates. After loosening the film, they are stained with the 3 primary colors and then superimposed on each other, producing a fine transparency in natural colors.

I was glad to hear of my success in your photographic contest. In making my winning "'possum" pictures I used a single combination lens and Seeds 26x plates.

I was in hopes of getting some good pictures for RECREATION on my recent trip, for in floating down the James and White rivers 400 miles we passed some fine scenery. We were suddenly stopped, however, by an up-set and I lost all my plates, together with our guns.

A. F. Mellette.

The Philadelphia Salon will be open from October 24th to November 12th. H. S. Morris, Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia, Pa.

To avoid frilling and softening of the emulsions on plate or films in hot weather, rub first a piece of tallow candle along the edges of the plate. Then, after development and rinsing, put into a strong solution of alum, for 3 minutes. Finally fix in hypo which is prepared thus:

1 pound hypo.
2 ounces sulphite soda crystals.
1 gall. water.

Do not put alum in hypo bath, for the alum and hypo are both sulphites and will combine and quickly decompose. Even when alum is put into a fresh solution of hypo one will often get spotted and mottled negatives.

The trade in the better grades of photographic goods and cameras is something unprecedented. Most of the larger manufacturers are working day and night; but with all this it takes often 4 to 6 weeks to fill an order for a good machine. This is a good sign for in line with the sale of so many good outfits we may expect better and more painstaking work.

A simple rule in flash light photography, to prevent all possible accidents, is this: Never use any powder marked "Magnesium compound," in a lamp; for there is great danger of explosion. Pure magnesium is the only safe material for such purpose.

The London Salon's Sixth Annual Exhibition will be held during September, October, and November. Information may be obtained from Reginald Craigie, Camera Club, Charing Cross Road, London, W. C.

Materials used in making the "Sonata" series of photos: A Blair camera, reversible back; No. 2 Voigtlander Euryscope lens, Stanley rapid No. 50 plate, and Eastman's bromide paper.

H. L. Sturtevant, Hanover, Mass.

In making my prize winning picture I used a folding hand camera, a Zeiss Anastigmat lens, 11A, a Bausch & Lomb shutter, a Cramer-Crown plate and Kirkland's lithium paper.

W. S. Copeland, Aspen, Col.

The Exhibition of the Photographic Section of the American Institute will be held at the Academy of Design in September and October and is open to all—professionals and amateurs.

My prize winning pictures, "Shove Me Off, Papa," and "Potatoes for Dinner," were made on Stanley plates and printed on Iford paper.

John Boyd, Toronto, Ont.

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*Is unsurpassed by any other in the market*
*It has an aperture of F:7 .5 . . . . . . . .*

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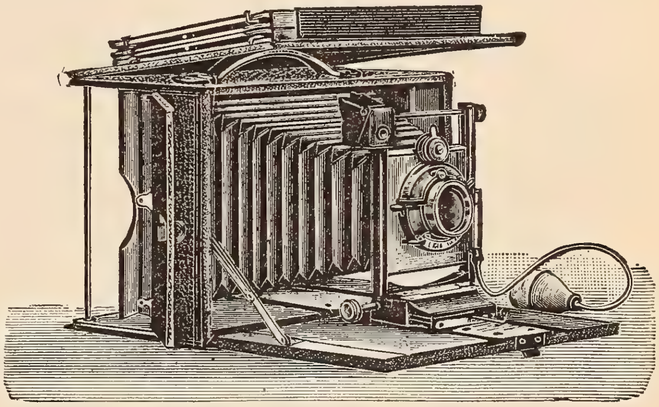

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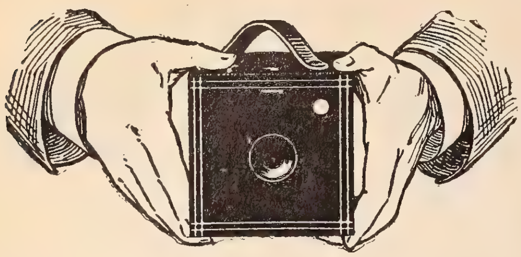

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## Simplest, Lightest
## Plate Camera

# Eastman's
# No. 2 Eureka Jr.

Takes pictures 3½ x 3½ inches; weighs but 12½ ounces.

Meniscus lens, rotary shutter, three stops, view finder, socket for tripod screw. Perfectly adapted to snap-shots or time exposures and equally convenient as a hand or tripod camera.

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| **Price with plate holder - - - -** | **$2.50** |
| **Complete developing and printing outfit -** | **1.00** |

*Catalogue of Eureka Cameras and Kodaks free*
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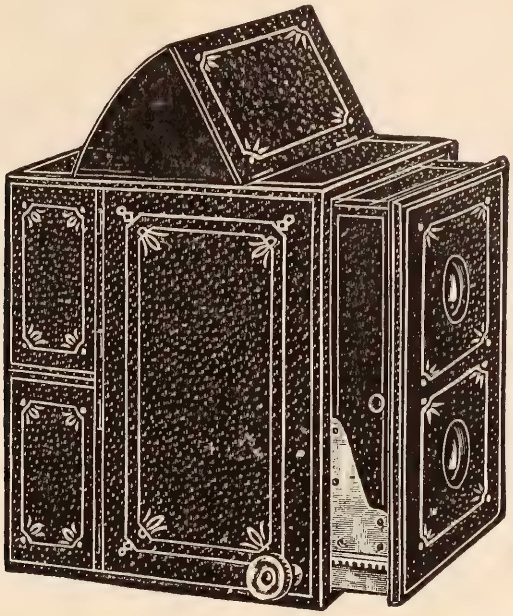
# The Twin-Lens Graphic



THE latest and most desirable camera for photographing live game or fast-moving objects. As the subject photographed is in full view of the operator while picture is being taken, the camera being so constructed that the upper lens reflects the object upon the ground-glass screen, while the lower lens makes the impression upon the plate or film, enabling the operator to photograph live game in their natural state.

*We fit 7-inch focus lenses to our 4x5 Twin-Lens Graphics. Cameras are so constructed that they will carry six (6) double plate-holders, or daylight film roll-holder and three (3) double-plate holders.*

**4x5 Twin-Lens Graphic, fitted with matched pair of 7-inch focus Graphic Rapid Rectilinear Lenses and Graphic Shutter, $75.00**

Special Twin-Lens Graphics made to order to take any matched pair of lenses for any sized plate desired. Prices cheerfully furnished upon application.

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To have the merits of the new camera principle widely known we are making a very attractive offer to those who live in towns where we have no agent ∴ ∴

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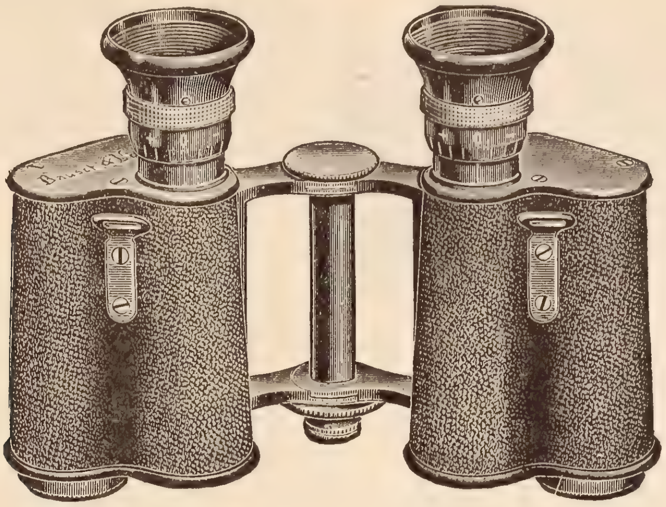
# The Revolution in Field and Marine Glasses



ONE-HALF ACTUAL SIZE—WEIGHT, 12 OUNCES

# Bausch & Lomb-Zeiss STEREO Field Glasses

By an arrangement of two double reflecting prisms of superior quality the ray of light is bent upon itself four times without the slightest loss of brilliancy, making it possible to place the object lenses far enough apart to obtain perfect stereoscopic effect, and affording optical powers hitherto unobtainable.

The eyepieces are the same as those used in the most powerful astronomical telescope, do not tire the eyes, and, where the eyes are not mates, can be adjusted separately. When once adjusted, they are set for objects at practically all distances.

FIELD OF BAUSCH & LOMB-ZEISS GLASS

FIELD OF OLD STYLE BINOCULAR GLASS

These figures show the correct comparative size of field of the Bausch & Lomb-Zeiss STEREO Field Glass, and that of the best form of the ordinary binocular of the same magnifying power, and six times the size.

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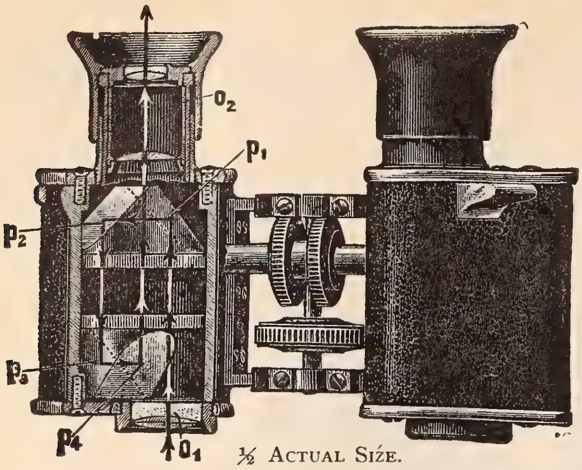

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Have 8 to 10 times the power of the best of the old-style field and opera glasses.

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**104 Fulton St., New York**

The Bridgeport Gun Implement Co. has issued a catalogue that is a whole storehouse of information for people interested in golf. It treats of golf sticks, balls, pole cutters, ball cleaners, pole markers and flags, and gives several pages of instructions to beginners in golf, which must be of great value to this class.

The catalogue is handsomely illustrated with cuts of the goods described, and of houses and grounds of several prominent golf clubs. If you are fond of golf send for this catalogue, mentioning RECREATION.

---

If you wish information, explanations or formulas relating to photography don't hesitate to say so. I am always glad to answer questions.

### TO TAN BUCK SKIN.

Tie 2 deer brains up in a rag and boil in 2 gallons of water. Add ½ bar of laundry soap; 3 tablespoonfuls of salt and 3 tablespoonfuls of oil, or tallow. Boil and skim until clear. Then rub the brains through the rag into the liquid. When lukewarm put in the hides and allow them to soak 24 to 48 hours. Then hang them up until dry and break them by drawing them over the edge of a board, or over an old shovel blade.

If there are then any hard places soak them another day. They will be soft as silk and white, when well broken. You can tan with hair on if desired, though it usually takes twice as long. This is the easiest and best process for brain tan I have ever tried. M. W. M., York, Neb.

---

Elmer McDowell, of Ellensburg, caught 425 trout in Menastash canyon, a few days ago.

Spokane (Washington) paper.

If this be true then Elmer is another of the razor backs who have shown up in such alarming numbers within the past 2 years. The sheriff should put a ring in Elmer's nose too.—EDITOR.

---

Miriam—Did you take the picture of the young man on the mantel?

Mildred—Yes.

Miriam—Friend of yours, I suppose?

Mildred—Well, he was before I took the picture.—Yonkers Statesman.

---

**Date,..........................................................1898**

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**Editor and Manager of RECREATION, 19 West 24th St., New York:**

**Herewith find One Dollar, for which please send me RECREATION for one year beginning with..........................................number.**

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TWICE DAILY, at 2.30 and 8.30
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Sale Seats, Wed. 9 A.M., $1.50, $1, 75c., 50c.

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Especially useful for interiors. **Price, $2.50**
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For photographic work is now at hand. If you lack anything in the way of supplies, write us. We keep a full line of

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Everything

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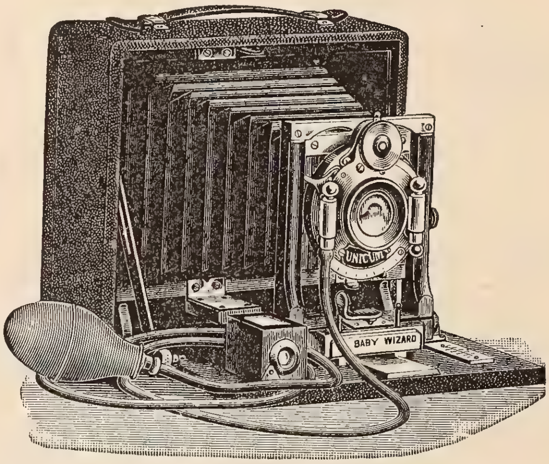

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In answer to G. F. Roberts, Milton, Mass., as to how to make a log canoe: I have a canoe 22 feet long, 4 foot beam, that doesn't leak a drop. First make your log the shape you want it. Then get shoemaker's wood pegs, of a length equal to the thickness you want sides and bottom. Blacken the points with ink, or lamp black. Take an awl, make holes in boat so they will drive in tight, from outside. Put 4 to 6 inches apart, along bottom and sides. You are then ready to dig out the canoe. When you come to the black ends of pegs your thickness is right. When the canoe is painted the pegs don't show.

John B. Renshaw, Ione, Wash.

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KARMA ..TONING.. DEVELOPING TABLETS
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Dissolve instantly, keep indefinitely, are stainless and non-poisonous. Endorsed by amateurs and leading professionals. Guaranteed to satisfy or money refunded. Box containing toning for 250 4x5 prints sent prepaid on receipt of 25 cts.; Developing Tablets 25 cts. Booklet free on request.

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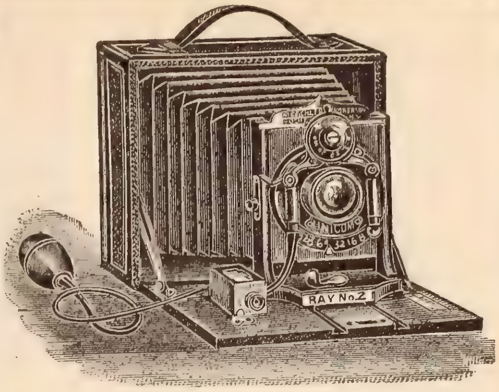
**For Sale:** One live moose (female), 1½ years old, 5¼ feet high, smart and active. Can also furnish male to match if required. I also have for sale 4 live wild geese.

N. E. Cormier, Province Gamekeeper, agent for owner, Aylmer East, Province of Quebec, Canada.



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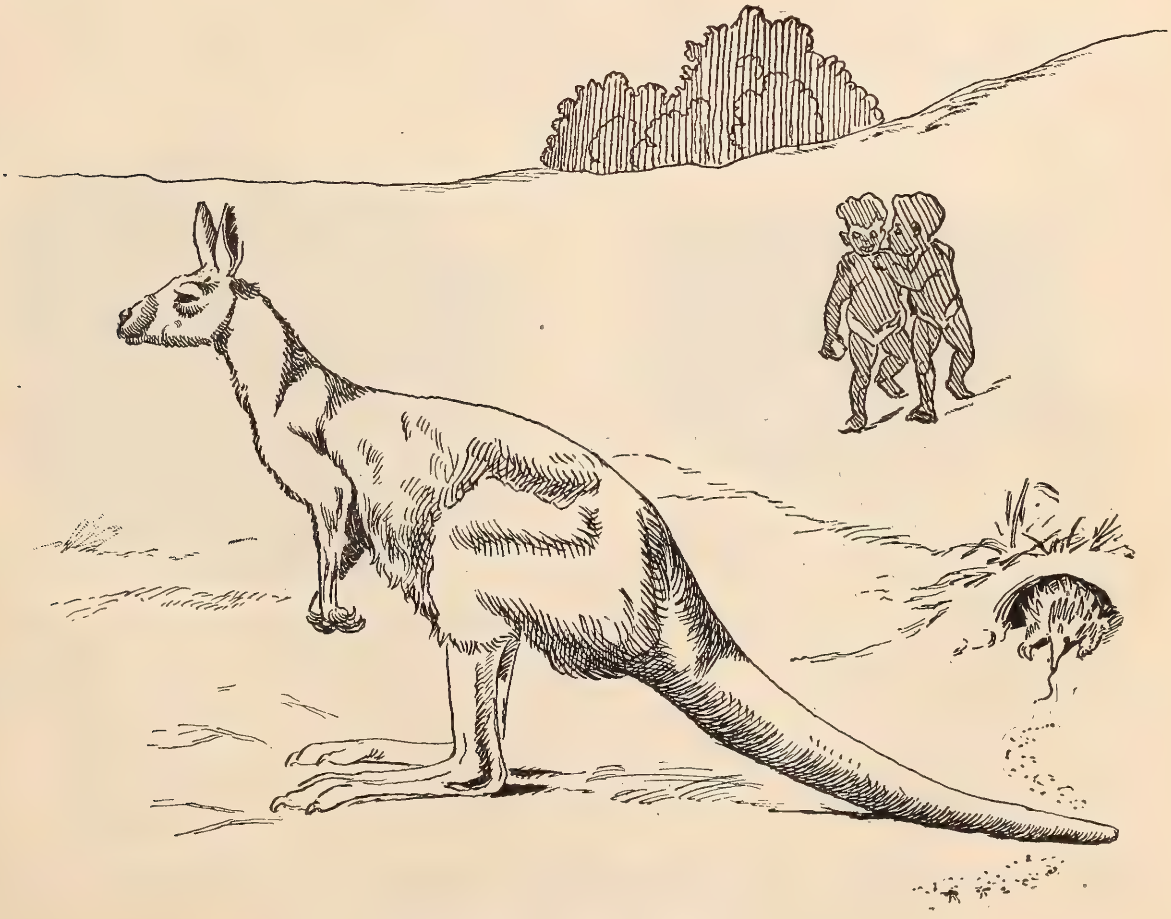

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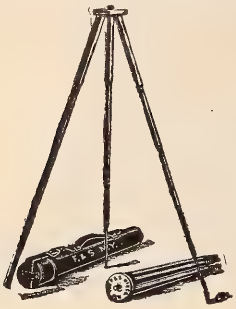

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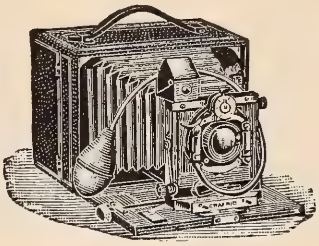
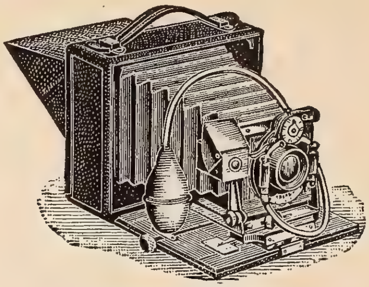
Closed, 1 3-4 x 14 1-2; weighs 31 oz.
Price, $5.00



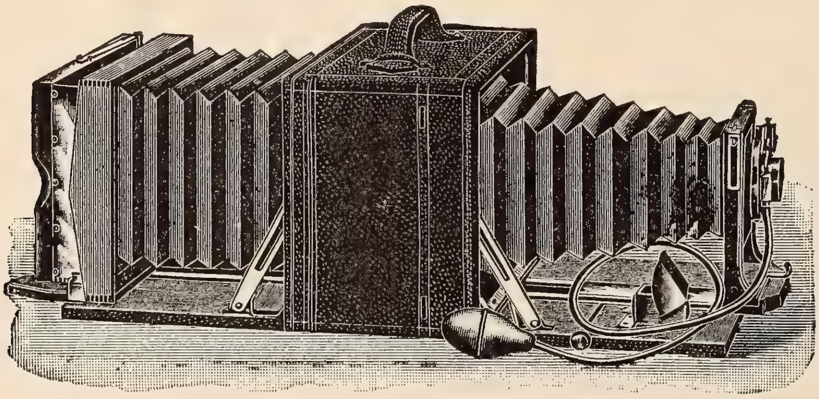
**GRAPHIC**

| | |
|---|---|
| 4 x 5 | $30.00 |
| 5 x 7 | 40.00 |
| 6 1-2 x 8 1-2 | 50.00 |



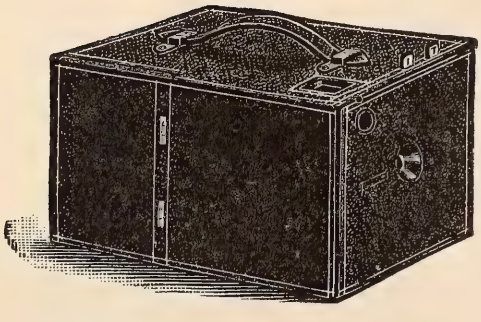
**CYCLE GRAPHIC SR.**

| | |
|---|---|
| 3 1-4 x 4 1-4 | $28.00 |
| 4 x 5 | 30.00 |
| 5 x 7 | 40.00 |



**5 x 7 LONG FOCUS GRAPHIC**

Fitted with No. 8, VIIa Zeiss Convertible Lens and Diaphragm Shutter, an ideal outfit for photographing live game................Price, $100.00

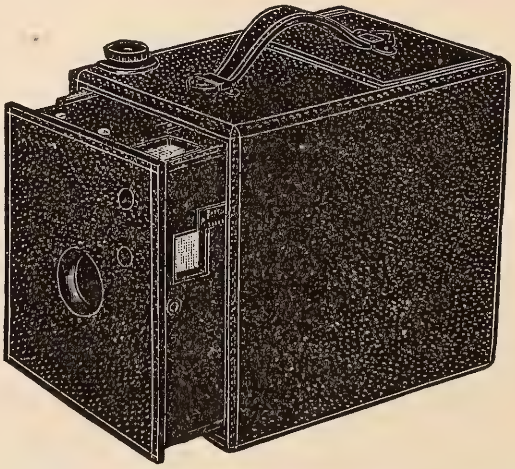


**UNIVERSAL GRAPHIC FIXED FOCUS ACHROMATIC LENS**

| | |
|---|---|
| 3 1-2 x 3 1-2 | $5.00 |
| 4 x 5 | 7.50 |

**R. R. LENS**

| | |
|---|---|
| 3 1-2 x 3 1-2 | $12.00 |
| 4 x 5 | 15.00 |



| | |
|---|---|
| **4 x 5 TELESCOPIC GRAPHIC R. R. LENS** | $20.00 |
| ***4 x 5 TELESCOPIC GRAPHIC** fitted with No. 2, IIa Zeiss Lens | 60.00 |

* This Camera is used and recommended by W. E. Carlin of RECREATION.

We have every facility for making special cameras to order, and we buy, sell or exchange cameras and lenses. Send for catalogue and mammoth bargain list

## THE FOLMER & SCHWING MANUFACTURING CO.

271 CANAL STREET, NEW YORK

**TROPHIES**

**Medals, Badges,**
**Individual and**
**Club Prizes, etc.**

Particular attention given to fine enamel work on Silver and Gold.

**Sterling Silver and**
**Rich Cut Glass.**

We manufacture goods to order at the same price you would have to pay elsewhere for articles from stock.

Your choice is not, therefore, confined to conventional designs and shapes, and have an opportunity of obtaining original designs of which there are no duplicates.

We have just completed a few very attractive drawings that can be sent you for inspection.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED

**Mauser Mfg. Co.**

SILVERSMITHS
14 East 15th Street West of B'way New York

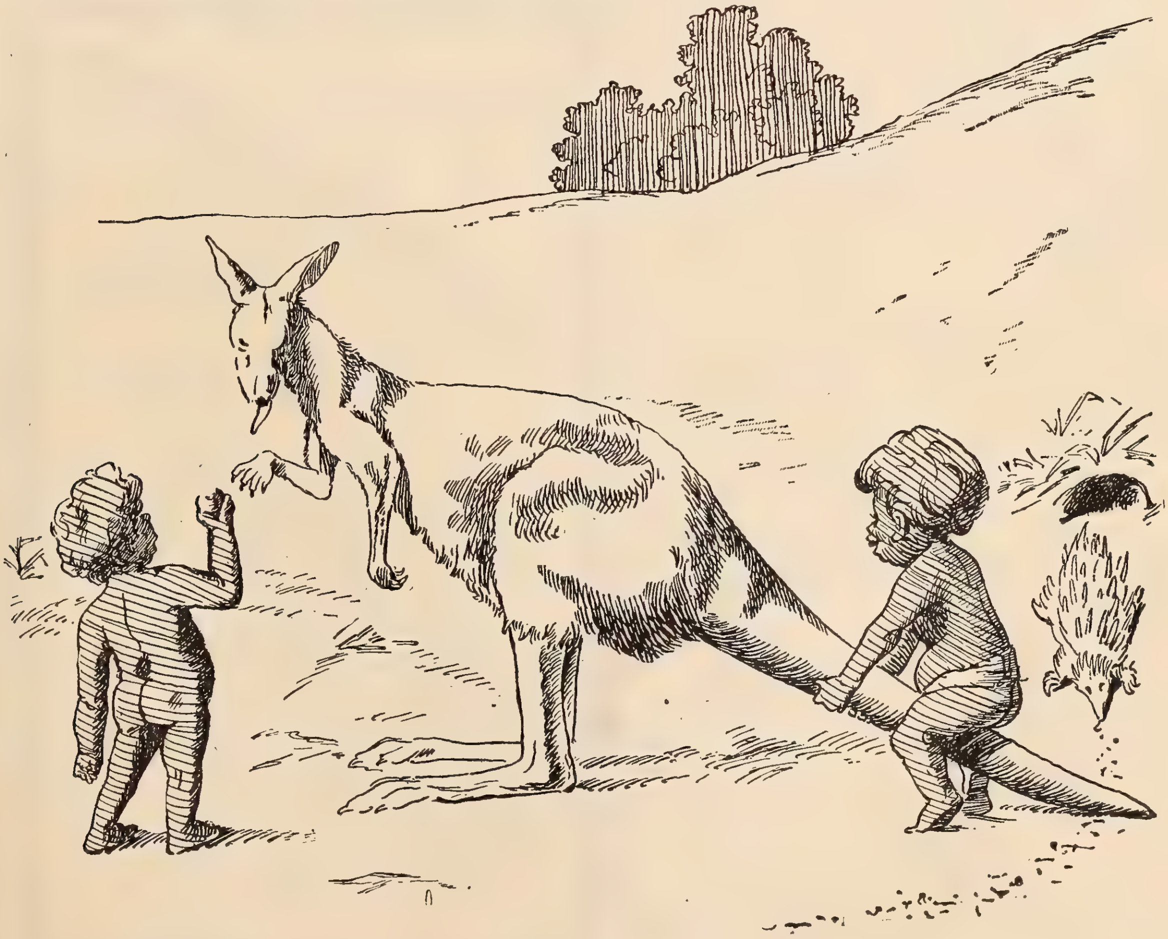
You throw away half your cigar — half the time! Why not get the full benefit of what you pay for?

**Van Bibber Little Cigars**

are excellent little *cigars* for all ordinary *short smokes.* They are made of the very best imported whole leaf tobacco and *never vary in quality.* Any intelligent smoker who will try them will adopt them as a part of his smoking outfit.

Ask *your* dealer for them or send 25c. (stamps) and 10 of them will be sent, in special pocket pouch, by return mail, *prepaid,* wherever you live.

H. ELLIS & Co., Baltimore, Md.
The American Tobacco Co., Successor



I'M ON. SHOW HIM YOUR APPLE.

The Club
TRADE MARK
MANHATTAN
Cocktails
Prepared & Bottled by
G. F. Heublein & Bro.
NEW YORK HARTFORD LONDON

Why THE CLUB COCKTAILS Are Best

*From "Town Topics," Nov. 25th*

In a great laboratory where quantities like the Club Cocktails are made at a mixing each article is accurately weighed or measured, and the compound is following an exact formula. This insures that each and every cocktail or bottle of cocktails put up shall be precisely correct in its composition. Again recalling the fact that age is necessary to the proper blending of all liquors, it occurred to me that these bottled cocktails, by the time they are used by the consumer, may have already been months or even years in bottle, hence that the blending must be perfect. Reasoning thus, I feel constrained to tell my readers about it, as I know a goodly number of them enjoy a perfect cocktail. I have found the several brands prepared by the Heublein Brothers — Manhattan, Martini, whiskey, gin, vermouth, and York—all excellent.

For the Yacht, Camping Party, Summer Hotel, Fishing Party, Mountains, Sea-Shore, or the Picnic.

These Cocktails are aged, are ready for use, and require only to be POURED OVER CRACKED ICE and strained off to be in perfect condition.

**AVOID IMITATIONS**
Sold by Dealers generally, and on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal railroads.

**G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors**
**39 Broadway, New York**
**Hartford, Conn. 20 Piccadilly, W., London, Eng.**

The Pennsylvania game law prohibits the sale of game; yet deer and rabbits are openly sold in this town. We have more than our share of pot hunters and game hogs. They shoot everything they see, in season and out. A flock of 20 wild turkeys, in this vicinity, were all killed during August and September. The parties who killed them will be watched, hereafter.

S. S. Gibson, Altoona, Pa.

I have great hopes of the L. A. S., and trust it may be the means of preserving the game of America from the indiscriminate slaughter of what are so aptly termed game hogs, although that seems to me a mild term by which to designate them.

A. W. Holcombe, Kokomo, Ind.

Just returned from a trip to Newfoundland. At St. John's I saw at least 2,500 deer and caribou sold in 8 days, at 1½ cents a pound. It is shameful. Newfoundland has no RECREATION nor L. A. S.

Fred. W. Moffett, New York.

Nevada hunting is not good. It is chiefly for ducks, geese, quails, grouse, doves and rabbits, and for large game, deer and a few bears.

Julian E. Gurman, Carson City, Nev.

Don't forget that $2 will buy a copy of that beautiful book, "Bird Neighbors" and a yearly subscription to RECREATION.

Havana Cigars

**Direct from Factory to Consumers.**

Even the most critical smokers say we produce excellent cigars.

We make them of Selected Imported Havana Tobacco and in Genuine Cuban Hand Made Style.

This is why they are better than others and everyone is a Pure, Fragrant and Satisfying "Smoke." Absolutely free from artificial flavors, scraps, dust, etc.

In fact, nowhere else can you buy near as good cigars as ours at the same or similar prices.

Simply because we enjoy many advantages that manufacturers in other sections do not possess.

Our assortment comprises 25 Different Brands from **$2.50 to $10.00** per hundred, express paid.

If you appreciate a good cigar we can suit your taste. Just give us a chance to prove it.

Send us your address and we will mail you an interesting little book about the cigars we make.

**JULIUS ALVAREZ & CO.**
Manufacturers of Hand Made Havana Cigars,
**Allentown, Pa.**

**ACME HYGIENIC COUCHES.**
**"MADE TO LAST."**

Patented.

**No. 52½. 25 in. wide, 6 feet long, full spring edge, seat and head.** Spring section composed of 36 oil tempered steel springs, intercoiled into steel woven wire fabrics, steel wire holding steel springs in place; no twine or webbing to wear out or break down. If dealer cannot show you an **"ACME" Hygienic Couch** we will ship this one handsomely upholstered in **moth proof "Acme" Velours**, or best **Corduroy**—choice of colors—to any address, freight prepaid on receipt of...... **$8.00**

ACME HYGIENIC COUCH

Identify **Acme Couches** by our printed **guarantee cards**, patented **construction** (as shown) great **durability, comfort** and **cleanliness** in use.

Bottom view, side cut away to show construction. "Count the springs."

**No. 1053. Acme Swinging Hammock Chair.** Perfect comfort; automatically adjustable; steel frame; best canvas covering; very durable. If your dealer can't show it, we will send one **freight prepaid** on receipt of..................... **$3.75**

**FREE**—Sample of covers and catalogue showing **Acme Couches, Acme Sewing Machines, Bicycles, Chairs, Desks, Brass Trimmed Metal Beds, Cameras, etc.**

**ACME SPRING BED CO.,**
**429 43rd Street, Chicago.**

**GREAT WESTERN Champagne**

is more acceptable to palate and stomach than imported wines, because of its

**UNQUESTIONED PURITY.**

Touches the pocket lightly—yet fills the bill.

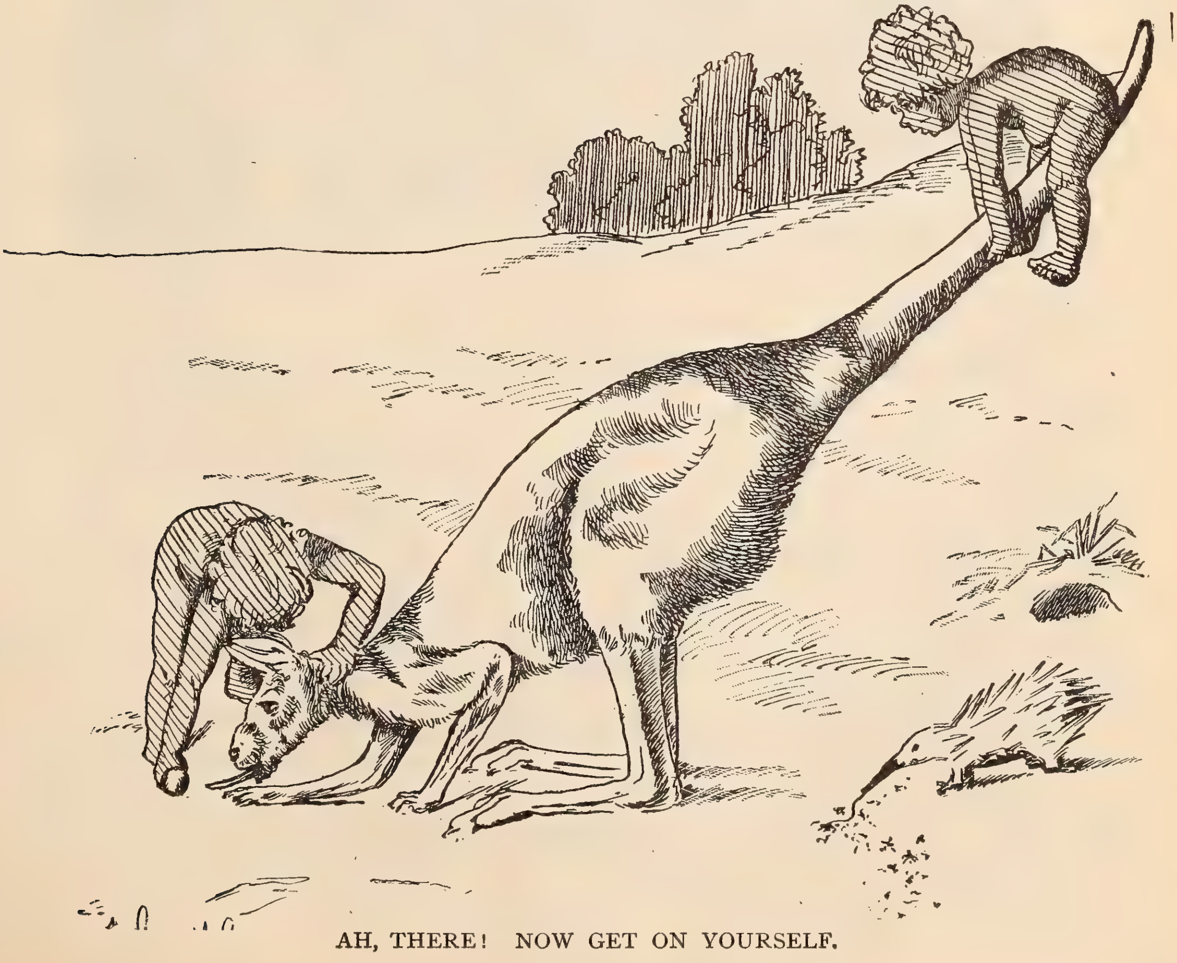
Served at all first class Clubs, Cafes and Buffets everywhere.

The vintage now marketed is especially pleasing and very dry.

Great Western
EXTRA DRY
VIENNA 1873 FIRST PRIZE
Pleasant Valley Wine Co. Rheims, N.Y.

**Pleasant Valley Wine Co.,**
SOLE MAKERS,
**Rheims, - N. Y.**

**Sold by Wine Dealers Everywhere.**

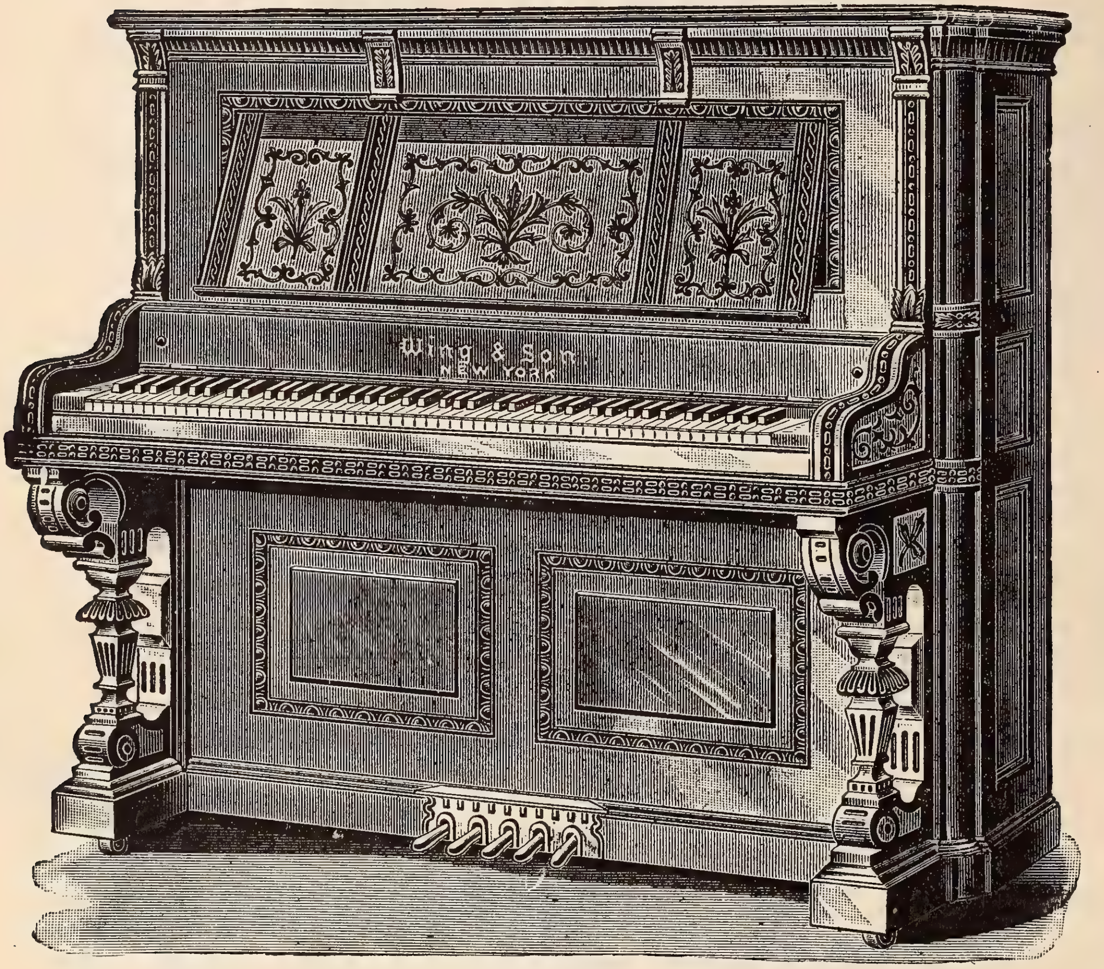


AH, THERE! NOW GET ON YOURSELF.

# The Wing Piano

**STYLE 7. CONCERT GRAND UPRIGHT.**

*No other piano made equals this in style and design of case.*



*You do not have to pay an extravagant price for a first-class piano.*
*Write for prices of the Wing Piano before you buy.*

## THE INSTRUMENTAL ATTACHMENT

imitates perfectly the tone of the Mandolin, Guitar, Harp, Zither and Banjo. The sounds of these different instruments may be heard alone or in concert with the piano.

**Every Wing Piano is guaranteed for TWELVE YEARS against any defect in tone, action, workmanship or material :: :: ::**

**SENT ON TRIAL** We will send this piano, or your choice of four other styles, to any part of the United States on trial (all freights paid by us), allow ample time for a thorough examination and trial in the home, and, if the instrument is in any particular unsatisfactory, we will take it back at our own expense. No conditions are attached to this trial. We ask for no advance payment; no deposit. We pay all freights in advance.

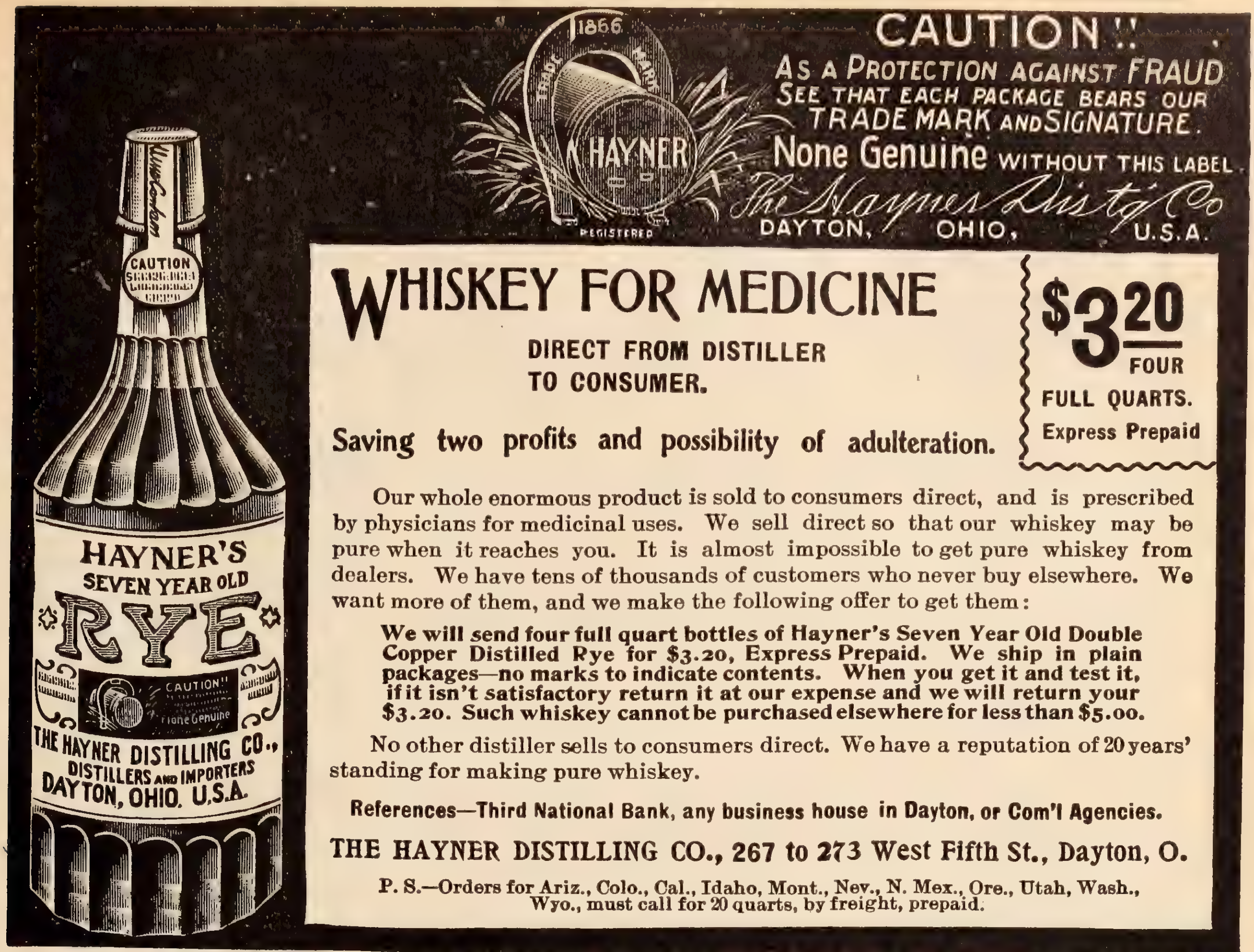
**Over 18,000 Wing Pianos manufactured and sold in 29 years (since 1868).**

**OLD INSTRUMENTS EXCHANGED**
**EASY PAYMENTS**

*Our beautiful, handsomely illustrated catalogue, and a book of information about pianos sent free on request.*

**Wing & Son**

443 and 445 West 13th Street, New York
ESTABLISHED 1868



CAUTION!!
AS A PROTECTION AGAINST FRAUD
SEE THAT EACH PACKAGE BEARS OUR
TRADE MARK AND SIGNATURE.
None Genuine WITHOUT THIS LABEL.
The Hayner Dist'g Co
DAYTON, OHIO, U.S.A.

WHISKEY FOR MEDICINE

DIRECT FROM DISTILLER
TO CONSUMER.

$3.20 FOUR FULL QUARTS. Express Prepaid

Saving two profits and possibility of adulteration.

Our whole enormous product is sold to consumers direct, and is prescribed by physicians for medicinal uses. We sell direct so that our whiskey may be pure when it reaches you. It is almost impossible to get pure whiskey from dealers. We have tens of thousands of customers who never buy elsewhere. We want more of them, and we make the following offer to get them:

**We will send four full quart bottles of Hayner's Seven Year Old Double Copper Distilled Rye for $3.20, Express Prepaid. We ship in plain packages—no marks to indicate contents. When you get it and test it, if it isn't satisfactory return it at our expense and we will return your $3.20. Such whiskey cannot be purchased elsewhere for less than $5.00.**

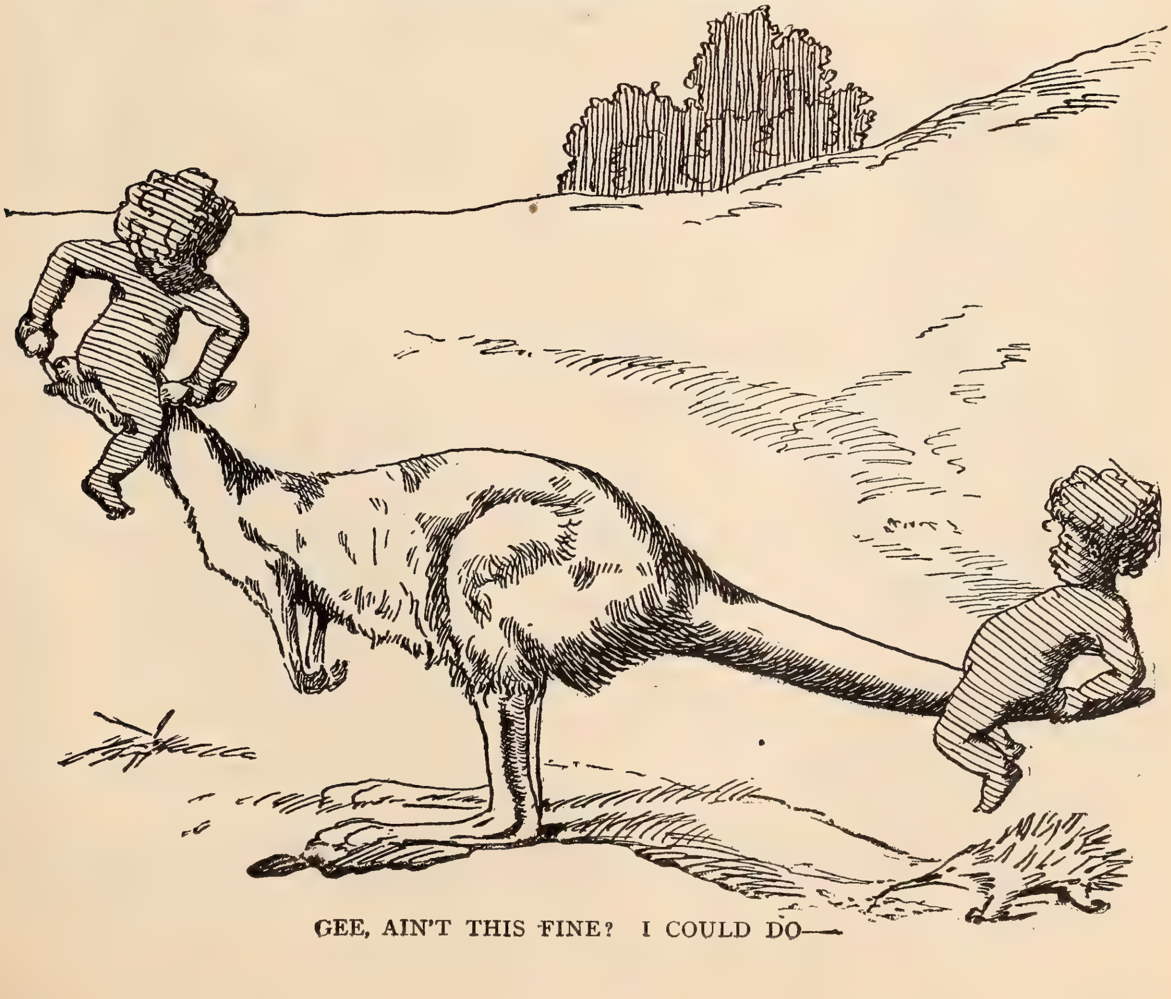
No other distiller sells to consumers direct. We have a reputation of 20 years' standing for making pure whiskey.

References—Third National Bank, any business house in Dayton, or Com'l Agencies.

THE HAYNER DISTILLING CO., 267 to 273 West Fifth St., Dayton, O.

P. S.—Orders for Ariz., Colo., Cal., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash., Wyo., must call for 20 quarts, by freight, prepaid.

[This offer is genuine. We guarantee the above firm will do just as they agree.—EDITOR.]



GEE, AIN'T THIS FINE? I COULD DO—

# Mrs. T. Lynch

1 & 3 UNION SQUARE
CORNER 14th STREET
...NEW YORK...

## Diamond Importer and Manufacturer

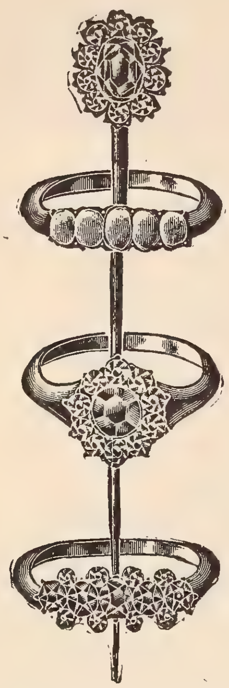
WE import Diamonds in the rough and save 15 per cent. duty. Make our own settings and save 25 per cent. You save 40 per cent. by purchasing of us, as we still have the regular profit.

*Illustrated Catalogue mailed free, filled with Bargains*

**Goods Sent for Inspection.**

**Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded**

**Established 1844**

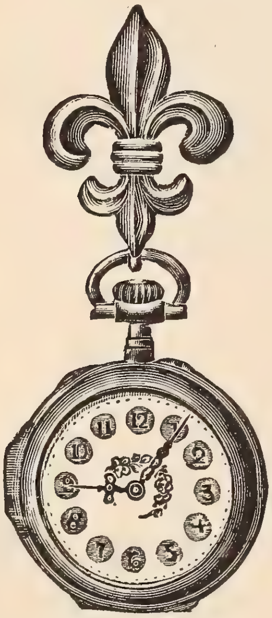


No. 1. Genuine Diamonds and Ruby, Turquoise, or Opal Centre, $5.

No. 2. Five Opals, or Turquoise, $3.

No. 3. Pure White Diamonds and any Stone Centre, $5.

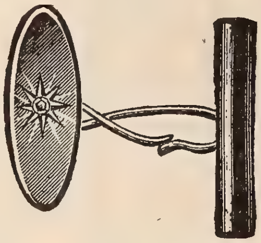
No. 4. $8.



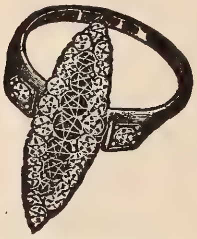
WATCH AND PIN

No. 10. Sterling Silver, $5.
14-Karat Gold, $10.
With Diamonds, $25.

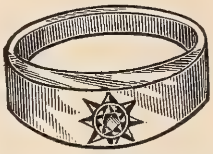
We warrant these Watches Correct Time-keepers, and repair them free of charge five years.



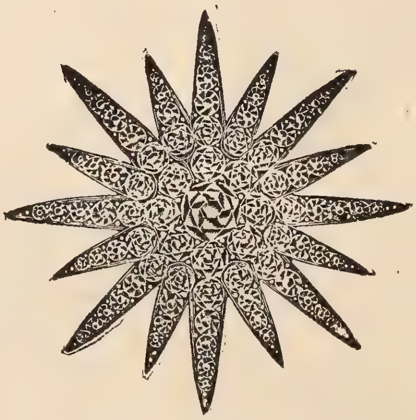
No. 8. Diamond Links, $3.50. Same in Cuff Buttons.



No. 9. All Diamonds, $15 Diamonds, Ruby Centre, $12. Diamonds, Turquoise, Opal, or Sapphire Centre, $10.



No. 383. Single Diamond, $3.



No. 6. Star. Perfectly White Diamonds, $40.

GRAND
IMPERIAL SEC
Imperial Sec
Rheims
PRODUCED BY
Germania Wine Cellars
Hammondsport & Rheims N.Y.

**A GREAT OFFER**

BY **GERMANIA WINE CELLARS**
Hammondsport and Rheims, N.Y.

We are determined to introduce our goods among the very best people in the country, and we can see no better way of doing this than by selling them a case of our goods, containing eleven bottles of wine and one bottle of our extra fine, double-distilled **Grape Brandy**, at one-half its actual cost. Upon receipt of $5.00, we will send, to any reader of RECREATION, one case of our goods, all first-class, and put up in elegant style, assorted, as follows:

**1 Quart Bottle Grand Imperial Sec Champagne**
**1 Quart Bottle Delaware**
**1 " " Riesling**
**1 " " Tokay**
**1 " " Sweet Catawba**
**1 " " Sherry**
**1 " " Elvira**
**1 " " Niagara**
**1 " " Angelica**
**1 " " Port**
**1 " " Sweet Isabella**
**1 " " Imperial Grape Brandy**

This offer is made mainly to introduce our **Grand Imperial Sec Champagne** and our fine double-distilled **Grape Brandy,** without which no Sportsman or Hunter should start on an expedition, as it is very necessary where such exercise is taken. This case of goods is offered at about one-half its actual cost and it will please us if our friends and patrons will take advantage of this and help us introduce our goods.

**Mention RECREATION**

**LINENE COLLARS AND CUFFS**

Do Not Wilt—

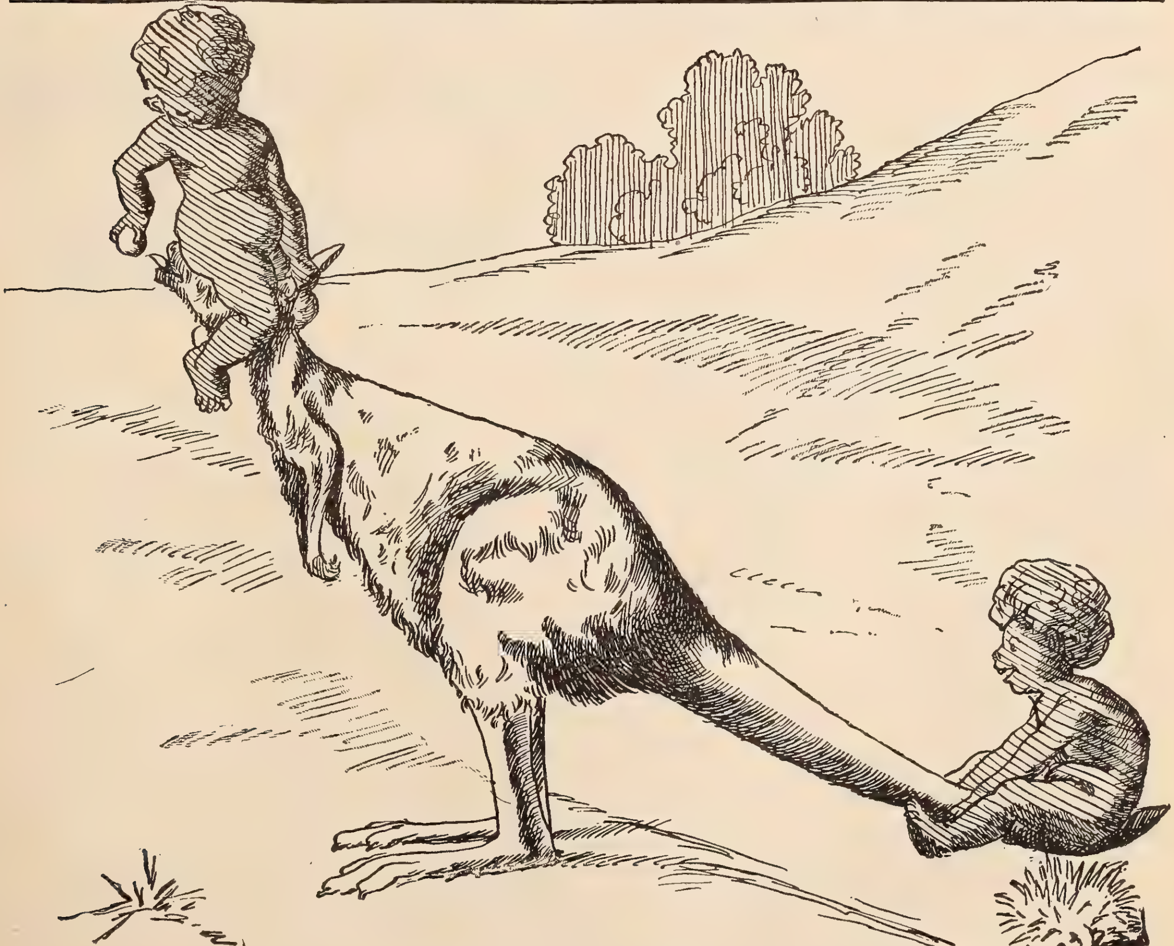
Stylish, convenient, economical, made of fine cloth and finished alike on both sides. The turn-down collars are reversible and give double service.

**NO LAUNDRY WORK**

When soiled on both sides, discard. **Ten Collars or five pairs of Cuffs, 25c.** Send 6c. in stamps for sample collar and pair of cuffs. Name size and style.

**REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO.** **Dept. L, BOSTON**

RUBENS
DANTE
TASSO
MURILLO
ANGELO
RAPHAEL



THIS UNTIL THE—

B&O

BEST LINE

Solid Trains

TO

Eastern Cities

STOP OVER

AT

WASHINGTON

UNEQUALED ATTRACTIONS

ON THE LINE OF THE

Union Pacific

FOR TOURISTS

It traverses the Grandest Scenery of the Rocky Mountains, and reaches all the Health and Pleasure Resorts of the Mid-Continent.

**Sportsmen** will find in scores of localities along this line game worthy of their skill, such as **Bear, Mountain Lion, Coyotes, Elk, Deer, Antelope, Mountain Sheep, Feathered Game of all kinds.** And everywhere are **Beautiful Streams** well stocked with **Trout.**

*For Gun Club Rules, Game Laws, and any information relative to localities for Hunting, or for information in regard to the UNION PACIFIC R. R., call on or address any General or Traveling Agent of this Company.*

**R. TENBROECK, Gen'l Eastern Agent,**
**287 Broadway, New York City**

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E. L. LOMAX, Gen'l Pass. and Tkt. Agt.
**OMAHA, NEB.**

Rod and Reel

Contribute their full share of enjoyment to the lover of fish and the art of angling. Some of the best fishing to be found anywhere, and in great variety, is to be had along the line of the

LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD

All interested in outdoor sports should send four cents in stamps for copy of

**"HUNTING AND FISHING ON THE LEHIGH VALLEY"**

a profusely illustrated booklet containing much interesting and valuable information for the sportsman. Address

**CHAS. S. LEE, Gen. Passenger Agent**
**New York**

For Shooting and Fishing

**Try the territory traversed by the lines of the**

CHICAGO
MILWAUKEE
and ST. PAUL
RAILWAY

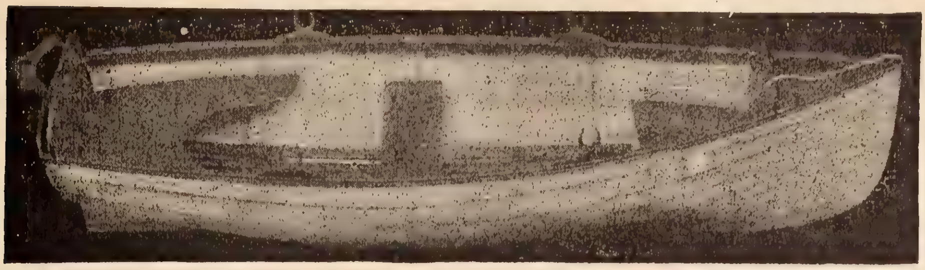
Some of the best deer shooting in the country is to be had in Northern Wisconsin and the Peninsula of Michigan.

Prairie chickens, ducks, geese, partridges, etc., are plentiful along its lines in Iowa, Minnesota, South Dakota and North Dakota.

For fishing—trout, bass, muscollonge, etc.—there are numberless streams and lakes in Wisconsin, and the Upper Peninsula of Michigan.

Send to **GEO. H. HEAFFORD, General Passenger Agt., Chicago, Ill.,** for free copy of Game Laws of the States through which our lines run, and for detailed information as to fishing and shooting results.

For your Summer Vacation take with you a..... **MULLINS' METAL BOAT**



Yacht Tender
...OR...
DINGEY
as shown in cut

Double Ender Row Boats. "Get There" Duck Boats. "Gas Engine" Boat

*Send for catalogue with full description and prices*

W. H. MULLINS, 228 Depot Street, Salem, Ohio

"So that young man wants to marry you?" said Mabel's father.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Do you know how much his income is?"

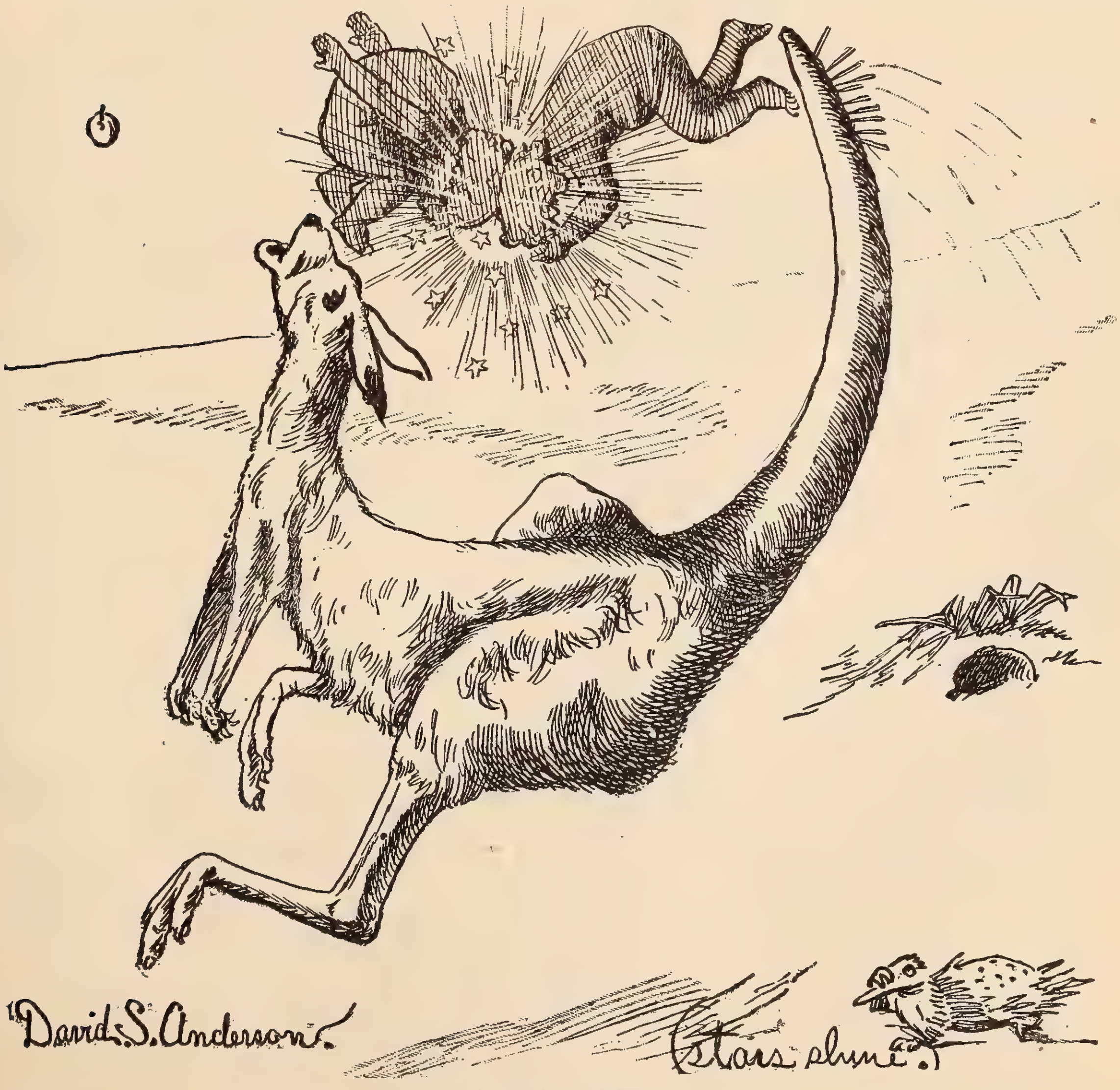
"No. But it's an awfully strange coincidence."

"What do you mean?"

"Herbert asked me the very same question about you."—Tit-Bits.

**Camps Sourdnechunk**, on Sourdnechunk Stream, in Mt. Katahdin Region. One day's journey from Norcross. Good trout fishing; beautiful scenery. This is the big game and trout region of Maine.
Address I. O. Hunt, Norcross, Me.

I wish we had you for a fish and game warden here.
Charles Kimball, Wolf Falls, N. H.

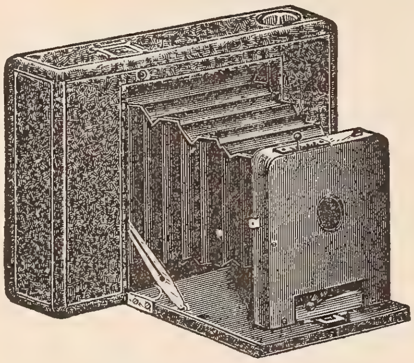


STARS SHINE!

**Prove Your Fish Stories . . .**

by taking along a Camera for use during your summer outing, and bring back photos of everything you see of interest, for future reference.

**The Tourist Hawk-Eye . . .**



**Price $9.00**

is designed especially for the traveler's use, and is so simple to operate that the novice can feel assured of success from the start.

This Camera can be loaded and unloaded in broad daylight, and the dimensions are such that it can easily be carried in the pocket.

**Size,** 1⅝ x 4½ x 6½ inches; **Weight,** 15 ounces; **Capacity,** 12 exposures ; **Photo,** 3½ x 3½ inches.

The shutter is fitted with two speeds for snap shots, and also has a device for time exposures. The lens is achromatic and fitted with a set of three stops.

**We have Hawk-Eyes of every description from $5 to $50**

**The Blair Camera Co., Mfrs.**

Catalogue free to any address.

**22 Randolph Street, Boston**

THE GENUINE GUYOT SUSPENDERS

IMITATION

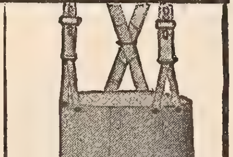
Prevent THE Trousers FROM Bagging

The only Suspenders constructed on **hygienic** principles, combining **comfort** and **durability**

GUYOT Suspenders

Will out-wear any other make

**Over 2,000,000 Sold Annually**



GENUINE

**Absolutely indestructible buttonholes**

For sale everywhere. If your dealer does not have the genuine we will send postpaid (*together with a handsome necktie-holder*), on receipt of price, 50 cents.

**OSTHEIMER BROS.,** 623 Broadway, New York

We have brook trout, pickerel, black bass, and many other game fish here, in season. Ruffed grouse were plentiful last fall, rabbits abundant. We also have gray squirrels, a few foxes and thousands of ducks in season. I am very sorry our State allows ducks to be shot in the spring. Thousands of these beautiful birds are killed every year by market hunters. I have known some men to shoot as many as 100 to 125 in a day.

I am delighted with the way you lash the fish and game hogs. Give it to them until their squeal can be heard from Maine to California.

Rev. T. H. Down, Amherst, Wis.

I like to see you hold a club over the heads of those "biped swine, the game hogs." Let the good work go on. They are not entirely absent around here. Last fall two men (hogs), from Chicago, were up on Lake Koshkonong. One killed 100 mallards in one day and the other something over 75 canvasbacks in the same time. Am sorry I cannot give you their names.

H. H. T. Jackson, Milton, Wis.

Maude—Why have you thrown Clarence overboard?

Madge—I couldn't marry a man with a broken nose.

Maude—How did his nose get broken?

Madge—I struck him while playing golf.
—Tit-Bits.

**Sportsmen, Hunters**

Get your hunting trophies mounted true to nature, at Prof. G. Stainsky's Institute of Scientific Taxidermy, 1180 Cascade Avenue, Colorado Springs, Colo.

Dealer in Game Heads, Fur Rugs, Robes, Navajo Blankets, Horn Chairs, etc.

* * *

Medals awarded at World's Columbian Exposition, Paris, Vienna, and Berlin

* * *

**Game Heads and Raw Furs Bought**

**ASHLAND HOUSE**

FOURTH AVE. and 24th ST.

*Two blocks from Madison Sq. Garden*

...HEADQUARTERS FOR SPORTSMEN

American and European Plan

RATES:

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| Rooms, with board, $2.00, $2.50 and $3.00 per day | |
| Rooms, without board, | $1.00 and upwards |
| Breakfast, | 75 cents |
| Lunch, | 50 " |
| Table d' Hote Dinner, | 75 " |

**Buffalo Horns**

polished or unpolished; also skulls, with and without horns.

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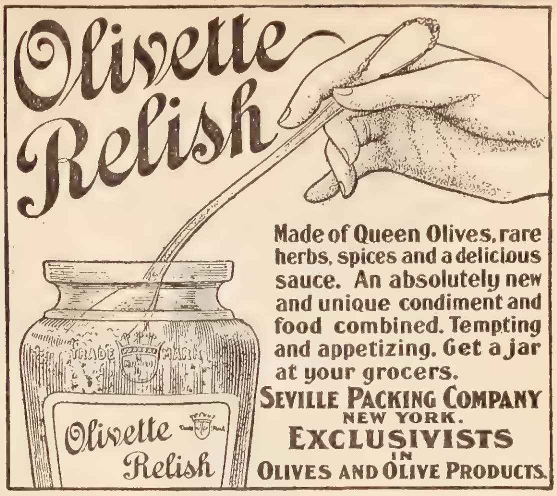

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Mrs. Prentice—How do you always manage to have such delicious beef?

Mrs. Bywell—I select a good, honest butcher and then stand by him.

Mrs. Prentice—You mean you give him all your trade?

Mrs. Bywell—No; I mean I stand by him while he cuts the meat.—Tit-Bits.

---

"Some of these summer young men," remarked Miss Cayenne, pensively, "remind me of Dresden china."

"Because they are beautiful?"

"Yes; and they get broke so easily."—Washington Star.

---

Mrs. B.—I wish you'd pay a little attention to what I say.

Mr. B.—I do, my dear, as little as possible.—Tit-Bits.

---

"What is a parvenu?"

"That's what the man who got rich 10 years ago calls the man who got rich yesterday."—Chicago Record.

---

Don't forget that $2 will buy a copy of that beautiful book, "Bird Neighbors" and a yearly subscription to RECREATION.

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I have an old flint lock pistol, in good condition, with brass barrels, one above the other. Wish to sell or exchange for a .30-30 Winchester rifle.

O. F. Headstream, Tomahawk, Wis.

---

Trout fishing is good this season, the result of stocking the streams each year, but it is left for boys to catch the big ones. On May 2d, Carlyle Benjamin caught a brook trout measuring 21½ inches and weighing 3½ pounds.

A. W. Francis, De Ruyter, N. Y.

---

Keep your fires hot and continue to fat fry the game and fish hogs.

R. C. Pennington, Carey, O.

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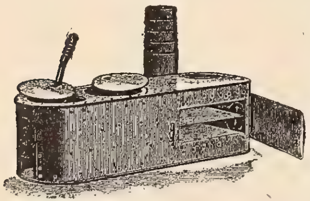

The lightest, most compact, practical camp stove made; either with or without oven. Won't get out of shape, combination cast and sheet steel top, smooth body, heavy lining, telescopic pipe carried inside the stove. Burns largest wood, keeps fire longest of any stove made. For full particulars address

D. W. CREE, Manufacturer, Griggsville, Ill.

There are still some unfortunate sportsmen who are not readers of RECREATION. If you know any such send in their names, and greatly oblige them and

THE EDITOR.

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Rosie (visiting the Observatory and having a peep through the monster telescope)—Oh, Laura, how charming! What a wonderful sight! Do look!

Laura—Really, who would have thought it—

Astronomer—Now, then, I will remove the cover and place the instrument in position, if you will allow me.—Tit-Bits.

---

Spanish Naval Officer—What are you rejoicing about?

Spanish Statesman—Don't you see? We've got that Yankee admiral, Dewey, bottled up in Manila Bay!—Chicago Tribune.

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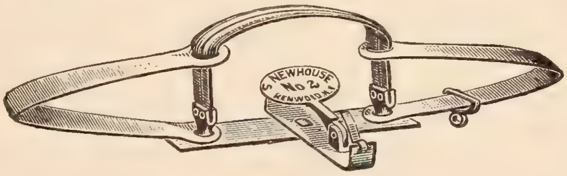

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**Via Snake River Station, Wyo.**
**"The Hermitage"**

Sportsmen wishing to make a trip after Big Game—Elk, Deer, Antelope, Bear, and fine Trout fishing, can find Guides, etc., by writing me, care of above resort. Situated just 3 miles South of the Yellowstone National Park. **BURTON HARRIS, Manager**

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"What are the duties of a regimental chaplain?"

"To refrain from swearing at the rations, and thus set a good example for the other fellows."—Philadelphia North American.

"Bird Neighbors" received. Many thanks. Am surprised that you can furnish such a beautiful and instructive work for so little money.

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## If all Ambitious Amateurs,

by this I mean amateurs who aspire to portraiture, would visit the studio of Lafayette W. Seavey, they would find something at bargain prices in the way of head and bust grounds, and other effects, that would greatly aid them in their work.

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REFERENCES

Prof. T. R. Hinsdale, U. S. Ex. S., Washington, D. C.; Hon. G. M. Lambertson, Ex. Asst. Sect. U. S. Treas., Lincoln, Neb.; H. W. Heffener, York, Pa.

Sportsmen: Why not go with a guide who gives honorable references?

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We want to hear from Eastern sportsmen who hunt deer and moose in Maine.

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and the discovery of the Klondike have taxed the resources of the United States in outfitting thousands of soldiers and thousands of prospectors. It seems scarcely possible that the same article could form part of the equipment of the army that has braved the cold of Alaska and the army encamped in the heat of Florida and Cuba. Yet thousands of Kenwood Sleeping Bags, alike in design, differing only in weight of material, are being used by as many members of both these great armies. This is possible because the Kenwood Sleeping Bag affords perfect protection from rain and dampness as well as cold, the greatest warmth with the least weight (a warmth adapted to any temperature), and its simplicity of design makes it thoroughly practical under the most varied conditions of climate and weather.

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The entire arena of the Garden was transformed into a basin holding 1,600,000 gallons of water, in the construction of which 68 tons of lead were used.

The idea of the show is to create and produce an entirely original entertainment with historically correct reproductions of every one of the American and Spanish War Ships that have taken part in the late Naval engagements. The various incidents that occurred at Key West, the bringing into port of Spanish prize ships, the battle of Manila, the return of the Battleship Oregon from her extraordinary voyage, the entrance of the Spanish Fleet into Santiago bay, the arrival of the American Squadron, the blowing up of the Merrimac, the sortie and annihilation of the Spanish Fleet by Sampson's Squadron and other incidents of interest that may occur from time to time during the run of the said show at Madison Square Garden.

A miniature fleet, being actual reproductions of the American and Spanish fleets, with the most ingenious mechanism, has been constructed for this production, including perfect working models, varying from 12 to 25 feet in length, of the Oregon, Indiana, Iowa, New York, Brooklyn, Massachusetts, Texas, Montgomery, Marblehead, Hudson, Olympia, Boston, Baltimore, Raleigh, Concord, Petrel, McCulloch, Vesuvius and a number of dispatch, torpedo and other boats. Also the Cristobal Colon, Vizcaya, Maria Teresa, Oquendo, Reina Mercedes, Furore, Terror, Reina Cristina, Castilla, Isle de Cuba, Isle de Mendador, General Lezo, Marquis del Duero, as well as all the other Spanish vessels of note which have taken part in the later events.

The entire cost of the show was nearly $100,000.

Two commercial travellers, comparing notes. "I have been out 3 weeks," said the first, "and have only got 4 orders."

"That beats me," said the other; "I have been out 4 weeks and have only got one order, and that's from the firm, to come home."—Tit-Bits.

"Well," said the Spaniard, as he turned in for his siesta, "there's no use of our borrowing trouble."

"I know it," replied the Minister of Finance. "But it's the only thing we can get without collateral."—Washington Post.

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Two Irishmen were fishing in a river, when it began to rain. With his line in his hand, one of them stepped under the arch of a neighboring bridge.

"You can't fish there," said his companion: "you won't get a bite."

"Whist, now," cried Pat, "don't you know all the fishes will flock under here to get in out of the rain?"—Tit-Bits.

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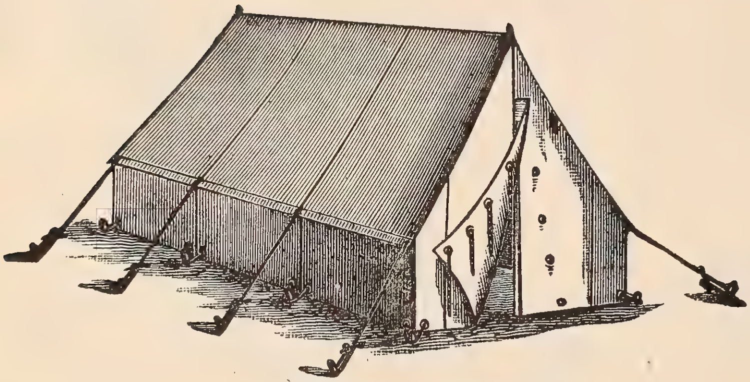
# Articles for Sportsmen and Travelers



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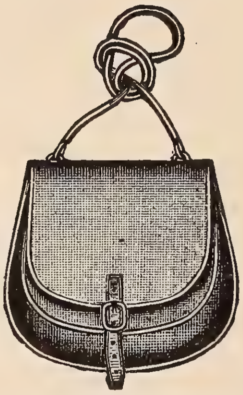

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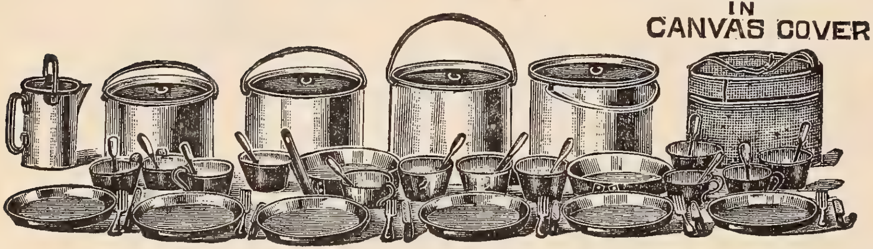
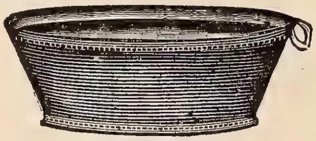
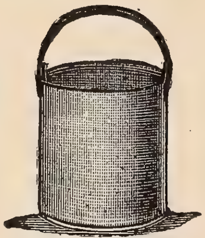

KIT NESTED IN CANVAS COVER

WASH BASIN



## Aluminum Cooking Outfits



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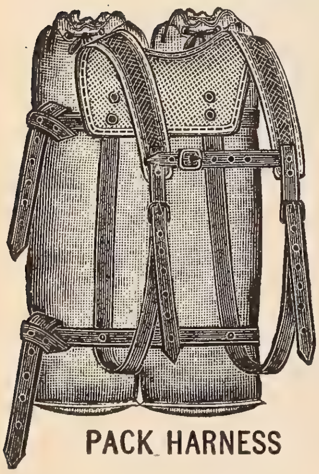

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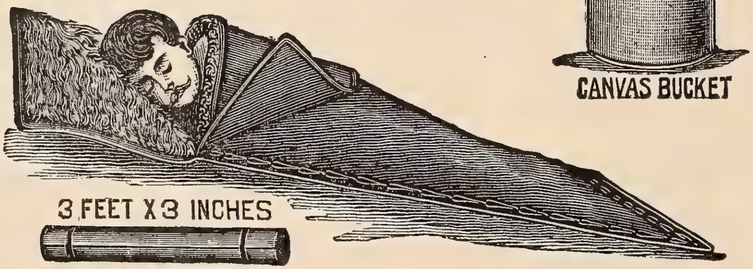
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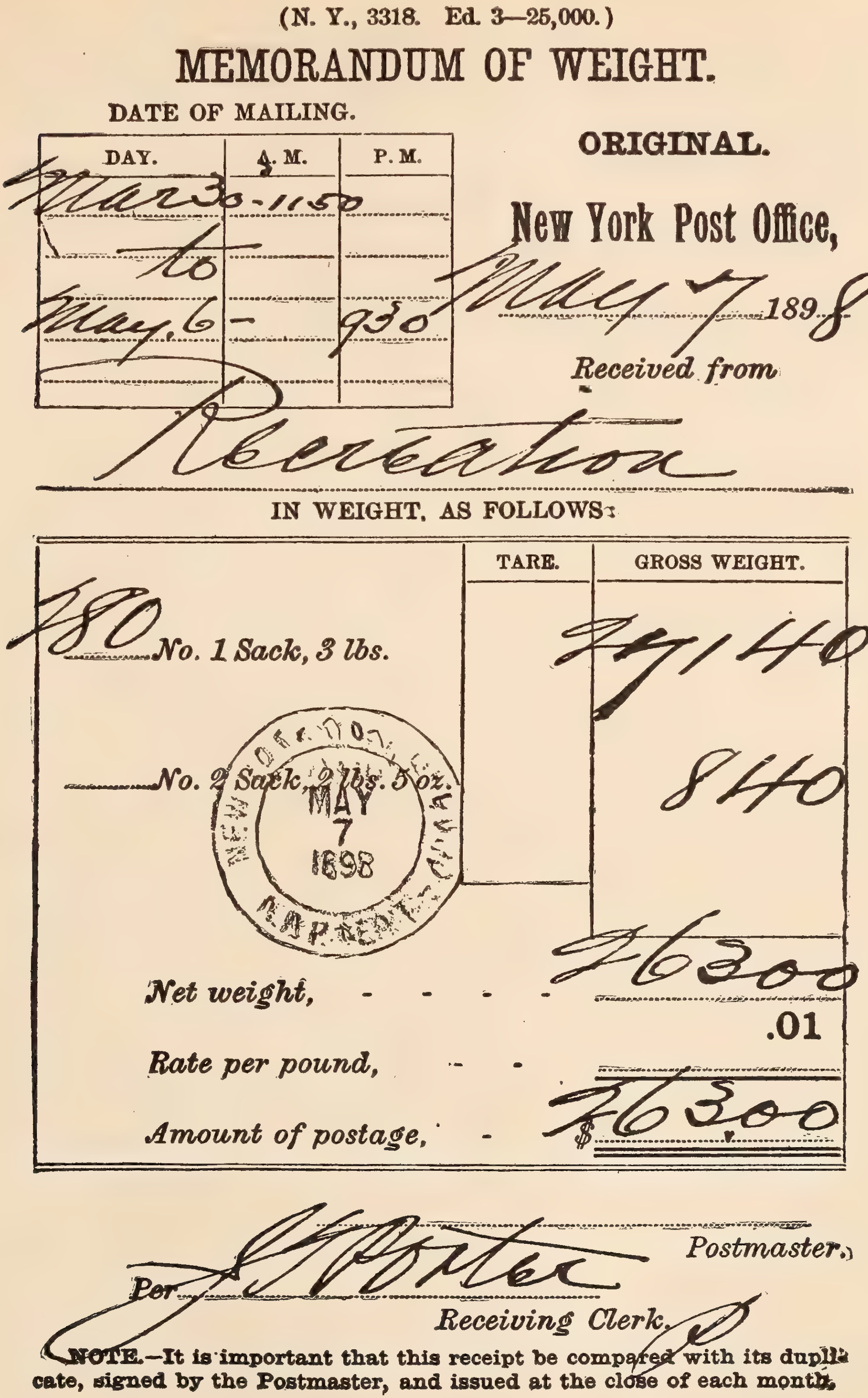

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If you will watch the other magazines you will see that none of them print their P. O. receipts. You can draw your own inferences.

## SOME GOOD GUIDES.

Following is a list of names and addresses of guides who have been recommended to me, by men who have employed them; together with data as to the species of game and fish which these guides undertake to find for sportsmen.

If anyone who may employ one of these guides should find him incompetent or unsatisfactory, I will be grateful if he will report the fact to me.

### CALIFORNIA.

S. L. N. Ellis, Visalia, trout, deer, bear, grouse, and quails.

### COLORADO.

F. W. Allen, Dotsero, Eagle Co., elk, bear, deer, antelope, trout and grouse.
W. H. Hubbard, Glenwood Springs, ditto
Charles Allen, Gypsum, "
J. M. Campbell, Buford. "
R. W. McGhee, De Beque, "
W. L. Pattison, Buford, elk, deer, bear, grouse and trout.

### GEORGIA.

Sam. T. Denning, Augusta, turkeys, quails and rabbits.

### IDAHO.

W. L. Winegar, Egin, Fremont Co., elk, bear, deer, antelope, mountain sheep, trout and grouse.
Geo. Winegar, St. Anthony, Fremont Co., ditto
R. W. Rock, Lake, Fremont Co., "
Ed. Stailey, Lake, Fremont Co., "
Ed. Blair, Victor, Fremont Co., "
Clay Vance, Houston, Custer Co., "

### MAINE.

E. J. Page, Burlington, moose, caribou, deer, grouse and trout.
I. O. Hunt, Norcross. ditto
Henry Gantnier, Benedicta. "
George Gantnier, Benedicta, "
James A. Duff, Kineo, Moosehead Lake, "
Henry D. Lowell, West Ripley, "

### MINNESOTA.

E. L. Brown, Warren, ducks, geese, prairie chickens, and black bass.
W. B. Croff, Young America, ditto

### MONTANA.

G. H. Heywood, Red Lodge, elk, bear, deer, antelope, mountain sheep, trout and grouse.
W. H. Ryther, Columbia Falls, ditto
Quincy Myers, Columbia Falls, "
Theodore Christiansen, Columbia Falls, "
W. A. Hague, Fridley, "
Vic. Smith, Anaconda, "
M. P. Dunham, Woodworth, "
William Jackson, Browning, "
E. E. Van Dyke, Red Lodge, "
James Blair, Magdalen, "
George Whitaker, Gardiner, "
Edward Olcott, Red Lodge, "
W. Jackson, Browning. "

### NEW YORK.

H. M. Tacey, White Lake, Sullivan Co., deer, grouse, rabbits, squirrels and trout.
Eugene M. House, Glendale, ditto
Buel Girard, Moriches, ducks, geese, grouse, quails, snipe and salt water fishing.
Willie E. Ross, Moriches, ditto

### NORTH CAROLINA.

Fred. Latham, Haslin, deer, quails, ducks, salt-water fishing.
F. S. Jarvis, Haslin, ditto
W. B. Tooley, Haslin, "
F. P. Latham, Haslin, "

### OREGON.

W. H. Bowen, Camas Valley, elk, deer, bear, grouse and trout.
Henry Bowen, Camas Valley, ditto
E. L. Howe, Creswell, "

### OHIO.

Ugh F. Catanach, Kelley's Island, ducks, geese, grouse, quail, black bass, and muskalonge.

### PENNSYLVANIA.

W. W. Wikoff, Sinnamahoning, Cameron Co., deer, grouse and trout.
Len Champion, Carney, Wyoming Co., grouse, quail, black bass, pike and pickerel

### WYOMING.

S. N. Leek, Jackson, elk, bear, deer, mountain sheep, antelope, grouse and trout.
Mark H. Warner, Ten Sleep, ditto
Milo Burke, Ten Sleep, "
Nelson Yarnall, Dubois, "
S. A. Lawson, Laramie, "
H. D. DeKalb, Big Piney, "
Ira Dodge, Cora, "
Wm. Wells, Cora, "
A. S. Marshall, Cora, "
F. Allston, Basin, "
N. E. Brown, Ishawood, "
George N. Madison, Jackson, "
John Tate, Wise P. O., "

### CANADA.

Dell Thomas, Lumby P. O., B. C., elk, deer, bear, sheep, goats, grouse and trout.
Henry McDougal, Kelowna, P. O., B. C. ditto.
Geo. Gillard, Little Bay, Notre Dame Bay, Newfoundland, caribou, trout and salmon.

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Please take out my "For Sale" ad. of my prize, the Eastman Kodak. I found a customer for it in Minnesota.

I had a large number of replies, mostly from business men, which shows the great value of RECREATION as an advertising medium. I shall never lose a chance to say a good word for RECREATION.

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Box 439... **SEATTLE, WASH.**

OFFERS his services as guide for hunting parties in Washington and British Columbia. He has lived in that region many years, has traveled many thousands of miles; has hunted and trapped all the species of game found there, and knows where to find them now.

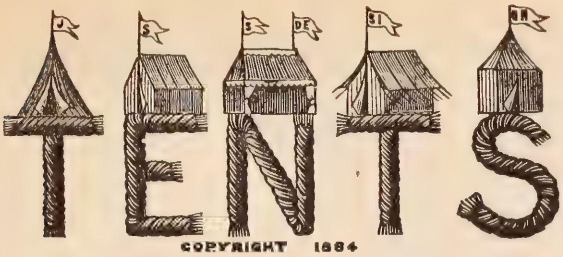
REFERENCES

Lieut. G. T. EMMONS, U. S. Navy, Naval Dept.,
Washington, D. C.
WILL D. JENKINS, Secretary of State, Olympia, Wash.
And the Editor of RECREATION.

---

Two weeks ago I went out to Lake Whatcom, fishing, with some friends, and while riding up the lake on the steamer, we saw a blue bill duck killed by a fisherman, also on our boat. As soon as possible after reaching town, 2 of us had a warrant sworn out for his arrest, but the constable has, up to the present time, been unable to locate him. He is a stranger from Florida, and I am afraid we will not be able to make an example of him, as we were in hopes of doing, on account of the likelihood of his having left town.

J. S. Stangroom.



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Camping outfits can be purchased cheaply, or guides, thoroughly acquainted with the region, fully equipped for camping, can be secured readily.

Parties can be furnished with names of guides, and, by communicating with them, make all necessary arrangements in advance.

The following fish and game, in season, are to be found in abundance. the variety of which is not surpassed by any other sporting region in the world:

**Fish.**—Bass, pickerel, brook trout, lake trout, whitefish, perch, sunfish, salmon, trout, sturgeon, catfish. herring and muskalonge.

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Magistrate (to witness)—I understand you overheard the quarrel between the defendant and his wife?

Witness—Yes, sir.

Magistrate—Tell the Court, if you can, what he seemed to be doing.

Witness—He was doing the listening.—Tit-Bits.

Inquiring Person—What time did the hotel catch fire?

Fireman—Midnight.

Inquiring Person—Everybody got out safe?

Fireman—All except the night watchman. They couldn't wake him up in time. —Tit-Bits.

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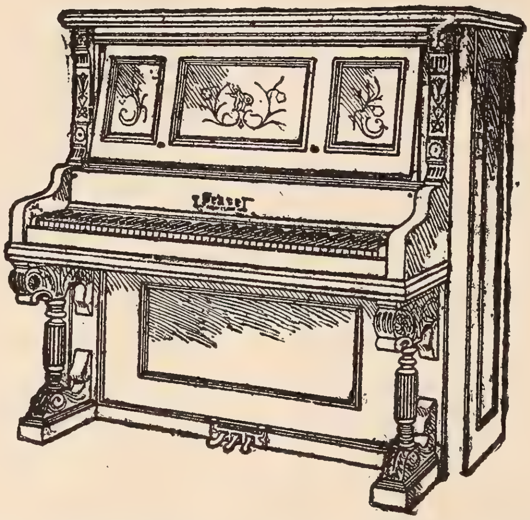

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STATEMENT
OF
THE TRAVELERS
Life and Accident
Insurance Company
OF HARTFORD, CONN.

*Chartered* 1863. [*Stock.*] *Life and Accident Insurance.*

JAMES G. BATTERSON, Pres't

*Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1898*

| | |
|---|---|
| PAID-UP CAPITAL, . | $1,000,000.00 |
| Assets (Accident Premiums in the hands of agents not included) | $22,868,994.16 |
| Liabilities . . . . . . . | 19,146,359.04 |
| Excess Security to Policy-holders | $3,722,635.12 |

*July, 1 1898*

| | |
|---|---|
| Total Assets (Accident Premiums in the hands of agents not included) | $24,103,986.67 |
| Total Liabilities . . . . . | 19,859,291.43 |
| Excess Security to Policy-holders | $4,244,695.24 |

| | |
|---|---|
| Paid to Policy-holders since 1864 | $35,660,940.19 |
| Paid to Policy-holders January-July, '98 . . . . . . . | 1,300,493.68 |
| Loaned to Policy-holders on Policies (Life) . . . . . | 1,161,705.00 |
| Life Insurance in Force . . | 94,646,669.00 |

GAINS
*6 Months—January to July, 1898*

| | |
|---|---|
| In Assets . . . . . . . . | $1,234,992.51 |
| In Surplus (to Policy-holders) . | 522,060.12 |
| In Insurance in Force (Life Department only) . . . . | 2,764,459.00 |
| Increase in Reserves . . . | 705,642.18 |
| Premiums Received, 6 Months . | 2,937,432.77 |

JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary
EDWARD V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies
J. B. LEWIS, M.D., Medical Director and Adjuster
SYLVESTER C. DUNHAM, Counsel

NEW YORK OFFICE, 31 NASSAU STREET

The Improved
BOSTON
GARTER
adds neatness and comfort to the wearing of LOW SHOES
Keeps the Stocking Free from Wrinkles
DOES NOT BIND
THE *Velvet Grip* CUSHION BUTTON CLASP
Lies flat to the leg and cannot unfasten accidentally
SOLD EVERYWHERE
Sample Pair by Mail } Silk, 50c. Cotton, 25c.
GEORGE FROST CO.
BOSTON, MASS.

The trout season has just closed. The camp of the Spruce Run Park Association opened May 16. We do not allow any member (or his invited guests) to catch more than 59 trout in any one day,* and only allow them to fish the streams alternately. We have 3 streams. The trout are mostly eaten at the club house. The catch of the entire club, was 1,740 for the season. We put in the streams, this season, about 15,000 fry. We will now get ready for fall grouse shooting, for which the indications are good.

G. R. Boak, Supt.,
Pine Glen, Centre Co., Pa.

An editor was rash enough to remove a few lines from a poem he had accepted, whereupon the author wrote him a letter which wound up thus:

"And now, O slaughterer, vivisector, mangler, maimer, destroyer, disfigurer, deformer, defacer, crippler, mutilator, good-by! Put this in your pipe and smoke it!"

Your correspondent who writes about having ivory-billed woodpeckers shown him in Michigan, by a guide who called them woodcock, is about as far in the dark as was his guide. Probably the birds were the pileated woodpecker, *Ceophloeus pileatus.*

F. B. Spaulding, Lancaster, N. H.

---

* At least 3 times as many as any man should take in a day.—EDITOR.

# BIRD NEIGHBORS

## AN INTRODUCTORY ACQUAINTANCE WITH 150 BIRDS COMMONLY FOUND IN THE WOODS, FIELDS, AND GARDENS ABOUT OUR HOMES

By NELTJE BLANCHAN

With an Introduction by JOHN BURROUGHS and 50 Plates of Birds in Natural Colors

**Price, Cloth, $2**

**This book makes the identification of our birds simple and positive, even for the uninitiated, through certain unique features**

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I. All the birds are grouped according to color, in the belief that a bird's coloring is the first and often the only characteristic noticed.

II. The descriptions are untechnical, clear, and vivid; and the fact that Mr. JOHN BURROUGHS has read and annotated the book, vouches for their accuracy.

III. A supplementary chapter tells which groups of birds show preferences for certain localities, and where to look for others.

IV. A second supplementary chapter deals with family traits and characteristics.

V. By still another classification, the birds are grouped according to their season.

VI. All the popular names, by which a bird is known, are given in both the descriptions and the index.

The FIFTY colored plates are the most beautiful and accurate ever given in a moderate-priced and popular book.

What MR. BURROUGHS says of the book: "When I began the study of birds I had access to a copy of Audubon, which greatly stimulated my interest in the pursuit, but I did not have the opera glass, and I could not take Audubon with me on my walks, as the reader may this volume. He will find these colored plates quite as helpful as those of Audubon or Wilson."

This book is but 6 months old yet is in its 15th thousand. It is now being used in the schools, and has been taken up by Boards of Education because the plates present the *real* birds in *natural colors*. Secretary Frank Hill, of the Massachusetts State Board of Education, writes:

> "The illustrations by color photography are accurate, beautiful, and yet inexpensive. I wonder if people realize that this marvelous process is bringing within their reach, for a trifle, illustrations that not many years ago would have cost 20 or 30 times as much, and would have been restricted to the use of the favored and wealthy."

Realizing how important it is that everyone should know our every-day birds, I have made a special arrangement with the publishers which enables me to offer "Bird Neighbors" and RECREATION, one year, for the price of the former.

This offer applies alike to new subscribers and to renewals.

**$2 is the publisher's price for "Bird Neighbors"**

**$2 gets this book and RECREATION One Year**

If you are already a subscriber and want the book, send your $2. It will then be sent you and your subscription credited for another year.

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# A Dog's Character

A dog's manners and morals are largely the result of constant association with his master. If the latter is indolent and without ambition, the dog will show the same traits. He develops along the same lines as civilization itself.

When the dog of an active, ambitious master loses his appetite—when he has feverish symptoms—when his eyes lack luster and he shows no disposition to play and romp, the chances are that he has distemper. The best time to cure distemper is in the beginning—then it is easy—and the best remedy is

## SERGEANT'S CONDITION PILLS

which are held in the highest esteem by dog owners everywhere. They keep down the fever and are an appetizing tonic. By their timely administration the spirits of the sick dog are kept up, and he is enabled to withstand the ravages of the disease. **Price, 50c. and $1.00 per box by mail.**

## TO DESTROY WORMS

the best and most largely used preparation is **SERGEANT'S SURE SHOT.** Sold by dealers everywhere or sent by mail for 50c.

Of this remedy, the owners of the Oak Grove Kennels, Moodus, Conn., write as follows: "Every party purchasing a pup of us is recommended to occasionally use **SURE SHOT,** and thus insure the life of the pup against destruction by worms."

## SERGEANT'S CARBOLIC SOFT SOAP

not only keeps the dog's body clean and free of offensive odors, but it is a certain destroyer of fleas, lice, etc. **Price, 25c. By mail, 35c.**

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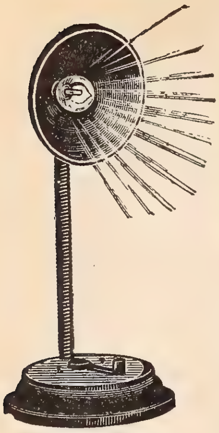
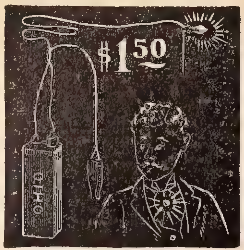
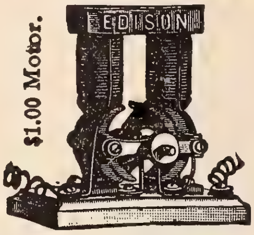


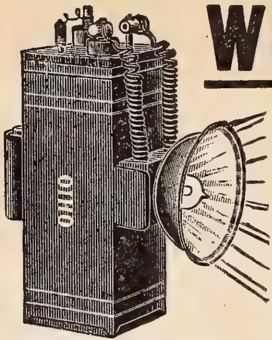
Battery Table Lamp,
**$2.75** complete.



Necktie Light.



$1.00 Motor.



$6 Electric Bicycle Lights, **$2.75**

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| $ 3.00 | Electric Bell Outfits for.......... | $ 1.00 |
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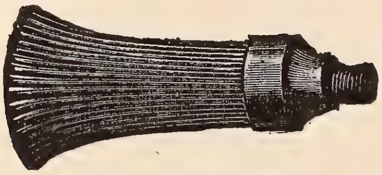
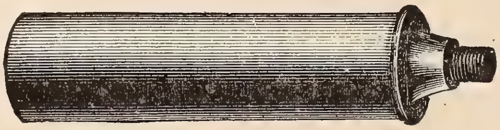
can see no dirt in a barrel through which the

## BUDD-PETMECKY GUN CLEANER

has traveled





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In 8 to 20 gauge—Adjustable to cleaning rods and field cleaners.

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*WRITE FOR FULL DESCRIPTION.*

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## *198* BULL'S EYES OUT OF *200*

An Unprecedented Run of

187 CONSECUTIVE BULL'S EYES

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Made by Wm. Hayes, Esq., at the National Sharpshooters Association, Glendale, L. I. July 3–11, 1898. 200 shots. 200 yards.

## King's Semi-Smokeless Powder

**PETERS 32-40 SHELLS**

This shooting has never been equaled. The score is: Wm. Hayes 1st, 373; M. Doerler 2d, 347; L. P. Hansen 3d, 342. All used King's Semi-Smokeless This new powder is equally effective in the Shot Gun.

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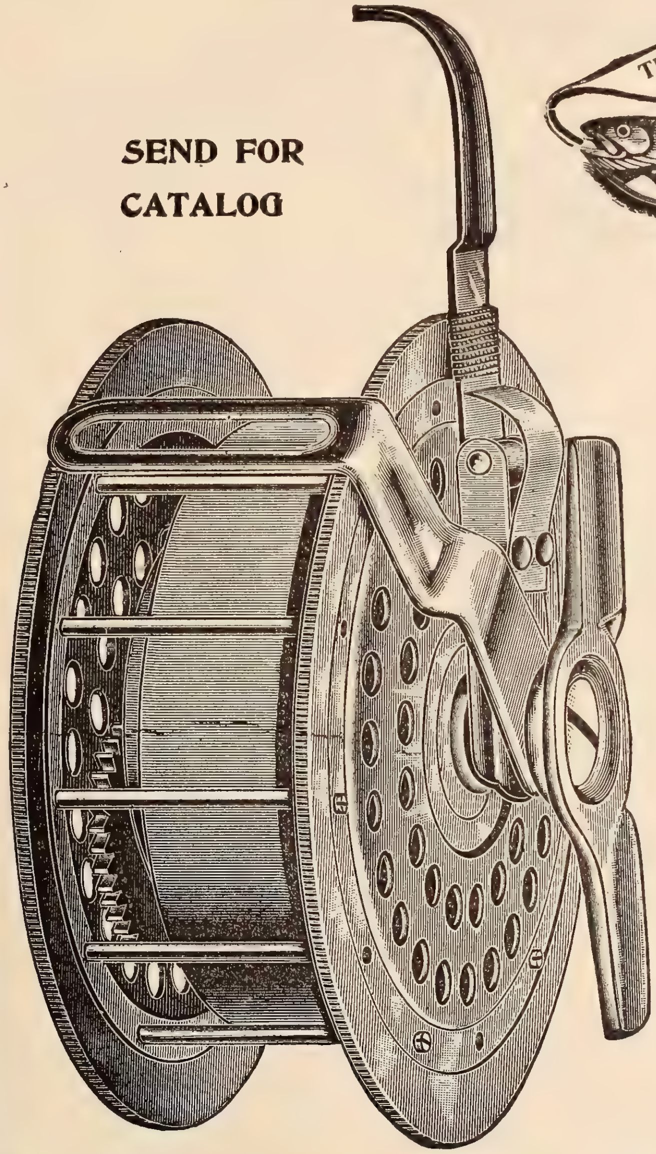
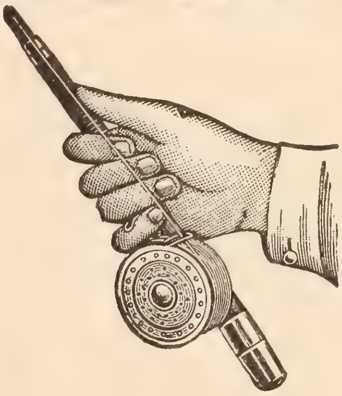
# "THE LITTLE FINGER DOES IT"

## The Fisherman's Automatic Reel

**SEND FOR CATALOG**



That Little Finger Caught Me
THE LITTLE FINGER DOES IT
THE AUTOMATIC REEL



### What we claim for the Automatic Reel

**FIRST**—It will wind up the line a hundred times as fast as any other reel in the world.

**SECOND**—It will wind up the line slowly if the angler chooses.

**THIRD**—No fish can ever get slack line with it.

**FOURTH**—It will save more fish than any other reel.

**FIFTH**—It will prevent tips, lines, and snells from being broken by large fish.

**SIXTH**—The reel is manipulated entirely by the hand that holds the rod.

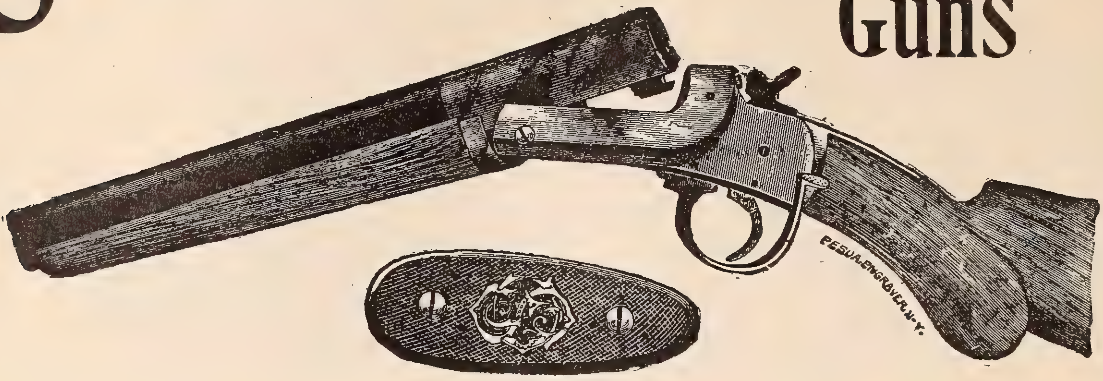
**SEVENTH**—It enables the angler and makes it desirable to use lighter tips.

Manufactured by
YAWMAN & ERBE MFG. CO.
344 No. St. PAUL Street,
ROCHESTER, N. Y. U. S. A.

**Every Sportsman Should Have One**

Mention RECREATION.

# SHATTUCK Single-Barrel Guns



## THE BEST GUN IN THE MARKET FOR YOUNG SPORTSMEN

**Made .12 and .16 Bore**

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| 101. | Side snap action, rebounding lock, walnut pistol-grip stock, patent fore-end, rubber butt and pistol grip cap nickel or case-hardened frame, choke bore. Steel barrels | $6.00 |
| 102. | Same as above. Twist barrels | 7.00 |
| 3. | "New Model," top snap action, double bolt steel barrels | 7.00 |
| 3T. | Same as above. Twist barrel | 7.50 |

**SCHOVERLING, DALY & GALES** 325 BROADWAY
NEW YORK

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## Trolling Rods

that will stand the terrible strain of lifting yards and yards of line, and, in many cases, a sinker, to say nothing of "striking" the fish—are hard to find: That is to say—they *were* hard to find, until the Bristol Steel Fishing Rod was evolved, which, with its special trolling tip and powerful action, makes a combination beyond compare. Have you got one? Send for Catalogue "R" which tells about the 17 different sizes and styles of "Bristol" rods, and contains cuts and illustrations pertaining to the needs of rod users.

**The Horton Manufacturing Co., Bristol, Conn.**

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Strictly . . .
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Grandest Scenery in America

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NEW DESIGN · HANDSOME · COMPLETE
G. S. HUDSON & SON
RECREATION GUN CABINET
ELLISBURG N.Y.
SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CIRCULAR

Here is a clipping from the Quincy (Ill.) Herald.

> Dick Warner, Henry Bergstrasser, William Grant and 2 other piscatorial professors, fished at Yellow Banks yesterday, and the combined catch was 675 crappies. They were the largest and finest fish that have been brought to town this season.

Should not these men be classed as hogs?

J. G. M., Quincy, Ill.

Yes, they are hogs all right enough, and should be compelled to wear rings in their snouts, so decent people might know them at sight.—EDITOR.

*"Whose smoke like incense doth perfume."*
—TITUS ANDRON.

If you smoke it in your pipe "It's Good"

**Yale Mixture**

**A Gentleman's Smoke**

**5000 BICYCLES**

**All makes and models, *must be closed out at once.* New '97 models, guaranteed, $9.75 to $18; shopworn and used wheels, $3 to $12; swell '98 models, $18 to $35. Great factory clearing sale. *Shipped to any one on approval without advance deposit.*** Handsome souvenir book free.

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**by a little work for us. FREE USE of sample wheel to rider agents. Write at once for our special offer.**

**M. L. MEAD & PRENTISS, Chicago, Ill.**

Pedagogue (severely)—Now, sir, for the last time, what's the square of the hypotenuse of a right angled triangle equivalent to?

Boy (desperately)—It's equivalent to a lickin' fer me, sir. Go ahead.—Tid Bits.

Mrs. Rocks—Got your spring cleaning all done, Mrs. Bloks?

Mrs. Bloks—All but little Sarah. She has had a bad cold, so I haven't given her her bath yet.—Tid Bits.

Wallace—We Americans do not stand by our office holders as we should.

Ferry—Maybe not; but think how willing we are to stand in with them.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

IN ANSWERING ADS ALWAYS MENTION RECREATION.

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# ZON=O=PHONE

**Do not confound it with anything of a similar name or nature**
**It isn't a "business" machine**
**You don't "talk into it"**

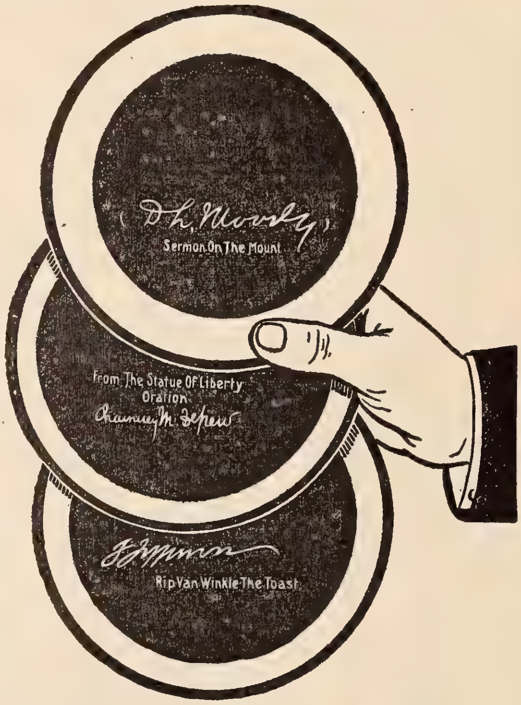
**Its sole purpose is that of Entertainment—**
**Reproducing Everything in Speech or Music, with fidelity to the originals positively marvelous**

Suited alike to Parlor, Lawn, Yacht, or Exhibition Hall. With an ordinary horn it has been heard in every part of the great Metropolitan Opera House, New York. Its cornet solos have been heard two miles.

Our records are **made by experts,** from actual performances of the most celebrated instrumentalists, bands, singers, actors, and orators in the world.

These records, instead of being wax, to be kept in cotton, and handled as if they were egg-shells, are on hard, flat disks which are practically indestructible—**the only permanent records made.**

As a guarantee of authenticity each record (except a few of the earliest ones) is **signed.** Among the records whose genuineness is thus attested by the autographs of their makers are those of


D. L. Moody
Sermon On The Mount
From The Statue Of Liberty Oration
Chauncey M. Depew
J. Jefferson
Rip Van Winkle The Toast

**HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW** **JOSEPH JEFFERSON** **REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE**
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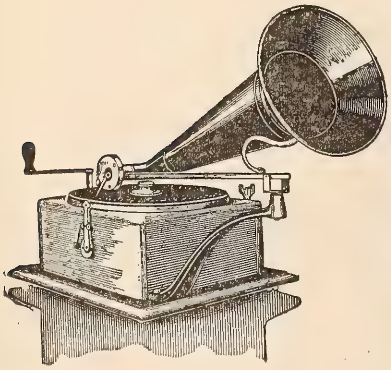
**SOUSA'S BAND, BANDA ROSSA, ETC.**



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The unprecedented popularity of the IMPROVED GRAMOPHONE (ZON-O-PHONE), as a means of entertainment has led to many attempts at imitation, some of which are most unscrupulous; but the principles upon which the GRAMOPHONE is constructed are covered by patents so broad that anything of the same nature approaching it in excellence **must be an infringement,** and as such will be promptly prosecuted.

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**Price of the Improved Gramophone (Zon=o=phone) is invariably TWENTY=FIVE DOLLARS. Records 50 cents. For further information, catalogue of records, printed matter, etc., address NATIONAL GRAMOPHONE COMPANY, 874 Broadway, New York.**

Actual subscribers to Recreation, those whose names are on our books, can obtain the Zon-o-phone (improved Gramophone) AT ONCE, by the payment of $5 cash and $3 per month. The National Gramophone Company agree, if the instrument is not satisfactory, to refund the money, less express charges, if returned immediately. G. O. Shields, Publisher "Recreation."

# Shooting and Fishing Guide

## ......TO THE NORTHWEST

A complete directory of the best locations, giving kinds of game and fish, distances from St. Paul, lakes, names of guides, hotels, character of country, etc.

**Send 2c. Stamp**

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RECREATION

**F. I. WHITNEY**
Gen'l Pass. Agent
Great Northern Railway
**ST. PAUL, MINN.**

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# OF LANDSCAPES

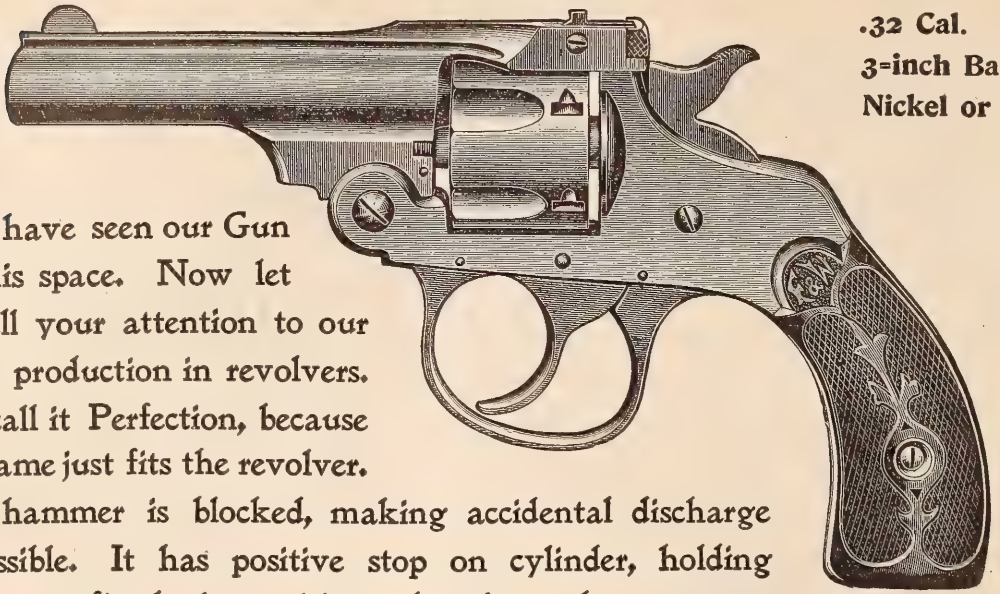
Persons traveling between New York and Chicago on one of the New York Central's twenty-four-hour trains, have an exhibition of landscapes unequaled elsewhere.

First—There are 142 miles of river and mountain scenery between New York and Albany, including the Catskill Mountains and the ever-varying pictures of the historic Hudson River.

Second—The Mohawk Valley, which for more than two hundred years has been celebrated in song and story for its exquisite beauty.

A copy of a 48-page folder on the Adirondack Mountain Region, with complete map in colors, will be sent free, postpaid, on receipt of a two-cent stamp, by GEORGE H. DANIELS, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

**"PERFECTION AUTOMATIC"**



**.32 Cal.**
**3-inch Barrel**
**Nickel or Blue**

You have seen our Gun in this space. Now let us call your attention to our latest production in revolvers. We call it Perfection, because the name just fits the revolver. The hammer is blocked, making accidental discharge impossible. It has positive stop on cylinder, holding the same firmly in position when in pocket. Weight only 12 ozs., and 10 ozs. in bicycle size.

No better pistol at any price. This retails at $4.00.

**Forehand Arms Co.** WORCESTER MASS.

One of the biggest catches of the season was made at Redington by Messrs. E. W. Morse, of Boston, and A. M. Allen, of Livermore. They fished a part of 2 days and caught 360 trout, weighing about 90 pounds, before being dressed, and about 40 pounds afterward. No wonder Redington is growing in reputation as a fishing resort.

Phillips, Me., Phonograph.

So doth the busy little hog
Keep rooting all the time,
And pound along the babbling brook
With heartless hook and line.

But hearts are never found in hogs
Of this disgusting kind:
They murder infants by the score
And then——and then the names of the pigs and their 360 4-ounce "trout" are printed in the local paper, and the pigheads, which ought to be broken, puff up and swell, and actually consider themselves great.

Recreation is a generous hog hater. Slice up and broil these pork chops as they deserve.

Kit Clarke, New York City.

---

I have named my summer cottage, at Lake Chautauqua, Recreation Lodge.

W. H. Knapp, Jamestown, N. Y.

I appreciate highly the honor you have thus conferred on Recreation and have sent you a flag, properly inscribed, which I trust may please you.

G. O. Shields, Edr. and Mgr.

## HOW TO KEEP YOUR GUN FROM RUSTING.

This is what the J. Stevens Arms and Tool Co. writes to the Gun Bore Treatment Co., whose ad. appears below.

We have tested your process to prevent rust and corrosion. It appears to us that this is a radical improvement, inasmuch as it performs the work perfectly. From observations and experiments which we have been able to make, we can not find any point in which it fails to secure permanent results.

It is, of course, of great value, inasmuch as it removes the necessity of cleaning and so carefully attending to the inside of a barrel.

It also seems to present a much harder surface, which would of course have a tendency to prevent leading and similar difficulties. Very truly,

J. STEVENS ARMS & TOOL CO.

**GUN BORE TREATMENT CO.**
45 West 24th Street, New York

**Anti Pit** STOPS RUST STOPS PITTING

After treatment by Singer process firearms may be shot continuously and set away for weeks without cleaning and sustain no damage from powder, gases or moisture.

*See advertisement in August* RECREATION.

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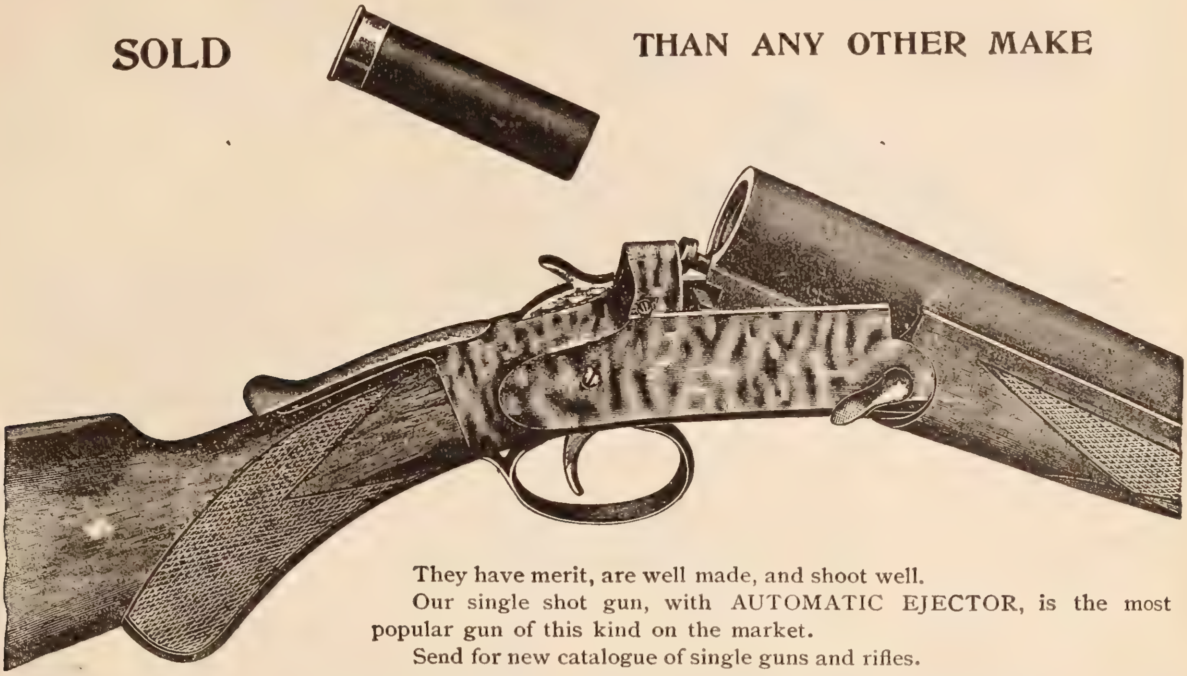
DAVENPORT SINGLE GUNS

SOLD THAN ANY OTHER MAKE



They have merit, are well made, and shoot well.

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Send for new catalogue of single guns and rifles.

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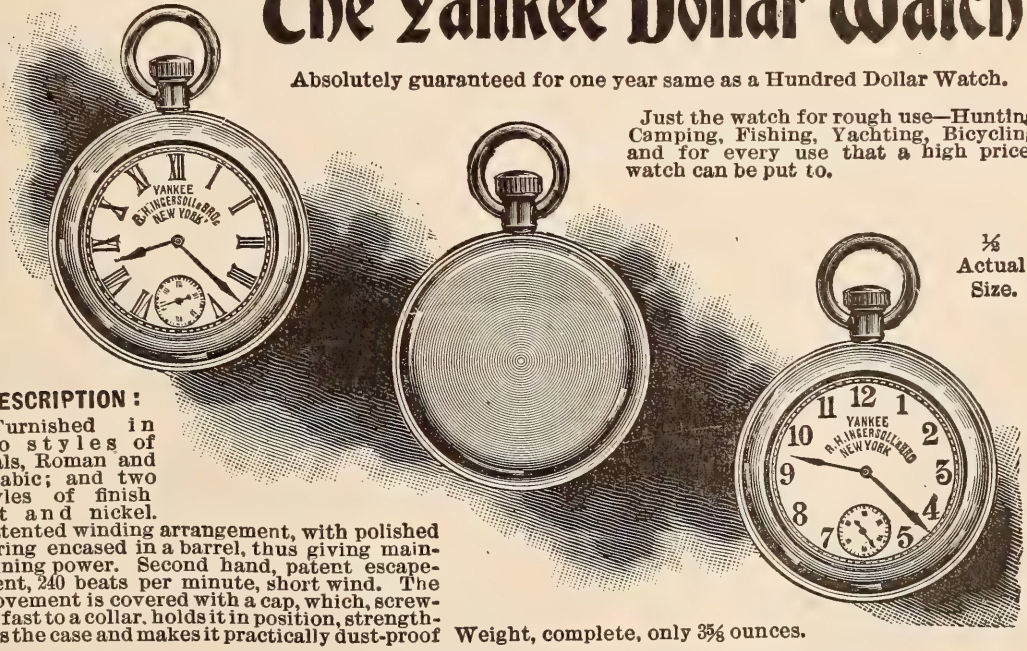
**Absolutely guaranteed for one year same as a Hundred Dollar Watch.**

**Just the watch for rough use—Hunting, Camping, Fishing, Yachting, Bicycling, and for every use that a high priced watch can be put to.**

**½ Actual Size.**



**DESCRIPTION:** Furnished in two styles of dials, Roman and Arabic; and two styles of finish gilt and nickel. Patented winding arrangement, with polished spring encased in a barrel, thus giving maintaining power. Second hand, patent escapement, 240 beats per minute, short wind. The movement is covered with a cap, which, screwed fast to a collar, holds it in position, strengthens the case and makes it practically dust-proof **Weight, complete, only 3⅝ ounces.**

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65 COURTLANDT STREET, NEW YORK CITY
AGREE THAT IF WITHOUT ABUSE, THIS WATCH FAILS TO KEEP GOOD TIME, THEY WILL UPON ITS RETURN TO THEM, DIRECT OR THROUGH AGENT NAMED ABOVE, WITHIN ONE YEAR FROM ABOVE DATE, REPAIR OR REPLACE IT WITH A NEW ONE

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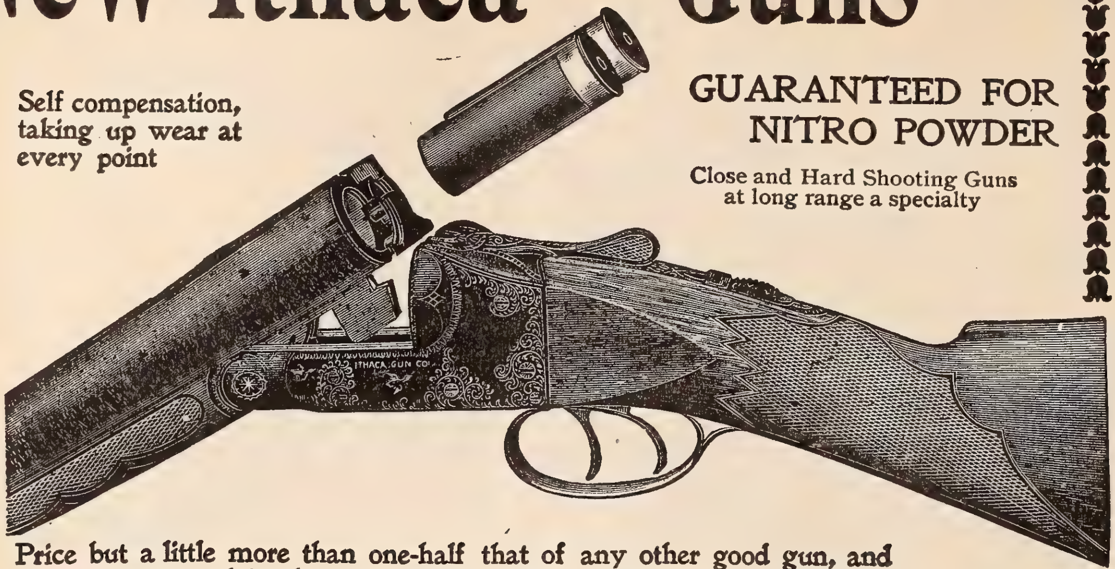
**ROBERT H. INGERSOLL & BRO.,**

**"Watchmakers to the American People." 65 Cortlandt St., Dept. 77, N. Y.**

# New Ithaca Guns



Self compensation, taking up wear at every point

GUARANTEED FOR NITRO POWDER

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Price but a little more than one-half that of any other good gun, and warranted in the most positive terms, shooting included

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Manufacturers of fine Hammer and Hammerless Guns

**For Sale:** Live Buffalo, Elk, Mountain Sheep, Antelope, Mule Deer, Wolves; Black, Brown, Cinnamon and Grizzly Bears. Prompt and careful shipments.

Hunting and tourist parties outfitted and guided at reasonable rates. Expert guides always employed.

References: Arthur Brown, Supt., Philadelphia Zoo; E. M. Bigelow, Chief, Dept. of Parks, Pittsburgh, Pa.; W. T. Hornaday, Director, N. Y. Zoo Garden and G. O. Shields, Editor RECREATION.

Address Howard Eaton, Medora, N. D.

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**Boarding Ranch in the Bad Lands:** A cattle company, having a model ranch on the Little Missouri river, in the midst of the famous Bad Lands of Western Dakota and Eastern Montana, and having ample house room, would take a few boarders for the summer. Good, gentle saddle horses always at the disposal of guests. Terms reasonable. First class references on application. Address:

Custer Trail Cattle Co., Medora, N. D.

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**For Sale or Exchange:** .30-30 Marlin, octagon barrel; 6 shots; new and in perfect condition. S. & W. revolver 38 D. A. 3½ inch barrel, nickeled, in fine condition. Both for best cash offer, or exchange for .22 or .32 single shot rifle, Stevens or Winchester preferred.

A. S. Boothby, Box 712, Saco, Me.

**For Sale:** Winchester repeating rifle, model '86, .45-90 calibre, oct. barrel; 150 cartridges; reloading tools with reducing die; 2 moulds, 300 grains and 385 grains; Mills woven ctg. belt; 250 primers. All for $15 cash.

C. N. Blanchaed, 73 Prospect Avenue, Binghamton, N. Y.

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**For Sale or Exchange:** Magnificent Optamus 10-gauge Lefever hammerless ejector gun; 32 inch barrels, $400 quality; one of the finest guns ever made by these celebrated makers. Will sell for $150 cash, or exchange for 12-gauge of equal quality.

W. H. Mullins, Salem, O.

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**For Sale:** 4 x 5 Globe F Camera and outfit. Cost $50, sell for $30. Also 4 x 5 Bull's Eye for $8, 3½ x 3½ Bull's Eye for $5. Globe is fitted with 2 lenses. All are in perfect condition.

Geo. T. Sprague, L. B. 8, Sheffield, Ill.

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**For Sale:** Upland game birds and water fowl of United States; 20 water color sketches, 22 x 28, with descriptive plates and portfolio. Cost, $30. Sell for $18.

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**To Exchange:** An Anderson Short-Hand Type-Writer, for a Savage rifle or some other good gun.

Eugene Merithew, 609 Woodland Ave., Pittsburg, Kans.

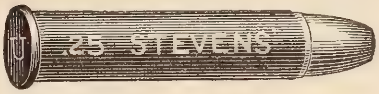
# DO NOT DELAY...

## UNTIL TOO LATE IN THE SEASON

YOU perhaps have an old rifle, the action is as good as new, but the barrel is worn out. You do not want to buy a new rifle, or you treasure the old one.

## Send it to us and have it Rebored

We can rebore a .22 R. F. to a .25 Stevens R. F.

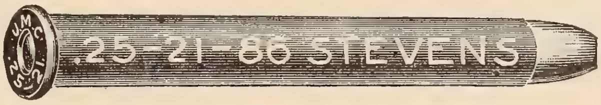


This is a perfect cartridge. Accurate at 200 yards. A killer.

We charge $3.50 for reboring a Stevens .22 to this size

We charge $5.00 for reboring another make .22 to this size

Or, we can rebore and change action over to take our .25-21.



This is a superior target cartridge. It is admirably suited for reloading purposes, as with the straight shell you can use varying charges of powder and lead with perfect results.

We charge $5.00 for reboring and changing a Stevens .22 to a .25-21 C. F.

We charge $7.50 for reboring and changing another make .22 to a .25-21 C. F.

We can, of course, rebore to other sizes.

We guarantee rebored rifles to shoot as accurately as new rifles for the same cartridges.

⁂

## J. STEVENS ARMS & TOOL CO.

P. O. BOX 444

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Send stamp for our complete catalogue describing the only complete line of rifles and pistols for target and fine hunting work. Full of valuable information.

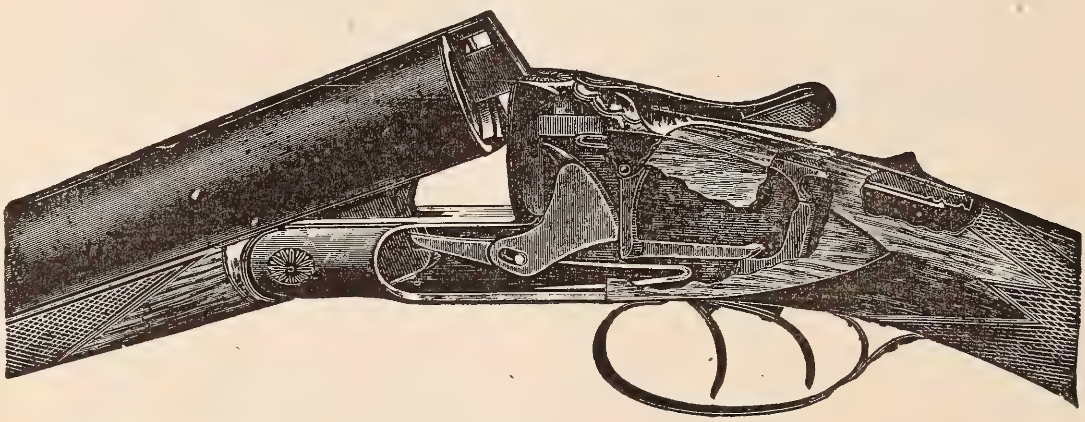
*For Field or for Trap,*
*For Pot Hunting or Fun,*
*No Sportsman is Equipped*
*Without a Syracuse Gun*

## "More Truth Than Poetry"

WE DO NOT SAY THAT

# Syracuse Hammerless Guns

"ARE AS GOOD" AS ANY GUN IN THE MARKET



THEIR simplicity of construction and superiority of finish stamp them "BETTER" for practical all-round work than any gun in the market. The "old, old story" but, nevertheless, substantiated by every man who ever drew a Syracuse to his shoulder.

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*Here is what men say of the Syracuse who are using it...*

I promised to tell you exactly what I thought of the SYRACUSE HAMMERLESS GUN you sent me, after having given it a thorough trial. I spent two weeks in Minnesota, during October, and as the chickens and ducks were wild, had an excellent opportunity to test the killing qualities of this gun. I killed as often and as far, with my 12-gauge SYRACUSE, as those of our party who were shooting more expensive 8 and 10-gauge guns, and which required, or at least used, nearly double the ammunition. I am satisfied I shall never own a better gun, for the money, than the SYRACUSE. I can heartily recommend it to all who want a moderate-priced, yet good, close, hard-shooting gun.

HARRY A. BEAVER, Cadillac, Mich.

Accept my thanks for the valuable little SYRACUSE HAMMERLESS GUN. The shooting qualities of the SYRACUSE, and its neat appearance, cannot be beaten by any gun I ever saw, for the money.

CHARLES L. BIGART, Dunmore, Pa.

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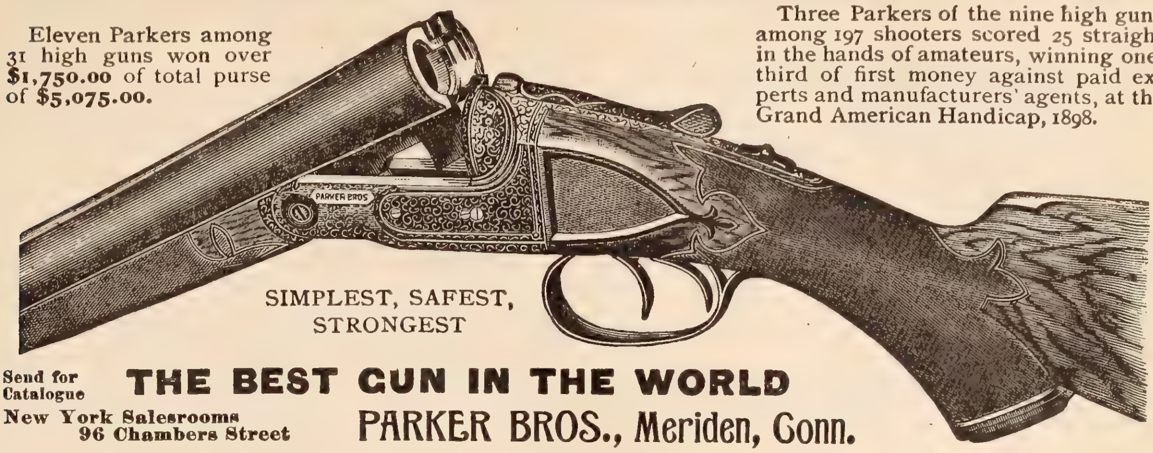

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**Single or Double Trigger**

## IMPROVED LEFEVER

Our catalogue describes our

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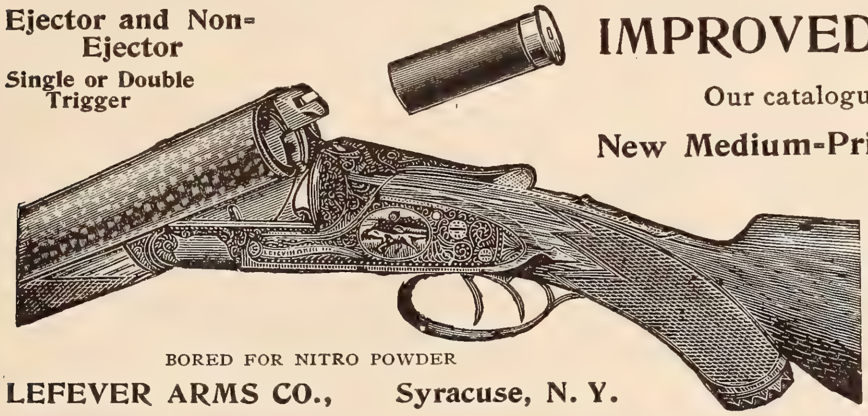

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**This New Trap and Field Gun** meets the requirements of sportsmen who desire a first-class and reliable gun but are not prepared to buy our higher grades.

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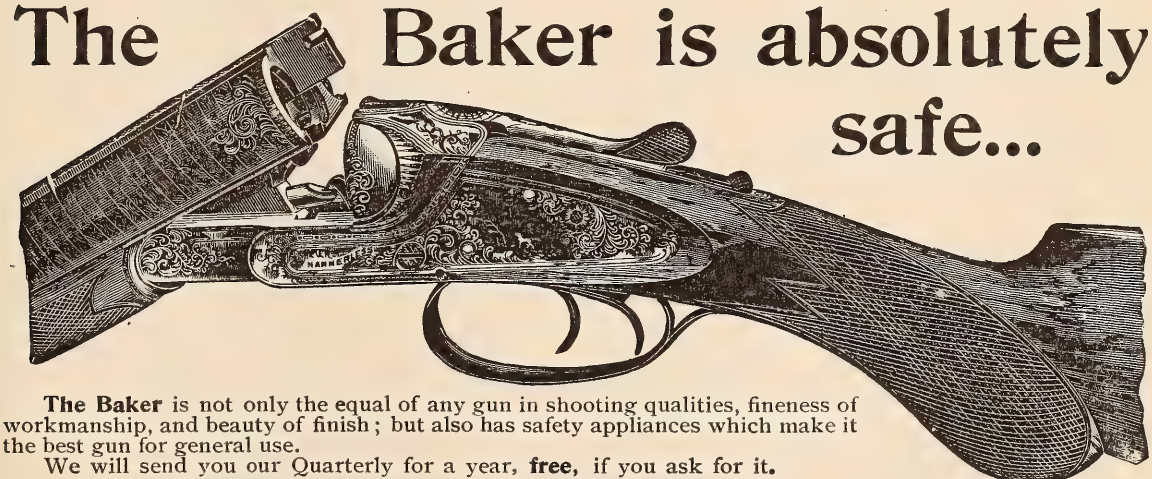

**The Baker** is not only the equal of any gun in shooting qualities, fineness of workmanship, and beauty of finish; but also has safety appliances which make it the best gun for general use.

We will send you our Quarterly for a year, **free**, if you ask for it.

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**For Sale:** Black Cocker Spaniel. Sire Ch. Woodland Duke (29323) by Lillie M. Price, $15.

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**For Sale:** One '93 model Marlin, .38-56, with canvas case and reloading tool, $8.

E. T. S., c/o RECREATION.

**Wanted:** A well bred Pointer Puppy, black preferred. Give full particulars and state lowest price.

E. Whitson, Woodstock, Ill.

IN ANSWERING ADS PLEASE MENTION RECREATION.

# After the Battle of Manila

◆ ◆ ◆

BEFORE the Guns
on the Raleigh
were cold

◆ ◆ ◆

*Lt. C. B. MORGAN, of that vessel, wrote to "Current Literature": "Have just heard of your Special Offer, and hasten to take advantage of same. Inclosed find stamps."*

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### at Puebla, Mexico, writes:

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*"'How can you do it?' is the question I ask myself when I receive in this distant corner of the world your feast of fat things. I have a library of over 1,500 volumes of well-selected literature of all sorts, and receive some ten or twelve papers and magazines, and yet this does not take away one particle of my satisfaction in receiving 'Current Literature.' It is like a hamper of good things to eat, from the first page to the last. All clean, toothsome, and wholesome, from the appetizing 'Editorial Comments' to the end of the feast in the 'Open Question Department,' where we get out the toothpicks and our 'thinking cap.' I wish you had half a million subscribers. Perhaps you have; you deserve them. Yours very truly,*

*"July 5, 1898. V. S. BORTON."*

## The Rest of the Story

*"Current Literature" is a magazine of contemporary record. The subscription price is $3.00 a year, 25 cents a number. Our SPECIAL OFFER is to send you each number of "Current Literature," from TO-DAY until January 1, 1899, for 50 cents. This is exceptional.*

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**A Sleeping Bag, a Fishing Rod** } FREE OF COST
**A Reel, a Tent, a Bicycle**

Subscriptions need not all be sent at once. They can be sent in instalments as taken and credit will be given on account. When the required number is obtained the premium earned will be shipped.

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New York

## *To any person sending me*

TWO yearly subscriptions to RECREATION at $1 each, I will send a copy of *Hunting in the Great West*, paper; or a Czar Camera, listed at $1; or an Ingersoll Watch or Cyclometer, each listed at $1.

THREE subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *The Battle of the Big Hole*, cloth; or a Photake Camera and outfit, listed at $2.50; or a Parker Fountain Pen, with gold point, listing at $2.50.

FOUR subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *Camping and Camping Outfits*, cloth; or a No. 3 Acme Camera and Outfit, listing at $3.

FIVE subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *Cruising in the Cascades*, cloth; or a Willsie Camera, made for cut films, and listed at $5; or a Boss Dandy Camera, 4x5, made by the Manhattan Optical Co., and listing at $5.

SIX subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *American Game Fishes*, cloth.

SEVEN subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *The Big Game of North America*, or of *The American Book of the Dog*, cloth; or an Australian Mosquito-proof Tent, listed at $7.

EIGHT subscriptions at $1 each, a Pocket Kodak, made by the Eastman Kodak Co., and listed at $5; or a Waterproof Wall Tent, 7½x7½, made by D. T. Abercrombie & Co., and listed at $7.50; or a Universal Graphic Camera, 4x5, made by The Folmer & Schwing Mfg. Co. and listing at $7.50.

TEN subscriptions at $1 each, a single-shot Davenport Rifle; or a Fishing rod, or a Yawman and Erbe Automatic Reel, listed at $6 to $9; or a Kenwood Sleeping Bag, listed at $10; or a Cut-Glass Salad Bowl, made by Higgins & Seiter, and listed at $4.50; or a Stevens Diamond Model Pistol, listed at $5 to $6; or a No. 17 Stevens Favorite Rifle, listed at $6.

TWELVE subscriptions at $1 each, a No. 18 Stevens Favorite Rifle, listed at $8.50; or a Kozy Camera, listed at $10.

FIFTEEN subscriptions at $1 each, a Davenport Single-barrel, breech-loading Ejector Shot-gun, listed at $10; or a Kenwood Sleeping Bag, complete with canvas cover, listed at $16; or a No. 2 Bullet Camera, listed at $10; or a Stevens Diamond Pistol, listed at $7.50 to $8.50; or an Adlake Camera listed at $12; or a No. 19 Stevens Favorite Rifle, listed at $9.

TWENTY subscriptions at $1 each, a 14-karat Gold Hunting-case Watch, with Waltham Movement, listed at $20; or a No. 4 Bullseye Camera, made by the Eastman Kodak Co., and listed at $12; or a Bo-Peep B Camera, 4x5, made by the Manhattan Optical Co., and listing at $15; or an Elita Single Shot-gun, made by the Davenport Arms Co., and listing at $18.

TWENTY-FIVE subscriptions at $1 each, a No. 4 Bullet Camera, made by the Eastman Kodak Co., and listed at $15; or an Improved Gramophone (Zonophone), listed at $25; or a Waterproof Tent, 9¾x9¾, made by D. T. Abercrombie & Co., and listed at $25; or a 4 x 5 Cycle Camera, made by Gundlach Optical Co., and listed at $22.50; or a Cycle Graphic Camera, 4 x 5, made by The Folmer & Schwing Mfg. Co., and listing at $25.

THIRTY subscriptions at $1 each, any Stevens Rifle or Pistol, listed at $20 or less; or a 5x7 Cycle Camera, made by Gundlach Optical Co., and listed at $27; or a Kamaret, made by Eastman Kodak Co., and listed at $25; or a Repeating Rifle, listing at $16 or less.

THIRTY-FIVE subscriptions, at $1 each, an Arlington Sewing-Machine, listed at $19.50; or a 5x7 Korona Camera, made by Gundlach Optical Co., and listed at $32; or a Dinner Set, 100 pieces, English semi-porcelain, floral and gold decorations, made by Higgins & Seiter, and listing at $18.25; or a Repeating Rifle, listing at $20 or less.

FORTY subscriptions at $1 each, a Syracuse, Grade O, Double-barrel Hammerless Breech-loading Shot-gun, listed at $35; or any Stevens Rifle or Pistol, listed at $30 or less; or a Recreation Camp Mattress, made by the Pneumatic Mattress and Cushion Co., and listing at $20; or a Graphic Camera, 5x7, made by The Folmer & Schwing Mfg. Co., and listed at $40; or a Repeating Rifle, listed at $25 or less.

FORTY-FIVE subscriptions at $1 each, a Forehand, Grade O, or an Ithaca, Quality No. 1, plain, Double-barrel Hammerless Breech-loading Shot-gun, listed at $35; or a Repeating Rifle, listing at $30 or less.

SIXTY subscriptions, at $1 each, a Lefever Hammerless Shot-gun, Grade H, listed at $44.

SEVENTY-FIVE subscriptions at $1 each, a Safety Bicycle, listed at $75.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY subscriptions at $1 each, a fine Lefever Hammerless Gun, Grade E, with automatic ejector, listed at $120.

# Have you decided to go after Moose this year?

# If so, why not try the Du Moine River region?

There is still room on our preserve for a few more hunters than have engaged privileges for this season. You can avoid the payment of the Government hunting license by joining the American Sportsmen Game Preserve Club. In other words, you can apply the amount you would otherwise pay for a license on your ten-year membership fee in that club.

Dr. Seward Webb and Mr. and Mrs. John Jacob Astor hunted there a few years ago, and expressed themselves as delighted with their success, and with the country in general.

Apply early if you wish to get in on the ground floor.

Address I. E. BOOTH, Secretary
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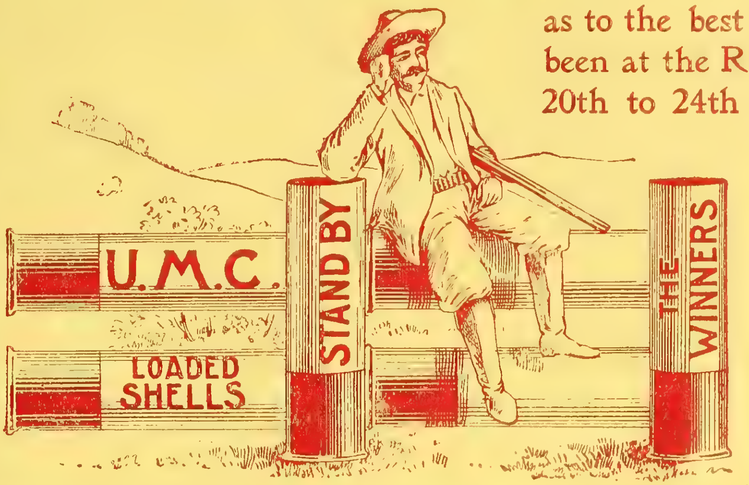
## The Man who is on the Fence



as to the best loaded shells, should have been at the Rochester Tournament, June 20th to 24th

Of the 24 contestants in the event for the fifteen-hundred dollar Dean Richmond Trophy

Every man stepped to the score with

## U. M. C. Loaded Shells in the Chambers

The winning team, Courtney (20), McMurchy (19), Mosher (19), broke all previous records with a total of 58.

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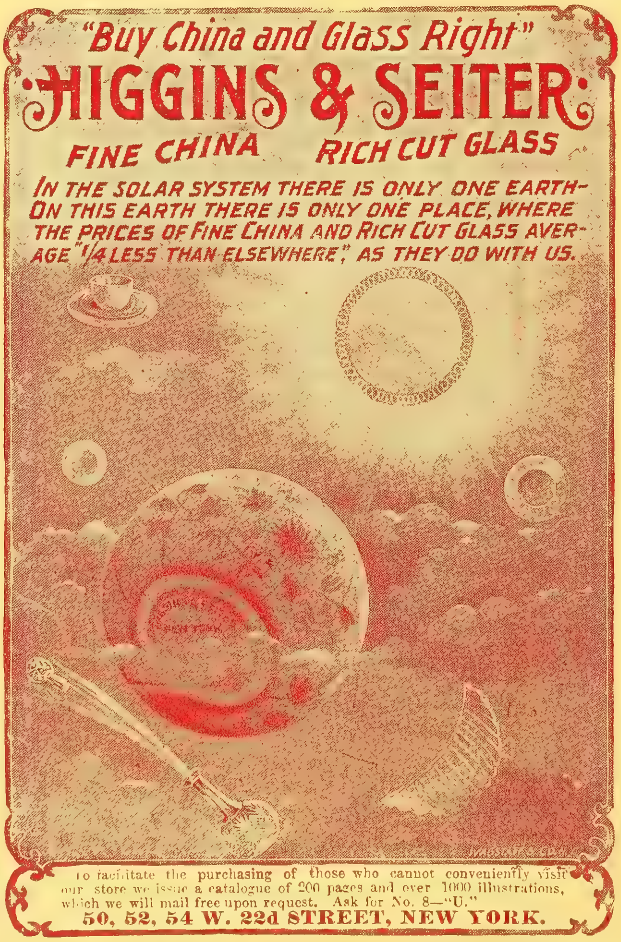

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1851 1898

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VOLUME IX.
NUMBER 4

OCTOBER, 1898

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# RECREATION

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A GOOD PAIR TO DRAW TO

PUBLISHED BY G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA)
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C.W.TRAVER

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# RECREATION

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10 Cents a Copy.

G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA),
Editor and Manager.

19 West 24th Street,
New York.

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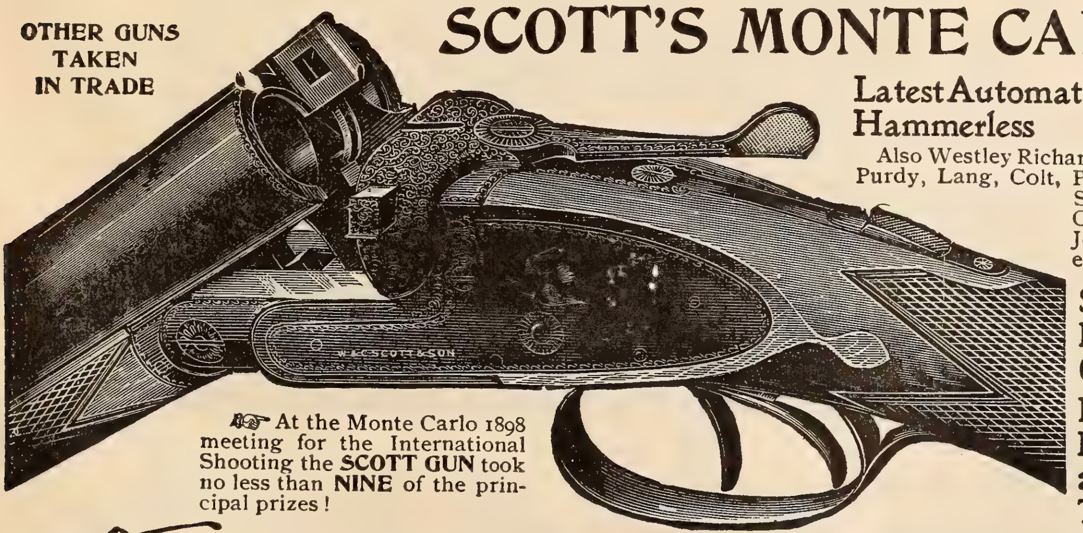

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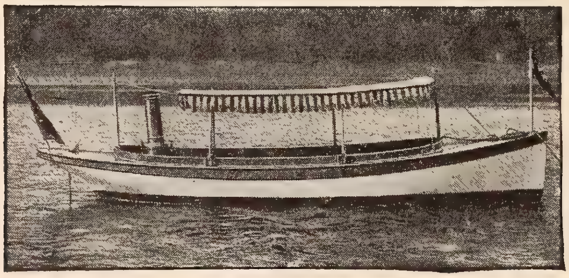

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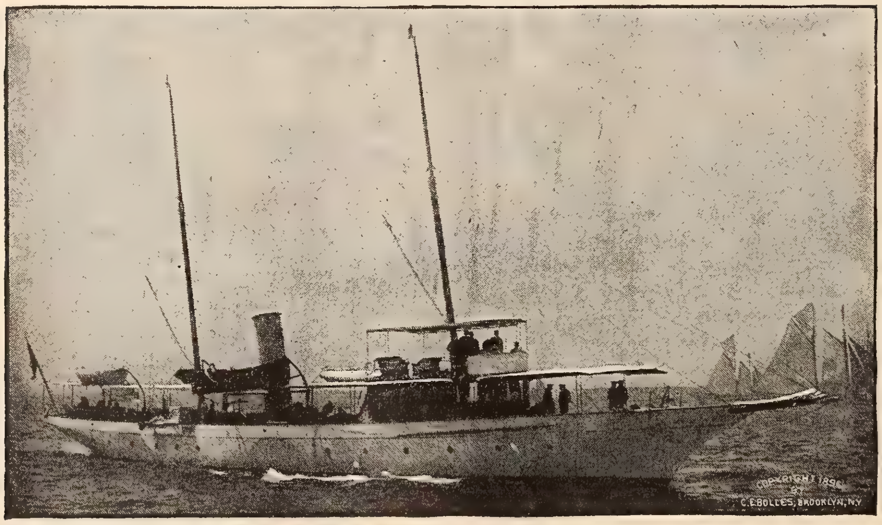

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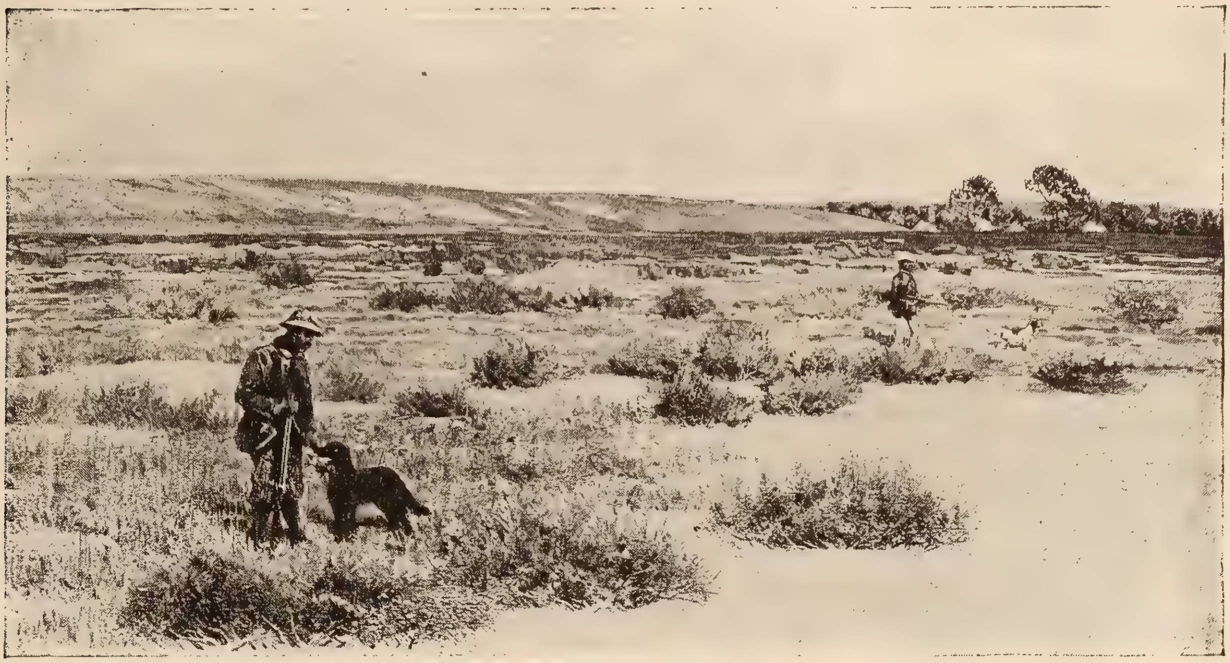

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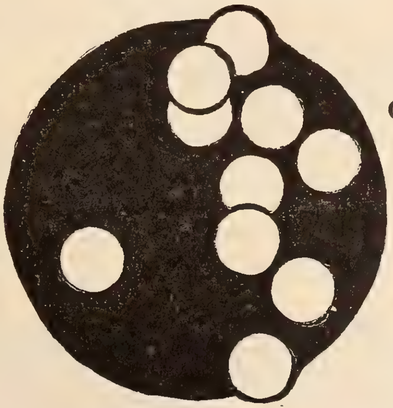

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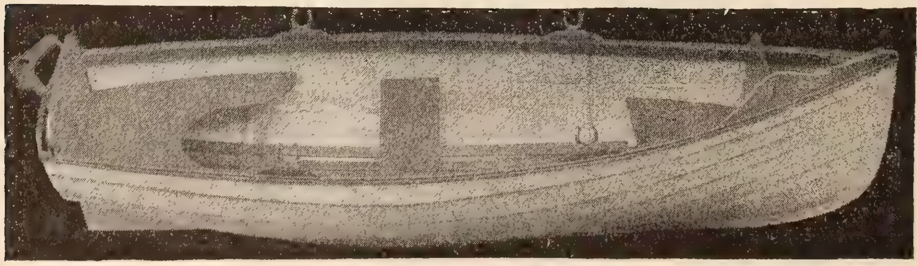

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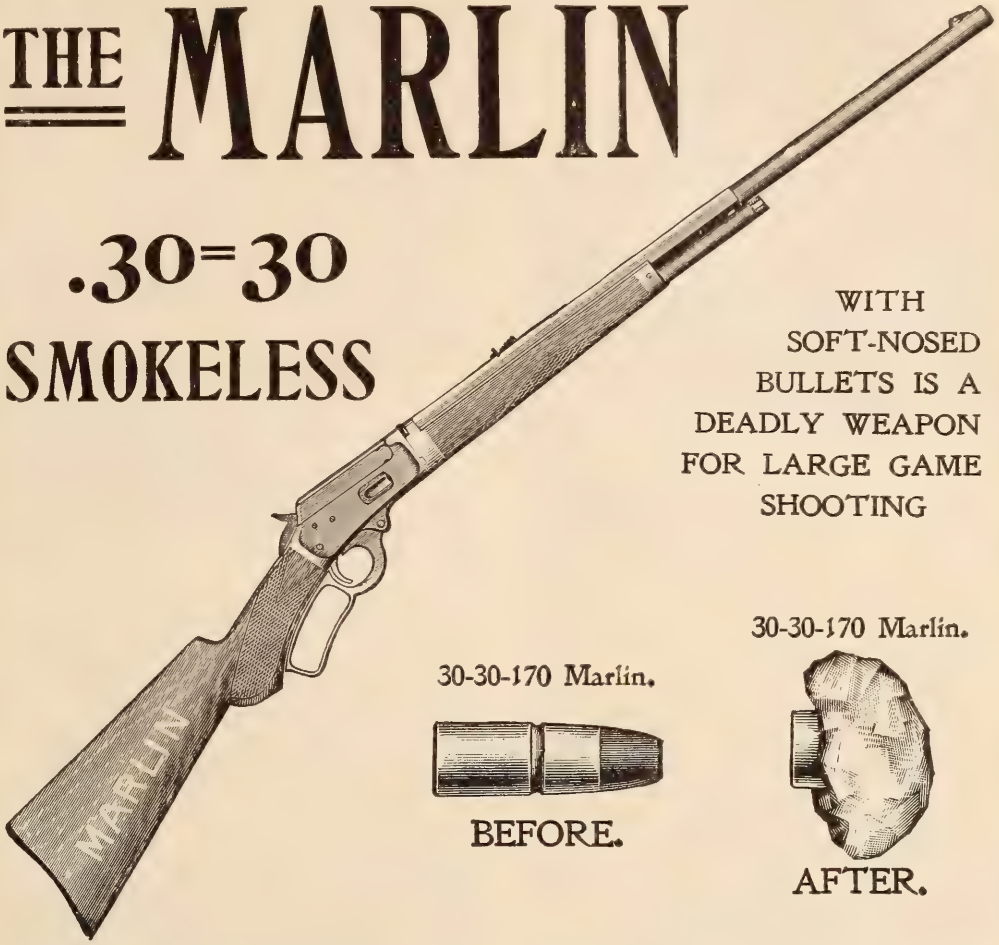

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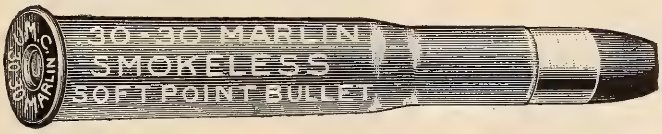
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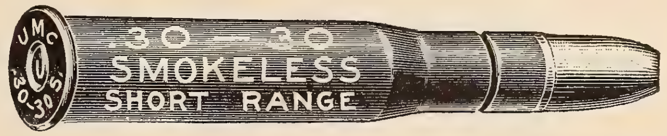
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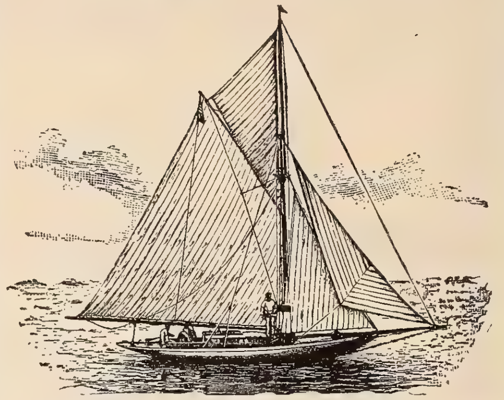

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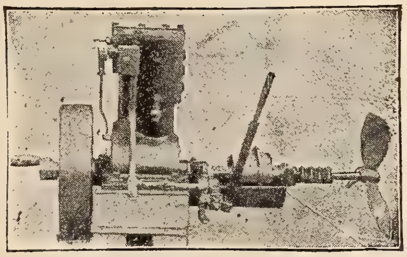

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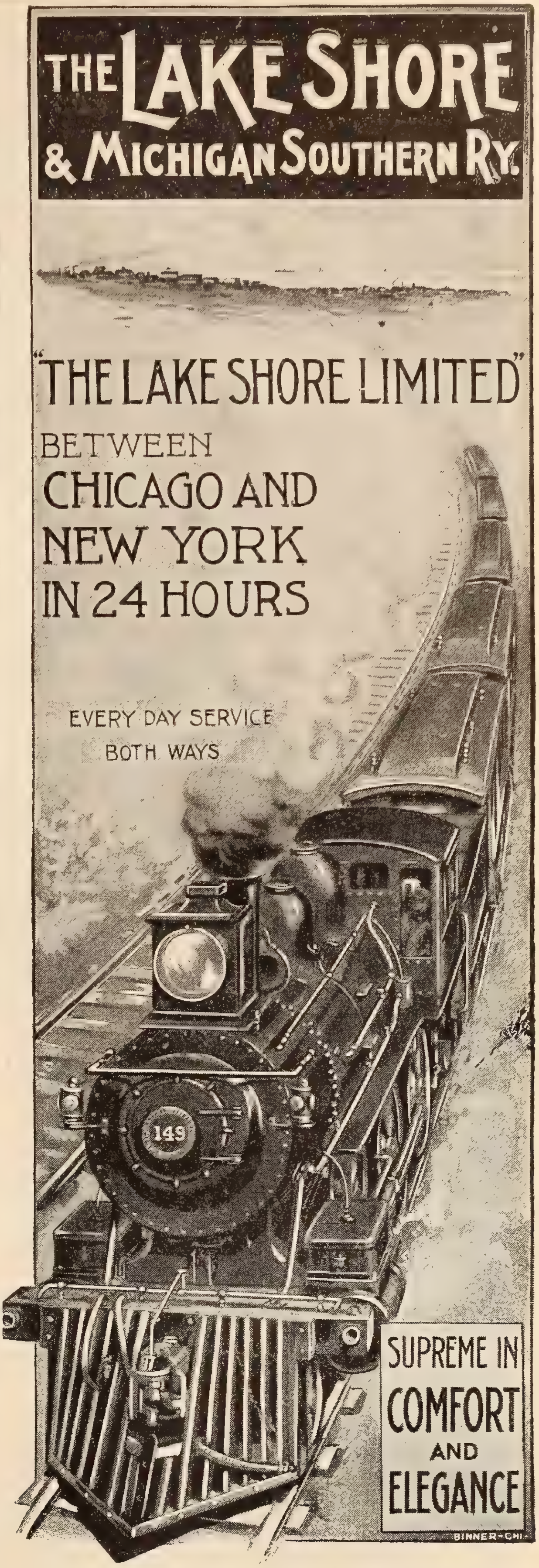
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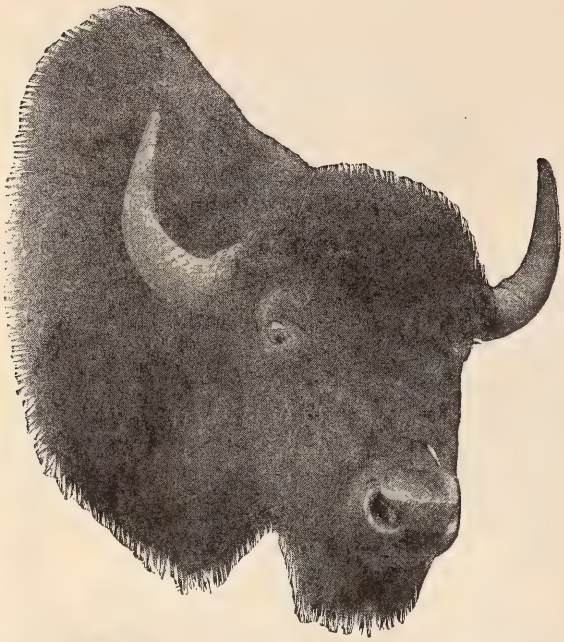

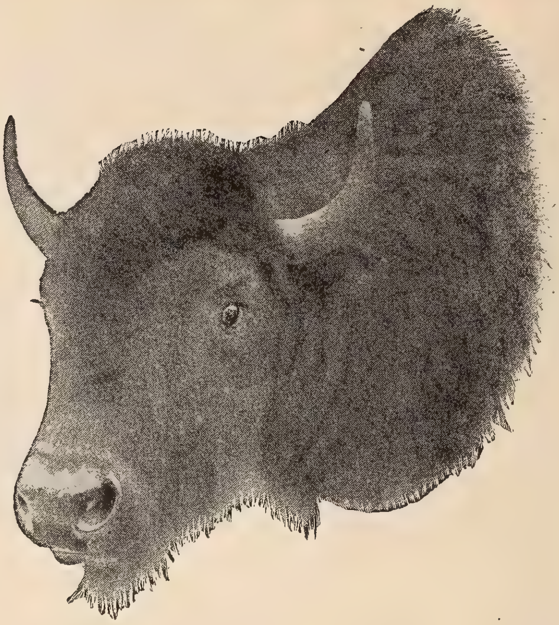

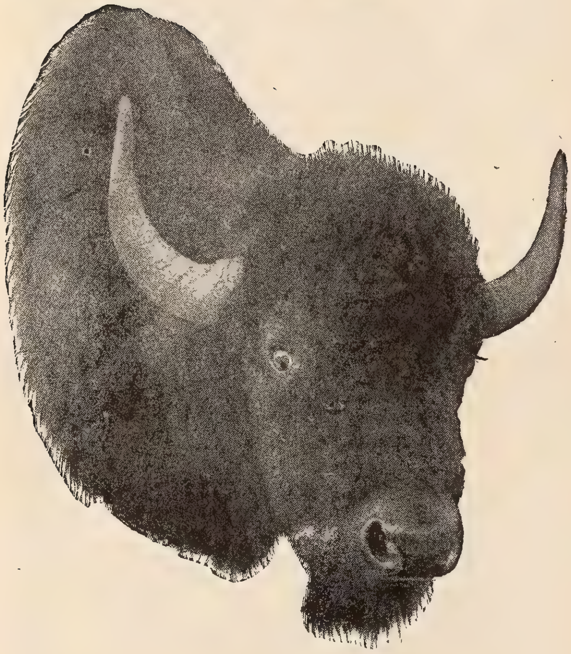

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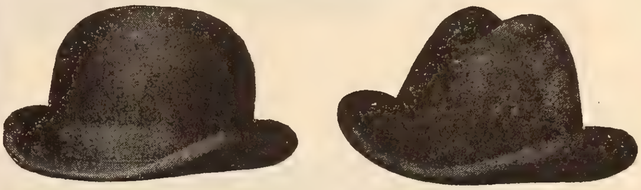

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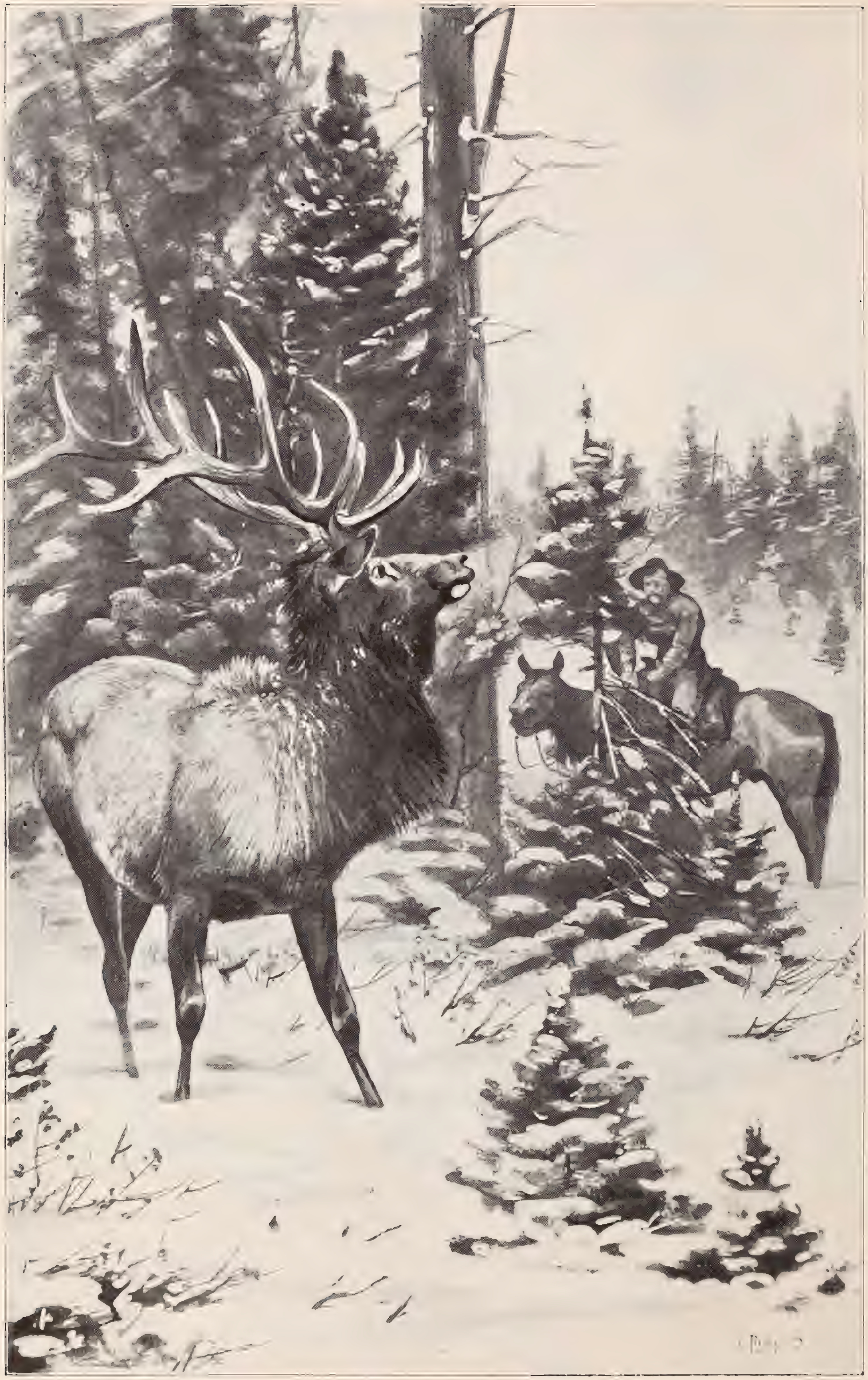


"ABOVE THE COVER I SAW THE ANTLERS OF A LARGE BULL."

RECREATION.

Volume IX. OCTOBER, 1898. Number 4.

G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA), Editor and Manager.

# A MUTUAL SURPRISE.

GEO. W. REA.

Thirty-five years of my life have been spent in the Rocky mountains. By turns I have been hunter, miner, ranchman and guide. For the last 25 years I have lived on my ranch in Shotgun valley, midway between Beaver canyon and the Yellowstone park. In all those years I do not recollect having bought more than one quarter of beef; yet I have never lacked meat, and all I used was obtained with my rifle or shotgun. In the many hunts undertaken to supply my table with game I have, of course, met with some curious experiences. One of these occurred last winter.

On the morning of November 6th I awoke to find clear, cold weather following the cessation of the snow storm which had raged through the night. From the amount of snow in the valley I judged its depth would be about a foot on the hills. One could not ask for better hunting weather. Besides, the meat supply in the larder was running low, and I felt it would be improvident to buy any before my silver mine was opened and a free coinage law passed. I mounted my favorite hunting horse and started, intending to cross the State line, which follows the crest of the continental divide within 2 hours' ride of my place. The storm of the previous night had hindered the usual movement of game and I rode through open parks and over timbered ridges until nearly noon without seeing a track.

In passing near a jack pine thicket I heard a great crackling in the brush, and above the cover saw the antlers of a large bull elk. Peering more closely, I could make out a small portion of his body, not larger than my hand would cover. I knew my only chance was to send a bullet into that spot. I fired from the saddle. At the crack of the gun the elk rushed away through the brush. I rode to the other side, where he left the thicket, and found I had broken his shoulder. He bled but little. After traveling half a mile he lay down, but got up and went on before I reached him. I followed all the afternoon until dark without getting sight of him. He made as many as 50 beds during that time. A more cunning elk I never trailed. He would invariably lie down behind some thicket where he could hear my approach, and be gone before I could see him.

When night came I tied my horse to a tree. I had brought some grain for him, but no supper for myself. I found a place where 2 large dry fir trees had fallen, one across the other, making a fine place for a fire, though exposed to the wind if it should blow. There I passed the night comfortably until just before daylight, when a cold wind began blowing from the North. I saddled my horse and sought shelter in a thicket of black pine. Dry wood was scarce, but I managed to build a small fire and thaw the ice from my 45-90 Winchester—the finest hunting gun ever invented.

By that time it was light enough to see the trail and I resumed the chase. A mile or so further on I heard the elk rise from his bed and run. A second time I started him from a bed and failed to see him. I said to myself, "The elk never lived that could carry a broken shoulder over a tracking snow and get away from me." I tied my horse and followed on foot. Knowing the elk would be listening for the footsteps of the horse I thought I could fool him this time. Pretty soon I jumped him in a pine thicket and could see the top of his head. As he ran from me I fired and knocked him down, but in an instant he was up and going. Before he was out of sight I fired again and missed.

In a few minutes he entered another thicket, and I determined to show him whether I knew how to hunt elk or not. Leaving the track I went to the opposite side and entered the brush. I was well into it when I heard my elk thrashing through the cover toward the hillside, where the timber was quite open. He came in sight about 200 yards away. I fired and broke his hind leg just above the hock, and so had him well cross hobbled. When I walked up to him he winced piteously, but I was hungry and lost no time in putting a bullet through his head. I built a fire and feasted on elk tenderloin, and never did I more thoroughly enjoy a meal than I did that breakfast.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY J. R. PETERSON.

"AND THIS IS A BORROWED WHEEL, TOO."

# HOLIDAYS ON A HOUSEBOAT.

H. E. BEATTY.

## I.

Houseboat life is an ideal kind of outing, for if scenery, surroundings or sport are not satisfactory one can easily move to a more desirable locality.

Our houseboat, known as the Ark, is a 2 story house, 54 feet long by 20 feet wide, built on a large scow, with verandas at either end, and a walk, protected by a railing, around it. The kitchen is at one end, dining room adjoining, sitting room at the other end and comfortable sleeping apartments for 8 persons between the two latter rooms. The whole second flat is divided into bedrooms.

We employ a steam tug to tow us to favorable fishing grounds, and usually moor the Ark securely with cables to the shore of a point of land, or to the lee side of an island. We never quarrel with neighbors, as our favorite resort is 30 miles from a settler. It is, however, near the line of a daily steamer, and we have no difficulty in procuring ample supplies the same day they are ordered.

When desirable to move we send for the steam tug to tow us, and as the work of making ready consists only of bringing the ax, sawhorse and clothesline on board, and hauling in the gangplanks, we are off in 10 minutes after her arrival.

Those of our party with a proper appreciation of nature, seat themselves in easy chairs on the veranda, and drink in the beauties of the ever changing scenery, as our house glides through the narrow channels that separate the well wooded islands. As this part of the Georgian bay possesses 30,000 islands we are well sheltered for rowing and sailing.

THE POOL OF SILOAM.

We have excellent black bass fishing in some of these narrow channels, in the small bays, and around the many shoals that prevail here. Feathered game of all kinds abounds, while deer are plentiful on the main land and on the larger islands.

My chum and special companion on our last cruise was Roy ——, genial, fond of sport and outdoor life, a good shot, able to swim, paddle a canoe and row a boat.

We left Toronto on the 10 a.m. train, and

ROY AND HIS 10-POUND TROUT.

reached Penetanquishene about 1 p.m. At the dock we found the Ark awaiting us and our luggage was soon transferred on board.

The party of 18 consisted of my father, mother, 2 sisters, 2 younger brothers, a number of guests and myself.

We arrived at our destination about 5 p.m. and soon had the Ark moored to an island in a deep, clear channel, the gangplanks out, and everything in residential order. Roy and I suggested bass for supper, and while jointing our rods, adjusting reels, etc., Alex, our man Friday, equipped a rowboat with anchor weight and line, bait and landing net. I had been there in '95 and '96 and knew the haunts of the bass in the neighborhood.

We rowed to a favorite fishing place, near the Ark, in a narrow channel, between the outer waters of the great inland sea, and a large bay. Near the center of this channel is a deep pool, called by us the "Pool of Siloam." There we anchored and in a few minutes we were each fighting a bass at the same time. This was repeated several times, and in less than an hour we returned with a fine catch, ranging from 2 to 4 pounds each.

My sisters and a girl friend were ranging all over the island gathering shells, wild strawberries, and flowers. Suddenly we heard a piercing shriek, followed by a shout of "rattlesnake." The whole party rushed from the Ark to the spot whence the sound came. It was only a few yards away and there, indeed, was a large rattler, with head extending from a coil and eyes glistening, ready to strike at anything in reach. Bang! went a gun and the head of the reptile disappeared, never to be seen again. The snake was large, with 16 rattles and a button, and was coiled within a yard of my sister's feet when he rattled and alarmed the girls.

Not many rattlesnakes are seen in this section of the country. There is another snake on these islands which the Indians misname a copperhead, and are much afraid of. They report its bite more deadly than that of a rattlesnake. Specimens of this snake have been examined at Toronto School of Science and pronounced Fox snake—not poisonous, but might give an ugly bite, as it grows to be 8 feet long and thick in proportion. It is a handsome reptile. The head and 2 inches of the neck are a bright copper color, while the background of the body is yellow, covered with brown spots. We killed 6 of these snakes while at this island, one of which was nearly 6 feet long.

The bass fishing was so good in the immediate vicinity of the Ark, that we remained 2 weeks and could supply the larder as required. Quantities were only caught when friends came to visit us for a few days' fishing and in such cases we sent our surplus to the steamer.

One evening 2 enthusiastic anglers from Toronto, a doctor and a manufacturer, arrived. Next morning 2 boats were in readiness. My father and the manufacturer took one, the doctor and I the other. Before starting the doctor proposed that the boats return in 3 hours and weigh the catch, only bass and wall-eyed pike to count, the mate of the boat with the lightest weight to be elected for a bottle (whatever that means) to be paid on return to their club in Toronto.

The challenge was accepted and I rushed my competitor for favorite fishing grounds. The day was hot, bright, and unfavorable, but our boat returned within the time, with 14 fine bass. Our rivals came in a little later, with a mysterious air, just as we were sitting down to luncheon. They said they had good sport, but declined to tell how many fish they took. Presently we saw Alex pass the open door of the dining room with their catch.

"How many, Alex?"

"Thirteen bass, sir, and a wall-eyed pike."

"Strange," said the doctor; "we have come out even."

"Yes," said his opponent, "but look at the size of ours."

We feared the trial of weight, but as our opponents did not propose it, I suspected a trick. On investigation we found they had taken a large wall-eyed pike from the icehouse on starting, and on returning had instructed Alex to take 8 of our largest fish to their boat and let us see him removing them. We examined the total catch and recognized our 8 fish. When called on to produce their 13 bass they acknowledged the joke, and owned up to having caught only 5.

We had several competitions of this nature, but both boats were usually more successful than on this occasion.

A number of our guests were fond of frogs' legs, and Roy and I knew a small, shallow lake where frogs with legs as large as those of autumn chickens were plentiful. Instead of catching them with a hook baited with red flannel we adopted the more sportsmanlike plan of shooting them through the heads with a Marlin .22 calibre rifle.

One day we were leisurely returning with a big supply of frogs, Roy trolling, with a long line out, when we were suddenly startled by the whir and screech of his reel. The line darted out with such velocity that a sudden check would mean the total wreck of rod, reel and line.

"A muskalonge, a powerful fellow. I've raised a blister thumbing the reel."

"Raise the tip and give him the full spring of the rod."

Zip! and 100 feet of line were out.

"Put on the drag and check him before he reels off all your line."

It was some time before the fish could be stopped. Then he ran in faster than the line could be reeled up, sulked awhile near the bottom, then darted like an arrow to one side, then straight away, but never to the surface. After a game fight of 20 minutes, Roy had him exhausted, and with considerable splashing he was landed in the boat—not a muskalonge, as expected, but a 12 pound salmon trout.

I shall leave my experiences with muskalonge, wild duck, deer, etc., for another article.

WE ARE NOT LOOKING AT THE CAMERA.

# A NEW GAME COUNTRY.

### H. D. SLATER.

The people who put good American gold into a railroad from El Paso, Texas, Southwestward through a dreary desert into a promising country probably did not have any philanthropic feeling toward American sportsmen. However, they brought within easy reach a game country the equal of which, in many particulars, cannot be found in the States.

The Piedras Verdes river runs through a deep canyon from Pacheco to Colonia Juarez. At intervals the canyon opens out, forming grassy plots a few hundred feet wide. The sides of the canyon are usually steep, but the general aspect of the country at the top is that of a broken mesa, or tableland. East of the line of pine timber, evergreen oak (Span. *encina, encinilla*) predominates, with some juniper. West of the line of pine is the principal forest growth, with a good sprinkling of encinilla and juniper.

THE CANYON OF THE PIEDRAS VERDES RIVER.

In the canyon deer are plentiful. They have not been hunted much as yet, and they are frequently encountered in bunches of 2 to 6. It is often possible to get within a few yards of them, and they will turn and halt and gaze at the hunter many times during their flight. When aroused, the deer will take to the mesa; and it is on these low mesas, which are seamed and cut with innumerable canyons and arroyos (surface drainage ducts), that the best sport is invariably found. The deer in this section are mostly white tails.

In the canyon also are wild turkeys, mountain lions, bears, wildcats and wolves. Lion tracks may be seen by the hundred, and the other flesh eaters prowl around at night in large numbers. Of course the lions are seldom seen in daylight, unless uncovered and treed by dogs. This is not the best bear country, but with headquarters at Pratt's ranch (now abandoned on account of an Indian massacre 4 years ago) the best of hunting for other game is near. Pratt's ranch may be reached by wagon road. It is owned by a Mormon living near Casas Grandes, and arrangements can usually be made with him for the use of the cabins by hunting parties.

THREE BUCKS KILLED WITHIN SIGHT OF THE CASAS GRANDES STATION.

In the country just North and East of Colonia Juarez the deer are wont to congregate, often 20 together, in little open valleys along the streams. With a few dogs to start the fun the best of sport is assured. It is really better sport, however, to hunt the deer without dogs, using the latter for the lions and bears.

In the San Miguel and Casas Grandes rivers, and in various ponds, are many ducks at certain seasons. Quails, wild pigeons, squirrels, and rabbits are plentiful in most parts of the region.

Although the wagon road from Casas Grandes to Pacheco is fairly well traveled, deer are occasionally seen in Strawberry canyon. Low mesas, covered with encina, juniper, and low pine, stretch along the foothills of the high ridge which divides the Piedras Verdes from the San Miguel. Deer are plentiful on these mesas, and wild turkeys also frequent this section. In and about Hop valley, especially to the East and South, lies a fine bear and lion country.

Working off to the Southwest, the whole country is well stocked with game. Most of the deer in the region West of the San Miguel are white tails. They are hard to kill, and furnish exciting sport.

The high divide between the San Miguel and Santa Maria rivers is another fine hunting district. There a great many black tail deer are found—large, handsome fellows that make the hunter's eyes shine. In these mountains are many bear as well.

PERMANENT CAMP IN HOP VALLEY.

This wonderful game preserve is almost a virgin country, and as yet has not been devastated. It is open now to ready entry, and some unscrupulous butchers have taken advantage of the situation to go in and kill indiscriminately for the market. However, the Governor of the State of Chihuahua, aided by the owners of the territory involved and the transportation companies, has taken steps to stop this slaughter at once, and the country will be preserved as a sportsman's paradise.

A CAMP AMONG THE PINES.

The best time to go is in November. Then feed is good, water is abundant, and the game is in good condition. The best places are the broad mesas at a lower level, rather than the highest ridges. The best way to go is with saddle horses and pack animals, for although wagon roads penetrate all parts of the hunting country, a wagon rather hampers the selection of a camping place. The camp, once pitched, should be permanent, and if the site is well selected, the surrounding country will not be soon cleared of game.

A few pictures help to bring the country nearer home. The 1st is a view in the Piedras Verdes canyon, below Pratt's ranch; the 2d is a one night camp among the pines; the 3d is of a party about to leave the permanent camp, at an abandoned shanty in Hop valley, to go on an over-night hunt in the hills (the pelts are bear and lion); the 4th is at the same place, a morning's work; the 5th was taken at Casas Grandes. This man left the station at noon one day, alone, and returned the next afternoon with three black tail bucks. These he killed in the hills about 15 miles Southeast of the station, and the 3 were all of one bunch. The one he holds by the horns is a particularly fine fellow.

THE RESULT OF A MORNING'S WORK.

The freedom, the openness, the newness of it all make hunting in this region delightful in every way, and most refreshing to tired workers.

---

Mrs. A.—Do you find it more economical to do your own cooking?

Mrs. B.—Oh, yes. My husband doesn't eat half so much as he did.—Tit Bits.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY R. C. W. LETT.

THE INTERRUPTED GRACE.

Winner of Seventeenth Prize in RECREATION'S Third Annual Photo Competition.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY JOHN W. GROVER.

"CAN I SAVE HIM? WELL, I GUESS."

# A MAINE MOOSE HUNT.

JOS. W. SHURTER.

Last October 2 congenial vacation companions and I enjoyed a trip to the headwaters of the Penobscot and St. John's rivers, in Maine. Our trip was originally planned for New Brunswick, but after arranging all the details we reconsidered our plans, and the Maine trip was substituted. We were informed we would not be allowed to take any game or heads of game out of the province, and did not learn until later that the information was not correct.

Our start for the happy hunting grounds of Maine was made much after the fashion of a balky team, but perseverance and a liberal use of the telegraph enabled us to concentrate men and baggage at the little station of Jackman, on the line of the Canadian Pacific R.R., on the 7th of October.

From this point we were conveyed by wagon over a good road, 28 miles North, crossing the line and going some 10 or 11 miles into the province of Quebec, where we stopped at Mrs. Rainey's hospitable and comfortable resort. There we met our guides, and from there hauled our outfit over a tote-road 30 miles East to our home camp on the Penobscot, which we reached October 9th. A week spent in tramping over the surrounding country for a distance of 7 or 8 miles convinced us we would have to go farther into the wilderness to find the game we were seeking. Therefore we instructed Elliott, our head guide, to remain at home camp to take care of the things we were obliged to leave behind us, and to have the teams and provisions there to meet us on our return October 30th.

October 18th we carried our canoes and a small supply of provisions across to St. John's pond on the headwaters of the Baker lake branch of the St. John's river. October 22d we started down the river for Baker lake, which we reached on the 23d. October 26th we started on our return to home camp, via Baker lake bog, Carry brook, Lee bog, and the Penobscot, and reached home camp on the 29th.

Our provisions gave out on the 27th, and for 2 days we cheered our empty stomachs with promises of the good things we would treat them to when we should reach home camp, but when we arrived we found no Elliott, no teams, no provisions, and 15 miles still between us and grub. However, we were trained down to such an extent that a simple matter of 15 miles was not much of an obstacle for us to overcome. At noon of the 30th we were at Bradstreet's supply camp on our way to Rainey's, and the cook, good fellow, was doing his best to fill us up once more. It took him nearly 2 days to accomplish this feat. On the 31st we reached Rainey's and sent in the teams for our outfit and trophies.

Meantime, I had secured a caribou. These animals are very scarce in that section and are considered great prizes. The one I killed had been hunted for nearly 3 weeks by a sportsman, with 2 good guides. It happened to be my luck to get him in about 15 minutes.

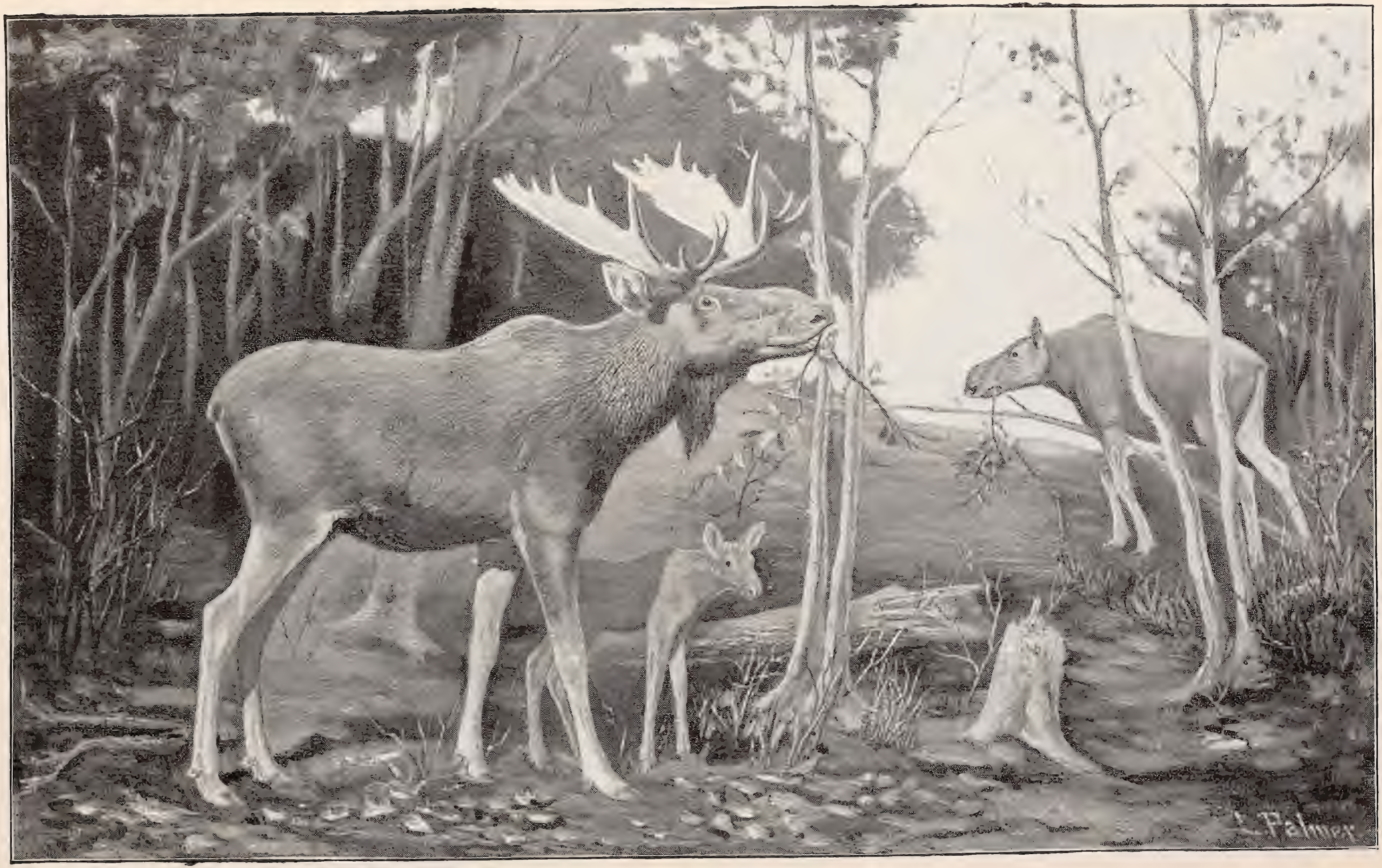
Lee bog is almost a circle in form and nearly a mile in diameter. The Penobscot runs, or rather oozes, through its center, the water 6 to 10 inches deep on top, the mud underneath 600 feet deep, perhaps more. On either side of the river the mud is covered by a network of roots of grasses, stunted shrubs, and moss, which lies like a skin on top of the soft mass, except where it is traversed by a lagoon of pure, unadulterated mud.

My guide, "Lucky Jack" Henry, manned the paddle in the stern of our canoe while I occupied the shooter's position in the bow. As we emerged from the forest and looked over the flat expanse of the bog I at once discovered an old cow caribou walking out on the bog to feed, ½ mile ahead of us. She was followed at a distance of 2 or 3 rods by her calf, and it in turn was followed by an old bull.

A low range of brush partly screened our approach. We were soon at the shore opposite them and distant some 300 yards. There I left the canoe and crawled toward the caribou, on hands and knees; partly covered by a clump of brush which rose from the bog about 100 yards from where they were feeding.

Half way to the clump I came to a lagoon which crossed my course at right angles. I could see no end to it in either direction. I tried the mud with my foot and found it as soft as water. Placing my foot on the skin of the bog as near its edge as it afforded any support, I pushed myself forward through the mud as far as possible, at the same time pitching my Marlin across on the skin of the opposite side. The guide started forward to rescue me from what seemed to him certain death. Before he reached me I was safe across. Luckily the game had not been disturbed, and I was soon at the clump of brush. Once, twice, three times I brought the rifle to my shoulder before I recovered my wind sufficiently to hold the sights steadily on the old bull's shoulder.

At the crack of the rifle he started with



A FAMILY OF MOOSE.

Reprinted from January, 1896, RECREATION.

that spasmodic motion which is a certain indication of a fatal shot, trotted rapidly around in a circle, and then went down like a stone at the second shot.

The cow looked up, at the first shot, trotted a few rods at the second, then gazed fixedly at the mud-colored apparition which had risen from the bog so close to her. Instinctively I brought the sights to bear on her shoulder. "Oh, Bossy, how easily could I kill you!" but I refrained and told her to go and to take her promising offspring with her. She went.

I should like to back that caribou against John Gentry, Star Pointer, or any of the other crack trotters of the country, just to take the conceit out of them. She could easily distance them in the first half mile.

We saw several cow and calf moose before we saw a bull. Kipp had an amusing experience with a cow in the dead-water of the Penobscot. The moose was discovered feeding, and stood in such a way that both guide and hunter thought it was a bull.

He raised his rifle and the sights were settling to an aim which rarely misses, when the high wind sent a tree crashing to the ground near by. This caused the moose to raise her head, and the act prevented a violation of Maine's game law. Charley then determined to cultivate a closer acquaintance with Miss Moose. He advanced in plain view to within 70 feet of the animal and tried the French and English languages on her in a conversation of several minutes before she repudiated his advances and retired to other pastures.

We got our first bull moose near St. John's pond. We had gone only a few rods in the canoe, Jack in the stern, Arkell amidships, and I in the bow, when the guide exclaimed, "I see a moose, up near the head of the pond."

Leveling the glass in that direction I saw my first bull moose. And what a sight for an enthusiastic hunter! The slanting rays of the sun glistened on his massive antlers, and his gigantic bulk loomed up in the distance, black as night. The blood surged through our veins like quicksilver. The moose was feeding on the margin of the pond nearly 2 miles from us. A light breeze was blowing directly from us to him. No chance to flank him, for he was at the end of the pond. No chance to attack him from the rear for he was protected in that quarter by an impassable morass. The case looked hopeless. The plan which offered the best chance of success was to head the canoe directly toward him, paddle swiftly and try to outrun our wind.

Arkell held the glass. From time to time he told the sweating paddlers what the moose was doing. Soon we were close enough to see every motion of the animal with our naked eyes. When we were about 80 rods from him he suddenly raised his head and gazed steadily in our direction. I hastily exchanged the paddle for the rifle. Slowly and majestically the moose turned toward the forest and the concert opened.

The vicious snap of the .30-40 alternated rapidly with the heavy crack of the .45-90 until a dozen shots had been fired. The moose had gained the forest. I looked into Arkell's eyes and read the disappointment which words could not express. The guide tried to comfort us by telling us we had done well to stay on top of the cranky canoe through the scrimmage, and by saying he thought we had hit the moose. We found no blood on the trail but decided to follow the bull. One of us had to stay with the canoe to signal the others back to the pond. As I had already killed a caribou I swallowed my desire to go with the guide, and Arkell went.

The minutes dragged slowly by. The sun sank behind the forest-crowned hills in the West. A deer fed within a few rods of me, unconscious of my presence. The shadows of night were beginning to creep over the darkening waters of the pond when back in the forest the sharp, whip-like crack of the .30-40 rang out twice in rapid succession, the echoes died away, and all was still again.

It was a tired but happy boy whose hand I grasped that night, when at 10 o'clock he got back to the pond and told me the old bull lay *hors du combat* in a little stream a mile and a half from the shore of the pond, where he turned to make his last fight with his relentless pursuers. The shot which took the old bull off his feet was the last cartridge Arkell had with him. The guide had nothing but a pocket knife. I don't like to think of what might have happened had the boy's aim been less true.

That night I rigged up our broken camera, and the next day we went across the pond to take out the trophy. There were 20 points, 10 on each antler, perfect in form and setting. The coat was beautiful, the bell a foot long. He would weigh 1,400 pounds. Hurrah for the boy!

After our scalp dance around the youthful hero was ended we shot the game again with the camera, but I regret to say all our camera work on that trip was an entire failure.

When the game was skinned we found both of us had put our brand on him at the pond. Arkell's bullet had struck him squarely in the center of the neck. Mine had struck him in the thigh and had ranged forward and lodged in his stomach.

The high velocity and long flight of Arkell's bullet had created friction sufficient to melt its lead. On striking this went out of the jacket and was found in splashes in the muscles of the neck while the empty jacket had cut its way to the neck bone, against which it was found. Anyone can easily figure out what would have happened to the moose had the metal of the bullet required a higher temperature to melt it.

I got the next moose, a 15 pointer, at Baker lake. He was killed by one bullet, which went through him just back of his shoulders. The killing of these 2 moose is a good illustration of facts which lead to the great difference of opinion among sportsmen as to the best gun for big game.

My own opinion is, almost any rifle will kill a moose standing broadside at short range. A 10 inch cannon is none too powerful to kill one under the conditions we had to contend with at St. John's pond.

A little episode which occurred during our trip down the river to Baker lake will throw light on another disputed question; i.e., the length of time an animal can live after being shot through the heart.

We were nearing our camping place and word had been passed around to kill the next deer we should see, as we needed meat. Soon afterward one stepped out on the river bank, and Kipp, who was leading our brigade at the time, fired a hasty shot at it. The deer ran rapidly across the river and disappeared in the woods.

I have learned to look for anything Kipp shoots at, so when we got to the place where the deer disappeared we took its trail and found it lying dead 20 rods or more from the spot where it stood when the bullet struck it. When we dressed it we found the split-nosed bullet had smashed the heart almost out of existence. Two pieces about the size of hens' eggs were all we could find of it.

We saw only one bull caribou, and two bull moose during the trip, all of which we took into camp with us. We got, besides these, some fine bucks' heads. We could have killed many more.

The first time I looked over the waters of St. John's pond I counted 17 deer and 3 moose feeding on its margin. What a chance for a law breaking game hog to distinguish himself! I do not aspire to any such distinction and so did not fire a shot. In fact, we had many such opportunities presented to us during the trip, but we shot within the law and to supply our needs only, and I think we derived more pleasure from our study of the habits of the game, and from seeing it go on its way unharmed, than we would have had if we had revelled in blood galore.

We found our Kenwood sleeping bags just the thing for a trip of this kind. They added much to our comfort and convenience.

CAPT. ALLYN K. CAPRON.

## A YOUNG HERO.

Here is a portrait of my friend, Captain Allyn K. Capron, who, as stated in August RECREATION, was killed in the first day's fight at Santiago.

Captain Capron will be remembered by thousands of readers of RECREATION as the author of 2 thrilling stories. The first of these was entitled, "A Cross-Country Run with Apaches," and was published in the April, 1897, number. The other was "The Chiricahua Hounds," published in the November, 1897, issue.

No one who has known Captain Capron can doubt for a moment that had he been spared he would have distinguished himself in military operations. One of the saddest phases of this war is that so many brilliant young men have been taken away, as this young officer was, before having had an opportunity to show the world of what heroic material they were really made.

The pen may be mightier than the sword, but notice Dewey preferred to take Manila in the regular Dewey way, rather than depend on the signing of the treaty.

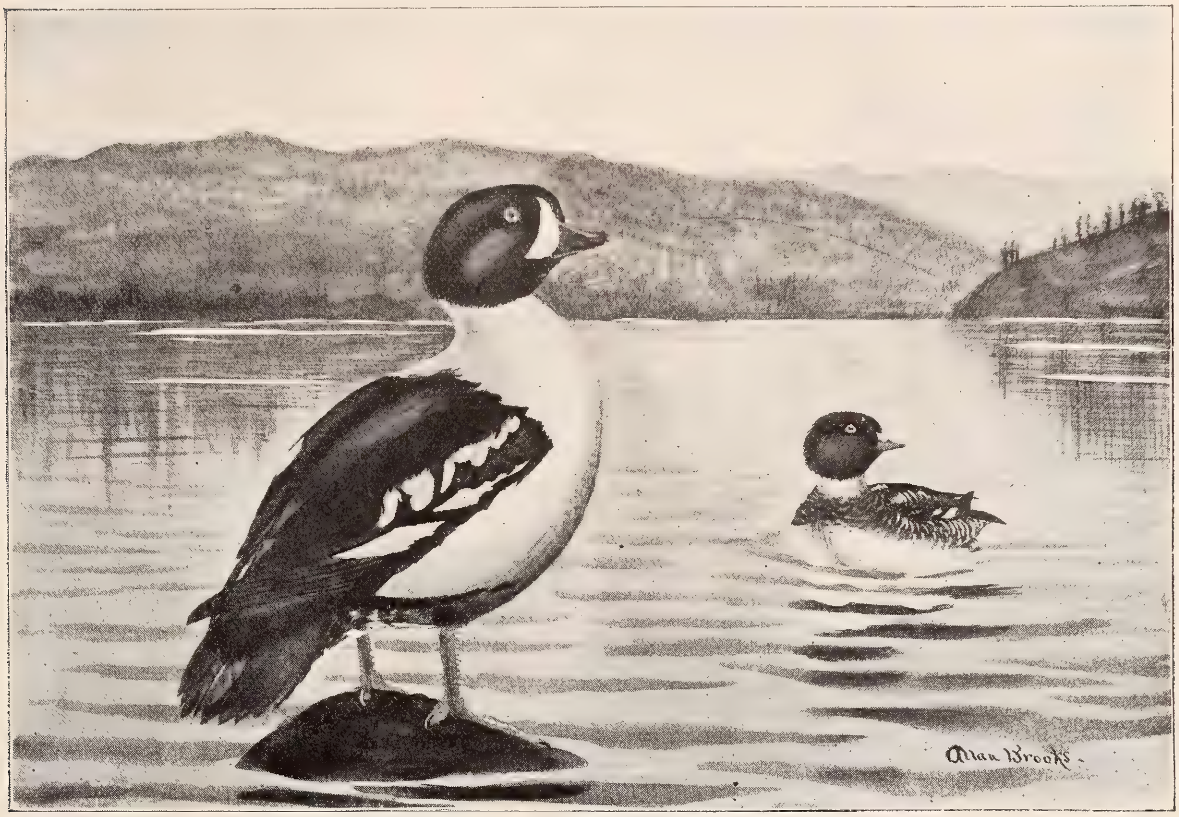
Advise all your friends to subscribe for RECREATION.

# THE RUDDY DUCK, *ERISMATURA RUBIDA.*

ALLAN BROOKS.

This, the most aberrant in form and habits of all North American ducks, is found from Atlantic to Pacific but does not reach a very high latitude. It is easily recognized in any plumage by its short, thick neck, the stiff feathering of the breast, and its peculiar tail, which is composed of stiff feathers and looks as if it had been stuck into the bird as an afterthought, both upper and lower tail coverts being abruptly terminated.

As a rule, except when much disturbed, the ruddy duck prefers to escape by diving rather than by flying, in this respect resembling a grebe; and it is almost as good a diver as that bird. In spite of its small wings the ruddy duck is a rapid flier, and it is a pretty sight to see a bunch of them whirling in giddy circles close over the surface of the water before alighting.


Allan Brooks.

RUDDY DUCK, *ERISMATURA RUBIDA.*

In their breeding haunts the male is a conspicuous object and his actions are most grotesque. He sits rather high in the water, his tail elevated over his back like that of a wren, his head well back between his shoulders and his breast inflated. Every now and then he throws his head still farther back and wags it from side to side, uttering a gurgling noise as if trying to swallow a large mouthful. These antics are kept up even after the young are hatched.

The nest is in the rushes in a similar position to that of a coot, and the eggs are enormous considering the size of the bird. They measure 2.35 x 1.8 inches, with a rather rough, granular shell, unlike that of the eggs of other ducks, and they are pure white. In fact, they much resemble large hens' eggs.

In the breeding season the bill of the male is a beautiful shade of bright turquoise blue, which soon fades after death and in 12 hours or so is dull blackish, like the bill of the female.

The irides are dark brown in both sexes. The flesh is dark, and it is one of the poorest of all ducks for the table.

During the breeding season the neck of the male is much enlarged, a thick layer of fatty cellular tissue underlying the skin, similar to that on a blue grouse during the hooting season. This feature is very noticeable when the bird is flying, the skin hanging down in a sort of " dew lap," even more conspicuous than I have made it in the illustration.

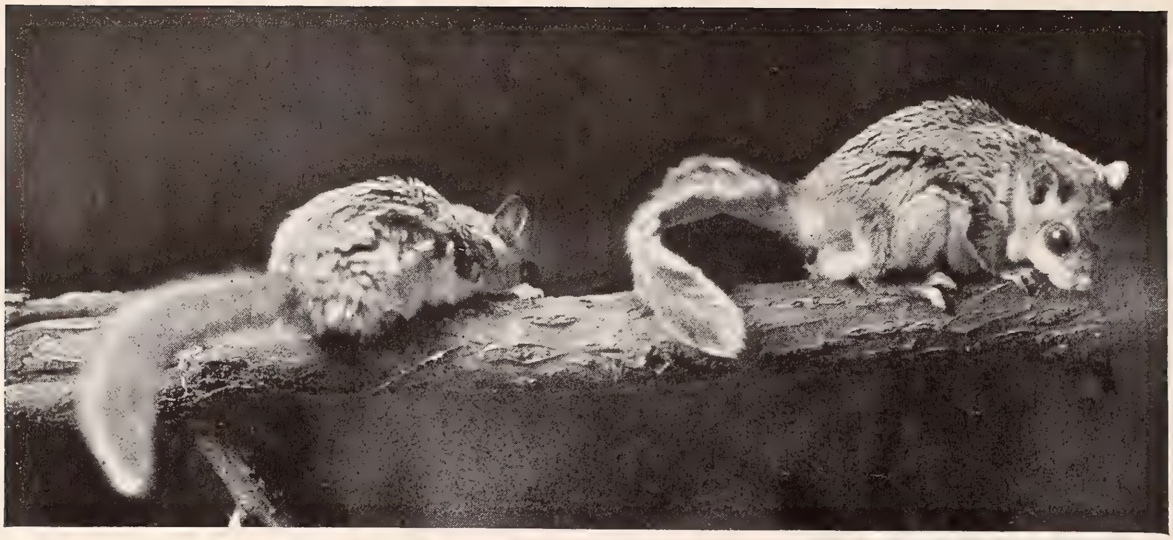


PHOTO BY W. E. CARLIN.

FLYING SQUIRRELS.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY GEO. C. WAYNE.

THE LONE SHOOTER.

'Tis sad that in the great hereafter,
We shall miss the "music of the reel;"
But there's one consolation in the matter,
We shall also miss the "fish hog's" squeal.
Geo. D. Brown, Lansing, Mich.

He kept company with a Boston girl,
She was cold enough to chill him,
Not so with her officious dad,
Who was hot enough to kill him.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY BOYD C. PARKER.

A GOOD SET OF TEETH.

# SPORT IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

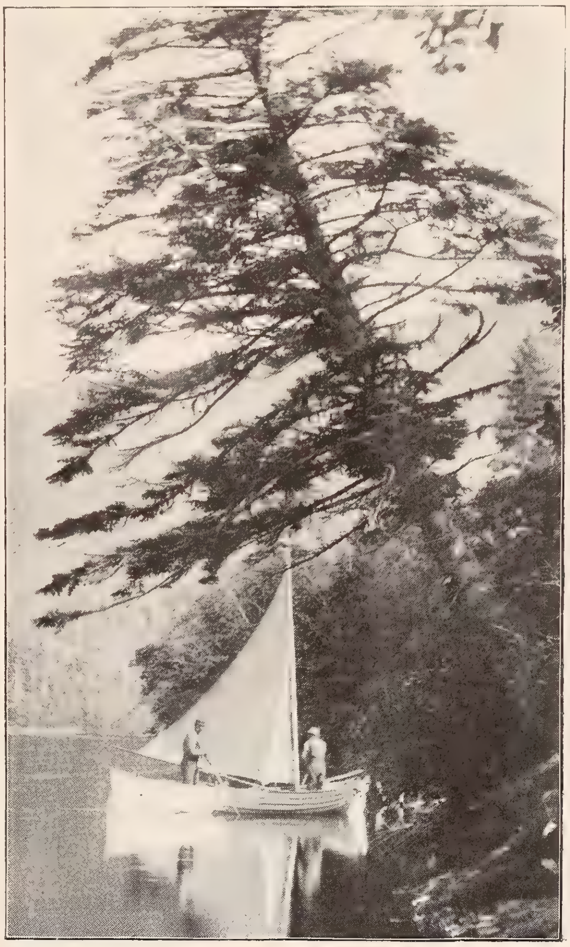
A. H. SEYMOUR.

One day in July, 1895, at the kind invitation of R. G. Reid, contractor of the railway system of this colony, a party consisting of Sir W. V. Whiteway and 3 sons, Judge Bennett, Dr. Paterson and me, started to visit the region of Grand lake, Deer lake and the Humber river. Mr. Reid was most generous in his treatment of us, giving us a special car and accompanying us to the then headquarters, Sandy Pond Crossing.

Having spent a few days as Mr. Reid's guests at headquarters, we started early one morning to the outlet of Grand lake, called Junction brook. Arriving there we had our 2 tents quickly put up. The scenery was beautiful. We camped at the edge of the water and the surroundings were all one could wish, except that flies were too plentiful. As soon as possible we got our boats ready and, steering clear of the rapids, we anchored in mid-stream. When we had anointed ourselves with a good application of Nessmuk's punkey dope, a mixture of Stockholm tar, pennyroyal and castor oil, the flies ceased to annoy us. We were rather late for the salmon fishing but we succeeded in getting some sea trout, weighing from 1 to 3 pounds; also some fresh water trout of same weight. Grand lake is the largest lake in Newfoundland and is 57 miles long by about 5 miles wide. In the lake is Glover island, 30 miles long and about 2 miles wide. I call it "Pill Box lake" because Glover island also contains another lake and that lake another island, and so on until we have 3 more islands and 4 lakes; putting one in mind of a nest of pill boxes.

On the borders of Grand lake can be found, buried in the sand, traces of the Indians known as Beothukans. Some of our party secured flint arrow heads, etc. Anyone going there about July 10th can secure salmon, sea trout, etc., in great number. Here, too, the upper Humber river commences. This river flows into Deer lake and thence to Bay of Islands. The outflow from Deer lake is called the Lower Humber. We spent a few days at Deer lake, viewing the surroundings, and visiting Bennett island, owned by our friend Judge Bennett. This place would make a splendid headquarters for a camp and is about ¼ mile square. It is situated at the mouth of the Upper Humber, where it flows into Deer lake. There are some good fishing streams emptying into Deer lake, besides the Upper Humber, called North and South brooks; but the home of the salmon is about 15 miles up the Upper Humber, at a place called Willow Steadies. This is a favorite resort of our naval men in summer. The salmon caught there are said to weigh from 6 to 20 pounds each. We went down the Lower Humber in a large skiff under the pilotage of George Nichol. I can recommend him as a good guide.

The scenery on this river is grand. The high mountains on each side and the deep steadies and rapids each in turn fascinates the tourist. At last we reached "Birely cove," Bay of Islands, a beautiful spot and well worth seeing. Having spent a few hours there, we again started for Deer lake and enjoyed the sensation of poling up the rapids. The scenery and the fishing and shooting along the Upland Railway Line cannot be excelled. The sea journey, too, is now reduced to a mere nothing, as one can take passage from New York by rail to Sydney, thence to Placentia by steamer and only have to spend 19 hours on the water. In a short time even the sea voyage will be reduced to 6 hours; when the steamer runs from Sydney to Port au Basque.



ON GRAND LAKE.

# "ANGLES."

CHAS. W. BERRY.

The clouds which had hovered continuously over the Capital City for nearly 3 weeks had dispersed, and in their stead appeared the blue sky and sunshine of the Southland, when, on the 10th of November, I proceeded on a day's outing, with the anticipation of securing a few gray squirrels for the home larder.

The route taken was over the conduit road which leads from Washington to the Great Falls of the Potomac, some 18 miles of well kept and extensively used roadway. The objective point was a forest of about 800 acres situated on the East bank of the Potomac river in Montgomery county, Maryland, 14 miles distant from the city limits.

The ever-changing and beautiful scenery of the Potomac, the variegated colors of the foliage bordering the route, and the exhilarating exercise of wheeling caused both time and distance to pass rapidly and agreeably, and the desired locality was soon in view.

The wheel was stabled at the home of a friend, the cycling costume changed for an aged hunting suit, and in a short time I was in the heart of the woods. The locality selected was a hillside on which was a rather heavy growth of hickory, chestnut, oak and pine, free from underbrush, and with a small stream of water cascading at the foot of the elevation.

Taking a seat on the body of a storm smitten pine, I feasted my eyes on the impressive scenes which the canvas of Nature disclosed. The high winds of autumn had denuded the trees of their foliage. I was congratulating myself on having chosen so admirable a place for squirrel hunting when my attention was attracted by the sound of rustling leaves; although, try as I might, I could not discover the cause of the commotion. Surely it was not the touch of the wind? No; my experience in woodcraft promptly answered in the negative. Again the sound comes floating on the air, this time nearer and off to the right. Another pause, and the cause of my perplexity assumes tangible shape in the form of a red squirrel, to which, evidently, my presence was as yet unknown. He runs along with that peculiar humpy movement so characteristic of the *sciurus*, now stops and sits bolt upright, his bushy tail gracefully following the contour of his back. He gives his marked attention temporarily to a troublesome visitor on his flank. Relieved of this incumbrance, he springs quickly to the left and has a short frolic with a fluttering oak leaf. Then a nut is found, he takes it daintily in his paws, critically examines it, evidently concludes it will just fit his restaurant department, deftly chips off a portion of the shell, then suddenly transfers it to his mouth, mounts the big log on which I am perched and heads in my direction. I remain perfectly motionless, determined to sit the act out. He gallops rapidly and gracefully toward me until within about 15 feet when he makes the discovery that the title to his run-way is clouded by squatter sovereignty. This was contrary to the ethics of squirrel courtesy, and as unexpected to him as it was illegal. Quicker than a flash he scampers to a neighboring pine and is ensconced among its branches, out of danger, as he has been from the first, so far as his audience is concerned. In his hasty departure, however, he has left the nut on the run-way, and even now, hidden from my sight as he is, I can imagine the fertile schemes he is revolving in his mind to regain possession of his property.

Silence reigns supreme for some minutes, and I conclude that as the sun is getting well toward 2 o'clock it would not be a bad plan to emulate the example of my little friend and partake of food. I instinctively reach for my watch, but hardly has the arm moved a foot when our red friend in the pine makes his presence known. He comes scampering out on a lower branch extending in my direction, and then proceeds to fan me with the choicest collection of red-squirrel billingsgate to be pumped out of his magazine, punctuating his staccato shots with vigorous flips and jerks of his bushy tail. The atmosphere becomes so lurid and he is so thoroughly imbued with the justness of his rebuke, and the absolute contemptibility of the offense I have committed, that he *can't* keep still. He waltzes up and down the trunk of the pine and forward and backward on the limb, aiming smokeless explosions at me until he gets a severe attack of the hiccough. You needn't tell me a red squirrel which has been defrauded of his dinner, has had his personal run-way squatted upon, and has been half frightened out of his hide can't use unparliamentary language. He expressed his supreme contempt for mankind, taking me as a sample, in general. Then he merged into personalities; reviled me, threatened all manner of chastisement, and even dared me to come up and give him the satisfaction of a gentleman and a squirrel. Finding I was obdurate and not inclined to comply or retaliate, he swore he would come down and give me a proper application of the solar plexus blow. When partly down the trunk he stopped and sarcastically remarked that I "wouldn't fight nohow, and would either run or call an officer," and going back to his vantage ground changed his tactics, switching into the fields of ridicule and derision. The way he laughed, crooned and cackled over peculiarities in my personal appearance would have offended an individual who possessed any sensitiveness in such matters.

His levity became infectious, and I found myself smiling at the numerous changes he wrought on his orchestral attachment. Suddenly he stopped in the midst of a spasm of coughing, gave his tail a defiant flip, and disappeared. While wondering at this new manifestation of my little scolder, and awaiting his pleasure in the matter of new developments, the sound of rustling leaves came again to my ears.

This time it was not the sound of a squirrel's movements, and I commenced to entertain thoughts of a fox skin rug. But this hope was dispelled, for coming along my trail was the most unique sample of "dawg" mortal eyes ever beheld. Poor, scrawny, all angles and no curves from an architectural point of view, brindled beyond the conception of an artist, lop-eared, and so excruciatingly bow-legged that the legs formed a respectable apology for a circle, while aft, eccentric Nature had economically concentrated the greater portion of the animal's anatomy.

Evidently this sample was short on "pride of ancestry," but her appearance indicated that she was long on a young and numerous posterity. She stopped about 30 feet from where I was sitting, squatted down, cocked her head to one side, raised an interrogative right-angled ear on the other, and smiled. Candor compels me to say I smiled also. This certainly was construed as a fair omen for her prospects. She quickly advanced about 10 feet, accompanying her forward progression with a most ludicrous exhibition of rear lateral motions, smiles and sniffs.

She again halted, cocked her head on one side, laboriously hoisted a great main sail of an ear to an upright position, dropped it slowly while she tentatively fiddled over a favorite flea pasture; then resumed her pose, re-elevated her wind catcher, and smiled again. I smiled, audibly this time, and said, "Angles, come here." This was her opportunity, and "Angles" approached, expressing her happiness by lively shakes of her tail.

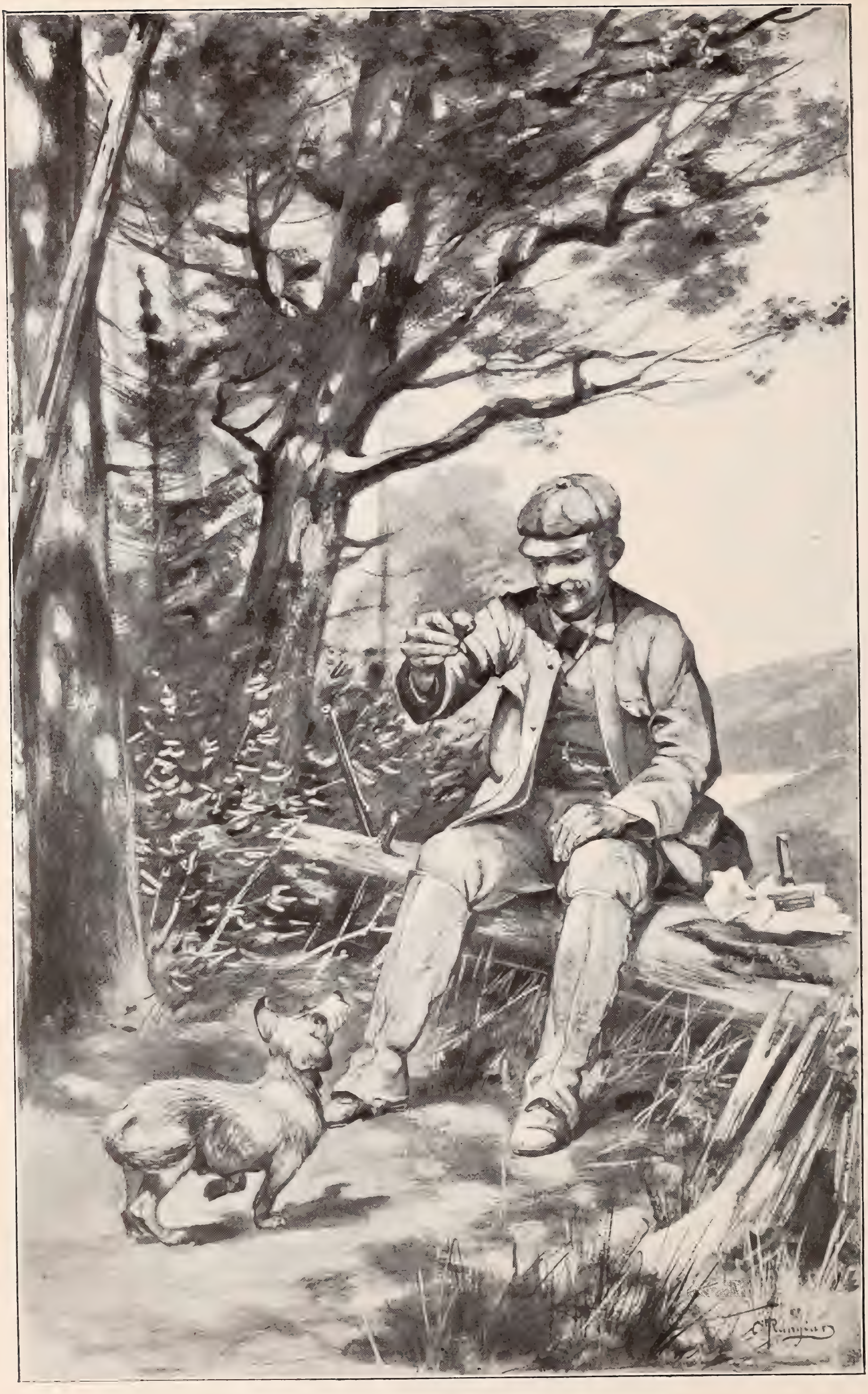
The absence of an introduction did not hinder our intercourse. Any name I applied seemed to meet with her approbation. I finally concluded to call her "Angles," inasmuch as that seemed most appropriate. After "Angles" had inspected my rifle and clothing, she took a position at my feet, looked up in my face and whined pitifully. She was hungry, and luncheon, sufficient for 2 at least was brought to light, and spread out. All this time the half-starved, expectant animal exemplifying the language of "Locksley Hall":

> "Then her cheek was pale and thinner than should
> be for one so young,
> And her eyes on all my motions with a mute
> observance hung."

Taking a goodly portion of the food, I tendered Angles a morsel that would have tempted a connoisseur. No sooner had the article passed from my hand than there was a quick snap—sharp and distinct as the spring of a trap—an elevation of the head, a spasmodic elongation of the body, a pounding of the tail on the ground indicating that the first shot had made a bull's-eye, and then a pair of wistful, pleading eyes looking for another dose. It was given ungrudgingly, and when the repast was finished my friend had received not alone the share set apart for her, but most of my own portion. For once in her life, I know she had the sharp pang of hunger laid on the shelf, and her eyes looking into mine spoke her gratitude.

I took my rifle in hand and said, "Well, I must get a squirrel; we are out of meat." At the word "squirrel" she was up like a flash, indulged in one of her grotesque dances and then gradually worked in a half circle ahead of me, occasionally looking back to observe my movements. We had proceeded thus a short distance, when Angles let out a fire of howls that surprised me. She next appeared at the foot of a large hickory, and I killed my first gray squirrel of the day out of the upper branches. When he dropped Angles brought him to me and went to seek another. That afternoon my guest at luncheon treed 9 gray squirrels, 4 of which afforded opportunities and were brought to my game pockets. The remaining 5 "holed," and as I had not time to wait for them remained undisturbed.

After returning to the home of my friend and procuring a most excellent supper the preparations for my return were completed. On starting I found my hunting companion had delayed her departure, and she sociably accompanied me on my homeward journey for nearly a mile. Then stopping near a farm house, as I passed on, she barked her adieu. Thus Angles and I parted; she to administer to the wants of a young family; I speeding to my home.



"ANGLES, DO YOU WANT SOMETHING TO EAT?"

# QUAIL SHOOTING IN SOUTH FLORIDA.

C. H. STOKES.

Editor RECREATION: Quail shooting in South Florida is royal sport. From November until the first of March, the weather is all that could be desired; cool, with generally a pleasant breeze from the Gulf, or from the Atlantic. There is just enough wind to fan the cheeks of the hunter and blow the scent to the dogs.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY C. H. STOKES.

QUAIL SHOOTING IN SOUTH FLORIDA.

The woods are open—so much so, that we hunt from horse and trap, driving everywhere. The ground is covered with short wire grass, broken now and then by patches of saw palmetto which affords excellent cover for the birds. I have shot quail in many States, but nowhere else have I found them so plenty or on such favorable ground. I recommend this section to all sportsmen.

The country is brand new. It has been opened up but a short time and though 2 railroads lead to it, it is a little off the general tourist route. So far, feather and fur have escaped the guns of the globe trotters and pot hunters.

Two men and 2 dogs often bring in a bag of 60 quails as the result of a day's sport.*

For the lover of nature, a more beautiful country could not be imagined. The soft blue of a semi-tropical sky is reflected in a thousand lakes bordered with stately palms and strange aquatic growths.

The giant pines and strangely gnarled oaks are thickly hung with a drapery of long and beautiful Spanish moss.

The general lay of this section is different from the rest of the State. The Apopka mountain region, with Clermont as the center, is high and rolling. The water is soft and pure, the people hospitable and interesting, and the alligators mild and curious.

Other game than quail is found in abundance. Turtle doves are often seen in flocks of a thousand and more. It is the home of the fox squirrel. Snipe and ducks delight to sport in and about the waters of the many lakes. Rabbits are so common they are seldom shot. Turkeys and deer can be found, within a day's drive, in sufficient numbers to make the chase interesting and exciting.

The bass fishing is excellent. Great black beauties are often caught weighing 10 to 15 pounds, with flesh as sweet and juicy as that of their more Northern cousins.

Mohawk, Fla.

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* At least 30 too many.—Editor.

PHOTO BY F. W. POST.

A RED LETTER DAY.

PHOTO BY W. C. KEPLER.

PRIMITIVE TACKLE.

# THE FISH-HOG'S DREAM.

C. C. H.

It was May and the dogwood was covered with blossoms,
  When a fish-hog sneaked out where the bass had their lair,
And temptingly cast for the mothers on duty
  Regardless of nesting and family care.

But even for fish-hogs the longest day closes;
  When the moon hung her crescent of silver on high
At his feet lay a bushel of bass basely murdered,
  And now all their children uncounted must die.

At midnight, when ghosts walk, that fish-hog lay sleeping,
  When a vision of horror appeared in his dream.
Countless numbers of fishes swam by in procession;
  They tipped his boat over and forced him to swim.

They thumped him, they splashed him, tried even to drown him,
  They bit him, they thorned him with sharp, stingy rays;
Their cold, slimy tails in his face they kept slapping
  Keeping time to their mournful, funereal lays.

Alas! on the shore he must reach or go under,
  Stood an army of hogs all along in a line;
Each one with a voice of most dolorous cadence
  Squealed: " Welcome, thrice welcome to kindred of thine."

" Alas! " quoth the victim, " now hark to the sequel,
  That greeting was false as the highwayman's nod;
They swore like his majesty's army in Flanders,
  And pommeled me over the head with my rod.

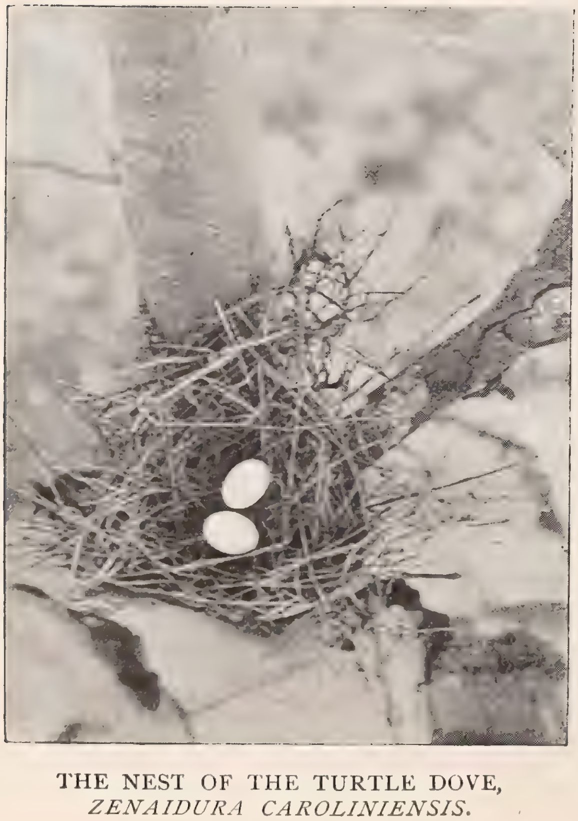
" They lathered me worse than did Shafter the Dagoes,
  They thrashed till each inch of my skin was on fire;
Then 'boofed' with enjoyment and fled in the darkness
  Leaving me in my sorrow alone in the mire.

" I waked with the cold sweat of horror down-pouring,
  My heart beat a devil's tattoo in my breast.
I sprang from my bed and sat up till the morning
  Afraid to lie down, and unable to rest.

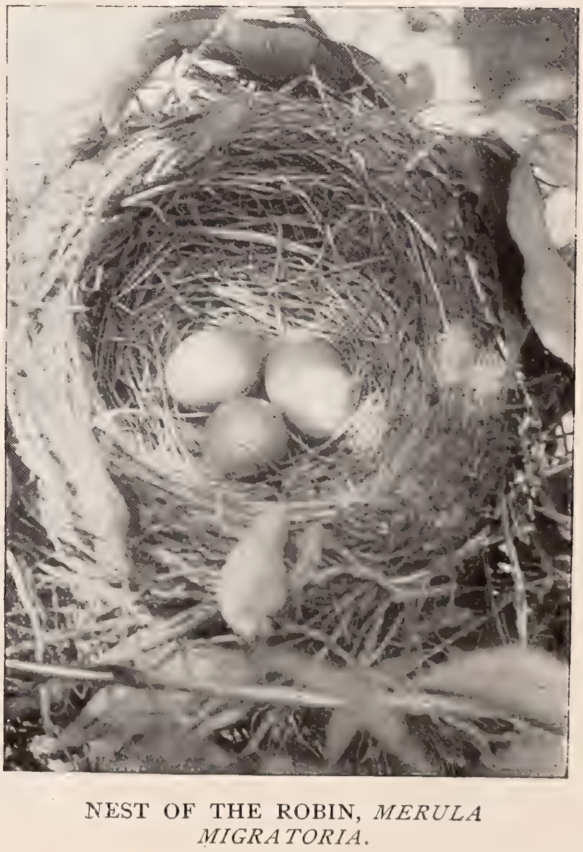
" And still I can see when alone in the darkness,
  That bushel of victims I murdered in May;
If I waken at midnight I see the battalion
  Of swine that came to me that night as I lay.

" So I swear by the line, by the bob and the sinker,
  If for that I'm forgiven, to do so no more;
I'll read RECREATION, become a true sportsman,
  The L. A. S. join and be straight from this hour."

STARTING FOR THE HEAD OF THE LAKE.



THE NEST OF THE TURTLE DOVE, *ZENAIDURA CAROLINIENSIS.*



NEST OF THE ROBIN, *MERULA MIGRATORIA.*

# SCHLEY AT SANTIAGO.

W. H. NELSON.

The sun which gilded Luzon's hills
  And lit Manila's wave
Smiles sweet on Cuba's groves of palm
  And the Spaniards' sea-swept grave.
The smoking thunderbolts, which fell
  From Philippines' blue sky,
Now blast the haughty sons of Spain,
  Hot from the hand of Schley.

Out from the harbor's granite jaws
  Comes the squadron of the Don,
Theresa, Vizcaya, the Almirante,
  And the Christobal Colon.
See from our flagship the signal fly,
  "Close on the escaping foe."
Each man steps instant to his place,
  In turret, aloft, below.

The raging funnels leeward trail
  Their black plumes on the breeze,
While "west by north" each helmsman steers
  His ship through boiling seas.
The fleeing Spaniards train their guns,
  And fire them quick and fast;
But high and wild their harmless shells
  Go innocently past.

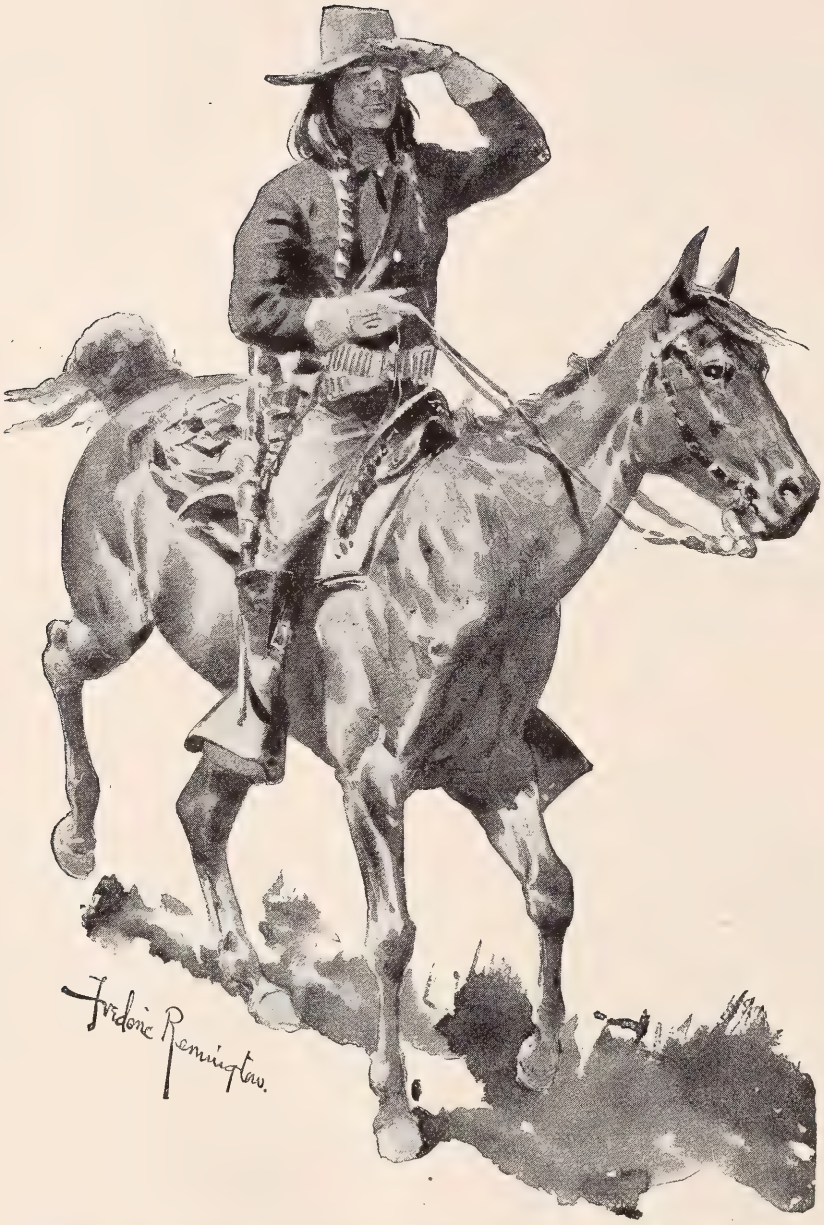
Ha! how the Brooklyn's thunders roar,
  And the Texas' lightnings flash;
Hear the Iowa's ponderous missiles scream
  And the Oregon's broadsides crash!
The Indiana's turrets smoke,
  The Gloucester's muzzles flame,
And from on high the fighting-tops
  Join vengeful in the game.

Beneath our iron hail go down
  The Pluton and Furor,
The Almirante, a helpless wreck,
  Is run upon the shore.
The huge Theresa follows next,
  On fire from stem to stern,
And while our ships go flying by,
  The Dons leave theirs to burn.

The proud Vizcaya crowds all steam
  To get beyond our reach,
But, like the others blazing, turns
  To die upon the beach.
And now of all the Spaniards' ships
  Sails one away alone,
Afraid to fight, too slow for flight,
  The Christobal Colon.

Useless her vaunted strength and speed,
  Vain her attempt to fly,
For faster yet the Brooklyn sails,
  *Bearing the Victor, Schley.*
Beside the flagship in the chase,
  And giving gun for gun,
From broadside, turret, fighting-top,
  Sails the fierce Oregon.

Full many a fadeless wreath was won
  That Sabbath in July,
But brightest, greenest of them all,
  Adorns the brow of Schley.
Official craft may strive to rob
  The hero of his crown,
But all the people know the truth,
  *His glory is their own.*


Frederic Remington.

Drawing by Frederic Remington. COPYRIGHT BY R. H. RUSSELL.

THE INDIAN SOLDIER.

# UP MOUNT KATAHDIN.

F. S. CRABTREE.

We went to Milo, Me., on the Bangor and Aristook Railway, where we took a small steamer running from Lake View to Schoodic. At Norcross we loaded our canoes and other truck on a scow, when the steamer took it in tow and started up the lake. After leaving the lake we had 5 carrys to make and a good deal of quick water to pole up.

We finally reached our destination and pitched camp on Katahdin, or, as the map has it, Abotjackamat.

After dinner I went over about a mile to another stream and found where a big moose had wandered along the bank a few days before. His tracks looked like those of an ox. We hunted hard but did not get a thing for 4 days. Then Cole went out, on the Katahdin trail, sat down, and had been there but a few minutes when a doe came along and stood up to be shot ; so we had venison from that time on.

There were plenty of deer, but the leaves and weeds were as thick as in summer and it was almost impossible to see them. I wounded one deer but failed to get it. Then another member of our party killed 2, another killed one, etc. We started some caribou but did not see any. One night a big moose came down to the stream, right across from our camp, and not liking the looks of things turned and went away again.

On October 4th we started for the foot of Mount Katahdin, 5 miles from our camp on the river. It was very cloudy, as it had been all of the time. We climbed to the foot of the landslide ; made a brush lean-to and stayed there till morning. We breakfasted at daylight and started on the long climb. The labor was terrific. Think of going straight up a hill 3 miles long, at an average angle of 40 degrees, in a narrow road, with no chance to beat from side to side to get an easier grade, and you can get a faint idea of what it was. In many places the grade is 50, 60 and even 70 degrees.

Near the top, where it is very steep, we could go only about 75 to 100 feet without stopping to rest, and our hearts were beating like trip hammers. We had to be very careful not to start any stones down on those behind us, as the slide is covered with them, of all sizes, and all loose.

Within about 1,500 feet of the summit we reached the top of the slide, and from there up it is about as near perpendicular as it can be and have the stones stick on the side of the mountain. We called the grade here a good 70 degrees or more, and this was where we had to get down to business. It is one mass of rocks of all sizes, and it looked as though there was danger of pulling some over on us. Sometimes when I would come up under a big rock, weighing some thousands of tons, with nothing, so far as I could see, to hold it up, I would get out from under it as soon as consistent with dignity.

Finally, after about 2 hours of hard work, we reached the summit, and it was just like going up over the edge of a table. The top, or table-land, as it is called, is an immense bowlder-strewn plateau, of many hundreds of acres ; and to get on the highest peak we simply walked off to the North side, something over a mile away.

I forgot to say that when we had gone up about 2 miles we got through the heavy clouds, into the sunshine, and the top of the mountain was as clear as could be. From the summit we looked out on the clouds, far below, and it was a most beautiful sight. It looked like a great ocean, with waves rolling on it. Far away we could see the blue tops of several mountains, showing above the clouds, exactly like islands in the ocean. Of course the view was shut out below, but it was beautiful as far as we could see. On the North side is an almost perpendicular cliff, 3,000 feet high, which is wild and rugged in the extreme.

Nearly 350 lakes can be seen from the top of Katahdin, on a clear day, and the view must then be magnificent.

It is remarkable and fortunate, too, that there is a spring of excellent water on the top of the mountain. We were all half dead with thirst when we got up, and all stampeded for the spring like a drove of cattle.

We saw the skeletons of 2 caribou that some wretch had shot, sometime in August I should say. The legs had dried, but the eagles had picked the bones quite clean. Cole said last year they saw 6 or 7 carcasses that someone had shot and left, in the same way.

Doctor Ford, a large, heavy man, did not get to the top for more than an hour after the others. One man stayed behind with him to locate the remains in case he should fall down the mountain. The Doctor was a total wreck when he finally landed.

We stayed up there 3 hours and then started back. When we got to the edge and looked straight down, about 1,200 feet, and saw where we had to go to get to the upper end of the slide I could feel my hair rise. The slide, all the way down to where it disappeared in the clouds, looked like a great road and a fearfully steep one too.

It was very hot, going down, and the sun almost burned our feet. We were glad when we got down into the clouds again, where it was cool. About 2 miles down we came through the clouds and could see the country below. We reached camp on the river just before dark, tired and foot-sore, and I don't think the Doctor is thoroughly rested yet.

# FISHING FOR 'POSSUM.

ELLIOT C. BROWN.

I was in Pennsylvania one day, seated on the banks of the Schuylkill, with a rod in my hand and all day before me. With me was my friend, Harry, who prefers hunting to fishing. This day he had an especially good opportunity to press his time worn argument in favor of his pet pastime, for not a single fish would pay any attention to our bait.

About one o'clock he persuaded me to give his side of the question a fair test. We reeled in our lines and set off in quest of 'possum marks, and subsequently 'possums, in the neighboring woods. Harry was not long in finding a tree, the lower part of which had been clawed and scratched until no bark remained, and a good part of the wood itself had been worn away. I saw no difference between this particular tree and 3 or 4 others we had passed, but Harry said " The marks on this one are as fresh as a Nebraska breeze. I'll

"I'LL BET THERE'S A 'POSSUM UP THERE."

bet there's a 'possum up there." I immediately got excited and proclaimed my desire to climb the tree, find the hole and get the 'possum. Harry consented, with a suspicious twinkle in his eye, I thought; but nothing daunted, I started on my climb with a whole skin and decent clothes. Alas! I descended in quite another manner and in a slightly different condition. Going like a snail from limb to limb, fearful lest I should arrive unaware at my destination, I came at length to the hole, and commenced operations. Straddling an old limb where it joined the tree, I peered down into the opening. From it came a rapid succession of sounds, resembling the click of a steel trap. I started back and almost fell off my precarious perch, while Harry chuckled softly. By keeping at a safe distance I could see, in the 'possum's retreat, 2 eyes and a lot of fur. They were fully an arm's length down, and I was at a loss what to do. I mentioned my predicament to Harry, who said 'possums could not bite or scratch and were no good in a scrap. He unkindly added, "If you are afraid, come down."

That settled it! Instantly I tried to get a grip on that ball of fur, and as quickly withdrew my hand, with 2 fingers perforated, and my arm laid open in 3 long stripes. Harry howled—to keep me company, I suppose.

By this time I was thoroughly roused. Taking off my big felt hat, I covered my hand and arm with it, and tried again. It was of no avail, for I couldn't grab the brute with this outfit, so I gave up the contest, much to Harry's glee and my vexation.

"Come down, butter fingers!" he cried. "Go sit on the river bank with your fish lines!"

Fish lines! It gave me an idea, and it was soon put in execution. Taking a good strong line out of my pocket, I unwound about 6 feet and let it slowly down the side of the hole, until the hook was well under the 'possum's tail. Then with a sudden jerk, I had him—but not out of the hole, for, spreading his legs, he gripped the sides and hung on with great tenacity. However, steady pulling brought him out and I lowered him by the string until he hung just within Harry's reach, his legs going like mad, and his vicious little jaws snapping right and left. I was bound to get even with that villain Harry, and verify the statement that "He who laughs last laughs best."

"Why don't you grab him? He can't bite and is no kind of a fighter," I said.

I was getting even now with interest. Harry did not fancy the look of those flying claws. Nevertheless, my remark had the desired effect, for he made a vicious grab, trying to get the animal by the tail. I was prepared for that, and lifted the beast a foot or so, just as Harry closed in. The victory was complete; for the 'possum, getting Harry's hand in his paws, held on for dear life. I laughed so hard the line slipped from my grasp, and the "critter" fell to the ground.

A great scratching inside the hole informed me that madame also was at home. I got her out successfully enough, but while bringing her down by the tail, a most unfortunate thing happened. The 'possum managed to get me by the wrist, and stubbornly refused to let go. I lost my balance and fell heels over head to the ground, ripping my clothes to pieces, but not hurting myself in the least, for the 'possum was underneath.

Again the laugh was with Harry, but I got even with him a second time, for while he was crossing a stream by means of a log, the 'possums, which had been put in a bag, began to fight, and Harry was between 2 fires. He wanted to keep the 'possums and try to tame them, but he also wished to go home with a dry skin. So there he stood, keeping his balance with difficulty, and finally falling off and almost drowning his future pets in doing so.

Now I maintain that the angler made a better showing than the hunter that day. Am I not right?

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## THE FOREST.

ARCHER.

Here would I wander in the early morn,
And hear the rarest music nature breathes;
Forget the mad ambition of this life,
Its vanity, its cringing shallowness;
And near to nature's heart exulting rest.
Drink of her crystal fountains flowing free,
Breathe the pure air beneath the azure dome
Of that vast temple made by love divine;
Learn freedom's songs from ever rushing streams,
Or wild bird's notes mellifluous and clear.

# A PETTISH PET.

O. F. O'KEEFE.

On a cold, clear morning, in February, '97, I was traveling along a mountain trail on horseback. Blankets, snow shoes and the day's grub were strapped behind on the saddle. It was just after a heavy snow. My intention was to go as far as I could on the horse, then turn him on the back track, and proceed on snow shoes to some mining claims farther in the mountains.

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"WHEN I WENT CLOSER HE SHOWED FIGHT."

I left the horse and for 2 hours followed a trail which was here and there covered by snow slides. At length I noticed a dark spot on an enormous snow bank, some distance ahead. Watching intently, I made out a mountain sheep, helplessly floundering in the deep snow. As I drew near I could see he was completely worn out by his struggles. He looked up with such piteous, appealing expression that I had not the heart to leave him there. But when I went closer, he showed fight, and would have none of me. At last I got him by the horns, dragged him to a sheltered spot, and there left him awhile. Then I went back to get my horse, but he had gone home, so I walked 8 miles to a cabin, got a man and 2 horses, returned as far as we could on horseback, and snow-shoed to where I left the sheep. By dint of 4 hours' dragging and pulling, we got the old fellow to the horses. Then it was an easy matter to pack him to the cabin.

I stayed in the cabin that night and next morning went on to my claims. On my return, 3 days later, I stopped at the cabin to see the sheep. He looked very different from the poor wreck I left there. I was told he had been eating everything in sight, from salt and oats, to sugar, and had grown very "sassy." We made a box, put him in, took him to the railroad station, and shipped him to Leadville by train.

At first I thought he would be a fine pet. At home I tied him, by a rope, to a tree. After that I had no peace. I could not go near him, and as the rope soon showed signs of wear, I feared he would escape. I got 4 of the boys, and we all closed in at once and nailed him to the ground. Then we put a good strong strap on him and tied him in the barn. The barn had no roof, and the sheep would climb on a high bank of snow and ice in the corner and defy anyone to come near him. There was a good light in there, and I photographed him in many positions. By the process known as "double printing" I was able to produce pictures of him apparently taken on his native heath.

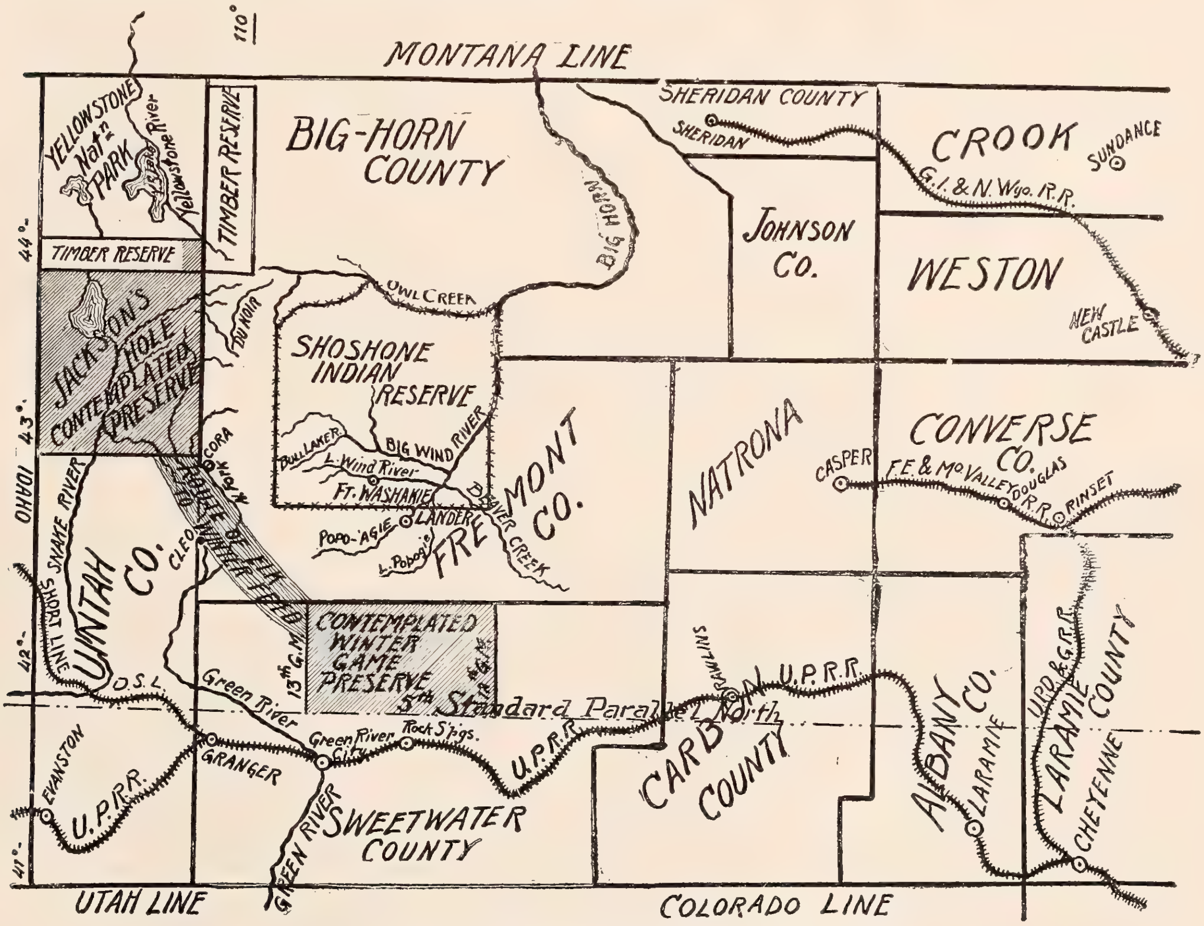
I never knew him to drink water during his 5 months' captivity. He always ate snow instead. He was finally sold and shipped to Hamburg, Germany. Just before going he weighed 150 pounds. When he felt right he was a dandy scrapper and it took 4 strong men to down him. I want no more like him. Hereafter I'll get my sheep with rifle or camera, and let it go at that.

# A WINTER GAME PRESERVE.

FRANK DUNHAM, M.D.

Editor RECREATION: In the June number of your Sportsman's Bible you present a few ideas in relation to adding to our game preserve in this State.

I read the article, and then began thinking. I might have gone no farther than the thinking stage had not that veteran guide and sportsman, Ira Dodge, of Cora, Wyo., paid our city a visit. Our talk naturally turned to hunting and fishing, and, as a consequence, to game laws and game protection. Without doubt Colonel Dodge is the best posted man in the West on our big game and their haunts.



110°
MONTANA LINE
YELLOWSTONE Nat'l PARK
Yellowstone River
Y.S. Lake
TIMBER RESERVE
TIMBER RESERVE
BIG-HORN COUNTY
BIG HORN
SHERIDAN COUNTY
SHERIDAN
CROOK
SUNDANCE
G.I. & N. Wyo. R.R.
JOHNSON CO.
WESTON
NEW CASTLE
44°
JACKSON'S HOLE CONTEMPLATED PRESERVE
DU NOIR
OWL CREEK
SHOSHONE INDIAN RESERVE
BULL LAKE R.
BIG WIND RIVER
L. Wind River
FT. WASHAKIE
POPO-AGIE
LANDER
L. Popoagie
BEAVER CREEK
FREMONT CO.
NATRONA
CASPER
CONVERSE CO.
F.E. & M<sup>o</sup> VALLEY R.R.
DOUGLAS
RINSET
43°
IDAHO
CORA
N. Fork
ROUTE OF ELK TO WINTER FEED
CLEO
SNAKE RIVER
UINTAH CO.
SHORT LINE
O.S.L.
42°
Green River
13th G.M.
CONTEMPLATED WINTER GAME PRESERVE
12th G.M.
5th Standard Parallel North
RAWLINS
U.P.R.R.
Green River City
Rock S'p'gs.
GRANGER
EVANSTON
U.P.R.R.
U.P.R.R.
GREEN RIVER
SWEETWATER COUNTY
CARBON COUNTY
ALBANY CO.
LARAMIE
U.P.D. & G.R.R.
LARAMIE COUNTY
CHEYENNE
41°
UTAH LINE
COLORADO LINE

MAP OF PROPOSED WINTER GAME PRESERVE.

We were discussing the question of establishing a winter game park, and concluded to put the L. A. S. in possession of some facts, and to call its attention to a stretch of country that is practically of no value to any one, but which furnishes winter range for more elk and antelope than all the remaining portion of Wyoming.

Look at a map of this State, and in the northern part of Sweetwater county you will find a tract of country marked "the red desert." We conclude that by setting off a portion of country between the twelfth guide meridian on the East, and the thirteenth guide meridian on the West, the fifth standard parallel (North) on the South, and the South boundary of Fremont county on the North, enough of this territory would be taken in to furnish a winter range for the elk, and other large game, for all time.

We are also heartily in favor of extending the park limits so as to include all of Jackson's Hole proper. In this we differ slightly from the editor of RECREATION. To make the East boundary of the timber reserve the East boundary of the contemplated preserve would be to go farther East than is necessary or wise. This is for several reasons.

1st. All along the head of Wind river, the Du Noir, Horse creek, and all the tributaries of Wind river are improved ranches. Many of these are patented, and we would have a big fight on our hands, and a big expense in buying out the settlers.

2d. The game needs no more protection on their summer range than can be given by game wardens.

3d. The elk are almost all gone from that part of the country before the beginning of the close season. It is a mountainous region, except as to the ranch country before mentioned.

I have sent you a map of this country, in which you can see the Jackson's Hole preserve as it would be if extended from the National Park. Also the game preserve on the red desert, and the trail elk and other game take in going to their winter range.

I have also talked this matter over with Nelson Yarnell, another of the best guides on this side of the divide, and he fully agrees with Mr. Dodge and me.

I have seen large bands of elk, in November, making their pilgrimage to this red desert country. Many of the readers of RECREATION will remember reading Mr. Yarnell's story, "3,000 Elk." That band was on its way to the same winter feeding grounds. Mr. Dodge says fully 20,000 elk pass his place every fall, all bound for the same winter range. If the L. A. S. can pull this scheme through Congress, it will be one of the greatest triumphs for game protection yet achieved. Of course it would put all the territory included in these preserves under the same protection and management as is now afforded the National Park. We are thoroughly aroused to the necessity of immediate action if we could afford adequate protection for our game, and if any interested sportsman desires further light on the subject Mr. Dodge and I will gladly furnish it.

Lander, Wyo.

This is a most excellent proposition, and the officers of the L. A. S. will undoubtedly present a bill to Congress, at its next session, asking that the Park limits be extended so as to include the portion of the red desert indicated on the above map.—EDITOR.

# THE BLACK DOG PLAYS BEAR.

J. C. NAHTASS.

"When I first settled in this country," said an old farmer to me, recently, "I had a man named Ned, helping me. We were going to supper one day from our work, when we saw a big, black bear in a meadow near by. Ned and I both had dogs. One of them was a big, black fellow. We set the dogs on the bear and they went for him with a rush and drove him off.

"We went on to our shack and were getting supper when we heard a terrible squealing from a hog. We ran out and soon found a bear carrying it off. I picked up my gun (for which there was no ammunition) and Ned had a club. We assaulted the bear; Ned on one side, I on the other and the dogs everywhere. The bear paid no attention to us for some time, but at last got mad, dropped the hog and came for us. He growled, rose on his hind legs and pawed the air. The dogs kept out of his reach. I made a bee-line for a sapling, but when I looked back the bear wasn't coming. He had gone back to the pig, picked it up and was making off with it. I looked around for Ned and saw him going through the woods, yelling at the top of his voice. At his heels was the big black dog. Ned thought it was the bear, and the closer the dog got the harder Ned ran and the louder he shouted. It was laughable, but Ned was in terrible trouble and I began to be afraid he would run out of the country. I called to him, but he could hear nothing.

"Well, after awhile I lost sight of them and went home. About an hour after, Ned came back; he had discovered his mistake.

"I never laughed so much in my life. Great Horn spoon! How that Swede did run and holler!"

Clearbrook, Wash.

# HUNTING CARIBOU IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

W. A. B. SCLATER.

Having finished a prospecting trip to Port au Port, I took the train to Gafftopsail, Newfoundland, where I arrived the same afternoon in time to get into camp. I here picked up Robert Porter as guide. The noise made by wolves, fighting over a wounded caribou, kept us awake the first part of the night.

In the morning we started for a low hill, from which we could see the deer leads or paths, for miles around. Nor had we long to wait, for within an hour we saw a herd of 48 caribou marching down one of the paths. A large stag was leading. They were going South, as the caribou migration was then on. We had only to go down hill and cut them off, as we could see the lead they were in. A run of 500 yards, over rocks and marsh, brought us within 100 yards of the point they had to pass. We got there just as the leader marched out at the head of the tribe. He was the largest as well as the strongest stag of the herd, and had the finest head. I sent an express bullet from a .40-82 Winchester through his shoulder. The bullet broke in 3 pieces. One passed through the heart, another through the opposite shoulder, and the third pierced the liver. That caribou ran, as if unhurt, for over 100 yards, but then fell dead. The others of the herd, instead of bolting as I expected, bunched and stood until I walked out in the open, when they went off in a hurry.

I could have shot my legal number out of that herd, if killing had been my object. Having 5 days to spare, I preferred to kill just one each day. We saw several smaller herds that day, but only used the glass on them.

After getting the head and scalp to the camp and the meat to the track, we were glad enough to rest. The remainder of the day was spent in fixing up the scalp and salting and preserving the skin.

The next day we started for our old lookout but had not been 10 minutes on the way when I caught sight of a large stag. He was running, and had evidently been started by some other party. He did not see us but passed at a long swinging trot, about 100 yards to our left. I caught him in the neck, the ball breaking the bone just clear of the shoulder and killing him instantly. The head was not so large as that obtained the day before, but the points were more evenly placed and there were 43 of them. The brow antlers were perfect and large.

The weather on the third morning looked threatening, and Porter, the guide, promised plenty of rain before night. I, however, got a fawn with a nice dark skin, before the rain came. I also got wet through before I reached camp. Next day we took a new route, thinking we might get a bear ; but though we saw tracks of bear, wolf, and lynx, we got no sight of the animals. I had given up hope of getting a shot at anything, when I saw, just over a large rock, the antlers of an old stag glistening in the sun, and of that fine red tint which they lose so soon after shedding the velvet. After a long and hard stalk, I got within 150 yards of him. Then, as there was no cover, he saw me and started at a trot but my bullet stopped him.

I shot a doe caribou that afternoon, which made up the number I could legally kill. She had a pretty head, and her antlers were still in the velvet. The following day was my last on that ground, so I took the shotgun and dog for a day's grouse shooting. I found but few, and only got enough to send home. I shared my venison with the 2 St. John's orphanages, in which there are over 200 children, who were glad to get it.

I should be pleased to give anyone who intends visiting Newfoundland for shooting or fishing, all the information he may require.

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" I suppose you get a lot of honeymoon couples billing and cooing around here? " asked the inquisitive stranger of the landlord of our favorite week end seclusion.

" Well, ye—es," replied the man of experience, " plenty of cooing. I manage the rest."—Sporting Times.

# SNIPE SHOOTING ON THE "EASTERN SHORE."

NORMAN PRENTICE.

The train was late, as usual, when it reached the little station of E——, on the Eastern shore of Maryland, one evening in the spring of 1898. Right glad was Harry Burton to leave the stuffy, smoke-filled cars after a 4 hours' ride from Philadelphia, for the freshness of an April evening amidst the pines of Maryland. With his gun slung over his shoulder, and leading a beautiful pointer, he jumped off the train and shook hands with his old friend, the Captain, who was waiting for him in a carriage.

Stowing the dog, Darby, and the luggage away behind, Harry jumped up, and off they went some 6 miles to the Captain's place, on an arm of the Niles river.

According to promise, Harry had come to try the snipe which were reported on the meadows. As the Captain had found the marshes too dry the day before, they concluded, on the morrow, to drive around the country trying the different little springs and spring heads. There the water was fresh, and probably the birds would frequent such places until a heavy rain had sweetened the larger marshes along the river.

The following morning gave promise of an ideal April day, as the friends jumped into their wagon and drove at a slashing pace for the nearest meadow, some 2 miles away.

Arriving there, Harry got out to see if the birds were on, and had scarcely entered the meadow when a snipe rose. At the report of his gun 8 or 10 flew up and pitched farther in the marsh. As soon as the horse could be hitched, the Captain joined Harry and they made a long, careful detour through a field to get to the windward of the birds.

The ground was a small piece of marsh, at the head of a creek. It was ¼ mile long and not over 50 yards wide. Not a bird could rise from it without offering a fair shot to one of 2 men, walking abreast of each other, downward along the marsh.

Harry was the first to flush a bird, which he killed. The next fell to the Captain, at the report of whose gun 2 more flushed and were neatly dropped. Before the last were picked up another bird was killed, and so they went slowly down the meadow shooting almost incessantly, driving the birds before them only to be flushed again farther down the spring, until the men had traversed the meadow, killing in a few minutes 17 birds.

Well satisfied with their work, they drove to the next meadow, 5 miles farther on, eating their lunch on the way.

But though they tried many a beautiful little spot they found only an occasional bird. At last they turned their horses' heads toward home, believing their shooting done for the day. But no—there was one little place the Captain had been saving as a last resource, and there they stopped about 2 hours before dark.

Discouraged and tired, they entered the last meadow, hardly hoping to find a bird. They had hardly entered it when the familiar "scaip" was heard, and a long-bill rose from a clump of cat-tails. Another followed and Harry, slow in deciding which to shoot first, missed both.

By this time the Captain, not so easily excited, had killed a bird or 2, and soon had 4 down. Then Harry bagged one, and between them they picked up 7 birds out of 8 or 9 flushed. But now the day was done, and stiff and tired, but jubilant, they drove homeward.

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# SIX GEESE BEFORE BREAKFAST.

J. J. HUNTER.

It was about the middle of October, and potatoes were being harvested in the country between the Platte rivers, in Western Nebraska. A few flocks of geese were leaving the river every morning at daybreak.

As a rule the small geese come South first and the Canada geese about 3 weeks later. They feed close to the river, until hunted, and move a little farther back every time they are disturbed.

Working in the fields from dawn to dusk, I could note the movements of every flock of wildfowl within 2 or 3 miles. In this way I located the favorite feeding ground of several flocks of geese, in a stubble field, a mile away, and determined to try my luck with them.

I left the house just as a red streak of light appeared in the East. When I entered the stubble field, flocks of mallard and teal rose in front of me within easy range. I did not try to shoot any, for it was still too dark to see clearly. In wet seasons mallard and teal breed here in great numbers, but as they feed before dawn they cannot be killed from a blind.

As it was getting light I looked for a good place to build a blind. Soon it was ready, with my decoys in position, and I didn't have long to wait. A bunch of about 8 geese came toward me. I lay flat on my back, with my feet toward the decoys, so I could rise to a shooting position in an instant. They were right over the decoys, ready to light, when I fired. When the smoke rolled away, I saw 3 geese on the ground. Another, wounded, had left the flock and was trying his best to reach a place of safety. He soon weakened and fell a quarter of a mile away. I marked the spot, gathered my 3 dead and was ready for further orders.

A large flock next came my way. They seemed to suspect danger and shied out of their course a little. Still they were within reach and as they evidently did not intend to stop, I rose and picked out a goose. At the crack of the gun he started for the ground and lit with a thump. Another did the same thing at the report of the second barrel. The string closed up the 2 vacancies as though nothing had happened, and went on without changing their course.

I paced off the distance as I went to get my birds and found it 60 yards.

Another bunch followed these, but my shooting frightened them away. I waited about 20 minutes, when a small flock headed my way. It did not take them long to reach me, and they deserved a better reception than they got. I missed with both barrels through not rising soon enough. However, I had 5 geese by my side, and one in the distance, and was satisfied. I found the wounded bird, tied all together and took them home, along with a ravenous appetite for breakfast.

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# THE PASSING OF THE COOT.

ST. EARNS.

"Big flight of blue bills and black ducks."

Thus read a telegram I found on my desk after lunch one day. It meant several things; the opening of the season, the first flight, a day off, a good long breath of fresh air and all sorts of possibilities.

Arriving at Patchogue, Capt. Ackerly remarked sententiously: "Well, birds is plenty, but wind's to the North and they hain't no lee. Shan't we try the woodcock, and wait for the wind?" But no, we were loaded for ducks; woodcock or anything else would not do. Besides, we'd a tenderfoot with us who'd always killed "10 straight," at the trap, exhibited a gun he'd won at a "State Shoot," always had his name in the sportsmen's papers, and was immaculate in the get up of his duds and impedimenta generally. Yet I doubt if he had ever seen ducks—outside a market crate or the Waldorf table, where more kinds do duty as canvasbacks than Coues ever dreamed of in his philosophy.

What a supper we had; fried clams, fried scallops, fried potatoes, "punkin" pie. We finished with tight waistbands, got everything aboard the sloop and sailed away for Fire Island light and the sleep of the just.

"Yes, my dear, I'll get right up," was my reply to Capt. Ackerly's call:—"Colonel, breakfast is all ready, Sir." From that on, until the dawn in the East revealed Tenderfoot and his partner in the battery, surrounded by 125 decoys, the interval was short.

My bed-fellow, in the battery, was short, fat, and deliberate in his movements. When a surge of the box sent a quart or so of green water over the leaden guard, his mute appeal for assurances of safety, his verbal "Is it all right?" and his spasmodic and ponderous hitch toward my side, seemed to me a complete revenge for his holding "straights," "threes" and "fulls" the night before.

"Mark North!" shrunk me 2 sizes, all but my eyes, but Tenderfoot didn't shrink a cent's worth. On the contrary, he expanded a full atmosphere and whispered: "Two to one, I'll get 'em both."

"Go you," said I.

"Spat! Spat!"

"Lost bird!"

"Good Lord!" was recorded against him, and then he yelled, "Dead out of bounds!" while 2 coots that flew as one, Southward went their way.

Then he earnestly discussed, after the manner of us all, the whys and the wherefores that prevented his gathering them in, but the rich, red golden rim of the sun was just on the edge of the horizon and the accepted time had come.

Eagerly we watched, closely we scanned the water line Eastward, till our eyes ached, till our necks cracked, till hope deferred made our hearts sick, and, with visions of inquiring friends who "Just dropped in to hear what luck," we peered closer still; but alas! and alas! no birds. Five, 6, 7, 8 o'clock and still no birds; and as we got off the train, and until we arrived at Fulton Market, no word left Tenderfoot's lips, except :

"Yes, please, 6 pair," and "Duck shooting be darned."

## A HUNTER'S PARADISE.

M. W. MINER.

An extension of the Great Northern Railway, bridging the gap between Duluth and Crookston, Minnesota, was at first projected for the purpose of connecting the wheat fields of the Red river valley by an air line with the grain carriers of the great lakes. Incidentally it has opened up a paradise for sportsmen.

One of the best sections is reached with ease from Grand Rapids, a flourishing town on the Eastern Railway of Minnesota (Great Northern line), 94 miles West of Duluth. Grand Rapids is near the source of the Mississippi river, and within the limits of the valley are to be found a wonderful variety of landscape, and an equally remarkable variety of game.

It may be of interest to sportsmen who contemplate a hunting trip in the West, this fall, to read a short description of this attractive section of country, and a few ideas as to the game to be found there.

The upper Mississippi valley can be traversed from Grand Rapids by boats a distance of 150 miles through the most notable hunting and fishing districts, including a dozen of the finest lakes of the upper Mississippi basin. The valley of the Prairie river, 5 miles, Swan river 15, and Deer river 15 ; also the Big Fork 50, and the Little Fork 60 miles distant. The lakes : Pokagama 2, Trout 4, Prairie 5, Shoal 4, Bass 11, Swan 15, Jay Gould 3, Blackwater 6, Deer 17, Moose 16, Waubara 13, Spider 15, Bluewater 17, Big Trout 24, Ball Club 30, Winnibigoshishes 36, Cass 50, Bow String 27, Rice 50, Leech lake 60 miles. All these lakes are about equally desirable for either hunting or fishing. Several small lakes, which are within 2 miles of town, are visited more by fishing parties than by hunters, and yet Lake Pokagama, which is only 2 miles from Grand Rapids, is a noted locality for deer, and other game, for it is 10 miles long, extending into a wild and picturesque region, and has 200 miles of shore line. It is a natural feeding ground for the deer family.

Some of the most successful hunters of this section make their headquarters on Lake Pokagama. The larger lakes, Lake Waubara, Winnibigoshishes, Big Trout, Deer, Spider, Ball Club, Cass, and Leech, distant from 13 to 50 miles from Grand Rapids, are well stocked with deer, and hunters have great success on them, and in the valleys. Bear are still plentiful there, too.

Moose were abundant close to town, up to 3 years ago, but increased settlement has driven them farther back to Deer, Moose, and Bow String lakes, the Big Fork valley, and the Red lake region. On the Cormorant river, 65 miles Northwest on the Eastern outskirts of the Red lake reservation, hunters are successful in getting moose and deer every season. Moose are numerous this year, and can be found in the bush groves and swampy districts North of here ; and the wild rice in Bow String and Rice lakes, of the Big Fork country, attracts a large number of moose. For the same cause, ducks are abundant in both Big and Little Bow String lakes, and in many of the lakes along the upper Mississippi, which is traveled so much that the moose have gone North of it.

Grouse of several species are plenty everywhere in this region. Swans are frequently shot in the larger lakes and streams. There is a great abundance of the smaller game, and the sportsman never goes hungry in these woods.

Lake trout, black bass, pike, muskalonge and white fish are plentiful in these waters. The largest catches of bass, however, are made in medium-sized, landlocked lakes, where there has been little fishing, and only moderate opportunity for other fish to deplete their numbers. Five- and 6-pound bass are frequently caught there. These lakes are located in the forests, mostly North and Northwest of here, and bear no names as yet. They are in the Prairie, Deer, and Bow String lake sections. Fine bass fishing is obtainable also in Lake Pokagama, and in Bass, Jay Gould, Blackwater, and Prairie lakes. Most of these are within a few miles of Grand Rapids, and are easily reached.

The trout of Lake Pokagama are noted. They are handsomely marked, and last season's catch included several weighing 18 to 35 pounds apiece.

October 25 to November 15 is the only lawful time for shooting deer. November 5 to November 10 is the only open season for caribou and moose ; and these animals are in the finest condition then, or at any time after the first snow falls. Livery $1 to $3 a day for single, and $2 to $6 a day for double teams.

There is always a good supply of guides and cruisers at Grand Rapids, which is the center and outfitting point for all this district. Some of the guides are good cooks, and when they cook for parties they make a charge of $1 to $2 a day. Most of them have bird dogs for their personal use.

Land owners place no restrictions whatever on sportsmen. There is so much hunting and fishing ground that it is a go-as-you-please, and a successful hunt is the rule. None come back without some pleasing evidence of their work. The extension of the Great Northern Railway runs parallel with the upper Mississippi, and touches Ball Club, Cass, and Bemidji lakes. Three or 4 large parties of hunters come annually to this section from Toledo, Findlay, Newton, and Marysville, O.

Eastern sportsmen desiring to visit this fine game country can reach it with ease from St. Paul, Minneapolis, or Duluth, over the Great Northern Railway.

Outfits can be secured at any of these points, or can be sent ahead as freight, at a reasonable rate.

### GOVERNOR AND ATTORNEY-GENERAL CALLED DOWN.

Here is some mighty interesting correspondence that all civil officers would do well to read :

Springfield, Mo., July 13, 1898.
Mr. Ed. Crow, Atty. Genl.,
Jefferson City, Mo.

Dear Sir:—Since the organization of our association 2 years ago last January we have spent a great deal of money in propagating and liberating in this part of the State English and Mongolian pheasants. We have also financially assisted our game warden in enforcing the game and fish laws. We have met with much opposition in our work from parties by whom we should be assisted instead of hindered. Especially has this been shown in adjoining counties.

Our game warden, Robert Fellis, has reported a number of cases to the prosecuting attorneys in which illegal hunting, taking of fish and shipping game out of the county had been indulged in, and those officers would take no action in the matter. Allow me to call your attention to a case at Marshfield, Mo. November 12, 1897, Wm. Conner was convicted of shipping quails out of the county and was fined $100 and costs. The costs were paid and Conner got an extension on fine for 60 days. The fine has never been paid. The prosecuting attorney refuses to issue an execution or to proceed any farther toward collecting the fine.

Chas. Freeman, of Chadwick, Christian County, Mo., plead guilty to shipping quails out of the county, and was fined $100 and costs. He paid the costs and got a stay for 90 days on fine. The prosecuting attorney and others petitioned the Governor in his behalf, and the Governor remitted the fine.

As you are well aware we have no paid game wardens. All there is in it for the wardens is part of the fine. When that is remitted it cuts them out entirely, and such work will soon discourage the wardens, besides rendering the law inoperative.

Our club has attempted to do good work in this part of the State in stocking the streams with fish and the forests with game, and in seeing our game and fish laws enforced and the game protected in accordance with the State laws.

Since the game warden has apprised the Association of the above conditions, we find ourselves asking the questions, " Is there no remedy for all this? How can we expect to carry successfully forward the work we have undertaken and which the name of our Association implies, when the prosecuting attorney and the Governor are so weak kneed and fail to enforce the laws of the land? "

The Association has this day sent a protest to the Governor against his action in this matter, and we ask you if we haven't a right to expect your co-operation in the enforcing of our game and fish laws. Will you not favor us, as well as all law abiding citizens of the State, by giving the prosecuting attorneys of all the counties of the State special instructions to prosecute all violations of the game and fish laws as vigorously as they do violations of any other law? Missouri has been a great State for game and only of late years has anyone thought it could ever be exterminated. When the farthest seeing sportsmen succeeded in having game protective laws enacted the laws were unpopular and the majority of our people made sport of them. There was no hand to stay the slaughter, but when our prairie chickens, and wild pigeons were exterminated, and residents of the Northern portion of the State were compelled to go to the most Southern tier of counties to find any deer or turkeys, they began to ask, " Where has our game gone?"

As though these conditions were not enough, we still find the market hunter and the sneaking game dealer trying to exterminate the remnant of game that is left. I say, " sneaking," because no man will openly ship game out of this part of the State. Dealers smuggle it out as eggs, in egg cases; and in barrels with rabbits in each end and quails in the middle. They also draw the rabbits, place quails inside of them, and smuggle them out in that way ; and then our Governor remits the fine of a lawbreaker like that. I again repeat, " Is there no remedy? "

H. O. Bunker, Corresponding Secretary
Green County, Mo., Game and Fish
Protective Club.

Springfield, Mo., July 13, 1898.
To His Excellency, Hon. L. V. Stephens,
Governor of the State of Missouri.

Dear Sir:—In the name of the Greene County Game and Fish Propagating and Protective Association, I address you on a subject of vital importance to the people of our great State, and particularly to our Association ; namely, game and fish protection. This Association numbers more than 60 of the most intelligent business and professional men of this county. We are true sportsmen and not game exterminators.

Seeing the rapidity with which our game and fish are being exterminated, we united for the purpose of carrying on the work which the name of our Association implies. In our work we find many discouraging things to contend with. Some officers of the law are too willing to cater to the wishes of the lawless instead of enforcing the law as all officers are sworn to do.

Since the organization of our Association, 2 years ago last January, we have spent about $1,000 in propagating Mongolian and English pheasants, which we have liberated in this part of the State.

We have also interested our State and the United States Fisheries Commissions to the end they have furnished us thousands of fish with which to stock our streams. As you are well aware the game wardens of our State receive no remuneration for their services except a portion of fines collected. Our Association has not only materially aided our game warden by its influence, but has assisted him financially, and to say we are with our warden heart and hand is only telling half the story.

From a recent report made by our warden, Robert Fellis, our Association learns that on November 12, 1897, Wm. Conner, of Marshfield, Missouri, was convicted of shipping quails out of the county and was fined $100 and costs. He paid the costs and got an extension of 60 days on the fine. This fine has never been paid and the prosecuting attorney refuses to issue an execution, or to proceed to collect it.

Chas. Freeman, of Chadwick, Christian county, Missouri, plead guilty to shipping quails out of the county, was fined $100 and costs, paid costs and was granted a stay of 90 days on fine. The prosecuting attorney got up a petition, and you, L. V. Stephens, on December 20, 1897, remitted his fine.

As law abiding citizens we protest against this kind of work. If the law is a bad one, and if it will serve the interests of the people of our State better to allow market hunters and game dealers to exterminate all our game and fish, as they have already done our prairie chickens, wild pigeons, and much of our other game, let us wipe the law off from the pages of the statute book; but if the law is a good one let us, as law abiding citizens, uphold it.

In conclusion we protest against any such weak kneed manner of enforcing our game laws, and state, further, that we are surprised the highest officer of our great State should bow to such a set of violators of the law.

I have the honor to remain,

Yours truly,

H. O. Bunker, Corresponding Secretary
Greene County, Mo., Game and Fish Protective Club.

It would be interesting to know what manner of reply these State officers made to these protests.—Editor.

## THE ILLINOIS CHAPS OBJECT.

In July, 1898, Recreation I published the following :

> ### SOME MORE ILLINOIS SHOATS.
>
> I hand you herewith a clipping from one of our local newspapers:
>
> This morning the members of the Macon County Hunting club arrived home from DeWitt, Ark., after an absence of a month. In the party were Captain Milton Knapp, of Greenwood, Ind.; Harry Midkiff, S. D. May, W. T. Hott, A. T. Summers of Decatur; M. A. Harbert, Macon; J. P. Faris, Arthur Pritchett and Bert Faris of Niantic. There was a great abundance of all kinds of game, and fishing was so good that in one day the anglers had to bury 200 pounds of fish. The weather was hot. Four deer were killed and lots of geese, ducks and squirrels. It was the eighth annual trip for the party.
>
> These men have not even the common excuse that they gave their game away. They simply buried it. They do not belong to the common breed of hogs. They are your prize porkers.
>
> Give it to 'em good and hard. They deserve it.
>
> R. C. S., Decatur, Ill.
>
> Can you blame Missouri, or any other state for enacting non-resident hunting laws, when such swine as these are allowed to run at large? Certainly not, and I hope to live to see the time when all states will have laws debarring game hogs. It's the only way to curb their brutal instincts. Rings in their noses will never stop them.

Mr. Albert T. Summers, of Decatur, Ill., one of the aforesaid shoats, takes violent exception to my criticism of him and his friends. He writes me under date of July 26th as follows :

In the July number of your magazine you publish an article entitled, "Some More Illinois Shoats," in which you malign and libel some respectable people, for the alleged offense of burying dead game. We went hunting and fishing in Arkansas last fall, and caught more fish than we could use. Some of them died before we could eat them, and we buried them. For this we are called "hogs," "shoats," "swine," etc.

What kind of an editor is this, who will maliciously slander people in this manner—people who are in good standing in the community, where they are best known? What are you trying to gain by it? To what class of people are you pandering? * * *

You have taken an unfair advantage of us. You have stabbed us in the back. You have made a thrust that we had no opportunity to parry. We are business men who scarce have time to properly attend to such villainous onslaughts.

We violated no law. We offended no one. We paid out hundreds of dollars in Arkansas for the small amount of game we killed. The natives there were delighted to see us, and treated us most hospitably. The amount of game we killed did not materially decrease the game population of Arkansas. * * *

I am sorry you should permit your excellent magazine to become the medium for such false, such uncalled-for, such unwarranted vituperation and slime.

Of course, it hurts, Albert. I knew it would when I said it, if you had a spark of decency left in you. That is one reason why I said it. I wanted to make you ashamed of your hoggish conduct. Another reason is that I am trying to educate all sportsmen, and especially the younger generation, to a decent regard for the rights of other people besides themselves. I am trying to teach these young men to quit when they get enough, and not to catch every fish, or kill every bird or animal they can find, without regard to the question of future supply.

You say "We caught more fish than we could use. Some of them died, and we buried them. For this we are called hogs, shoats, swine, etc." That's right, Albert. Any man who catches more fish than he can use, and lets them rot, is all these kinds of an animal at once.

If you were so greedy for gore that you must keep on fishing, as long as you could get a bite, why not return your fish to the water as fast as you took them off the hooks —after having secured enough for camp use? Why keep on fishing, and killing your fish? In such case, of course, you must bury them to keep them from stinking you out of camp, but you are certainly not so fond of playing the rôle of grave-diggers.

Now, I should like to have every reader of RECREATION who approves of my criticism on these men, and who disapproves of their hoggish methods, write Mr. Albert T. Summers, Decatur, Ill., and tell him so in good, plain English. It would be an object lesson to him and his friends that they would probably not forget as long as they live. I hope the readers of RECREATION will bury them in letters and postal cards, approving the course of RECREATION in this, as well as in all other cases of fish and game hoggishness.

RECREATION stands for public sentiment of the highest order, and I should like to have these men taught that the great mass of decent sportsmen are a unit against hoggishness of all forms.

### HUNTING IN MAINE.

I have not missed a hunt for big game in a dozen years, but last year's trip was a little the best of all. The weather was grand, game was abundant and hunting easy. We left Detroit September 30th, and 3 days later were in the woods of Maine.

We began prospecting for signs, and before we got fairly started we jumped 2 deer. Later, when returning to camp, we saw 2 more. We were not on the lookout, but those deer allowed us to get within 100 feet of them. We both fired, but the time was too fast and we never touched them.

The next morning we started out in earnest and hunted carefully and slowly. After about 3 hours of still hunting, while on a high, woody ridge, I saw a big buck below us.

A shot from my Savage dropped him. My boy, Irving, was at my side by the time the buck got on his feet again. He fired and the buck went down for good. Pretty well for a 15 year old, on his first trip. I dressed the deer and dragged it to an old logging road, close at hand.

We hunted in the afternoon without seeing any game. Next morning we started for our old home at Penobscot and arrived at dinner time. After a week's visit we outfitted for big game, or, in other words, moose.

We left the train at St. Croix station, crossed the St. Croix river and went to the camp of Chas. West, half a mile from the station. Capt. West has 5 cottages, besides the big cottage where we got our meals.

I engaged Fred Shultz as guide, and we started, with 4 days' rations, for the back woods. We paddled up the St. Croix river and across Lake St. Croix. Leaving our canoe at the head of the lake, we shouldered our packs and by night were in the moose country. After getting wood for the fire and boughs for our bed, Fred made a birch bark moose horn, and just at dark, on a little meadow near our camp, he gave the call.

A minute later a moose answered. Then he broke something that sounded like a railroad tie, and his horns hit a hardwood tree that made a terrible rattle. About this time I could taste my heart, and the way it thumped was awful. It was quite dark, and what little wind there was came from the wrong direction. Fred's "ar-n-ork" did not induce the moose to come within range. The succeeding day we started out to see where the moose was stopping; but found that the Indian told the truth when he said, "Moose he trabb'e, trabble, all time; don't yard 't all." That was the way with this one. A little after noon, with the wind blowing in our faces and a fine rain falling, I heard a slight noise. I stopped, and from behind the upturned roots of a big tree an animal trotted out toward us. I never before saw anything like it, in the woods.

I put a soft nose .303 bullet into the middle of his neck, and down he went. It was a big bull caribou, with 14 points on his horns. The following day we started for West's camp and reached there, after a hard paddle against a head wind on Lake St. Croix, in time for dinner. We remained there 2½ days. Then leaving the buck and caribou to be mounted, we took the West bound train for home. Charles.

### HOW TO HOLD.

Bridgeport, Ct.

Editor RECREATION: Mr. Ellis, of Denver, desires a few points on duck shooting. Perhaps I can help him a little.

As he says he is a fair shot on other game, I take it he either miscalculates distance or fails to give the proper lead.

There is nothing more deceptive than the speed at which a bird is flying; the smaller the bird the greater its speed appears.

A good illustration is the speed of a crow which, seeming to flap leisurely along, has no trouble in keeping up with a train.

The crow flies 25 to 40 miles an hour. A hunter standing 40 yards from this bird and using a 12 gauge gun, with 3 drachms of powder and 1⅛ ounce No. 6 shot, which charge travels about 840 feet a second, would have to hold 8 or 8½ feet ahead—less distance allowed for swing of gun.

The speed of wild fowl is much greater and when going with the wind they require an enormous lead, say 20 feet, and in some instances more, according to the way one handles his gun.

Mallards, black ducks and shovelers are estimated to fly 40 to 50 miles an hour. Pintails, 50 to 60; redheads, 80 to 90; teals, 80 to 100; canvasbacks, 80 to 120 miles. In duck shooting too much lead is better than not enough, for there is a chance of scoring the bird with the stringing shot which come just behind the main portion of the charge.

On long cross shots, hold well ahead and a trifle high. This, to a novice, may be difficult, but practice will master it. An incomer is another difficult shot. As the duck comes toward the shooter and is about to pass over him he should cover the bird, swing ahead of it, keeping the gun moving at the same rate of speed, and as soon as the bird is hidden by the barrels, pull. On a straight away shot hold at the bird if flying level, and a trifle over or under when raising or lowering. In duck shooting, over the water, distance is deceiving to a beginner. Often the birds will appear within easy range when actually out of gun shot. One must be a good judge of distance to become a crack wing shot.

For duck shooting I recommend a 9 or 10 pound, 10 gauge, full choke, using Nos. 4 or 5 chilled shot and 4 to 5 drachms of powder.

20 Gauge.

### ANOTHER REMARKABLE SHOT.

Lanesville, Ct.

Editor RECREATION: Your magazine is always full of good things. I noticed an article from the pen of J. Frank Warner, Cheyenne, Wyo., entitled "Another Remarkable Shot." I made a somewhat remarkable shot, here in Lanesville, 15 years ago. A brother sportsman, who was breaking a setter pup, invited me to go out with him. I had no gun at that time, so borrowed one from a friend. It was a muzzle loader. I think the man who made it drilled both barrels a taper choke and then made the mistake of putting them on wrong end first. They were shaped inside like an old fashioned dinner horn, and at 4 rods distance would not put all of a charge of shot inside a 12 foot circle. I loaded her with 3 drachms of powder and a handful of No. 10 s, and we started out. We struck into an alder swamp, and separated in order to get around a swale. As I was passing through a little opening in the brush, I saw, about 30 feet away, a bevy of 14 quails under an alder bush. They sat closely in a circle, tails in. I threw the old gun to my shoulder, and as I expected, at the motion, they started to rise. I pulled the right trigger and caught them about 18 inches from the ground. Thirteen fell. My first thought was to let the remaining bird go. But it occurred to me that she would be lonesome. So I pulled the other barrel on her, and she fell dead. Now, Mr. Editor, I have always managed to have my share of sport, but I never fished or hunted for market. Still, if I am in for a roast at your hands, for those 14 quails, why, let her go! I'll take it all without a grunt.

C. L. Stevens.

No, you were not a game hog because you potted a bunch of quails 15 years ago, though if you should do the same thing now, you would deserve to be branded.

Few of us felt any anxiety for the game in those days. We supposed it would last indefinitely, but experience has taught us some sad lessons and we must now look out for the game or it will soon be extinct everywhere. All good friends of game protection should join the L. A. S. and help in its work.—EDITOR.

### CORROBORATION FROM IDAHO.

Egin, Idaho.

Editor RECREATION: I am reminded by Ernest Seton Thompson's description of a stag fight, of one I once witnessed between 2 large bull elk. I never saw a fiercer combat. It did not last long, for I was with a Chicago sportsman, and he killed the larger bull while they were fighting. I never saw 2 elk heads locked together, but have seen a number of deer heads so joined. Fifteen years ago many elk and deer wintered within a few miles of here. My brother, while out hunting, at that time, saw a large buck in some sage brush. He noticed it walked backward, and appeared to be dragging something. He shot the animal and found its horns locked in those of a smaller deer. The latter was dead and partly devoured by coyotes. The living buck was so poor as to be unfit for food. My brother brought the heads home. Many people here remember seeing them.

That remarkable shot made by J. Frank Warner, who killed an antelope without hitting it, is not so improbable as it sounds. I saw my brother shoot at a bunch of elk. A large bull fell, and when we reached him, was dead. We could find no bullet hole, even after we skinned him.

Anyway, Mr. Warner was right in saying geese nest in cottonwood trees. I have seen many geese nesting in trees. When we first came to Snake river, a few miles down the stream was a large grove of cottonwood trees filled with nests used every year by geese.

I notice that B. M. Webster says there are bands of sheep over nearly all the country around the head of Salmon and Payette rivers, in Idaho. Ten years ago that was as good a place to find sheep and black bear as any in Idaho. There were also many deer there and some antelope. Great sport is had here, on moonlight nights, by shooting jack rabbits. They do much damage to fruit trees and shrubbery.

W. L. Winegar, Egin, Idaho.

### A CENTER SHOT.

When I returned to civilization after 5 months of climbing and scrambling in the Rockies, my first occupation was reading up my back numbers of RECREATION. In so doing I noticed a communication from W. F. Chalmers, Lander, Wyo. He says: "I took a 6 weeks' outing last summer." Note the season. One of the party killed an elk which furnished all the meat they were in need of. The other member and Mr. C. went in search of antlers. What do you suppose they did with the meat of the 2 elk they killed to secure the antlers? Certainly they killed them. One was brought down with a .303 Savage, the other fell to a shot from a .25-35. These men, who are sportsmen, did not leave all that meat on the ground to waste. No; certainly not. Sportsmen never commit such an act. Now this was in the summer. Warm weather. Three large elk for 3 men. Surely a plenty in warm weather. And they were after antlers! Well, I must acknowledge I am a tenderfoot. I have been chasing myself among the Rockies for 20 years and as yet have never seen an elk bearing antlers in the summer season that I would care to take as a trophy. Now, Mr. Editor, if we are going to carry on this crusade against game wasting, we must each and everyone of us, who has espoused the cause, keep close watch and not miss any shots. Kritick, Leadville, Col.

### THEY DON'T LIKE RECREATION.

A subscriber of Audubon, Ia., writes me under date of August 1st, as follows :

"There are a few men here who like RECREATION, and a few others who do not. I think you know why. It is because you roast them.

"Here is an instance. Tom Wilhelm, a druggist, and N. H. O'Connell, a jeweler, are out nearly every day shooting everything in sight. They seldom go out during the legal open season, but in close season, and as soon as the poor little quails and chickens are out of the shell, they are after them. Now, Shields, I want you to give them a roast."

It would seem that if there were a place on the earth where men should feel some respect for game laws, and for the preservation of birds, it is in that beautiful town of Iowa, named in honor of the great ornithologist, Audubon. Yet these shameless wretches, residents of the place, go into the field and murder fledglings when too small and too weak to escape the aim of even a novice. I regret the days of ghosts have passed. I wish the spirit of the great Audubon might haunt these men every night, as long as they live, and deprive them of ever having an hour of rest. No wonder such men dislike RECREATION! I am glad they hate it.

I want these game and fish hogs to understand that the fight between them and RECREATION is to be to a finish. Either these men must quit their illegal slaughter of game, or be disgraced forever in the eyes of all decent people.

I am aware I make enemies of the game hogs ; that I have lost some subscribers on account of my war against them; but I would rather have the ill will of such men than their good will. On the other hand, I have made thousands of friends among decent sportsmen, naturalists, and other educated, cultivated people, because of this warfare. I want the game and fish butchers to understand that RECREATION can live without them, and that in time it will become such a power that it will drive them off the earth, unless they stop their infernal slaughter.

### HE SHOT A PLOVER.

Sportsmen all over the state will be interested in the outcome of a complaint which was made before the Justice court yesterday by Deputy Game Warden Brewster against John A. Marks, of Detroit, charging him with killing a plover on June 7 in violation of our state game law.

Marks is one of the crack shots of Detroit who came here to attend the trap shooting tournament of the Valley City Gun club. He represents several sporting goods houses, who pay him for the records he makes for their guns, shells and other stock. On the afternoon of June 7 he was waiting for his turn to shoot, when a plover flew past. He threw up his gun and said:

"This is the way we do in Detroit." He then fired and the bird fell dead. His act was a deliberate violation of the law, and it was committed in the presence of the very men who are interested in having the game laws enforced.

A few of the local sportsmen have endeavored to have prosecution stopped, simply because Marks was, in a sense, their guest at the time of the offense, but most of the members of the local organization, and practically all of the visitors, have insisted that this is all the more reason why he should be prosecuted. Ben O. Bush, of Kalamazoo, came to the city yesterday and swore to an affidavit setting forth the facts in the case, and upon the strength of this a warrant was issued. Mr. Brewster will go to Detroit and bring Marks here to answer to the charge.

Grand Rapids (Mich.) Evening Press.

Marks plead guilty and was fined $17.63 including costs.

The plover, which had its nest in adjoining fields, came flying over. There were cries of, "Plover! Don't shoot!" which Marks did not heed, but fired and killed the bird, exclaiming, "That's the way we do it in Detroit." He also said he had a permit to shoot specimens for his brother.

When he pleaded guilty he said he mistook the plover for a pigeon hawk. This is all bosh.

Most people who commit overt acts call them mistakes afterward. These "mistakes" are a poor thing to hide behind.

S. B. M., Kalamazoo, Mich.

I see the justice made Marks pay for not knowing the difference between a hawk and a plover. I do not believe there is any truth in that excuse; but if there is, a man who does not know any more than that had no business to be out with a gun, and his plea stamps him as a "sport" and not a sportsman. A sportsman knows the different kinds of birds and one of the few things a sport knows is how to work a pump gun at trap shooting.

W. B., East Saginaw, Mich.

### A GAMY HOG.

One day last fall I went to the Post (Ft. McKinney) garden to get a grouse. I failed to find any game but was a witness to a curious encounter. The Post has been abandoned for 4 years. Last year some of the land was sowed to grain and the rest was filled with weeds which attained a rank growth. On these weed seeds and what little grain was scattered during harvest the grouse feasted. Two brood sows with litters roamed over this garden at their own sweet will.

I had been lying in the shade of a bunch of willows for half an hour or more when I saw a coyote come trotting out of a draw, toward the garden. I determined to wait a little longer and watch him. He came across the frozen alkali holes and under the fence, and I could see he had a jack rabbit breakfast in mind by the way he hunted around. All this time the sows and pigs were grunting around in the weeds, as oblivious of the coyote's presence as he was of theirs. All at once he stopped, threw his nose in the air, and leaped up, as a dog will when wishing to see something over the sage brush. He made but one jump and must have seen what he had heard, for he started in the direction of the pigs. When about 50 yards from them one of the old sows saw him. She gave a warning grunt, whereupon the other sow and all the pigs came scampering to her. Mr. Coyote, however, "kept a comin'." He made a dash for a pig, which was foiled by a charge from one of the sows. Then he circled them until I thought they would all drop from dizziness. When he found this would not work, he tried to rush them again—but his attack was headed off, as before. Then he retreated to the ditch bank and sent a howl for assistance. This was too much for one old sow and she ran him about 100 yards. All this time the pigs were closely huddled about the other sow. As it was growing late I arose to go home. The coyote saw me and trotted off out of sight.

Red Cross, Buffalo, Wyo.

### A MOUNTAIN LION.

I saw in RECREATION an account of the largest mountain lion ever captured in the State of Washington. In the Capitol at Montpelier, Vermont, is a mountain lion, or catamount, shot in the town of Bernard, Vt., several years ago. It measures as follows: Tip of nose to tip of tail, 88 inches. Girth around belly, 46 inches. Girth around neck, 27 inches. Breast, 41 inches. Foreleg, 18½ inches. Foreleg at foot, 11 inches. Hindleg, 17 inches. Spread between ears, tip to tip, 11½ inches. Between base of ears, 8 inches. Nose to base of tail, 48 inches. Girth around head, 26 inches. This cat was found by 2 boys, 8 and 12 years old, and a small dog.

One boy, with the dog, staid and watched the cat, while the other went after a man to come and kill the beast. The gun used was an old 12 bore muzzle loader, loaded with B shot.

The shooter had no knowledge of what he was going to shoot, until, crawling under the bushes, he came within 18 feet of the lion's face.

He planted the whole charge of shot in the animal's heart, tearing a big hole in his throat and breast and killing him instantly. The lion was fat and weighed 200 pounds.

In setting him up, they bored through one inch of solid bone, over his brain. The brain was but a trifle wider than the middle finger.

In another sportsmen's journal I saw an account of the killing of a mountain lion, by Mr. C. H. Watson, at Clarence Station, near Shamokin, Pa., measuring 13 feet, and weighing 300 pounds. As 13 feet 6 inches is the greatest length recorded of a Royal Bengal tiger, I should be glad if Mr. Watson would inform me if the length and weight of his lion is correctly reported.

Carlos L. Smith, Montpelier, Vt.

### FOES OF THE MOOSE.

The logging operators of Minnesota buy moose carcasses for use as beef in their camps.

Most of these operators are men of means and good standing at their homes in St. Paul and Minneapolis. They would look with disdain on the evildoer who by chance found himself in a police court, yet they constantly encourage violation of the game laws. Camps of 80 or 100 lumbermen seldom see any fresh meat other than moose or venison. The hides are openly taken to the tanneries, and from this source we see moose skin moccasins advertised, which too often are not imitations.

During the fly and mosquito season the moose repairs to the lakes. There he seems to lose his extreme shyness, and will allow the close approach of man, rather than leave his mud bath and expose his body to the myriads of sharp billed insects. It is at this time the Indian gets in his work. The meat is too poor to eat, so the moose are shot for their hides and the carcasses left to rot.

The meanest and most despicable hunter of all is the trophy hunter. He generally is a professional man from the city in search of decorations for his office. He comes with his guides and begins by killing the first pair of antlers he sees, the last and all between. Then he takes the best of his kill and has it mounted, leaving 4 or 5 carcasses to rot. I have it from authentic source that last fall 4 carcasses of monster moose were left near a camp of New York doctors. Only 2 heads were taken. Heads are generally sneaked out over the Duluth and Winnipeg Railroad. A game warden, with an eye to business, can have rich picking by watching for such baggage.

Nye Jordan, Sutton's Bay, Mich.

## WILD RICE.

Our gun club, at considerable expense, several years ago, procured 500 pounds of wild rice. This was sown in the month of October, in some 20 different lakes. None of it grew. Should feel obliged to anyone who will tell me whether wild rice 2 or more years old will germinate. Will good seed grow if sown in spring? Will it thrive in water impregnated with alkali? What are the most favorable conditions for its propagation?

W. F. C., Vernon, B. C.

The above questions were referred to an authority on the subject, who answers:

Wild rice seed 2 years old should grow as well as any other, if it has been kept dry and sound. I should sow the seed in the spring, after the water had warmed. It grows best where there is a muddy bottom, and in shallow water. I do not know whether it will grow in water impregnated with alkali. I think it would depend on how great the impregnation is, other conditions being favorable.

You find wild rice at its best, in shallow lakes, with muddy bottoms and slow currents. A friend of mine here used to sell large quantities of it, collected by the Indians from the wild rice fields in Northern Wisconsin. For a year or 2 past he has not handled it. He informed me that the construction of dams by the lumber companies had so raised the waters where it grew as to drown it out.

Why owners of wild rice, wishing for a market, should neglect to avail themselves of the columns of RECREATION, with its large circulation and the character of its readers, is a mystery to me.

C. L. Valentine, Janesville, Wis.

## OHIO GAME LAWS.

Ohio is being afflicted with crazy legislation relating to its game laws. Her demented statesmen passed sentence of death upon bunnie; making it lawful to kill him "all the time." This has licensed a horde of butcher hunters who, on the pretext of hunting rabbits, kill everything they find.

During the winter months a friend and I fed 3 coveys of quails; working our dogs on them one day each week, then feeding them the other days. After the passage of the rabbit law we missed 14 of these birds, but found the tracks of the men who killed them. So much for the rabbit law.

Not contented with the damage done by this law, a fool Senator has offered a bill making it lawful to kill quails from September 1st to April 1st. Quails of the second hatching are, on September 1st, no larger than sparrows, and the first hatchings are totally unable to cope with the hunter. No true sportsman would think of killing quails sooner than November 15th. We want the season to open November 15th, shooting allowed 4 days a week, 12 birds a day to the gun, and the season extended to December 31st.

Still another bill is introduced providing that a hunter must obtain consent of farmer before hunting, state kind of game he intends to shoot, and at close of day exhibit game to the farmer. A failure to comply forfeits gun, dog, etc. Verily, Ohio is blessed in the fact that her legislature meets only once in 2 years.

L. A. Moore, Zanesville, O.

## HE IS AFTER DANIEL.

In November RECREATION I read an account by Daniel Arrowsmith, of his killing an old doe, her 2 fawns, and her yearling doe. He does not tell us if the fawns were does or not, but we must presume they were. He has brazen effrontery to acknowledge, in a sportsman's magazine, the killing of does and fawns. In his next article he will be bewailing the disappearance of game and wondering if it, like the passenger pigeon, has gone to South America. The pigeons were exterminated by the vandals who followed them from North to South, by the aid of the telegraph; trapped them by the million, with nets; and in their nesting and roosting places destroyed tens of millions by burning sulphur under the trees. The squabs were taken from their nests and shipped to Chicago and other cities. In 1867, '68 and '69, they followed them into Northern Wisconsin. In one of these years the birds roosted in Sauk county, Wis., where I then lived. I was telegraphed to, to know if they were in sufficient numbers to make it profitable to come and trap them. Mr. Rogers, editor of Sisson Mirror, tells me that 3 years ago he killed a passenger pigeon in Oregon, the only one he had seen for years.

The pigeons now in California are blue rocks, from England, brought to Vancouver and liberated. There are only a few thousand of them.

H. M. Smith, M.D., Sisson, Cal.

### PIKE COUNTY GAME.

I think I can give Mr. O. Fisher the information he asks for regarding game in Pike county, Pa. There is good deer hunting in Blooming Grove township and vicinity, although so many dogs are used that deer are wild. Still, a man, with a few pointers from anyone who knows the country, will get a deer without much trouble. There are many bears in the country. Also good ruffed grouse, woodcock and squirrel shooting. Game would be more plentiful if the natives would not shoot during close season. At Paupac, last year, 500 to 800 gray squirrels were killed before the season opened. A few years ago there was good small game hunting in Wayne county, but the market hunters have cleaned the grouse and woodcock out. The new game law prohibiting the sale of game birds and their shipment out of the State, has had a good effect. As express agent I handled thousands of game birds for the New York market in '96, while in '97 I did not ship one bird. I know of one man who killed over 500 grouse and woodcock in '96. In '97 he did not kill 30 birds.

J. F. McFarland, Lake Ariel, Pa.

### VANCOUVER ISLAND.

I have so many inquiries about Vancouver island that I write the following for the benefit of those interested. The island is 300 miles long, 60 wide. On it are found mountains, plains, fern prairies, lakes and marshes. The Southern half is more of a level country and is well settled near the coast. The Northern half is unknown, and uninhabited in the interior. There are a few native villages on the Western shore, and several on the Eastern. Logging is the only industry carried on in the Northern part of the island. It has a splendid climate, as climate goes on the coast. Transportation and supplies can be had from Vancouver or Victoria to any part of the island. Supplies can be had at reasonable rates at either place. Spring months are best for trapping, say from February 1st to June 1st. It is best to go over the ground the fall before.

L. L. Bales, Alaska Guide, Seattle, Wash.

### WESTERN QUAILS.

I have been frequently asked what the difference is between a valley quail and a Mexican, or mountain, quail. The valley, or California, quail is of a darker blue color, has a black top-knot, is a quicker flyer and the most difficult of all the quail family to hit on the wing. When one gets up, 30 yards off, and starts down wind, 9 out of 10 men used to shooting Bob White will get left.

The Mexican quail is somewhat larger, of a lighter blue color, and has a white top-knot. Its flight is not quite so fast, but it is harder to kill. It will carry away more shot than any other game bird in America; and after striking the ground, it will hide as long as there is life left in it. It is the hardest quail of the 2 to hunt, as it inhabits the roughest country.

Of all quails, Bob White is the easiest to kill. It is the smallest and slowest of the 3 varieties, and besides will lay to a dog, which neither of the others will do under any circumstances.

F., Alpine, Tex.

### GOOD COON HUNTING IN ESSEX COUNTY.

Last October, when my men were gathering corn on one of my seed farms in Middleton, Mass., they came across a dead raccoon, evidently but recently killed. It was the first one ever seen there, though once or twice their peculiar cry had been heard at night. I asked Roy, who is quite a hunter, if coons were common around Middleton. "There's lots of 'um," was his reply. I took but little stock in his statement, for a few days after, when he came for his monthly pay, he said, "Well, Mr. Gregory, what do you think about coons now?" "Well, what about it, Roy?" I asked. "Why," said he, "a young doctor who has lately come to Lawrence, started out with a coon dog the other night, and about a mile West, hunted up to your barn. In 2 nights he killed 11 coons, one of them weighing 22 pounds." I suppose the one we found dead ought to be added, making a round dozen in all.

Essex county was settled in 1628, and is the most densely populated in proportion to its area of any county in the United States.

J. J. H. Gregory, Marblehead, Mass.

### A GOOD QUAIL COUNTRY.

Richmond, Va.

Editor RECREATION: With my friend, Mr. Frank Tolsom, I left here on Wednesday, November 17th, for a 3 days' hunt. We went about 145 miles South, to the little village of Stem, N. C., situated in an ideal section for quail shooting. We employed Mr. J. B. Mays as guide. Mr. Mays, Tolsom and I started Thursday morning, with 4 dogs, and found birds before we got out of sight of the village. By noon we had bagged 22 quails and 4 rabbits. After lunch we made another start, and found birds at every turn; never saw them more plentiful. We saw during the day 14 coveys, and bagged 45 birds, as well as 11 rabbits. Friday we found 17 coveys and got 52 birds and 4 rabbits. Saturday we found over 15 coveys, bagged 48 birds and 3 rabbits. A total of 145 birds and 18 rabbits in 3 days. Had we been good shots we could have doubled the score. Mr. Mays said over 4,000 birds were killed around his place last season. We would frequently flush 4 or 5 coveys before leaving the stubble to follow into the hedges and brush. Sportsmen will find at Stem a good hotel, a genial guide, fair shooting ground and an abundance of game. John T. Edwards.

### ABOUT THOSE PACIFIC ISLANDS.

I have read somewhere that our government, or the British government—I have forgotten which—would give a man, or a company of men, one or more islands in the Pacific ocean, near the coast of Washington or British Columbia, if he or they would occupy it. This same article stated that men were breeding fur-bearing animals and making money out of it, as there is no means of escape from the islands, once the game is put there.

Is this report correct?

James W. Bennett,
Mirage, Saguache Co., Col.

Neither the United States nor the British government has ever made the proposition you refer to. The report seems, however, to have been widely circulated, for a number of letters similar to the above have been received.

I may have something to say hereafter about breeding fur-bearing animals on these Pacific islands. Will not my friend, Professor Meriden S. Hill, of Tacoma, please enlighten the readers of RECREATION on this subject.—EDITOR.

### A RABBIT HUNT.

It had snowed during the night and 3 inches of snow lay on the ground that morning. I got my dogs and shotgun and, with my friend C., set out on a rabbit hunt.

We went over his farm and soon had our 3 hounds on a track. They lost it, however, and until 4 p.m. we had no success whatever.

But our luck came as we were wearily tramping across a large field partly covered with laurel bushes. We were going around a large bush when, like a flash, 4 large rabbits started out for a better hiding place, and we got all of them.

J. M. C., Sullivan Co., N. Y.

### GAME IN PIKE COUNTY, PA.

In reply to O. Fisher, of Philadelphia, will say that in some parts of Pike county fair deer and bear hunting may be had. The small game consists of ruffed grouse, Northern hare, and common hare. One can usually find a nice flight of woodcock about the last of October. Quails are scarce. I believe the winters are too severe for them. If Mr. Fisher will write me a week or so in advance of his next trip to Pike county I shall be pleased to put him on the right track to the hunting grounds.

I am well acquainted with the "neck" Mr. Fisher speaks of. Have shot over every foot of it, from the old point house at the foot of Broad street to Darby creek. That was 25 years ago, when there was no law to hold the game butcher in check. Now, thank the Lord, there are such laws, and it is the duty of every true sportsman to see them enforced.

L. W. Mazurié, Dillingersville, Pa.

### NOTES.

It must be hard to conduct with entire satisfaction a magazine devoted to woodland sports. On the one hand you want to inform your readers where game is to be found, and what are the most deadly weapons to use; on the other hand you want to preserve the game. As far as New Brunswick is concerned, moose are principally dying of old age. There are vast areas of swamp and jungle here where they breed in absolute security. Since snow hunting in March has been reduced to a minimum moose are increasing every year.

Frank H. Risteen, Fredericton, N. B.

In December last I went with a party of 132 hunters on a 2 days' shooting trip. We bagged 4,756 jack rabbits, and gave them to the poor of this city. We might be called rabbit hogs elsewhere, but here rabbits are a pest and the farmers are glad to get rid of them.

Colorado is the place for sport. I made 4 trips to the mountains, and always succeeded in getting game. There are plenty of elk, deer, bear, antelope, rabbits, ducks, and geese.

Pink Wallick, Denver, Col.

In 1882, while en route to St. Paul, I stopped off at Kilbourn City, Wis. There I saw, in a pen, 600 dozen wild pigeons (many of them squabs), which had been collected to be sold to trap shooters. In this case the nests had been destroyed over a large territory. I do not remember to have seen a wild pigeon since that time, though in my boyhood days I have seen them pass over this place in flocks, apparently containing millions of birds.

Dr. J. A. Dibrell, Little Rock, Ark.

Game is more plentiful here than it has been for some time past, but that is not saying much, as it has been thinned out by game hogs. With a new game warden, I think things will improve. This year deer, bear, grouse, rabbits and ducks have been killed. Coyotes are also to be found in places. W. L. J., Durango, Col.

I expect to have a fine time hunting and trapping this winter. I never saw gray squirrels more plentiful than they are this spring. Turkeys seem abundant too, for they are doing a lot of scratching among fields; we hear them gobbling on all sides. I heard 5, each in a different place. Pheasants, foxes, skunks, muskrats and red squirrels are also abundant.

Howard Bratton, Kishacoquilla, Pa.

I hunted deer last fall in the Adirondacks. For the first few days the weather was unfavorable. I had one of the best guides in that region—H. N. Mullin. I shot a large doe with my .38-55 Marlin. The soft-nosed bullet smashed her shoulder, turned upward and cut off 4 ribs, then followed her back bone, smashed her hip and lodged in the hip joint. She was 12 rods away when shot.

D. M. H., Corning, N. Y.

Fred. C. Woods, John Rourke, James Rourke, Robert Lindsley, and G. B. Kirkpatrick, Boston sportsmen, have leased land and built a shooting lodge on Sagamore hill, near the mouth of Ipswich river, Mass.

The location is one of the best on the North shore for ducks and shore birds.

The lodge is a gem, furnished complete with all the comforts of home.

G. B. Kirkpatrick, Boston, Mass.

Within 50 miles of Watertown, N. Y., we have plenty of deer, bear, grouse, ducks, snipe, woodcock, gray squirrels and brook trout, and the best small-mouth black bass fishing, in the State.

I have always opposed spring shooting of wildfowl, and hope to live to see it abolished. Under our present laws wildfowl are decreasing rapidly.

W. H. Tallert, Watertown, N. Y.

Less than 1-3 the number of deer were killed in the Adirondacks, in 1897, than in any of the 5 previous years. This was solely because the use of hounds was not permitted. What better object lesson could we have to show that dogs should not be used if we would have this noble game preserved? Let us unite and secure better legislation in the future.

G. W. Humes, Harrisville, N. Y.

It is reported that a most unmerciful slaughter of big game took place last winter, particularly in the Moosehead region. The snow was nearly or quite 5 feet deep, leaving the game at the mercy of the poachers. It would not be difficult to exterminate the moose if those who are in the woods were disposed to do so.

H. B. Tilden, Foxcroft, Me.

There are many grouse, prairie chickens, Chinese pheasants, elk, deer and bear here; also plenty of good trout fishing. Salmon are plentiful the year round, but are not good after they have been in the small streams awhile. Of course the elk are not so numerous as they were, but there are a few left.

L. Littleton, Alicel, Ore.

Last November 4 hunters camped in Montmorency county, Mich., at T lake, so named because of its shape. We got only 4 deer; but found small game such as spruce hens, white rabbits, squirrels, and coons plentiful; also fish enough to supply our camp.

C. O. Gilkey, Plainwell, Mich.

Game was plentiful here last season and we had good sport shooting ducks, quails and doves. Deer are not so numerous as usual, on account of the increase of timber wolves and mountain lions.

Our game laws are good, and generally observed except by the Indians.

Armour Scholefield, Pantano, Ariz.

If the close season were observed, and hounding stopped, in a few years deer would be plentiful. One man told me he killed 4 deer in less than half an hour.

E. M. H., Coroalis, Ore.

We have little game here; only gray squirrels, rabbits, and grouse, and a few foxes. Fishing is good. We have trout, bass, pickerel, and pike.

R. B. B., Susquehanna, Pa.

Has any reader of RECREATION ever seen a woodchuck driven into a tree by a dog? I once saw it done, and have heard of other instances.

L. F. Boeltger, Jr.,
Callicoon Depot, N. Y.

We have a flock of about 15 wild pigeons nesting here in Susquehanna county, Pa., and are doing all we can to protect them.

H. P. Mygant, Susquehanna, Pa.

We have a few game hogs here, and a little game. Last season 2 swine bagged 102 quails and 88 rabbits in half a day.

P. K. Dugan, Redlands, Cal.

Will some reader kindly write for RECREATION a brief article on how to train dogs to tree game and stay at the tree.

R. T. Bartlett, Woodsville, N. H.

If you don't kill the game hogs with the first, just give 'em the other barrel.

R. E. Wilmot, Littleton, N. H.

Am glad to see you roasting the game and fish hogs. Give it to 'em hot.

J. M. Lloyd, Winter Haven, Fla.

Our sport here is chiefly ducks, chickens and quails. No large game.

H. D. Hardwick, Morristown, Minn.

### A TALL FISH STORY.

Beloit, Wis.

Editor RECREATION: The following story was told me by Mr. W. E. Evenson, of Janesville, Wis., and corroborated by other reputable citizens.

In the summer of '96 Mr. Evenson and his friend, Mr. Sayles, went to the big woods of North Wisconsin, hoping to catch a few of the large fish known to exist in Flambeau river. This stream is noted as the home of the gamy muskalonge. Arrived at their destination, they one day caught a 3 pound black bass. It was put on a brass chain stringer, and hung over the side of the boat. While drifting along, one of the gentlemen saw an immense muskalonge following the boat, and called his partner's attention to it. They thought it singular, but it was explained at once by the "musky" making a rush for the bass, taking it entirely into its mouth, and holding on like grim death. Sayles reached over and struck the big fish on the head with a knife, making quite a cut. This caused a cessation of hostilities, and the disappearance of the voracious monster. In a few minutes it reappeared and again seized the bass. This time a paddle was brought into play, but unsuccessfully, as the "musky" dodged and went under. They rowed on some distance when, for the third time, the big fish came up and grabbed the bass, which was now in shreds, cut by the razor-like teeth of the muskalonge. Evenson was mad all through, but realized something must be done, and at once. Taking hold of the stringer and pulling it up alongside the boat, he plunged a long knife clear through the "musky" just back of the head. Immediately there was a break in the water, and clean over the boat, between the 2 men, went the fish. It struck near the shore, and went on up the bank several feet. Sayles jumped out and threw himself on the "musky." There was a struggle worth going miles to see. Evenson says it was the best catch as catch can wrestle he ever saw. However, the issue was never doubtful, as it soon developed that Sayles was overtrained. With a flourish of fins the muskalonge succeeded in reaching the water and disappeared. Thinking the knife thrust would surely prove fatal, they waited around and were rewarded by seeing the fish come to the surface and gasp for breath. Soon it sank in 6 or 8 feet of water. They finally hooked it and landed it in the boat. Its weight was 27 pounds; length 43 inches; girth 27 inches. A photograph of the 2 fish is now in possession of Mr. Evenson. As he related the adventure to me, I watched his clerical countenance, but saw not a quaver or an indication of any kind that would lead me to think he was tampering with the truth. Geo. Hall.

### AN EEL-CATCHING MATCH.

Schoharie creek now abounds with black bass and pickerel; but in my boyhood days, suckers and eels were its principal inhabitants. There existed a spirit of rivalry between the boys of the East and West sides as to which should make the greater catch of eels during the spring season. This culminated in a well arranged contest governed by rules, as follows: Ten boys were chosen on a side, to set lines, 10 nights in succession, from one bank of the creek to the other, anywhere within the limit of one mile. Lines to be in the creek by dusk and taken up by daylight, and no member of either party to visit the creek after lines were set and before taken up in the morning. Each side chose a judge to superintend the contest, make a decision and award the prize contested for, which was a double barrel muzzle loading shotgun; the gun to be awarded to the side catching the most eels and by that side to the individual member thereof scoring the greatest number. Every boy stood on his honor to faithfully observe the rules and abide by the decision of the judges.

For the first 5 nights everything was conducted with the utmost fairness and the excitement grew high, as the catch on each side was nearly equal. The sixth morning, line No. 1, West side, landed a 10 pound salt codfish and, to balance things, the seventh morning, line No. 1, East side, brought up 24 smoked herrings. At the conclusion of the contest the count was as follows: West side, 83 eels, one codfish, one jug of buttermilk, one pair of old boots, one red flannel petticoat, and one scarecrow, stolen from a corn field. East side, 96 eels, 24 smoked herrings, one mud turtle, one large piece of salt pork, one owl, and the skeleton of a darky baby stolen from the village Doctor's office. The gun was awarded to No. 7, East side, he having to his credit the skeleton. Later developments showed the judges had contributed the foreign articles to the catch.

C. W. Hinman.

### ANOTHER TROUT HOG PICTURE.

The Denver Post, of July 24th, published a picture of a big string of trout, and of 2 men standing by them, in a kind of "we-slaughtered-'em" attitude. The portraits purport to be those of Bryan Haywood and a Mr. Bonfils, both of Denver. Mr. Haywood and the Messrs. Bonfils are said to have told the Post reporter a story of a record-breaking slaughter of trout. The men were evidently ashamed to tell just how many they did catch in all, and what the total weight was; but the picture shows 60 fish, which are said to have weighed 68 pounds. The paper says one day's catch averaged 1¼ pounds each. Judging from the scale on which the picture seems to have been drawn, one may safely calculate that some of the fish shown in the picture were 18 to 20 inches long, and must have weighed 3 to 4 pounds each. The fish were caught in North Park, Col. These 3 men spent several days there, and it would be interesting to know how many of these large trout they consumed in that time.

I have received during the month 34 copies of the issue of the Post containing this picture and story, each accompanied by a letter asking me to roast these fish hogs. One of these subscribers writes as follows :

" I will not say what I think of such work as this, but will leave it to you. You are the boss hog roaster. We often find specimens of these varmints along our trout streams, but this pair seems to be worse than any I have yet heard of. Please put this picture in your rogues' gallery, and send these rogues marked copies of Recreation, containing your comments on them."

Another correspondent, who sends me another copy of the Post, writes :

" Please brand these shoats, and put them in your pen. A natural query is, Where are Colorado's Game Wardens? Game law limits to 20 pounds of trout a day."

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## RODS, REELS AND HOOKS.

We find in the tackle stores rods of wood, split bamboo, and steel. Which is best? Split bamboo, every time, if of good quality. Let me describe what I want in a split rod. Lemon color, without spots, no dark places, that show the grain of the wood ; wound in yellow, with 6 or 8-sided gun-metal trimmings. Why make a 6 or 8-strip rod, and then trim it to take round ferrules? Bright nickel trimmings flash badly in sunlight. A good rod is not limber, but springy, and feels point heavy without reel, but balances right with one.

What should a rod cost? I paid Danniells, of Auburn, Me., $10 for mine.

A split bamboo should be used with line strung alternately to its upper and under surface. By so doing you avoid the possibility of " setting " or permanently springing your rod. In jointing and unjointing, begin with the tip, and work toward the butt.

I want a reel that will lay the line smoothly on the spool. I have one made by Horace Hobbs, of Milwaukee. It has a little agate eye that runs on a bar forward and back, like the winding attachment on a sewing machine. It is just the thing, and since owning it I have used no other reel.

I want a hook with a double twisted gut, not too long in the shank ; a thin-pointed, short, sharp barb, but plenty of room between barb and wire.

J. C. French, M.D.

## A FISH HOG THAT RUNS BY STEAM.

Chicago, Ill.

Editor Recreation: The star fish hog does his rooting at Eagle lake (Kansasville Station), Wisconsin, on the C. M. & St. P. Ry. Eagle lake is well stocked with black bass, and a decent, honest bass fisherman can catch 6 to 10 in half a day's fishing; but it requires some work in the way of rowing to the numerous " grounds " on the lake. The anglers who have been going to Eagle lake from Racine, Milwaukee and Chicago, are without exception, true sportsmen. The hog referred to, however, is a mechanical genius who has hit upon the brilliant scheme of trolling for bass from a steamboat. He is a manufacturer of engines at Racine, and has built a small naphtha launch—or electric, I don't know which—the speed of which can be properly regulated for trolling—and with 2 or 3 lines out Mr. Pierce (that's his name—of Pierce Engine Works, Racine) cruises leisurely, all day long, about the lily-pads, rushes and weeds, pulling out bass of all sizes to ship to his friends in Racine. Some of his catches run over 100 bass a day, and the boat is working every day. When Mr. Pierce is not there himself some of his friends are using his boat and the prospect is that before the end of the season bass will be very scarce in Eagle lake.

I do not know that it is against the law to fish in this way, but it is certainly against common decency.

A. F. Chambers.

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## LARGE TAUTOG.

I noticed in Recreation a few lines from D. S. H., regarding " A large black fish." I have always lived in Sakonnet, R. I., which is about 15 miles West of Buzzard's bay. The well known West Island Fishing Club is there, and black fish are caught in great numbers. They are often taken weighing 10 or 12 pounds, and seldom fall below 3½ or 4 pounds.

On one occasion a 15 pounder was caught. With one exception, this was the largest one I ever heard of. Several years ago my father hooked a large fish, off the West Island rocks, and got him to the top of the water. It certainly looked larger than any we had before seen. The line didn't stand the strain and we lost him. A few days after, a tautog was caught near Newport, about 5 miles West of us, with a No. 4 Hemming hook in its mouth. Its weight was 24 pounds, and it was, unquestionably the same one we had hooked.

W. S. Drowne, Highlandville, Mass.

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## WHAT IS IT?

About 2 weeks ago I was out fishing, caught something I cannot name and would like to ask you what it is. We were fishing for brook trout and saw a small fish that looked nearly as white as this paper. We caught it easily as it did not appear afraid of us.

It had the shape of a brook trout, was a light cream color all but the head, which was white with red spots on the sides, the same as in an ordinary trout. The eyes were red, and the under fins pink. The tip of the tail was pink and the back fins white.

I believe it to be a diseased fish, as it did not appear any more gamey than a gold fish in a jar. I showed it to a number of men and all said they had never seen or heard of anything like it.

I put it in alcohol and to my surprise it could not stand the spirits as well as most fishermen for it soon became discolored.

I had intended to send it to you but it is so badly discolored now that you could not form any idea how it looked when first taken from the water.

Max Kemery, Johnstown, Pa.

It was doubtless a sick trout, disease having caused the discoloration. Or, it may possibly have been an albino trout.—Editor.

## YES, YOU CAN CATCH THEM WITH BAIT.

Augusta, Ga.

Editor Recreation: In your August number you have communications from E. A. Adams and B. W. E. in reference to German carp. I agree with B. W. E. that the German carp is a nuisance, but he is wrong in the statement that "There is no particular bait which, when placed on a hook, is of any value for catching carp." Thousands of them are caught in this vicinity, on the Savannah river, and adjacent dead rivers, or in swamps, lakes, lagoons, etc., by anglers using our common trot line, and by rod and line, using a bait made of cornmeal and cotton, as below.

Stir meal in boiling water until it makes a thick dough ; work in enough well-picked cotton lint to give consistency ; roll out in small balls about ½ inch in diameter, and use on a No. 4-0 or 5-0 Kirby hook.

The anglers here use a trot line of 3-16 inch cord, stretched in eddies, slack enough so weights will reach bottom. On this line are placed, about 18 inches apart, lines 12 inches long, with hooks. The bait does not wash off easily, if the cotton is worked well through the dough.

In fishing with rod and line, bait a place with corn bread placed in a crocus sack, and sunk at a convenient place for length of rods. I will guarantee an angler good sport in landing a carp weighing not more than 5 to 10 pounds. I see many weighing 30 to 40 pounds each, brought in by the regular river fishermen. It is necessary to have a large size landing net, or the fish will get away, for they are not safe even in a boat unless put in a sack, tied to the bottom of the boat. Many jump, or flop, out of boats. I have played a carp 30 minutes, and was kept quite interested until I could get my landing net over him.

German carp should be known as water hogs, for they destroy the eggs of all other fishes. They will ruin any lake or pond for any other fish. Carp caught from dead rivers or lakes have a decidedly muddy taste and are not so good to eat as those caught from running water.

A carp stuffed and baked makes a nice dish. Fish balls made of carp are also palatable. Carp are not to be despised when cut into steaks and fried.

Our best fishing months for carp are September, October, and November, but they can be caught any time in winter when not too cold. No angler here needs nets to catch carp, but each man uses 10 to 30 trot lines, having 25 to 50 hooks on each line, and the men net $15 to $25 a week for their catch. The fish sell readily at 25 cents to $1 apiece, according to size.

S. T. D.

## ARTIFICIAL FLY FISHING.

Fly fishing and fly making have been practiced for 2,000 years. The first book written on the subject is, "Fysshynge with an Angle," by Dame Juliana Berners. This fair angler-author advises fishing for trout in "lepyng tyme" with a "dubbe," and at conclusion of the treatise she gives directions for making 12 sorts of "dubbes" for "troughte and graylynge," 2 of them being as follows : "The 'doone' (dun) fly : The body of 'doone woll' (dun wool) and 'wynges' of the 'pertryche' (partridge). Another 'doone' (dun) fly : The body of black 'woll,' the 'wynges' of the blackest drake, and the jay from the 'wynge' and the 'tayle.'"

This treatise was written 1496. In those early days they did not have the great variety of material we now have for making flies. They used hair from different animals for the bodies, such as bears' hair of different colors, spaniels' hair from behind the ear, hogs' down, to be picked from under the throat ; and many other kinds, mixed with camlet, a sort of stuff made from camels' hair.

Since then there have been vast changes, and within the last few years great improvements in fishing tackle and in fly making.

The American trout are up to date, so to speak, especially in States where the streams have been well whipped. They are most fastidious, and, although on occasions they can be taken on almost anything in the shape of a fly, at other times they scorn all temptation.

E. G. Chatfield.

## UKIAH GOLDEN TROUT.

A singularly beautiful and entirely new variety of trout has been discovered at the fish hatchery of the San Francisco and

North Pacific Railway Co., at Ukiah, Cal. They were found among a lot of some 750,000 eggs of the "mykiss," or "cutthroat" variety, from Lake Tahoe. Their characteristics are entirely different from those of the mykiss. They are of a bright golden hue throughout, with fins of light yellow, fringed with coal black, and have such fine scales as to appear almost scaleless. The head is wide and flat between the eyes, which are unusually large and prominent. The head recedes rapidly to a pointed nose, giving the appearance of the mouth of a water snake. From the gill casing to the caudal fin, along the median line, runs a pink stripe, which contrasts with the golden color of the body, giving a brilliance of appearance which is striking. Mr. A. W. Foster, president of the railway company, is making arrangements to provide ponds for the propagation of this new trout. The fish will be a great addition to the varieties now frequenting the waters of this State. They have been christened *Salmo aurocorpus Fosterii.*

Alfred V. La Motte, Ukiah, Cal.

### IT MADE COFFRIN SICK.

A Bradford, Vt., paper states that K. J. Coffrin and Henry Allen recently returned from a fishing trip to the Connecticut lakes, and that, in 6 hours' fishing, these men with 3 guides caught between 1,600 and 1,700 trout.

The editor says: "It was pull out as fast as they could drop in, and the boys thoroughly enjoyed the sport. Coffrin intimates he is sick of the sight of trout and, having such a lead on all competitors that there is no danger of their catching up, has packed his fish-pole up for the remainder of the season. There is a bet or 2 that the pole doesn't remain packed."

A subscriber, who sends me a marked copy of this paper, characterizes these men as "fish hogs of the most despicable type."

Another reader, who sends me another copy of the paper, requests me to "give them a set of bristles, and turn them in your pig pen."

Thus Coffrin and Allen are advised as to what their neighbors think of them.

### NOTES.

Several years ago, in any of the creeks or rivers in this neighborhood, the sportsman could catch a good string of large bass. Even then the fish hog was in his glory, and, if he could catch no large fish, he could readily secure a long string of fingerlings.

This unlawful slaughter has not ceased, and at the present time the same old "porkers," with the addition of a few young ones, are to be found at our streams uttering grunts of satisfaction as they yank baby bass from the water.

The fish hog of this neighborhood is proof against reason and sarcasm, and will probably survive his thinner-skinned brethren of other localities.

Still, I hope to see the utter extermination of these animals, through the grand work of RECREATION.

A. M. Bowman, Camp Hill, Pa.

I had with some friends, in May, a pleasant fortnight among the trout of the St. Maurice region. John Wagner, J. W. Burdick, of Albany, N. Y.; Waldo K. Chase, and Dr. Swan, Boston, Mass.; Henry B. Bates, George C. Wright, and Dr. Cox, of New York; A. W. Stevenson, George Boulter, and I. Y. McCall, of Montreal, and I constituted the party. Got into camp at Wayagamack, and left just ahead of the flies. We had a most enjoyable trip. Nelson Cheney couldn't come, but he is now on the Restigouche with J. W. Burdick. Don't know how the Restigouche and Matapedia are doing this season, but salmon is already selling in Montreal for 15 cents a pound, and that indicates good net catches, for the season is yet a little early.

Dr. W. H. Drummond, Montreal, Que.

Landlocked salmon will sometimes take a fly. One afternoon in June, '94, at Grand lake, Me., I caught 13 with a fly not sunk ⅛ of an inch below the surface. They weighed 3 to 5 pounds apiece. I used an old fly I found in my book, that was just their poison. I took 8 with it. The ninth one wanted to show it to some friends and I let him have it. I have tried to have some tied like it, and only came "pretty near." It was like the common little spotted butterfly, with a tail added.

E. F. Robinson, Boston, Mass.

On May 30th, with Boney Markelty, I started for a stream, 7 miles North of here, called Dead river. I used a Bristol steel, 10-oz. bass rod, and a Yawman & Erbe automatic reel. I got 14 as nice trout as one could wish. They weighed from ½ to 2 pounds. The Bristol and the automatic do the work. I had never used either, but bought them. We have plenty of good fishing, and hundreds of deer.

J. S. Mitchell, Negaunee, Mich.

Have just returned from Pine lake, Wis., where I found bass fishing poor. The natives take bass by the bushel in early spring. This sort of thing should be stopped. The game warden seems to be asleep in that region. Ten years ago Pine lake was noted for its abundance of bass, but fish hogs have greatly reduced the supply. I hope to see the lake restocked, and protected in future.

J. N. Rade, Chicago, Ill.

The San Francisco Chronicle, of July 31st, says Lee Gates, Fred Wooderson, Ed

Decker, Harry Noel, and John Burns, of Vacaville, caught 900 trout in one day on the McCloud river, and that their catch for the entire time of their stay was 1,500 trout. The pound master at Vacaville should round up these 5 men, brand them, and keep them in the pound until such time as they will promise to reform.

Mr. Silas Chapman, Jr., arrived home this evening, from his camp at the Rangeley Lakes, in Maine. Mr. Chapman spends a fortnight, every June, at the camp there, and returns refreshed. A letter from him dated last Monday evening said he had already caught over 800 trout. In those waters any trout under a pound doesn't "count."—Hartford, Ct., Times.

Over 800 pounds of trout, eh? Of course Mr. Chapman wears bristles. No one would doubt that for a moment, after reading his "record."—EDITOR.

"The Osborn boys now wear the medal for the largest catch of trout this season. A party of 5 caught 800 fine trout in 2 days' fishing in the Little South Poudre."—Loveland Register. Rings in their noses are what they deserve. "A party of 5" killing 800 trout in 2 days are hogs not "fishermen."—Greeley (Col.) Tribune.

Good! If all local editors would roast fish and game hogs in this way, instead of patting them on the back as most editors do, the herds would grow rapidly smaller.

W. F. O'Neill and Clarence Foin believe they hold the record for dove killing this season. They claim to have slaughtered 584 birds in 9 hours last Sunday. They hunted in the vicinity of Lone Star.—Fresno (Cal.) Republican.

"Slaughtered!" That's right, Mr. Editor. You know a good word when you see it. You should also have branded O'Neill and Foin as game hogs, while you were at it; for that's the kind of stock they are.

Dr. W. H. H. Bull, of Elmhurst, Pa., recently caught in Lake Worth, near that place, a rainbow trout 32½ inches in length, which weighed 15 lbs. 14 oz. He is having it mounted by G. P. Friant, an Elmhurst taxidermist.

As nearly as I can recall, this is a record breaker. Does any one know of a larger rainbow than this having been caught?

Will you or some of your readers give me the address of one Dr. Harry Gove who is an expert in the art of tying trout flies.

M. L. Parker, 3025 Lyndale Avenue S., Minneapolis, Minn.

Can any one give this information? If the Doctor ties flies for the trade why does he not advertise in RECREATION?—EDITOR.

Have just returned from the Mackenzie river. We had a pleasant trip, and caught all the fish we needed, among them a dolly varden weighing 11 pounds. I used the Bristol steel rod, received as a premium from RECREATION. With it I caught a fish 19 inches long, and weighing 4 pounds. He gave the rod a pretty good trial before I landed him.

J. A. Roberts, Springfield, Or.

Frank Berry was killed while dynamiting fish in a stream near Franklin, Pa. Of course this was a sad shock to his friends. It was also a valuable object lesson to men who take such unfair means as this to procure fish. A man who engages in so disreputable a means of killing fish deserves the fate he would inflict on the fishes.

During the weak-fish season I often visit Staten Island sound. The fishing there is being ruined by the Menhaden pirates, who drag their nets all over the sound. This, I think, is against the law. There is a legend told by the residents, that once one of these pirates was arrested, tried and fined $200.

DeWitt C. Pell, Newark, N. J.

Ike Hungerford and Frank Hart had the pleasure of surprising their friends with the longest string of fish taken from the lake this year. The string was 10 feet long and contained 300 fish.—Altamont (N. Y.) Enterprise.

And it is safe to conclude the bristles on these fellows' backs are as long as their string of fish.

A party from Brockton and Springfield, Mass., caught at Pistol lake camp, Burlington, Me., in 11 days, 11 salmon, 580 trout, and 40 white perch. Many of the trout were large, weighing 2 to 5½ pounds each. The party saw a number of deer, and one moose.

E. S. Page, Burlington, Me.

A party of 4 gentlemen, with Will Ames as chief fisherman, captured over 900 speckled beauties in the Nanum, last Saturday and Sunday.—Ellensburg (Wash.) Localizer.

"Gentlemen!" Is that what you call them? Well, I know thousands of sportsmen who call them Fish Hogs.—EDITOR.

Please let me know if in 1895 one Sam Farbel caught in Silver Lake, Wis., an 18½-lb. pickerel.

M. E. Smith, Chicago, Ill.

I have no knowledge of such a catch. Does any one know about it?

I fished a few days in the Susquehanna. Caught 9 pickerel. Will take a camera along next time, and send you a few hog pictures. One fellow sent home over a bushel of pickerel.

Gus. A. Conradi, Bethlehem, Pa.

Two brook trout were caught in the river at Watersmeet, Mich., weighing respectively, 2 pounds 9 ounces and 2 pounds 3 ounces. Bass fishing is good.

Geo. Hall, Tomahawk, Wis.

### THE .30-30 SMOKELESS IN FLORIDA.

Last January I hied me to the "land of flowers," to forget the cares of civilization. I had hunted there before, and knew the "ropes," so toward the last of January, when the woods were dry, we set out for the hunting grounds. Our party consisted of 3 men and 3 horses. Two of the horses drew a light wagon, well laden with camp equipage, and our cook rode the third. My guide was a native Floridian, full of energy, honest, strong, straight as an Indian, a splendid hunter, and the best camper I ever saw. No man ever had a better guide and companion than Irvin S. Singletary.

We pitched our tent on a pine island, and started on foot on a scouting expedition. During a tramp of 2 hours we saw no game, but there was abundant sign of deer and turkeys. I was armed with a .30-30 smokeless, half magazine, Winchester rifle, metal-patched ball, while the guide carried a Winchester shotgun. Next morning we went out again on foot. We were skirting the edge of a palmetto patch, in pine and cypress timber, when a good sized buck heard us before we saw him. He ran off a short distance, and stopped with his body and shoulders behind trees. I could see most of his neck and head; he was 125 yards off. I shot at his neck, off hand, and dropped him in his tracks.

We were out again early next morning, and walked up to within 175 yards of a big buck. He stood with his shoulders and neck behind trees, as usual, so I shot at his head. He didn't move, and, thinking I had missed, I shot at his back-bone. He turned a quarter circle, ready to run, but concluded to take one more look before leaving. His tail was toward me; I aimed 2 inches below the root of his tail. He ran 20 yards into a palmetto island, and fell dead. I found that my first shot had broken his lower jaw, the second had gone through his belly, and the third entered within an inch of the spot aimed at, and came out back of the left shoulder.

The Florida deer generally are smaller than our mountain deer, but this was as large a buck as I ever saw anywhere.

We hunted 2 days, and killed several deer and a big gobbler. We intended putting in one more day on deer, and one day on turkeys; but a heavy rain came, and kept us 2 days in camp. I killed the deer with the "little Flobert," as the guide called my rifle, at distances from 100 to 200 yards. To bag a big buck on the spot, it is necessary to shoot him through the head, the neck, or both shoulders; and the .30-30 will kill him in either of these locations as well as a .45. I want no better deer gun than the .30-30 smokeless. We wasted no venison; brought all we could not eat to town, and gave it to friends.

Later in the winter I took another trip, with Mr. Frank H. as guide and companion. My .30-30 rifle was the only gun we carried. Frank is a splendid hunter and good companion. He walks up on deer at feeding time, using no cover. If there was a tree between him and the deer, he would get away from the tree, because he can't watch the deer so closely when behind cover. I have seen him walk up to a deer on a fresh burn, where there was no cover whatever except scattered pine trees, he making no use of the trees. We generally rode on horseback, and if we saw a deer feeding, before he had seen us, we counted him our meat.

We tied our horses at the end of a pine island, and traveled on foot. Frank climbed upon a fallen tree to make observations. He came down in an instant, and said "there is a fine old buck." I aimed at his neck, and dropped him in his tracks. At the crack of the gun a huge gobbler flopped up from the palmettos just beyond the deer, and sailed away, and another buck ran off to my left. I sent a messenger after him as he ran, but it failed to find him. He stopped at about 100 yards from me, and I shot him, off hand, in the neck, breaking the bones to atoms.

That evening we rode several miles without seeing a deer, but, as we were on our way back to camp, we saw 5 turkeys fly up to roost. We dismounted, and walked to within 60 yards of them, and I opened fire with my "Flobert." Three shots brought down 3 turkeys. We didn't need any more, so, as good hunters sometimes do, we left 2 turkeys still on the roost, and set out for camp. Medicus, Knoxville, Tenn.

### THE ALL ROUND RIFLE.

Lake Chelan, Wash.

Editor RECREATION: Having noticed several queries in RECREATION regarding the best rifle for all round work on both large and small game, I had outlined a short article on the subject; but Henry Fisher, of Benicia Barracks, Cal., forestalled me in the April number. I believe, with him, there is no such arm as a rifle suitable for all kinds of game shooting.

In purchasing a rifle, a sportsman should consider the kind of game it will chiefly be used on. If grouse, ducks, squirrels, etc., with perhaps an occasional chance at larger game, then get a rifle adapted to such work. Take chances on the small bullet's sufficing, which it will when rightly placed.

In a good deer and antelope country, and for use on wolves and turkeys, and where grouse and rabbits are a secondary consideration, a more powerful arm is necessary. With this, take the chances of either working up a light charge, or shooting off of heads.

I have owned and used many rifles of different makes and calibres, varying from .32-40 to .45-70. Among them were 2 of the first size, one of which I still have. These 2 were the most satisfactory weapons of them all. The killing power of this charge, on deer, is all I could wish for. I never lost a wounded one. Its accuracy is extreme, but the effect of the standard load on small game is decidedly severe, when a body shot is made. However, with my Lyman sighted single shot Winchester, the head or neck of a grouse is large enough to hit, within reasonable distances. Still, occasions may arise, in some sections, when a small, accurate load is desirable. With this point in view, I will give the result of some experiments made by another rifleman.

The rifle was a .32-40 s. s. Winchester. The diameter of the bore .319 of an inch; the twist of the rifling one turn in 16 inches. Bullets of 83 grains weight were used, with various charges of powder. It was found that a projectile which fitted the bore tightly gave the best results. Two sizes were tried, .319 and .323. It was finally ascertained that an 83 grain bullet of .323 of an inch diameter, with 15 grains of powder, made a small game load that would suit the most exacting. Several 10-shot groups were fired from a double rest, and each group could be enclosed by a circle 2 inches across. Sometimes every shot was inside a 1½ inch ring. This was at 50 yards. No wad was used, the powder being loose in the shell, and the ball seated in the mouth, but not crimped.

Even with a sharp pointed bullet I would expect Mr. Fisher's .32-30-117 load to be quite destructive on young grouse at short range. It should be well adapted to some game though. Next to the .32-40, I would place the .32-20, as an all around rifle; but the flat pointed bullet is too severe for small game. Still, I have known of 18 deer being killed in 2 seasons, with this cartridge, without one escaping wounded. It is wonderfully accurate up to 100 yards, and when used with an Ideal sharp pointed ball, of 85 or 90 grains, satisfactory results should be looked for. The .25-20, .25-21, and .25-25 charges are still better in some respects, but lack the shocking power of the larger calibre, with a flat nosed missile. Yet one of your Idaho correspondents shows the .25-25 capable of killing deer with neatness and despatch.

Replying to those who inquire about the Lyman aperture rear sight, I would say I regard it as so much superior to the ordinary open sight that no rifle of mine is complete without one. I have a folding rear sight on the barrel, but never use it. Have tried both in the evening when the light was dim; but could use the large aperture of the Lyman when open sights were useless. They are inferior to the peep sight in quickness and accuracy, at all times, and I never expect to use them again to any extent.

C. Greenwood.

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## SYRACUSE GUNS.

Boston, Mass.

Editor RECREATION: In reply to Mr. O. A. F.'s inquiry regarding the Winchester, lever action, repeating shotgun, I will say I have used that gun, and found it a close, hard shooter, and far superior to any Belgian gun. Some of my friends and I have used the latter, and, although some of them shoot fairly well, they invariably "get loose."

I would rather have a good double gun than 20 repeaters for shooting any kind of game.

The Parker, Ithaca, Scott, and others shoot well, and are good guns. The Parker used to be a favorite of mine. If Mr. L. H. Stiel gets one, he will have a fine gun, but he can get a better one for the same money. I consider the Syracuse the most perfect gun made. It will shoot as well as any other; while in strength, and especially in simplicity of mechanism, it is far ahead of all others. You can get a good, sound, plain gun for a reasonable sum; or, if your purse is well filled, the company will turn you out a gun equal in every way to the best of any other make, and as low as any. If you want an ejector, the ejecting mechanism of the Syracuse gun is simple, durable, and effective. There is nothing to get out of order, which is more than can be truly said of other ejectors I know of. I have seen many of these guns in use, yet never heard of one breaking down, or failing to do good work if properly treated.

It must be remembered that, while one man might think a gun had excellent shooting power, another man, who shoots at different game, might rightly consider it an inferior one for his purpose. If you intend to shoot over the traps, you should have your gun bored to shoot extremely close; while, if you want to shoot woodcock, in dense cover, you must have an open gun.

You should have your gun built to fit you, so that when you bring it to your shoulder, your eye will be in line with the sight. It is a point in your favor if you can shoot with both eyes open, especially in wing shooting, as one eye is needed to sight the gun, and the other to keep track of the bird. When I buy a new gun I experiment some time to find the load it shoots best. No. 2 guns do equally good work with the same load. When I hit on the load which suits my gun I stick to it, but occasionally try others to see if I can improve on it. In regard to length of barrels, I think a 26- or 28-inch barrel will shoot as well as a longer one, and is much more convenient to handle in the woods. Mooselookmeguntic.

### A REPLY TO HAMBLEDON.

Lander, Wyo., July 10, 1898.

Dear "Coquina": I was much interested in the valuable contribution of Mr. F. W. Hambledon, of Colorado Springs. It disabuses my mind of some false impressions I have heretofore held in regard to the shooting qualities of the small bores, as compared to the .45-75, and the army muskets of 30 years ago. I am sure all users of small bores will be grateful to Brother Hambledon when they read his article, as they have had the idea that there has been some little improvement in the manufacture of arms and ammunition during the past quarter of a century, and they will be glad to know how much mistaken they have been.

Some of the "oldest hunters" in this country are the loudest in their praise of the "fancy .30 calibre," as he is pleased to call it, and in a contest against him and his army musket could give him "cards and spades," and then beat him, hands down. As a clincher to his argument in favor of the large bores, he says that in the days of the buffalo large calibre rifles were always used. "But," says the man with the .30 calibre gun, "so did our ancestors use feathers sharpened to a point before steel pens and typewriters were invented." Mr. H. also takes it on himself to speak for "all the old hunters and frontiersmen from Texas to Montana," and solemnly declares they all prefer the .44 and .45. He might have said something like this: "Most of the old hunters and frontiersmen, who have never seen nor tested the .30 calibre rifles, still use the large calibres." Then he might add, and this would be the fact: "But where they have had an opportunity to test the small calibre guns, they have forever discarded their old .44's, .45-70's, and .45-90's."

It is all right for a man to think he knows it all, and to call others names when they don't agree with him; but when he gives us such a "load" as Brother Hambledon does in that letter of his, he only makes himself ridiculous in the eyes of that great body of sportsmen who know the days of the old-fashioned large bores are nearly over.

H. E. Wadsworth, Lander, Wyo.

### GRIZZLY PETE'S EXPERIENCE.

Buffalo River, Wyo.

Editor Recreation: As I am a great admirer of, and bank on, the old .45-70 Winchester, I am going to stick up for it as against every confounded new gun ever invented, .30-30's and .30-40's not excepted. I am going to prove to every small-bore crank, and M. P. Dunham in particular, that, for killing power and good safe work on big game, the old .45-70 will outdo them all. The little old pop-and-spit fizzle may be all right for an old woman, or a sick tenderfoot, but for me and other first-class hunters it won't do.

Last year I was on my annual Bruin round up, and ran on to an old sow, a 2-year-old, and 2 yearlings, all grizzlies. After looking them over with the glasses, I saw their hides were worthless, and concluded to let them go. Then, remembering that my old woman and kids were itching for a bait of bear paws, I commenced to bang away, and, with 3 well-directed shots, had the whole family of bears down. Then I cut off their paws, and went home. How is that for a .45-70? That is what I killed them with, and shot them all through the head, too.

Last winter I stood in my dooryard, and killed 9 cow elk with 10 shots.* The tenth one was shot through the paunch, and the Lord only knows how many legs I broke in the bunch. All this with the old .45-70. My neighbor, Sleek, didn't do nearly so well with his .30-30 smokeless. I don't think he killed 50 elk all the year.† To brag up those little guns is simply preposterous. Every tenderfoot buys one, of course. Dealers tell him they shoot a long way, and that's the reason he wants them, so he can shoot into the bunch of elk as far as he can see them. But, when it comes to meat in camp, take down the old .45-70, and push them over every time.

Talking about game hogs reminds me that a judge and a game warden came to my ranch the other day. They are always coming around when I don't want to see them. I broke them up by taking them to an old beaver pond to spear suckers, while the old woman hid the dynamite and fuse. When they got hard at it, they accidentally speared a 4-pound trout, and made excuses, of course, but I kept them at it until they speared 25 big trout. The old woman cooked them up brown for supper. The judge ate 13, and the game warden 11. What do you think of those 2 fellows for fish hogs? ‡

Any time you hear a fellow saying anything about the small-bore guns, you send him to old Grizzly Pete, of Buffalo river, and he will labor with him. Pete.

### ANSWERS TO SEVERAL OF THEM.

In answer to O. R. Hartel's query I would say the rifle for him is a Stevens "Favourite" bicycle rifle, 25 calibre, rimfire, with 20 inch barrel. I have a Stevens "Favourite" with 22 inch barrel for this cartridge, and it is perfection for small game. A bullet from it will penetrate 5½ inches in dry pine at 15 feet. The cartridge is loaded with 11 grains of powder and a 65 grain bullet, inside lubicrant.

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* Why did you kill so many? Were you shooting for a place on the swine herd?

† If he had killed one fifth of that number he would deserve a place in the hog pen.

‡ They wear the bristles, all right.—Editor.

I assure W. S. Jones there is another reader of RECREATION, besides himself, who admires Stevens rifles.

N. K., Elkhart, will find the following method of loading will make shot scatter: Increase the charge of powder, divide the shot into 3 loads with wads between, then crimp the shell tightly.

To Dr. T. J. Hood, will say the best cheap rifle for short range is the Stevens "Favourite," using .22 short cartridges.

The gun the Doctor mentions should put 300 pellets of No. 8 shot into a target 30 inches in diameter at 40 yards. This is the regular test for pattern. To ascertain the penetration, fire at an iron target. If the splashes of lead are large, the gun is a strong shooter. The best charge for a 12 gauge, for practice, is 3 drams of powder and 1⅛ ounces of No. 8 shot.

P. N. Tetor can prevent the shot from falling out of brass shells by using wads that fit the shells tightly.

Alfred Klugh, Dickinson's Landing, Ont.

### EARLY SUGGESTION AS TO SMOKELESS RIFLES.

I am a gun and rifle crank, and have been experimenting with these arms ever since boyhood. I have owned over 60 guns and rifles. Before the Winchester company brought out its first repeater to use smokeless powder, I wrote asking them if there was any probability of their bringing out a .30 or .32 repeater to take the strong smokeless powder cartridges. I also urged the need for such a rifle, emphasized its good points, and said I believed it would be the all-round rifle of the future.

They very courteously replied it would require a specially constructed rifle for that purpose, which would cost about $50,000 to bring out, and they could not entertain anything of the kind at that time. In less than 2 years they placed their .30 calibre on the market, and have since brought out another model especially adapted to that class of ammunition. I got a '94 model .30 calibre, shortly after it came out, but could not get reloading tools at that time, so smaller charges could be used. I was afraid to use the heavily loaded factory shells in this populous district, so regretfully parted with the rifle. I like to use one rifle for everything—practice, small game, and general shooting. As lightly loaded shells and reloading tools are now on the market, I may try it again.

My idea of the .32-40 would be to leave the rifling as it is, but substitute a nickel steel barrel of full strength, and use as strong a smokeless powder cartridge as the rifling will take, to flatten the trajectory and increase the power. Then use the jacketed bullet with the strong smokeless powder, for big game shooting, and the lead bullet and ordinary powder for practice and general shooting. The difference in sighting could be easily arranged. The .32-40 is more accurate than the .30 calibre; the shells are easily reloaded, and it will even shoot round balls with sufficient accuracy up to 75 yards, if they fit tightly. It is less dangerous than the .30 calibre, and being almost as deadly, would be a better all-round weapon.

J. A. Varley, Toronto, Ont.

### THE EASTERN DUDE AND THE .30 RIFLE.

It is absurd to think that because a man hails from the East he is a dude, and no good as a sportsman. In June RECREATION Mr. Hambledon writes: "I would like to see one of those Eastern fellows tackle a grizzly with a little .30. There would not be enough left of the dude," etc.

For the benefit of Mr. H. and others, I will state a few facts to show how foolish his arguments are.

To begin with the expression, "Eastern dude." This species makes life possible for hunters' guides. They pay for their sport by engaging guides, cooks, teams, etc. If it were not for them, guides would have to find another vocation.

Then again Eastern men have been criticised for their appreciation of comfort and cleanliness. That is a matter of taste. It is not really wicked to sleep on an air mattress, or to use a tooth-brush. The best shots in the world at game or targets, and the most expert anglers, are found among the men Mr. H. calls Eastern dudes.

How does the average guide catch trout? With a heavy line, and hook and bait. If he does condescend to use a fly, he wants one an inch long, and he has no more idea of how to use it than a hog has about a shotgun.

In regard to killing powers of a .30 or .303, the following animals have been killed with this much-abused weapon: Elephants, lions, tigers, hippopotami, rhinoceroses, and water buffaloes; admittedly the most dangerous animals to hunt. R. L. M.

### HE BELIEVES IN THE .22.

I am surprised at J. P.'s poor opinion of the .22 calibre cartridge. In March RECREATION he says:

"The .22 short will kill quails, doves and even rabbits and squirrels if shot through the head." I have not shot any gray squirrels with my .22, as I got it after the season was too far advanced to hunt them successfully.

I have shot pine squirrels with it, through the body, lungs, and heart and all were killed as quickly as they would have been if shot in the head. I shot one rabbit on the run. The bullet struck him in the back-bone, went through one lung and out behind his shoulder, leaving a hole I could put my finger in. I shot one grouse and almost cut its neck off. I also shot some quails with the .22 and it knocked them over every time. The meat of the breast is blackened some if the bullet goes through it. I use U. M. C. and Winchester. Shoot short cartridges, as I cannot get the long rifle here. I used one box of flat-pointed bullet cartridges. They are better to hunt with than the conical bullets, as they tear a larger hole. Can long rifle cartridges be had, with flat-pointed balls?

Howard Bratten, Kishacoquilla, Pa.

### TRYING A .30-40.

Last December a young farmer called at Ware Bros.' gun store, and asked to see a .30-40 box magazine Winchester. On being shown the gun, he inquired how it was loaded. Mr. Ware reached down a box of cartridges, and proceeded to load the gun, after which the cartridges were carefully removed, and replaced in the box. Another customer came in, and Ware stepped to one side to wait on him, leaving the fellow with the .30-40 to pursue his investigations alone.

When he again turned to the sale of the gun, the fellow was still monkeying with the magazine. The muzzle was pointed at the gun-dealer, and, from habitual caution, though not dreaming of any real danger, he stepped to one side.

With hands in his pockets, he slowly moved out of direct range. The countryman slammed the lever, the gun was discharged, and a bullet passed between Ware's arm and his body. Striking the edge of a shelf, 14 inches wide, it passed through this, and through a 6-inch partition into a grocery store. There it opened 8 cans of peas, scattering the contents all over the store; went through 16 inches of paper sacks, and buried itself in the counter just in front of a clerk. The farmer didn't know it was loaded. Mr. Ware says it's all right about the penetration of the .30-40, if the bullets don't come his way.

W. H. Wright, Spokane, Wash.

### TWO WINCHESTERS.

Last fall I had my choice of gun to take into the woods, and my selection was a Winchester, .38-72. It was made with round barrel, shotgun butt, pistol grip, and box magazine, and is the handsomest gun I ever saw. My hunting partner selected a Winchester, .30-40, made in the same way, and we sallied forth into the wilds of Maine, as usual, to have our deer hunt.

My partner, Mr. C. E. Prescott, of Hudson, Mass., had read stories of wonderful performances by the .30-40, and decided it was the gun to own. He killed 2 buck deer, distant about 100 yards. His first shot was a standing one, and, to note the effect of the bullet, he fired at the shoulder. The ball took an upward course, breaking the shoulder, also every rib on one side, crossed over, broke the back-bone, and came out high up on the flank, making a hole the size of a silver dollar. The deer turned, ran about 75 yards, and dropped. When we got to him he was dead. The second shot, which killed deer No. 2, passed through the neck, making a hole the size of a 25-cent piece, and killing the buck in his tracks. We both used soft nose, metal-jacket bullets, and smokeless powder.

Urban Bowers, Hudson, Mass.

### PETERS' AMMUNITION.

"When you see a good thing push it along." That's what everyone will do who shoots a .22 calibre rifle or pistol and uses the new smokeless .22 calibre cartridge manufactured by the Peters Cartridge Co. Since I returned we have been giving them an every day test in our Stevens pocket rifle. We find the penetration at 50 yards one-third greater than black powder cartridges of other makes. But what pleases us most is the entire absence of dirt. After firing 25 shots the barrel is fouled less than from 2 shots with black powder cartridges. We should use them on that account alone, even if penetration was the same. We will take a 6 months' supply with us for our summer's prospecting trip in the mountains. My partner, Lyons, is using the Peters shot shells in his Remington and says they shoot as well as any other shells and are the cleanest he ever used, leaving no dirt caked in the barrel. I hope they will soon include .25 and .30 calibre cartridges in their list, for what they now make are strictly all right.

M. W. Miner, Enterprise, Idaho.

### THE SOFT NOSED IS BEST.

Editor RECREATION: John J. Adams, in a recent number of RECREATION, wrote as if he thought the high velocity and great penetration of the .30 calibre would not prove effective on big game; for the animal would not get the full force of the powder, the bullet passing through. I think he has in mind the full metal patched bullet. If so he has a good argument. In using the soft point bullets this will not occur, except, perhaps, in rare instances. These bullets will expand in every instance on striking flesh, and 9 times out of 10 will stop in game, such as bear, elk and moose. When bone is struck, the .30-30, full metal patch, will invariably expand, but the .30-40, I think, would not as it has a patch of steel.

The soft point bullets have not the penetration of the full metal patch, but a killing power several times greater. I think the shock imparted to an animal from one of these soft point bullets, driven by the high pressure smokeless powder, would exceed that of any black powder cartridge.

My advice to P. K. Dugan is to let black powder and lead bullet alone. A small charge of low pressure smokeless powder and a hardened lead bullet would undoubtedly work all right in these guns; but I know from experience that black powder will not. I can assure him the .40-82 is not in it with the .30-30. The latter will bleed an animal 3 times as much.

A. A. Haines, Armington, Mont.

### SMOKELESS *VS.* BLACK.

I have been much interested in the discussion of the relative merits of the .30 calibre smokeless and the large calibre black powder guns. I formerly owned a .45-70, but now own a .30-40 Winchester, and never saw the equal of it for accuracy or powerful shooting. Besides, it has scarcely any recoil. Noticing the experiences of different shooters as to a good short range load for a .30-40, will give mine.

As the .30-30 bullet is .003 less in diameter than the .30-40, I use those bullets and patch them with paper. I have tried 2 methods of patching, using thin paper and giving 2 or 3 wraps, putting patches on wet and allowing them to shrink on tight in drying, or using thick paper cut in a strip just long enough to go around bullet once. Roll this strip into a cylinder and insert into the shell, then press the bullet into it. I find this latter method gives the best results. I used about 25 grains of King's semi-smokeless powder, and would not ask for a more accurate load. There is no leading, as is the case with lead bullets, and they will not wear the barrel so fast as the regular .30-40 bullets will. If your readers wish to get pointers on preparing ammunition, let them send for the Ideal Hand-Book.

E. L. Stevenson, Pasadena, Cal.

### ANOTHER ADVOCATE OF THE .22 SHORT.

In May Recreation, there appears an article, entitled "The .22 Long and Short Cartridges." I believe I can explain the varied penetrations obtained by the author with this ammunition.

The long cartridge contains too much powder in proportion to the length of bullet which takes the rifling. The powder propels the bullet with such force that it is unable to follow the grooves. As a result it "strips," and fails to acquire a rotary motion. Its trajectory will, therefore, not be so flat as is that of the short shell, whose bullet is able to rotate in the grooves.

At close range, the momentum of the bullet, imparted to it by the comparatively large amount of powder, is sufficient to sink it deeper into the wood than the short. But in this case, the rotation does not have so much to do with penetration as it does at long range. On the other hand, could the bullet of the long cartridge have more bearing on the rifling, its penetration would be increased. Then since so many .22 rifles have such shallow grooves, I would suggest the employment of the .22 short only.

S. H. Chase, D.D.S., Madison, Wis.

### HE KILLS BEAR WITH A CLUB.

Some years ago I was acquainted with M. P. Dunham, Woodworth, Mont. He was a good guide and hunter, and no doubt is yet; but he has surely gone crazy on small bores. He first started in with the .32-40 as the best gun in the world for big game; especially for big bear. Now he has gone to the .25-35 as the best for killing big bulls and large grizzlies. The next will be the .22 long, and then the .22 short.

I have killed 3 or 4 bear with a club. One of them was a silver tip. They were not very big, and I was glad of it. Still, I do not advise any man to hunt bear or any dangerous game with a club. It is not a good weapon for that purpose. Neither do I think a small gun and light ammunition are fit. I don't believe, however, a cannon or even a .50-100 is necessary. When you get to .45-90, stop; they are large enough. There is a limit both ways. Mr. Dunham calls the article I refer to a knockdown argument. If anyone will tackle a grizzly bear, that is on the fight, with a popgun, it will be a knockdown, with the chances that it won't be the grizzly that is down.

A. S. Marshall, Cora, Wyo.

### KILLED WOLVES AT A MILE.

A friend of mine has a mountain sheep head, and would like to know its value. The horns are 16¼ inches around and 38 inches long, outside the curve. It is well mounted and a handsome head. What is the size of the largest head known, and what is it valued at?*

I have a .30-40 smokeless, single shot, Winchester rifle. It beats any gun I ever tried. I shot through a solid cottonwood tree, 44 inches in diameter. As the barrel is heavy there is less recoil than with the magazine guns.

There is a well authenticated report that a man killed 2 wolves, one mile distant, with a .30-40. With his field-glasses, he discovered a pack of wolves feeding on a carcass. He began to thrown lead at them. They were too far away to hear the report of his gun. He fired about 20 shots and killed 2 wolves. He afterward measured the distance. It was a full mile.

A. Laney, Miles City, Mont.

### KILLED A DEER AT 330 YARDS.

I have noted with interest the argument about the killing power of the .30 calibre rifle. I used a .30-30 Marlin in the Dead river country, Me., last fall, and found it a better gun than the .40-82 or the .45-90. I killed one deer, a 5 prong buck, with it. He was full 300 yards away, when I first saw him, and got 30 yards farther before I dropped him with my second shot. The soft nosed bullet entered just back of his left fore leg, ranged forward and came out in front of the right shoulder blade. He did not make more than 3 jumps. The hole where the ball came out was large enough to put an egg in.

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* As to the value of sheep heads write any of the taxidermists who advertise in Recreation.—Editor.

This one experience with the .30-30 has made a convert of me. To-day I wouldn't trade my little Marlin for the best large calibre rifle on the market. My only fear is that the barrel will not stand the wear of the metal patched bullets and the high pressure powder.

I used the miniature cartridges for short range, and immediately afterward the regular cartridges with a mantled ball. Since that I have had a hard time keeping the rifling clean.

Walter Gorden, Burlington, Ia.

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### BELIEVES IN THE SCOTT GUN.

I am glad to see Wm. Read & Sons' ad in RECREATION again. I notice they have not given your magazine the same show they have some of the other sportsmen's periodicals, and I have often been surprised at this. They handle the best gun in the world. I refer to the W. C. Scott & Son, and am surprised they should not keep it more prominently before the readers of RECREATION. There are many other fine guns, the makers of which claim them to be equal to the Scott ; but I speak from an extended experience, and a technical knowledge of guns when I say no piece of workmanship of this class ever turned out can equal a Scott Premier. If that gun were pushed with as much energy and tact as is used in making known the merits of the Greener, or of some of the American guns, there would be 4 times as many of them used in the United States as are to-day. I find many thorough sportsmen, and even enthusiastic trap shooters, who scarcely know where Scott's factory is, or who their American agents are. If Read & Sons would use more printers' ink they would sell more guns.

J. G. M., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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### NOTES AND QUERIES.

I am much interested in the articles on the .30 calibre rifles.

I own a Winchester of that calibre and find it effective on deer and antelope. As yet have had no opportunity to try it on larger game.

I would like to ask users of the .30-30, if they have any trouble with their guns in regard to "leading" ? As yet I have used nothing but metal patched bullets, and after firing 5 or 6 shots I find my gun badly leaded. Full metal patched bullets lead the barrel as well as the lead pointed ones. My theory is that the tin, with which the copper jacket is covered, is softened by the heat generated by the friction of the bullet and thus left inside the gun. After shooting an animal I have cut from it the metal jacketed bullet used and found the outside entirely denuded of tin, exposing the copper; while the inside still had the tin coating.

Am I not correct? Let us hear from others.

A. D. Andrews, D.D.S.,
Newcastle, Wyo.

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P. R. Dugan asks about using black powder and lead bullets in .30-30 rifles. I would not recommend black powder for use in bottle-neck shells, if he expects to reload; for they cannot be cleaned properly.

The best medium-range load I have used for this rifle, is a 200 grain bullet, made of type-metal, and about 30 grains, by measure, of Oriental Shotgun powder. One need not use a bullet as heavy as 200 grains. I have used one as light as 147, with excellent results, but prefer 200 grains for all-round shooting. These loads do not foul or lead the barrel. I have shot upwards of 50 shots and found the barrel toward the muzzle almost perfectly clean. The shells need not be cleaned for reloading.

I think Mr. Dugan will find the slight difference in cost of powders more than repaid by the cleanliness. If he must use black powder, a strong solution of ammonia water is best to clean the shells.

J. S. B., Baltimore, Md.

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I have followed with much interest the discussions on small bore rifles and nitro powder. Many of the best hunters here are using either the .30-30 or .30-40 and all speak in highest praise of them. I agree with Dr. Conyngham, in February RECREATION, that if any one wants great killing power, with flat trajectory, he should get a .30-40. But I do not agree with him that the repeating .30-40 rifle is awkward and clumsy to carry, slow to load and its lock work liable to get full of dirt and water. There is no better balanced rifle made, none more easy to carry or that can be loaded as rapidly. Nor is there anything wrong with the lock and action. Its sighting, as it comes from the factory, is far too high, but that can be easily remedied. I have used nearly all kinds and calibres of rifles, and think the man who gets a .30-30 or .30-40 Winchester for large game shooting, will make no mistake. I own a .30-30, also a .30-40 and do not want anything better.

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I thank Arjeeb for his kindly reference to me. I have used Lyman sights on various rifles, but prefer a plain wide V, or a bar, made by cutting off the buckhorns on the ordinary sight. I never saw a first-class rifle shot use a Lyman sight. Many use them who think themselves good shots because they can hit a small mark at known distance ; but put the same persons in the brush, where they have to snap-shoot, and their per cent. is low. Again, those sights do not fit all eyes, and this must be taken into consideration. My hunting partner cannot kill with them, but with open sights is a good shot—can hit a deer 6 times out of 8 shots, running—yet if he got in one shot with the Lyman he'd be lucky.

Oscar Bike has gone to Alaska, where he will join his old partner Jones. Bike was the most gentlemanly guide I ever met. I hope he will make a fortune. E. F. C.

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I have owned and used several different makes of guns, and was once of the opinion a big gun was the thing. While of that opinion I bought a 10 bore, 32 inch, 10 pound, full choke, for an all-round gun. Soon I found I was sadly mistaken. I would invariably shoot behind my crossing birds and would become completely tired out during a day's hunt. It was all right for deer, bear, and other big game, but not an all round gun.

My next and present arm is an English gun, 6¾ pounds, 30 inch, 12 bore, left barrel choked, right cylinder. It has a better record of game killed, and fine shooting qualities, than any gun in this section. Besides smaller game, I killed a large wild turkey gobbler, using my standard load, 3¼-1⅛, but this is sometimes increased to 3½ drams of powder.

C. L. Sperry, Sparta, Tenn.

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In a recent number of RECREATION there was a communication entitled " What About the Drift? " in which the writer says a bullet will fly to the right because the rifling twists that way. I wish to take exception to this. If you only consider the upper surface of the bullet in flight, it of course is moving toward the right; but if you consider the lower surface, that is moving toward the left. Likewise the surface on the left side of the bullet is moving up and that on the right side down. If it were possible for one of these motions to take place, while the other 3 were at rest, the tendency of the bullet would be to fly in that direction; but as this is obviously impossible, and the whole surface of the bullet is moving at the same rate of speed, the tendency is to fly in a perfectly straight line.

Le Wyk Wager, Philadelphia, Pa.

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I have owned 3 Winchester shotguns, one a lever action, one model 1893 and the other a '97 model, all full choked. I do not want anything better. Should " Subscriber " want a gun entirely for small game, I would suggest a Winchester Brush gun, 26 inch barrel. I prefer a choke bore, for I use my gun for duck shooting.

I have several companions who have pinned their faith to Winchester repeating shotguns. I know some claim the man who uses a repeater is a game hog, but there is no reason for this. It is not the gun that makes the game hog, but selfishness.

I hope we will see the day when men will go out and kill just what they need and no more. T. A. Harrison, Burnet, Tex.

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O. A. F., of Tioga, Pa., asks in June RECREATION which is the best and strongest of the Winchester shotguns, the lever or the sliding action?

I have owned both models of guns, and I can detect no difference in their shooting. Either one is as good and close a shooter as any man could wish for. I have used them for hunting and for trap shooting, and know they will do as good work as many of the high priced guns.

The sliding action has an advantage over the lever in quickness of action, but requires more care to keep in order.

For all round purposes I think the sliding action is as good a gun as one would care to own, and with proper care should last for years. B. F. Hurd, Star Prairie, Wis.

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Mr. Conyngham considers it one of the demerits of the .30-40 that " they are a nuisance to clean." He could dispose of this objection by using a cord and plummet " field cleaner "—a copy, on a smaller scale, of those used for shotguns.

I cannot agree with Mr. C. that the Savage rifle " magazine is so placed as to make it awkward to carry," and I think the lock is well protected from water and dust.

Will someone inform me, through RECREATION, what ammunition, not more expensive than the long rifle, .22 calibre cartridge, will give greater range and penetration, and what rifle is best to use same? Can I get some reloadable cartridge in .22 or .25 calibre that will answer my purpose?

Q., Battle Creek, Mich.

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I am glad to again see the Baker adv. in your columns. They publish a very interesting paper, in which they tell all about the make-up of the Baker gun, hammer and hammerless. I have used a number of different guns, but honestly the Baker hammerless takes the cake. The Remington is a good one, but it has no such safe appliance as the Baker. Fulford shoots a Remington but he is down on safes on guns. Some of the English guns have the double safe, like the Baker. No loaded gun can be safer than the Baker, and it is " American."

Daniel T. Tuthill, Orient Point, N. Y.

I think the .303 Savage repeater the peer of any rifle yet produced as an all round hunting arm. I have used one on deer and bears, and am more than satisfied with its penetration and "shocking" power.

I never knew the jacket to strip or come off until buried in the game. There is no more danger in using a soft nose, jacketed bullet, in hunting in the woods, than in using a .40 or .45 calibre ball. A tree that will stop one will stop the other.

The idea that the metal jacketed bullet will wear the rifling is nonsense—at least, as far as the Savage gun is concerned. I have fired 2,000 in my gun, and the barrel shows no sign of wear.

R. H. Pooler, Serena, Ill.

Allow me to say, for the benefit of O. R. Hartel, that the Stevens No. 44 Ideal rifle, of .25-21 or .25-25 calibre, is what he ought to have. As to price of ammunition, the factory loaded cartridges cost 60 cents a box of 20, which is rather expensive, if one shoots a great deal. In that case let him buy a set of Ideal reloading tools and these cartridges can be reloaded at a cost of 25 cents a 100. This is not guess work. I know it by experience. The .25-21 is accurate up to 200 yards and the .25-25, up to 300. All rifles should be fitted with Lyman sights as they add 50 per cent. to the accuracy.

W. C. Turnbull, Cleveland, O.

Having read with much interest, the numerous letters for and against .30-30 rifles, I should esteem it a favor if some small bore crank would give me his opinion and help me out of a fix. I sometime ago bought a rifle from the Marlin Co., fitted with a receiver sight and No. 5 Lyman foresight. It is a 30 inch barrel. At a measured 200 yards, it shoots 9 inches high. I wrote the Lyman people, and they advised me to use the No. 5, which I had already.

A. W. Palmer, Canmore, N. W. T.

I would like to say to "Sandpiper," I have tried a few .22 calibre soft nosed bullets, with good results. I tried these bullets on live cats, and doubled them up in good shape. Then I hung up one of the carcasses and fired a number of shot through it. Wherever a bullet struck a bone, it shattered it and went on, making a hole about the size of a .38. As far as I could tell, none of the bullets that went through flesh only, mushroomed. These bullets will hold their shape when fired into wood.

In June Recreation, Mr. L. H. Steel asks for opinions of the Parker gun. I have owned 2 Parkers, the first an old style lifter action, and the present one, a light Parker hammerless. My experience with this popular American gun has been most satisfactory, and, were I buying a half dozen guns, they would all be Parkers.

There may be others just as good, but I don't believe there are any better.

Wm. A. Thompson, Belleville, Ill.

In February Recreation B. expresses a belief that a tree which will stop a .45-70 bullet will also stop a .30-30. I own a .30-30 Winchester, which for penetration, and in fact everything else, stands alone. B. probably used soft-nosed bullets. These are not intended for extreme penetration, but for tearing big holes in game. If he will use full mantled bullets in his .30-30, he will find a .45-70 is not in it for penetration.

Charles T. Sperry, Whitesboro, N. Y.

I see in Recreation many inquiries about the Marlin rifle, .25-36 calibre. I have been using one for 6 months. It cannot be beaten for either long or short range. I use smokeless and black powder cartridges. I reload my shells with black powder, and find they shoot as well as the factory loads. Lyman's combination rear and ivory front sights are the best I ever used.

L. E. Morris, Bethlehem, Ia.

Will readers of Recreation please answer the following questions:

Which gun will shoot the longest without getting loose and shaky—the Lefever hammerless, Ideal G. grade, or the Ithaca hammerless, No. 38 grade?

Which gives the best pattern and penetration with 3 drs. of Hazard blue ribbon, or gold-dust smokeless powder, at 30 yards?

Roy Slade, Cedar Rapids, Ia.

How much advantage in range has an 8-gauge shotgun over a 10 gauge, both being properly bored and loaded? Should also like to know if they will shoot coarse shot like 000 well, and if they make good deer guns. Will they use smokeless powder? Would appreciate personal replies.

Dr. G. R. Rucker, Eufaula, I. T.

For the benefit of L. E. Morris, I will say, that what would please him is a Marlin rifle, model 1892, .32 calibre, with changeable firing pins. I have used the Winchester, Colt and Stevens rifles, but prefer the Marlin safety to all of them.

M. D. Cary.

Which is the best rifle cartridge for ducks, rabbits, squirrels, woodchucks, etc. I am advised to use the 25 rim fire Stevens, containing 11 grains of powder and a 65 grain bullet. Is that the best?

J. Hauser.

I should like to hear from readers of Recreation who have used the .25-36 Marlin on deer. Coquille, Bandon, Ore.

### ROBBERS, GOOD AND BAD.

Washington, D. C.

Editor RECREATION: There seems to be some difference of opinion regarding certain propensities of the red squirrel, pine squirrel, or chickaree, *Sciurus hudsonicus.*

When I was a boy in a country town in Maine, belief was current among the youngsters that red squirrels persecuted gray squirrels. Stories were prevalent that gray squirrels had been seen chased by chickarees. It was affirmed, too, that sometimes male gray squirrels had been shot which bore peculiar mutilations inflicted presumably by their red congeners. This proves nothing, but there was doubtless some ground for the belief, for country boys are keen observers of the habits of animals.

That red squirrels occasionally, at least, rob birds' nests of the eggs and young, I am positive. On more than one occasion I have seen them do it. Close behind our house is a deep, thickly wooded gulch, the home of numerous chipmunks and red squirrels. Near the house is a small orchard, and in front a row of maples and horse chestnuts in which robins, redstarts, thistle birds, etc., build their nests. I recall distinctly on one occasion hearing a great commotion among the birds, which I ascribed to the presence of a cat, but on my mother's assertion that it was a red squirrel after the birds' nests, I proceeded to investigate the matter. No cat was in sight, but a red squirrel with a recently hatched robin in its mouth ran down the tree and across the orchard to the gulch. In a little while it, or another, returned, but was frightened away. Many times after that I witnessed similar occurrences. To the present day, my mother informs me, red squirrels will hardly allow birds to rear a brood in these trees.

Hawks and owls have a reputation, founded on fact, of destroying birds' eggs and young. Crows also must be included in the same category. They used to rob the nests of eggs and young in these same trees, coming even into the door yard for the purpose, and more than once I have shot a black robber with a young bird in his beak. Hawks, owls, bluejays and crows, all have their redeeming traits and, according to those who have carefully studied their habits, do more good than harm.

I have no grudge against the red squirrel, and do not advocate his slaughter or extermination on account of his occasional fancy for eggs and dainty tidbits in the shape of young robins. Yet where squirrels are abundant they doubtless do much harm in the way mentioned, and I know no good of them except that they are pretty and cunning, though saucy little rascals.

I would not kill a skunk on account of his unsavory reputation or because he occasionally regales himself on fresh eggs and spring chickens. There are persons who claim that the skunk, like the bluejay and crow, is more beneficial than harmful, citing the large number of beetles and other insects eaten by them. But I have no doubt that game birds, particularly those that nest on the ground, suffer more from depredations of skunks than from any other animals. I could cite many instances that have come under my observation. However, skunks do not confine themselves to a strictly carnous diet. I have known patches of sweet corn to have been broken down and the depredations ascribed to coons. It was afterward ascertained that skunks were the culprits.

W. C. Kendall.

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### INDICTING THE CHIPMUNK.

Blue Mountain Lake, N. Y.

Editor RECREATION: I should like to add a little of my personal observation to the red squirrel and chipmunk discussion. There are no gray squirrels in this region except in years when they are migrating from West to East; but the whole country is overrun with red squirrels. Two years ago I killed 3 male gray squirrels that had been emasculated by the reds, 2 of them within a few days. I have often seen the reds chasing them in other sections.

Last year I got a choice strain of leghorn eggs, the chicks from which I brought into the dooryard to keep from the hawks.

There were several chipmunks around the house and my children had been in the habit of feeding them. The second time I fed the chicks I was surprised to see a chipmunk seize one by the neck and, after giving it a shake, attempt to drag it away. It is needless to say I killed the chipmunk. The next day I was away and my wife had the same experience, and got a neighbor to kill the chipmunk while it was dragging off the chicken. The first week 5 chipmunks were killed, and I had 4 chicks left out of 14. It seems to me if chipmunks kill chicks like that they may be largely responsible for the small number of grouse we have. I have often noticed that there are many more grouse around settled communities where the boys have a chance to trap and shoot the squirrels, than in wilder regions where you would naturally expect to find more birds. I think one of the best ways to preserve birds of all kinds is to kill every red squirrel and chipmunk you see.

C. L. Stanton.

Halifax, N. S.

Editor RECREATION: Anent the question of birds' nests being robbed by squirrels, and the gray being driven away by red, I can answer the first half from personal observation, and the second from hearsay evidence.

Around my studio in the Catskills, N. Y., were nests of robins, catbirds, and phœbe birds, and within 50 feet of my North window was a dead tree containing a squirrel nest. At the top of this was the entrance to a woodpecker's nest.

I was much interested in the affairs of my neighbors and busied myself in dropping crumbs about and chasing small boys away.

About 6 feet from my door was a low hemlock in which was a robin's nest. One morning I heard the owners of this nest making a deuce of a row, and thinking a snake had alarmed them, I stole forward quietly to hit it a whack. To my astonishment, as I parted the branches to look in, I nearly put my face against a squirrel, sitting on the edge of the nest with an egg clasped against his breast by his claws.

He was as much astonished as I, but recovered quicker, for he was off before I could hit him, and he took the egg too. There was one left in the nest and that, also, was missing the next morning.

I do not know whether a squirrel would try to carry away so large an object as a grouse egg or not.

Tradition, in the shape of an oldest inhabitant or 2, and various farmer hunters, says that at one time, Delaware county was full of gray squirrels, and that they were not only driven out by the red, but were invariably mutilated so that they were incapable of further propagating their kind. This I often heard and the only evidence I could discover, bearing on the truth of it, was the fact that I rarely found a red squirrel while hunting in the gray districts, and never a gray where the red were numerous. H. M. Rosenberg.

Union City, Pa.

Editor RECREATION: Now that Mr. Billings has started RECREATION readers talking squirrel, I'd like to say a few words about that little terror we call chipmunk, fence mouse, ground squirrel and a dozen other names. Talk about a red squirrel robbing birds' nests or killing young birds! He is not in it with the chipmunk; at least in captivity.

At one time I put a pair of these little devils in a bird room containing 50 or 60 native and foreign finches. The chipmunks had everything they could wish in the way of food, but every morning I would find 1 or 2 birds missing. After I had lost about a dozen this way and nearly every nest in the room had been ruined, it began to dawn on me that something must be done. On making an investigation it didn't take long to find the guilty party.

One of the cocoanut shells used by the birds as a nest was over half full of egg-shells, pieces of wings, feet, feathers, etc.; and I found more evidence of the same kind in one or 2 hollow logs that were in the room.

Of course the chipmunks were at once taken out of the room and given new quarters. At the same time I had a female red and a male black squirrel in the same place, but never knew them to bother the birds or their nests.

Mr. E. Foullion, of Indianapolis, Ind., had nearly the same experience. Mr. Seifert, of the same place, kept a pair of red squirrels in his bird room for nearly 2 years, without their doing the least damage.

I also remember one instance where I caught a little chipmunk trying to drive a robin off from her nest, built in a rail fence.

C. T. Metzger.

In reply to your inquiry, I would say the red squirrel, owing to its superior agility, is master of everything in the squirrel line, in this State. J. G. Wood, in his "Natural History," speaking of the black squirrel (Sciurus niger), says: "It seems to be a timid animal, as it has been observed to flee in terror when threatened with the anger of the red squirrel (S. Hudsonius)."

I am unfamiliar with the name "pine squirrel," so frequently seen in RECREATION. What is he? How, if in any way, does he differ from the "red squirrel"? The Riverside Natural History gives S. Hudsonius as the proper name for the "chickaree, hackee, or red squirrel." An old volume of the U. S. Agricultural Report, giving Pennant as authority, says of S. Hudsonius:

"This animal is known . . . under the names of red squirrel, chickaree, pine squirrel, and sometimes mountain squirrel."

The American Cyclopædia says: "Chickaree is a name given to the red—Hudson bay—or pine squirrel (S. Hudsonius);" while W. E. Catlin (p. 5, January RECREATION) credits the pine squirrel with the name S. Richardsoni.

Now who is right? Will someone enlighten us on this point?

B. C. B., Northville, Mich.

I will answer L. W. Brownell's remarks in May RECREATION, by taking him with me on a little stroll in the woods. It is early autumn, and the leaves are just beginning to change. We wander along a little creek, climb a ridge and sit down beside a hemlock tree. Presently we hear something coming through the leaves and see a large gray squirrel, followed by a red one. We sit still, and on they come—right along the ridge. The red is gaining, and as they get opposite our tree he overtakes the gray and a squabble ensues. Their movements are so quick and the scuffle is so soon over that we can hardly tell whether the gray has slackened his pace or not—before he is going on again, now unfitted for propagation. The evidence lies on the leaves, fresh covered with blood.

Another scene in the same woods. We are hunting to-day and as we go over the same ridge, a large hawk jumps from a clump of bushes and darts away. We part the bushes and see a full grown ruffed grouse, with an ugly wound in its head, from which blood is still dripping.

I saw these scenes in a little piece of woods near our village.

I do not believe hawks generally catch full grown grouse, but if they catch chickens, why wouldn't they catch young grouse?

I am thankful, brother Brownell, that snakes are not plentiful here, but when I see one kill it, on general principles. Don't you know they rob birds' nests?

E. S. Billings, Syracuse, N. Y.

It seems the detestable red squirrel has the same habits in Smyrna, N. Y., he has here. From my window, one morning last spring, I watched a red squirrel enter a robin's nest, take a young fledgling in his mouth, run down the tree and into a stone wall. In a few minutes he returned and carried away another young bird. I marked the place where he entered the wall and going there, found the birds, not 2 feet apart. He had bitten them through the neck, at the base of the skull. I left them, being anxious to find out if he was carnivorous; but though I watched from day to day until they spoiled, he never disturbed them. On inquiry among reputable observers I found it was an old trick of his; and one person, a well known ornithologist, told me of an island off the coast of Maine where the red squirrels had driven off or exterminated the greater part of the robins. I have seen the reds chasing gray squirrels; but whether they prevented them from returning I know only on hearsay. The hearsay comes from men I have the utmost confidence in. In your squib you refer to the pine squirrel, while the articles on pages 53 January and 315 April RECREATION refer to the red.

A. M. Hinkley, No. Middleboro, Mass.

You ask for evidence against red squirrels. Here is mine: I saw one, last summer, dump the eggs out of half a dozen sparrow nests in about 5 minutes. The nests were in a box intended for martins, on the side of a store. My nephew called to me to come quick if I wanted to see a small thrashing machine. The comparison was good, because there was a continuous stream of straw, feathers, and birds' eggs coming to the ground, until every nest was empty. Then the squirrel ran down to the ground and away.

I supposed every hunter knew the red squirrel was a terror to the gray squirrel. I have seen the reds chasing grays times too often to mention. On 2 occasions I saw a gray jump out of the top of a tree into the river, to get away from its red pursuer. One of these jumps was from a tall pine tree, at least 50 feet from the water.

Paul Scheuring, West De Pere, Wis.

I note your question regarding the red squirrel. I don't know as the little fellow robs birds' nests of eggs, but I have seen him carry off a half-grown fledgling from a robin's nest, and have no doubt he has a fondness for young birds as an article of food.

When a boy, I used to endeavor to tame red squirrels, but never succeeded in converting them to any satisfactory degree of docility. Unlike him, however, his cousins, the gray squirrel and the ground squirrel, are easily domesticated.

I have not written this to aid in the condemnation of the red squirrel, because I rather like him for his pert and saucy ways, but as a reply to your query.

Bur Shaw, Augusta, Me.

Yes: a red squirrel will and does rob birds' nests. While going through an orchard last summer I was attracted by the cry of a pair of robins. On investigation I found a red squirrel making off with an egg. He did not go far, and I opened fire with a target revolver. My bad shooting did not disturb him. By the time I had finished my ammunition he had done as much with his third egg.

I ran to the house and brought out the Parker, with which I put an end to the feast. I have noticed a case of this kind once before. I have also seen them drive both the gray and fox squirrel in the woods.

K. S. Johnston, Detroit, Mich.

The red squirrel is a nuisance. There used to be a nut grove near here where one could bag from 6 to 10 grays in 2 hours' shooting. One year the crop of nuts fell short and the grays starved or migrated. The reds managed to survive, and from then on kept the grays from returning until a companion and I began to kill the red rascals off. Then it was astonishing how quickly the grays increased.

I think the L. A. S. is a step toward the preservation of our game. If every reader of RECREATION would give it a boost we should soon see game on the increase.

Comet, Newton, N. J.

We have in this country, some seasons, an abundance of red squirrels. They are pests to everything in the bird line, especially the smaller kinds, as well as to the gray and black squirrels. They will try, at least, to get into any nest, and destroy the eggs, which they seem to enjoy eating.

They harass the gray and black squirrels and drive them out of the neighborhood. They are especially aggressive toward the males, and frequently mutilate them. I can prove my statement by other eyewitnesses, who have killed both the red and the gray immediately after the operation had been performed. Nimrod, Portage Co., Wis.

I noticed an article in April Recreation, speaking of pine squirrels robbing birds' nests and breaking grouse eggs. I never saw them destroy birds' nests, but have frequently seen them drive away the gray squirrels. One day last fall while gunning for gray squirrels, I noticed a pine squirrel go into a hollow tree, and out came the old gray squirrel with the "piney" close at his heels. I have often noticed that where pine squirrels were plenty, gray squirrels were scarce.

B. P. Hooke, Jr., Loysville, Pa.

Mr. L. W. Brownell, of Nyack, N. Y., would do well to go out in the woods and watch the manœuvres of a red squirrel, instead of studying natural history indoors and roasting Mr. Billings.

The red squirrel is a mean little nuisance, and there are few hunters who do not use shells on them. They chase grays, rob birds' nests, rob farmers' granaries, and commit crimes too numerous to mention. What Minton and the others say, is the truth. H. P. McDonald, Benson, Vt.

I have been a close observer of nature and have spent much time in the woods of Michigan and Ohio; I never knew the red squirrel to molest birds' nests, but I do know they are destructive to the fox and gray squirrels. It is a well known fact with us that the male reds mutilate the males of the larger varieties. I have seen them do it and have shot numbers of the latter that were so mutilated. I think that is one of the reasons of their scarcity.

N. L. Curtis, Perrysburg, O.

Anent the red squirrel business I would say: I know he will chase the gray and black ones, and even the fox squirrel, if he feels inclined. I have seen it done more times than I can tell; and supposed every man of mature years had seen the same thing, if he ever hunted squirrels. I have seen them destroy eggs and young birds within 20 feet of my door, so I know he is a plunderer. A .22 Winchester fits his case nicely. Chippewa.

I agree with E. S. Billings that the red squirrel is a mean little fellow. I have seen him chase the gray squirrel, and rob birds' nests. I have seen him destroy a nest of young robins, taking the young birds out of the nest and carrying them away. If there is any good in him I should like to know it. He will strip a hickory tree of nuts in a few days by biting them off, often before the gray squirrel begins work.

Luther Moore, Melrose, N. Y.

The statement of E. S. Billings, in April Recreation, in regard to red squirrels is correct. They are the meanest little rascals that ever lived. I have seen them eating young robins and chasing gray squirrels, though I never heard of their killing a gray squirrel.

S. F. Southwick, Millville, Mass.

I have repeatedly seen red squirrels robbing birds' nests, killing the young and breaking the eggs. I have seen them in the hanging nests of the Baltimore oriole. In the woods around here it is no uncommon sight, when out still hunting in the early morning, to see a red squirrel in full chase after a gray.

Reader, Mt. Hermon, Mass.

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### THE WHALE AND ITS ENEMY.

Mr. Gavin's note on the "whale and its enemy the thrasher shark," interested me greatly, for the whale in these waters also has to contend with a similar foe.

I have seen the performance several times, from steamer decks or off the shores of Prince of Wales island, but have not been able to identify the fish. It is known here as a "killer whale" and also by the name of "orca." These "killers" will pursue a whale until it is quite exhausted, and every time it comes to the surface to breathe the "killer" throws itself over the whale's spout. This method of suffocating its victim is persistently kept up until the whale dies. The "killer" then tears out its protruding tongue and is off.

This may sound fishy, to some, and I confess it did to me at first; but I have since had abundant opportunities of verifying it—both from Indians and white residents. Another good proof is the fact that almost without exception the dead whales found adrift lack tongues.

I also wish to correct a statement made by your correspondent at Skaguay to the effect that the cougar or mountain lion is found in that locality. They do not inhabit the interior, nor any of the coast unless it be the extreme Southern end, near the British Columbia line.

Geo. G. Cantwell, Juneau, Alaska.

Lynn, Mass.

Editor Recreation: Mr. Gavin's account in Recreation, of an attack by a thrasher shark on a whale, reminds me of having seen a similar occurrence. About 15 years ago, while standing on a hill overlooking the Bay of Fundy, I was surprised to see a large whale rise from the water until more than half of his body came in view. Immediately a thrasher ran his wicked looking body out of water to the height of 15 feet or more, and came down on the whale's back with a smash. The sound of the blow echoed along the shore, and the whale uttered a groan which was pitiful to hear and strangely human. The blow was repeated as often as the whale appeared at the surface. This he did so frequently that I felt sure it was something more than a desire to blow which brought him to the top, when he knew what a pounding awaited him. Sometimes he would not be out of sight more than a minute; while at other times he would be gone so long I thought I should see him no more. The thrasher did not seem to fall on the whale's back, as described by Mr. Gavin. The motion was like that of a man's arm when held upright and brought down with lightning rapidity. I could see the force of the blow increasing as it neared the whale's back.

This whale was killed, and came ashore the next day, 4 miles below where it was first seen. Besides a badly bruised head and back, the whale had many wounds, resembling sword thrusts, in its belly. It is my belief, and that of others who saw the fight, that in this case the thrasher was assisted by a swordfish; the latter driving the whale to the surface, and the thrasher banging him from above.

G. F. Hogan.

### BLUE AND SNOW GEESE.

I send 2 prints of birds called here snow geese. What is their proper name? Old shooters claim the birds represented are one species, the white headed ones being young birds, and the entirely white ones, adults.

Thousands of these geese pass up the Mississippi valley in the spring, about 5 per cent. being white ones. Their habits and voice are the same, and they flock together. They seek shallow water, and pull up young grass and rushes ; but their chief food is corn, for which they make regular morning and evening flights to the fields, sometimes going 20 miles. Have known them to stay here until June 1st before going North to their nesting grounds. Only once in 12 years have I seen any come this way on the Southern migration. The flight lasted 2 days. They did not stop, but went over high in air, making a continual squawking. I spent several seasons in Minnesota and North Dakota, and never saw a white headed goose there, but white geese were plentiful.

What becomes of the white headed geese when they leave here for the North?

Will Humphreys, Sheffield, Ill.

#### ANSWER.

One bird is the blue goose, *Chen caerulescens*, and nests very far North. Nest and eggs unknown.

The other is the snow goose, *Chen hyperborea, nivalis*. Nest and eggs unknown. Nests very far North.

These 2 birds are wholly different, although the young are somewhat alike, both being more or less grayish buff.

### SMALL DEER HORNS.

About 10 years ago, while scouting in the Big Horn mountains of Wyoming, I came across what appeared to be the bleached skeleton of a white tail deer; but was so struck by its diminutive size that I kicked the head off and brought it into camp. I later mounted the horns and have since kept them as a curiosity.

When I found it I supposed it was but a dwarf, and only valuable as a freak. I afterward showed the horns to a number of Sioux, Crow and Cheyenne Indians, who all said their fathers had told them there was in their time a race of dwarf deer inhabiting the Big Horn mountains; but that none of the present generation had ever seen any of them. I heard the same story, also, from a number of white men who had spent most of their lives in that section.

The horns show 5 points, are 2 inches apart at the base, 4½ between tips and 6 inches in height. The greatest distance between any 2 corresponding points is 8 inches.

There was, unfortunately, no way of saving the skeleton, which was perfect and apparently about the size of a half grown sheep; but it is possible some of your many readers may be able to decide whether this animal was one of the race or only a freak.

John H. Gardner,
1st Lieut. 9th U. S. Cavalry,
Fort Washakie, Wyo.

### AN EAGLE ATTACKS A BUCK.

Last September, while my partner and I were hunting in the Williams River mountains, we discovered on the summit of a ridge a large mule buck, running away, about 250 yards distant, apparently having winded us. Soon an exceedingly large gray eagle made a dive at the buck, who dodged, shook his head and increased his speed. The eagle made several plunges, coming close to, but not taking hold of the deer. In a moment the buck was in the protection of a quaking asp grove, and a small 2 point buck came in sight, going in the same direction as the larger one. The eagle immediately turned his attention to this one. This was the more exciting event of the 2. The small buck made strenuous efforts to get away, increasing his speed and dodging repeatedly, as I have often seen a jack rabbit do when closely pursued by a large hawk. At last the eagle settled directly on the buck's withers. There he remained with wings spread for a number of seconds, until the buck gained the grove that had sheltered the larger deer.

Now the question I want to ask is, what were the eagle's intentions?

He certainly could have had no hope of overpowering a 200 pound buck, in good health. Harry Petrie, Denver, Col.

### RESCUING A RED SQUIRREL.

I was crossing the Racket river, some 40 miles above Potsdam, at the foot of Hedgehog rapids, when I saw something swimming in mid-stream.

At first sight I took it to be a mink, but soon discovered it was a red squirrel.

I thought I would give the little fellow a lift, so took him aboard, but not until he had received a thorough ducking on account of the swiftness of the water.

I placed him on my coat which was lying on the seat in front of me, and resumed rowing. He would cuddle down in one place until it became wet, then move to a dry spot. By the time I reached shore he had pretty thoroughly canvassed the whole coat.

When the bow of the boat grounded he manifested no desire to leave, so I placed him on the gunwale beside me and spread out his hair that it might dry more quickly. In the meantime the little fellow eyed me with a most approving look.

When each individual hair was adjusted and dried to his satisfaction, with a little chirk and "I thank you," he scampered along the gunwale and disappeared in the forest.

What struck me as remarkable was his fearlessness, and apparent appreciation of my help.

J. M. Graves, Potsdam, N. Y.

### YES, WOODPECKERS SHOULD BE PROTECTED.

Will you please inform me through RECREATION whether woodpeckers should be regarded as harmful to trees and shrubs, or as beneficial. These birds are quite plentiful in our neighborhood, and many persons shoot them on account of the damage they are supposed to do to young trees.

H. A. Buehmann, Milwaukee, Wis.

#### ANSWER.

Beyond all question, woodpeckers, nuthatches and chickadees should be regarded as the special protectors of trees, and themselves entitled to the most complete protection. Nature has made the woodpecker for the special duty of warring upon the miserable borers which constantly strive to mutilate and destroy the few trees that are spared by the woodman's axe. Where the borers are, there will the woodpecker be found. Depend upon it, these birds will harm no trees that are free from insect larvæ. I cannot imagine what they have done that should have caused sentence of death to be pronounced upon them. It is to be hoped that even if they have done a little damage, the vast amount of good service rendered by them will not be forgotten. Many a farmer loses temper at the loss of a few cherries or grapes, and in revenge kills birds which, if allowed to live, would destroy noxious insects by the thousand every season. It should be remembered that the laborer is worthy of his hire.—EDITOR.

### NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

Please tell me in your next issue the names of 2 or 3 of the best publications on Natural History, adapted to the use of one who spends a great deal of time in hunting, and who wants to learn the natures and whereabouts of the inhabitants of land and sea.

Price to be no higher than $30, bound in leather. H. A. W.

#### ANSWER.

I advise H. A. W. to procure a copy of the "Royal Natural History," the latest out, published in 6 volumes, finely illustrated, and a library in itself. It covers the animal kingdom generally. Its retail price is $27, but it can be purchased through RECREATION at $22.

Another valuable work is the "Popular Natural History," by J. S. Kingsley, published in 2 royal 8vo volumes at $9. Of course you already own a copy of "The Big Game of North America," by G. O. Shields, without which no naturalist's library is complete. W. T. H.

In January RECREATION I notice a query as to the whereabouts of the wild pigeons. These groups of the Bahamas—Crooked, Aclius, and Fortune islands—abound with wild pigeons which go in flocks of 100 and sometimes more. I have seen game hogs bag as many as 100 birds in 2 hours. Wood doves are plentiful, but go in pairs. There are a few mallard and redhead ducks. Snipe are numerous. Flamingoes, herons and cranes abound. Wild hogs are also plentiful. They afford good sport, though they are becoming troublesome to the farmers of these islands. Salt water fishing is excellent. Fortune island is a paradise for sportsmen.

E. F. Carlton, Fortune Island, Bahamas.

These are doubtless the band tailed pigeon, *Columba fasciata*, and not the passenger pigeon, *Ectopistes migratorius*.

I take issue with Mr. F. P. Latham, when he asserts that quails in the South do not rear 2 broods a season. My observation, extending over 40 years, enables me to state that birds do frequently raise 2 broods a year. I have often, in the harvesting season between the 10th and 19th of June, seen a cock and hen quail with a brood of half grown birds that could easily fly out of danger. About the middle of August, I have seen the same cock and hen with a brood of young ones that could easily run, and in a few weeks the first brood joined the parent birds. I knew these were the same birds because they were in my field and I am a close observer. I do not say all birds invariably have 2 broods a year; but that they frequently do in this section, cannot be successfully controverted.

J. P. Buford, Lawrenceville, Va.

I find the following in the Williams Bay (Wis.) Observer:

"An item is going the rounds of the county press to the effect that the wild pigeon, which used to flock in such large numbers in this locality, is now extinct. This, however, is not the case, as a flock of some 200 or 300 of these birds nested in a strip of large timber North of Lake Geneva last summer, and we can mention half a dozen gentlemen who can testify to having secured several of them. It is also stated by those who know, that they are on the increase."

I am quite certain it is true about pigeons nesting there in summer, but I am afraid they will not be allowed to remain in peace. If left alone for some years they would increase rapidly.

J. M. Olson, Delavan, Wis.

I investigated this report and find it is entirely without foundation.—Editor.

I shot an antelope October 22d and still have the horns. From the measurements given below it will be seen that they are larger than those described by Mr. Compton, in November Recreation.

| | Inches. |
|---|---|
| Length of left horn around curve.... | 17¼ |
| Length of right horn around curve.. | 17⅜ |
| Spread of horns at tips............. | 6½ |
| Spread at widest part............... | 15 |
| Girth of left horn at base........... | 6½ |
| Girth of right horn at base.......... | 6¼ |
| Girth of horn at largest place....... | 10½ |

Weight...........125 pounds.

E. S. Dodge, Acadia Ranch,
Oracle, Ariz.

Having seen occasional reports in Recreation regarding fine deer horns, I give below measurements of a most remarkable pair of mule deer horns. The deer was killed September 15, 1896, in the Sawtooth mountains, Idaho, and the horns are owned by L. Skow, a taxidermist in this city.

Measurements are as follows: Extreme spread, 34¼ inches; width at front beam, 31 inches; length along either antler, from skull to tip, 31 inches; circumference of burr, 7¼ inches; circumference of beam, 5 inches; number of prongs, 16. Weight (with cleaned skull), 8¼ pounds.

Isador S. Trostler, Omaha, Neb.

I noticed an article in April Recreation stating that Mr. F. M. Hondlette, of St. Louis, had sent you a set of rattles numbering 43 and a button. I know Mr. H. well, and after I had looked this string over carefully, he told me it was made up of the rattles of several snakes. It was neatly put together. I have killed a great many rattlers in Arizona and California, and some big ones too, but I never saw one snake have more than 18 rattles and a button. In crawling over rough ground and through the bushes they frequently wear or tear some of them off.

B. P. Hooke, Jr., Loysville, Pa.

I recently visited the Page Wire Fence Park, at Adrian. They have 2 bull elk in an enclosure by themselves where the fence is not more than 5 feet high. They and most of the other animals are quite tame, and will eat grass from your hands. The main park fence is 10 feet high. They have many deer, and a buffalo calf. In a small yard 2 coyotes are kept, also a bear chained to a post, who makes great sport for the boys. Tecumseh, Mich.

One day, while wheeling along picturesque coast roads, in the island of Jamaica, I saw my first pelican. He was plying his trade as a fisherman, a few rods from shore. He sailed slowly along, a few feet from the surface, then dived, going entirely under. Coming up, he sat on the water like a duck, and gulped down his prey. I noted that every dive resulted in his securing something. He is a fisher surely. Stam.

One morning as I was in my garden I noticed 2 robins looking around, seemingly for a nesting place. Thinking I could be of service I made a short shelf and placed it under the peak of a roof. Within 2 hours the birds were on it, and next morning were hard at work building a nest.

A. O. Palmer, Cortlandt, N. Y.

Would say to M. P. Dunham, Woodworth, Mont., that I have known a common brook trout to eat a snake, a foot long. My father and I both saw the fish with the snake's tail sticking out of its mouth. The snake was of a harmless species known in this locality as a striped snake.

C. M. Davis, Syracuse, N. Y.

Ammonia is an effective antidote for rattlesnake bite. My father, who is a physician and has practiced in the country for 45 years, has frequently prescribed ammonia with success, and never lost a case.

B. P. Hooke, Jr., Loysville, Pa.

Blue birds, robins, ducks and meadow larks are plentiful here.

Frank E. Butts, Froelich, Iowa.

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### INDIANS AS GAME DESTROYERS.

Missoula, Mont.

Editor RECREATION : I enclose a letter to Mr. Eddy, who is deeply interested in the work of the League, that you may see what we have to do in this State. We have nothing worse to contend with than the Indians. They get permits to leave the reservation; then go where there are few settlers, and begin work. The settlers do not dare report them, for the Indians are likely to burn them out, or possibly to kill them.

Every one familiar with the Indian knows his favorite dish is the young unborn fawn. The Indians here number less than 2,000, and have over 2,000 square miles of land in their reservation. They have some of the finest hunting country in the world, and the finest valley in this State. They should not be permitted to go off the reservation at all, during the close season.

What can we do about it? The State seems to have no jurisdiction over the Indians, and the agent may call them back only to let them start out again. We must bring pressure enough to bear on the head of the Interior department to have an order made as above suggested, or the big game in the West will go fast. There is no use in letting the Indian run rampant, the year round, to do as he pleases, while the white man is trying to save the game.

M. J. Elrod.

The letter referred to is as follows :

Thompson, Mont., Aug. 2, 1898.

Mr. R. A. Eddy, Missoula, Mont.

Dear Sir : I deem it my duty to inform you relative to the Indians killing deer out of season, as I notice you are taking an active part in bringing game law violators to justice. Last week a band of Indians went through here. That is, the squaws rode through town, and the bucks took to the timber, back of town, thereby getting past unnoticed. I had a talk with a party from the lower country, and learned they met a band of bucks and squaws on the trail to Bull river. They camped opposite Noxon, on this side of the river, and left their fire burning. I am told the whole country is now on fire. I can prove that the Indians left the fire burning, which spread in the mountains.

I am quite sure if you were to look the matter up, they could be followed and no doubt caught in the act of both leaving their camp fires burning, and of killing deer. I believe a reward is offered for the detection of any person leaving a camp fire burning, when abandoning camp.

Hoping you will attend to this matter at your earliest convenience, I am,

Respectfully,

J. C. McGinnis.

I referred this correspondence to the Secretary of the Interior, who replies as follows :

Dear Sir : I am in receipt of your favor of the 16th instant, enclosing letters from Mr. J. C. McGinnis and Mr. M. J. Elrod, referring to the destruction of game in Montana.

The work of your League is certainly very commendable, and it will always give me pleasure, acting within the law applicable to this department and the various Indian reservations, to aid you in any way in my power ; but I have to suggest that the charges made by these gentlemen are indefinite. They do not state what Indians have been guilty of violation of the game laws, and from what agency they come; their charges being simply general and indefinite, and incapable of investigation without more particulars. If you will cause to be sent to this office special charges against the Indians of any particular agency, I will see to it that a proper investigation is made, and suitable action promptly taken.

Very respectfully,
C. N. Bliss, Secretary.

Now, let every member of the League in the far West keep a sharp lookout for Indians who may be suspected of killing game out of season. Get definite information as to what tribe they belong to; whence they come; their numbers; names if possible, and all other information that can be had. Make them show their passes, if they have any.

Then submit these facts to me, and I will prepare charges against the culprits, and forward to the Secretary of the Interior. If all members in the Indian country will follow up this matter, we may be able to check this illegal work of the Indians.—EDITOR.

### COUNTY WARDEN.

#### DOCTOR HASKELL OF WEEDSPORT HAS RECEIVED THE APPOINTMENT.

Weedsport, Aug. 6.—Dr. H. M. Haskell of this village has been appointed county warden of the League of American Sportsmen. The Doctor is quite a sportsman himself, and is the owner of a handsome boat on the Seneca river. He is noted likewise for his opposition to a wanton destruction of insect-eating and song birds, which it is one of the objects of this association to prevent. It is an undoubted fact that there has been considerable shooting of these birds in this vicinity, nor do the shooters discriminate between shooting legitimate game in season or out of season. Wild ducks have their nesting places in considerable numbers along the Seneca river, and many a mother duck has been killed out of season, leaving her ducklings to starve. The association employs detectives, and Dr. Haskell will make efforts tō bring some of the offenders to justice.—Syracuse (N. Y.) Herald.

### THE LEAGUE IS GROWING.

The total membership of the L. A. S. is now 917. It is distributed over 35 States. The banner State thus far is New York, with 275 members. Massachusetts is next with 131 members, Montana third with 88.

Eight State divisions have been organized, and the names and addresses of the chief wardens thereof will be found at the head of this department. It is a mystery to me that the other Western, as well as Eastern, States, that have so much game and so much at stake in the matter of game protection, do not show greater activity in the League work. It is astonishing that any sportsman who has any regard for the safety of game and game fishes should not be willing to expend the small sum of $1 a year to aid in this great enterprise.

### NOTES.

We have great need of the influence of the L. A. S. in this country. The law is ignored by many people on the plea that they need meat, and are not able to buy it, so they kill game at all seasons of the year. Our State game wardens receive no compensation for services; hence are inefficient. We have plenty of game at present, but it will soon be scarce, for the country is settling up fast. Fishing is good, and ducks are numerous.

Mark H. Warner, Ten Sleep, Wyo.

Mr. Warner is a prominent ranchman, hunter and guide, who lives in the foot hills of the Big Horn mountains. If all ranchmen in the West would join the League, and take as much interest in game preservation as Mr. Warner does, we would soon be able to build a legal wall about the game that would preserve it for all time to come.

On the 18th instant I went to the house of E. Engesser, this city, and liberated one robin and 3 yellow birds that had been in a cage some time. I destroyed one trap cage that I could not find had been used by the owner. In this case I did not take out a warrant, or bring an action, but reported the matter to the newspapers for the moral effect.

Besides the above I have looked into many minor cases in which complaint was made to me personally, or through the humane society. E. P. Dorr, Buffalo, N. Y.

Mr. Dorr is the local warden of the L. A. S. for Erie county, and is making it mighty warm for law-breakers in his district. All cases of game law violations, in that county, should be reported to him.

I am glad to see the L. A. S. growing so rapidly. Like the L. A. W., it can make itself felt by our law makers.

While in favor of protection of game I think none should be given the gray rabbit. It is a nuisance to farmers and fruit growers, destroying trees and berry bushes. Nor do I think any trout are saved by the law forbidding the taking of suckers and eels save by rod and line. Suckers and eels destroy much spawn of better fish.

James H. Pixley, Schuyler Lake, N. Y.

The by-laws of our club require each member to become a member of the League of American Sportsmen. Will you please mail us the necessary application blanks, copies of constitution, etc.

The Piney River Sportsmen's Club,
Huntington, Ind.,
By W. P. McDonald, Secy.

Good! If all gun and fishing clubs would make a similar condition in their by-laws, they would be much more successful in their efforts to preserve the game.

Why not send in your $ for membership in the L. A. S.?

# EDITOR'S CORNER.

## AFTER PEACE, WHAT?

This is an age of object teaching, and the war now happily terminated has taught the American people a lesson they will not soon forget. It has taught them to revere the memory of the man who first said, "In time of peace prepare for war." It has taught them that the best way to insure peace is to be ready for war.

This war, though short, has been a bloody one. It has again demonstrated the valor of American soldiers and seamen; the resistless power of American arms. Every good man and woman will wish the era of peace on which we are now entering may last a hundred years ; yet this is too good to be really hoped for.

Now, let the next 10 years show how well we have learned our lesson. Let us see if the American people, as represented in their Congress, will go to work industriously and intelligently to prepare for the next war. If they will do this, and will make such preparations as they should, then we may reasonably hope this generation, at least, will never see another war.

What shall be the measure of this preparation?

1st. We must have the greatest navy in the world.

2d. We must have a standing army of at least 200,000 men.

3d. We must have a militia organization of at least 1,000,000 men.

4th. We must have a naval reserve force of at least 100,000 men.

Of what shall our navy consist? This is the most important question the government will have to deal with in the next decade. Valuable lessons have been learned from the 2 great naval engagements that have taken place in this war, as well as from several of the less important combats. One of these lessons appears to be that the first-class battleship, of high power, heavy armor and great speed is pre-eminent. Then let us have at least 20 of these modern machines of destruction, and let the people who built the Oregon build at least 10 of them.

The high-power, high-speed cruiser appears to be next in importance. Then let us have at least 30 of these.

The questions of ordnance and equipment for the new navy may well be left to our naval and artillery experts. First let us have the navy ; then we shall have no fear as to its armament.

If we had had such a navy as this 2 years ago, we would have had no war with Spain. We could have enforced our demands without the shedding of a drop of blood. Therefore, let us hope the new navy may be a veritable peace navy.

Our naval gunners have proved themselves the greatest in the world. Let them be bountifully supplied with the best ammunition that science can produce, and let them have such ample practice in its use that they may at all times be as expert as they are now.

We have seen the folly of putting troops into the field poorly armed and poorly equipped. Hundreds of lives have been lost, and thousands of men wounded, that might have been saved had we been as well equipped as were our enemies. Colonel Bell, of the 2d Cavalry, told me an object lesson was given to the world, in the first day's fighting before Santiago, that should never be forgotten. He said the fighting, for some hours in the morning, was between troops armed entirely with small bore, smokeless powder rifles, and that it was exceedingly difficult to locate the lines of fire on either side. Thus the losses, for a time, were light. Later in the day the 71st New York got into line, and opened on the Spanish works in its front. This regiment was armed with old-time black powder rifles, and at the first volley a great wall of smoke arose in front of the entire regiment. This was a conspicuous target, and the fire of the whole Spanish line, for 3 miles in either direction, was concentrated on it ! This is why the 71st was cut to pieces so badly. It was not because these men fought more valiantly than the other commands. It was not because they were closer to the enemy. It was simply because their exact whereabouts were made known to the enemy, and, although the 71st men lay flat on the ground, turning on their backs to load, they were fearfully cut to pieces. It is safe to say 100 men were killed and wounded in that one regiment who might have been saved had the men been armed with Krag-Jorgensen rifles.

The lesson of this one fight should never be forgotten by the men charged with the responsibility of arming and equipping the United States land forces. Our troops should immediately be armed with modern small bore rifles and smokeless ammunition.

But where is the money to come from to pay for this great navy and this great standing army?

A loyal people will cheerfully furnish it as fast as needed. The horrors of the past war have come home to us all, and none of us want to see another one. We are all, therefore, ready to do our part toward building up and equipping an army and a navy which will guarantee a permanent peace. We do not expect this great navy to be built in a year, or in 5 years. It may even take 10 years to build it. Meantime the taxpayers will furnish the money as fast as needed. The revenue resulting from the 2-cent tax on checks, alone, would build this navy in a few years, and no one will ever object to paying such a tax, for so noble a cause. Merchants and manufacturers will not object to the tax on their goods, as now prescribed by the stamp law, so long as the money is to be devoted to so good a cause.

These taxes were created, of course, for war purposes, and it was supposed that as soon as the war ceased they would be discontinued ; but if the revenue resulting is to be applied to the building of a navy, and to the establishment and maintenance of a regular army that will forever guarantee us against war, then, as I have said, the public will be glad to pay these taxes indefinitely.

" In time of peace prepare for war."

Please let up on the game hogs. We have had enough of that.

J. K. L., Rochester, N. Y.

Let up on the game hogs? Not much, my dear boy. I shall never let up on them while I continue to publish RECREATION, and while they continue their nefarious work. As I have before said, this is a fight to the death, and the hogs need expect no quarter. I have my rapid fire guns trained on them in every direction, and tons of ammunition stored in the hold. When they quit slaughtering game, and violating game laws, then I shall let up on them, and not before.—EDITOR.

I wish the readers of RECREATION would correspond, freely, with my advertisers. The object in placing an advertisement in any periodical is to get acquainted with the readers thereof, and advertisers are convinced of the value of any medium in proportion as they hear from its readers. You can therefore do RECREATION a valuable service by answering the advertisements and stating where you saw them.

I am especially anxious to have all ladies who read RECREATION write the houses who advertise goods that are used partially or wholly by women. Many advertisers still insist that women do not read this magazine and that it is not, therefore, a valuable medium for them. I have induced some such houses to make a trial of it and they have almost invariably found it pays. Most of these advertisements have remained in. Still, these same people like to know their advertisements are scanned each month by my readers.

Many advertisers send out valuable books, circulars or other matter that will well repay the trouble of writing a letter or postal card. Furthermore, by corresponding with these advertisers you will frequently learn where to buy certain goods you want and which you might not have found except in this way.

Always mention RECREATION when writing advertisers.

Among the leading features of November RECREATION are, " Asleep with a Corpse," by Capt. W. R. Hamilton, U. S. A.; " At Close Quarters with an Alligator," Frank Hackelman; " A Pineland Specter," Allan Hendricks; " Uncle Dick's Turkey Hunt," Virginius; " Hunting with a Camera," W. E. Carlin; " Gold Hunting in the Klondyke," George A. Peabody, and the concluding chapters of " Holidays on a Houseboat," by H. E. Beattie.

There will be the usual wealth of short articles and news items from the game fields, the woods and the waters, on guns and ammunition, with many interesting sketches of birds and animals in the Natural History Department.

Don't forget that $2 will buy a copy of that beautiful book, " Bird Neighbors " and a yearly subscription to RECREATION.

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## PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

Folmer & Schwing, 271 Canal street, New York City, have lately put on the market a new camera called the Twin Lens Graphic, which must appeal strongly to all sportsmen. It is practically a double camera, in which the upper lens is used to reflect the exact size and position of the object on the ground glass screen, which is shielded by the hood on top of camera by side curtains. The lower lens, to which the shutter is attached, makes the picture on the plate or film.

The special features in this camera, as against the English make of similar camera, are compactness, ease of manipulation, and durability. The 2 compartments in the back are large enough to carry 6 double plate holders, or a daylight film roll holder and 3 plate holders. The ground glass on top is full 4x5 in size. The lenses are accurately matched so that the object will appear exactly the same on the plate or film as seen on the ground glass. This is a telescopic form of camera, similar to Folmer &

Schwing's regular Telescopic Graphic, as the front racks out to focus, and when not in use may be closed up, making it a very compact camera.

The Grand Trunk Railway has issued a most beautiful souvenir of the Muskoka Lake region. It contains a map of that district, showing the topography of the country, the railways, wagon roads, etc.; also a large number of beautiful half-tone cuts of scenery in and about these charming lakes. These cuts are printed in olive green ink, and the text in black, on clear white paper, so the artistic effect is of a rare order.

Unfortunately, the compiler of this book has allowed some game-hog pictures to appear in it, which should never have been given a place, but all the same the book is, as I have said, exceedingly interesting and beautiful. Every sportsman who has any idea of ever visiting the Muskoka lakes should have a copy of it.

Write W. E. Davis, G. P. A., Grand Trunk Railway, Montreal, Can., for a copy of the book, and say you saw it mentioned in RECREATION.

The passenger department of the Long Island Railway has issued a little book entitled "Unique Long Island," containing many pictures of Camp Black, from the time the 71st Regiment pitched its tents until it left for the front.

The pictures include the temporary railroad station, showing the guard, the flags, the headquarters, and various other scenes connected with the camp. There are also photographs of Major-General Roe and staff ; the 65th Regiment, of Buffalo ; the 22d Regiment, the 69th and Troop "C," making a series of camp pictures not alone historical but of value, particularly to the relatives and friends of the 9,000 troops who received their training in Camp Black.

Copies of this "Camp Black" edition of "Unique Long Island" will be sent to any address on receipt of 5 cents in stamps to cover postage.

In ordering, mention RECREATION.

"Tree across the fence. That's what Phil Dewey found the other morning. Nothing remarkable about that. Well, no, not ordinarily. There has been many a tree across some one's fence at divers times, and the fence has come out the worse for having a tree across it, especially if the tree was large. This particular tree was about 20 inches through, but the fence was not injured in the least, and righted itself just as soon as the tree was removed. Not a post was loosened or a wire bent.

"Mr. Dewey says it takes more than a tree to down the Page fence, and keep it down. He is fast enclosing his farm and park with the Page product."—New Richmond Enterprise.

The Union Metallic Cartridge Co. has thoroughly revised and reprinted its book of the game laws, and the same is now ready for distribution. It contains the game and fish laws of all the States, and all the provinces of Canada, revised to show the changes made since the 1897 edition of this book was published. It is a most valuable publication, and is distributed gratuitously. Write for a copy to The Union Metallic Cartridge Co., 315 Broadway, New York City, mentioning RECREATION.

The attention of smokers is invited to the ad of J. Alvarez & Co. on page xxviii. of this issue of RECREATION. While these people do not make a 25-cent cigar, yet they do make a line of good, clear, pure cigars that a man can smoke without feeling he is burning up his money. Nothing affords more solid comfort in camp (after a square meal) than a good cigar, and, as I have said, those made by Alvarez & Co. are good. I smoke them, and know whereof I speak. Try a box of the Flor de Alvarez Selectos, and see if you do not agree with me.

The Dr. Jaeger Co. has received many valuable recommendations of its elastic abdominal bandages, a large number of which they furnished, free of charge, for distribution among our soldiers in the field. Many medical authorities gave their approval of this action, and have written favorably in regard to the benefits derived from the wearing of these bandages in the regions where the fever attacks so many thousands of our sons.

Charles S. Lee, G. P. A. of the Lehigh Valley R. R., has issued an official statement of the time made by the Black Diamond Express during 1897. This statement shows a loss of time on only 57 trips out of a total of 626. These losses are slight, the greater number being only 5 to 10 minutes each. The record is the more remarkable when the distance covered and the steep grades climbed are considered.

The boys who have received their magazine this month are delighted with it, and will all renew when their year is up. RECREATION is the best magazine printed, and how you can put up such a fine book for the price you charge is more than I can comprehend. W. E. Lacey, St. Paul, Minn.

My ad in the July number of RECREATION brought the desired result.

I sold the colt for cash, at the price I asked. I have received more than 20 offers, and am still receiving them, from nearly every State in the Union.

Dr. D. D. Cornell, Knoxville, Ia.

Always mention RECREATION when answering ads.

# BOOK NOTICES.

## LANGE'S HANDBOOK OF NATURE STUDY.

For several years past the subject of natural history teaching in our schools has been of great interest to me, and every new text book on zoology has been purchased and examined with eager interest.

Speaking generally, and comparatively, it seems that about 99 per cent. of our schools leave their pupils densely ignorant of zoology, and but little better in regard to botany. Even in the few high schools and normal schools where some attention is paid to natural history, the studies pertaining to it are generally dismissed with "a lick and a promise," in favor of such eminently useful branches as ancient history, and the theory of civil government.

Much of the blame for this state of things lies in the fact that the elementary text books on zoology have been so poor, and so ill adapted to daily use in common schools. One or two are excellent for high schools and small colleges; but until now not one has hit the mark set by the wants of grammar school pupils.

So far as I have seen, Professor Lange's "Handbook" is by far the best work of its kind yet produced. It gets down to the level of the untaught pupil, and gives him nature knowledge which is at once palatable and easy to assimilate. Surely every teacher who has grown weary with waiting for a helpful handbook will hail it with a feeling akin to joy. In it there is nothing uninteresting, nothing which the pupil can not grasp; and I can not see how a teacher can be otherwise than pleased with it. It makes the teaching of elementary zoology and botany both easy and interesting. No one but an experienced and successful teacher could have produced a work so useful.

This is not so much a text book for pupils as it is a handbook for teachers. The latter are advised by the author to become sufficiently familiar with their work to teach their classes without referring to the book. The key-note of the work seems to be, teach what your pupils can understand, teach what will interest them, what will be remembered by them and made useful. In regard to "Materials for Study," everything within reach is seized on and exploited; and on the foundation thus laid, other things are placed. Indeed, one of the most valuable features of the book is the careful and generous attention paid to this subject. The teacher is told what to get, where to find it, and how to use it.

The book is divided into 26 chapters, which in reality are 26 groups of things to study. The following are a few examples: "Life About our Homes, in September and October;" "Pond, Lake and Stream, May and July;" "Animal Life in the Woods;" "Roadsides and Neglected Corners; a Chapter on Weeds;" "The Trees of Our Woods;" "Birds that are Resident in our Northern States." Creatures or things that are particularly useful or injurious to man receive special attention, and the amount of practical and useful knowledge taught in the lessons is really great.

The plan, scope and execution of the "Handbook" are admirable. Every chapter hits its mark. Besides natural history knowledge, Professor Lange teaches bird protection, kindness to domestic animals, forest preservation, and the love of nature generally. The botanical illustrations are fair, but the majority of the zoological pictures are poorly executed. Those of the wild boar, Virginia deer, elk and moose are so coarse and unattractive the publishers should replace them with good figures at the earliest opportunity. The "Handbook" is worthy of the best illustrations that money can procure.

"Handbook of Nature Study:" for teachers and pupils in elementary schools. By D. Lange. 12mo. Cloth, pp. xv. + 329. 60 illustrations. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.

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## A NEW BOOK ON TAXIDERMY.

The appearance of every new work on taxidermy—save only the fearful and wonderful productions of Montagu Brown—is to every worker in that field an event of decided interest. The really helpful literature on this subject is by no means so abundant that any well-meant contribution should be ignored. In "The Art of Taxidermy" (D. Appleton & Co.), Mr. John Rowley evidently has done his best to give the world the full benefit of his knowledge; but the result is rather disappointing. In his 8 chapters he merely describes an imaginary collecting trip to Maine, the methods of mounting mammals preferred by him, the standard methods for the treatment of birds, reptiles, and skeletons, and the manufacture of artificial leaves and flowers. That he should publish such a book as this without even once mentioning or referring to the late Jenness Richardson, who took Mr. Rowley when he knew nothing of taxidermy, and most generously trained him, taught him, and pushed him ahead until his own lamented death in 1893, is the very refinement of ingratitude. The public need not expect a broad-gauge book from the pen of a man who could do such a thing.

With taxidermists who prefer complicated and difficult methods to those that are simple and expeditious Mr. Rowley's book should be popular. Unquestionably, the methods set forth for mounting large mammals—with plaster-cast bones, wire-cloth frame, papier maché, a hard statue, hand-carved details, glue, nails and bags of hot sand over all—are the most complicated and difficult of any yet advised in print. Before the skin is finally adjusted on this hard, papier-maché statue, it is put through soda water, benzine, sawdust, and arsenical solution No. 4, in bewildering succession; and it is no matter for wonder that "it is a great advantage to have 2 or 3 persons at work on a specimen." Well may the author of this volume publish, as his motto, Thoreau's line which says, "Into a perfect work time does not enter!" Clearly, with him, time is no object. It is not in every shop, however, that taxidermists swarm like bees, and have time "to burn."

Mr. Rowley confesses frankly his inability to use clay underneath a skin, and therefore condemns it unsparingly. His charges against it surely will amuse the large number of taxidermists throughout the United States who have been using it constantly for 10 or 15 years, and without any one of the dire results described in this book. As a substitute, soft papier-maché is all right for those who have an unlimited supply of good paper pulp and glue, and assistant taxidermists to work them up and keep them ready for use; but we fancy the average man who needs a book on taxidermy would rather have processes simplified and cheapened than made more complicated and costly.

Aside from the chapter, "The Reproduction of Foliage," and the employment of a few chemicals and tools not heretofore described and recommended in print, Mr. Rowley's book contains little that has not already been published. That he should make in his preface an elaborate acknowledgment to his assistant for the crude and underdone figures illustrating the text is rather droll, to say the least. Both in taxidermy and in book making Mr. Rowley has several things yet to learn. One is, to give credit to other taxidermists and other books for what he derives from them.

W. T. H.

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## DAVIES'S "NESTS AND EGGS."

FIFTH EDITION.

Mr. Oliver Davie, author of "Methods in the Art of Taxidermy," has good reason to be proud of the fact that public appreciation of his "Nests and Eggs of North American Birds" has warranted the production of a fifth edition, rewritten, extended, illustrated, and in every way more valuable than any of its predecessors. Whenever a book of instruction or reference develops the staying qualities that have been revealed by this one, we call it "a standard work." Mr. Davie was fortunate as well as wise in the early pre-emption of the field covered by this book, and the successful holding of it ever since the appearance of his first edition.

It is not at all difficult to see why this book maintains its hold on the public. It is painstaking, and reasonably full as to its facts, comprehensive in its scope, and moderate in price. With admirable honesty and tireless patience, the author is scrupulously exact in giving credit for the facts, figures, and illustrations that have been drawn from other sources. We have seen illustrations from Brehm copied in many very pretentious publications, the "Royal Natural History" being the latest, but to Mr. Davie alone, so far as I can remember, belongs credit for the commendable honesty of awarding credit by stating under *each* picture, "after Brehm." Such visible conscientiousness is bound to be regarded by every reader as evidence that the author has been equally honest and sincere in the preparation of his text.

Part I. of the present volume mentions all species of North American birds, and for each presents a clear and concise statement of what is known regarding its geographical distribution, nesting habits, and eggs. Hundreds of observers are quoted, and the amount of matter in the 509 large octavo pages of brevier type is really very great. Of course the subject matter has been brought down to date, and the species now included for the first time are suitably indicated. Glad, indeed, would we be to possess in one handy volume a similarly complete summary of information regarding the breeding habits of our North American mammals!

An important new feature is the presentation of about 150 illustrations of birds' nests, full-length birds, and birds' heads. The majority of them have been copied from Brehm and other authors, but many were made expressly for this work. Owing to the desirability of keeping the bulk of the volume down to the limits of handiness, and the price to the lowest possible figure, the paper used is lighter than that which is necessary to the best results in the reproduction of half-tones, and the illustrations of that class are not so clear and satisfactory as the line engravings. Of course heavy, glazed paper, a bulky book, and a higher price would have produced better figures, but it is highly probable that the great majority of Mr. Davie's readers will prefer to have the volume just as it is.

At the end of the volume, as Part II., appear three chapters from the author's "Methods in the Art of Taxidermy," on the preparations of bird skins, nests and eggs, illustrated by four full-page plates from that superb work. The latter form the most complete pictorial exposition of skin-making ever published. A copious index and a substantial cloth binding, with a flexible back, complete what may justly be regarded as a model popular handbook of American oology. Published by The Landon Press, Columbus, Ohio. Price, $2.25.

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### "CAMPING AND CAMP OUTFITS."

The following is published only after earnest solicitation by the writer, who feels he is serving the interest of the buyer rather than the author. The latter consents with reluctance to allow the use of his columns for such a purpose. Having had some experience in the woods and in the mountains, I feel I am benefiting the prospective camper by telling him where to find the especial information he needs when he goes with rifle and rod for a month or 2 of rest and pleasure.

W. H. Nelson.

The author of the book bearing the above title has conferred an invaluable favor on all those who, weary of the hurly-burly of business life, or in need of healthful recreation, wish to spend a while in the woods, heart to heart with kindly Mother Nature.

The old hunter, who has learned from lengthened experience how to take care of himself when out in the woods, may not especially need such a guide and counselor, but the man who has it all to learn will find himself very much a debtor to its author if he provide himself in advance with a copy of the book.

Its array of information is extensive, and its arrangements compact, while its style is at once terse and attractive.

Just how few are the indispensables of comfortable life one finds himself surprised to learn. The multiplied elaborations of civilized life tend to make us helpless when restricted to a few things, but it is astonishing how little we really need to make us supremely comfortable, and therefore supremely happy.

To do justice to such a book in the limits of an article such as is now offered is impossible. The only real way to show the worth of the work is to place a copy of it in the reader's hand some day when he is weary, and the spirits of the woods are whispering to him ; then steal away and leave him to devour it at his leisure.

A few brief selections taken here and there from the pages, like snatches of food from a groaning table, will be all that can be attempted here.

" The first and most important question at the outset is ' what to wear.' To start with, let your maxim be all wool. Not a thread of cotton should be worn, at least next the skin, winter or summer, at home or abroad. . . . . . Many persons say they cannot wear wool next the skin in summer because it produces an unendurable itching ; but if they will exercise a reasonable amount of perseverance they will find the skin soon becomes accustomed to the woolen garment, the itching subsides, and the ensuing sensation is one of the most solid comfort imaginable."

This is unembellished fact. Never was there a greater mistake than in believing that linen or cotton is cooler and lighter than wool. Saturated with perspiration the cotton or linen sticks to the body like a postage stamp to an envelope, hindering the movements of the body, and obstructing that respiration which is necessarily performed by the skin, if health is to be retained.

" A man may get wet in woolen garments a dozen times, and suffer less from colds or rheumatism than from once wetting in cotton. . . . Select, then, for your summer outing, light-weight woolen underwear, including socks of the finest quality of wool, and outside shirts of heavier material of any color you fancy. The modern yachting or tennis shirts are good for summer, but for autumn or winter hunting trips get heavy navy shirts. . . . . The outside shirts should have wide collars, which in chilly weather may be turned up, and have a scarf tied outside of them, adding greatly to the comfort of the wearer.

" Coat, trousers, and vest of almost any woolen goods may be worn, but plenty of pockets are essential.

" A heavy, bulky overcoat should not be taken into the woods. Instead put on, if needed, an extra shirt. It will protect you equally well, and will not burden you with its weight, nor hinder your movements.

" . . . . For headgear in summer or winter a medium light-weight felt hat, brim medium width; for extreme cold weather a thick-knitted woolen cap, to come down over the ears; but no fur cap," etc., etc.

It seems hard to find a place to quit, where every line is full of interest, and bulging with information. But one cannot reproduce the whole.

A defence against mosquitoes. Who has not anathematized those cussed tormentors? They are proof against climate and disease, inhabit with equal success every portion of the globe, from the reeking fens of the tropics to the icy mountains of Greenland. They sing their damnable song with equal melody on the stagnant bayou of Louisiana, or at snow line on Pike's Peak.

" I have tried nearly all lotions as a defense, but the best preparation is made as follows :——" Here follows the prescription, a point of information above price to the denizen of the woods in summer.

" This mixture has a good body, an odor like a tan-yard, and can be relied on to cure any case of mosquitoes this side of New Jersey."

For this one item of information every hunter will arise, and call its giver blessed.

#### BEDDING.

". . . . But the boss camp bed for all times and all places, especially if you are to sleep alone, is a sleeping bag. I have used one for many years, in all my outings, and have learned to prize it so highly that I would as soon think of going to the woods without my rifle as without my sleeping bag."

Then follows a description of the article, succeeded by a plan for making a bed of boughs in the event of the "outer" having no sleeping bag.

### TENTS.

A chapter is devoted to this subject, and directions for erecting and warming them are minute and detailed. One finds that brick walls are not necessary either for protection or pleasure, and can easily realize that a canvas house may shelter a more healthful man than a steam-heated hotel, or a palatial clubhouse.

But already all reasonable space has been exhausted, and the door has been merely opened. A future article may supplement this brief beginning, but no skeleton review can properly present the merits of a book which is at once guide and companion.

Even the crippled recluse, whose days of forest-happiness are over, can find companionship in this priceless little book.

"Camping and Camp Outfits" is sold through the office of RECREATION. Price, $1.25. W. H. N.

---

### A BOOK ON THE SALMON.

Mr. A. E. Gathorne-Hardy's volume on "The Salmon," in the "Fur, Fin, and Feather Series," is what may be called a popular monograph. It begins with "Natural History," tells all one wishes to know about salmon tackle and equipment, fishing, poaching, and cooking, and ends with a digest of the laws of salmon fishing. The volume is breezily written, excellently illustrated, and on the whole a very acceptable addition to the literature of an interesting subject.

Really, there is good reason why a vigorous man should be fond of salmon fishing; and I have only envy for the Americans who annually cross the Atlantic to the splendid salmon rivers of Scotland. What the mountain sheep is among mammals, the salmon is among fishes. He is one of the boldest and sturdiest of all fishes, and is as fond of mountain torrents and roaring rapids as a wild goat is of rocks. In Scotland the glorious scenery amid which he lives is perhaps as fine a stage-setting for heavy-weight angling as can be found in the world. The only trouble is that salmon-fishing in Scotland is very apt to spoil a man for fishing elsewhere.

"The Salmon." By A. E. Gathorne-Hardy; pp. 267, 12mo, 8 illustrations. Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

---

If you have no wife to bother your life, I'll
 tell you what to do,
Read RECREATION, join the L. A. S., and
 paddle your own canoe.

### WHY NOT PUT MILK IN TUBES?

Experience in the woods has convinced me that if condensed milk were put up in collapsible tubes, it would be much more convenient for sportsmen. Condensed coffee (with milk and sugar) in the same way would also have a good sale.

The demand from the army for condensed milk is large, but only while the soldiers are in camp. When they take the field they go without milk, because a can once opened cannot be carried. But nearly every man would have a tube of milk or coffee in his haversack, if put up in collapsible form, so it could be used from day to day, and carried meantime.

Even in camp the tube has its advantages. First, there is no waste. Second, flies or other insects cannot invade. Third, the sensitive man would not be shocked by seeing some one wipe his spoon on his tobacconized tongue, and then dip it in the milk-can to take out what he wants for his coffee. Fourth, after squeezing out what milk might be wanted, you could restore the cap and the remainder would be hermetically sealed.

I believe many families would keep tubes in the ice chest, who do not keep cans. The former would be good until exhausted, no matter how infrequently drawn upon; while the latter, once opened, must be used rapidly, or there is more or less waste.

Boston, Mass. Wm. G. Reed.

---

"I see the Spanish speak of us as the Yankee pigs."

"Well, they might do worse."

"How?"

"They might call us game hogs."

---

Teacher—What! You haven't learned the story of Cain and Abel yet?

Tommy—No; maw says it's bad manners to pry into family quarrels.—Indianapolis Journal.

---

"Been taking any recreation this summer?"

"You bet. I take RECREATION all the year round. Wouldn't miss it for 5 times the price."

---

Smith—There's a brave man.

Brown—Been to war?

Smith—No, stayed at home; that's where his bravery comes in. You ought to meet his wife.

---

"This," said Jones, as he proudly exhibited his new drygoods store wheel, "is an 1899 model."

"Yes," was the reply, "an $18.99 model."

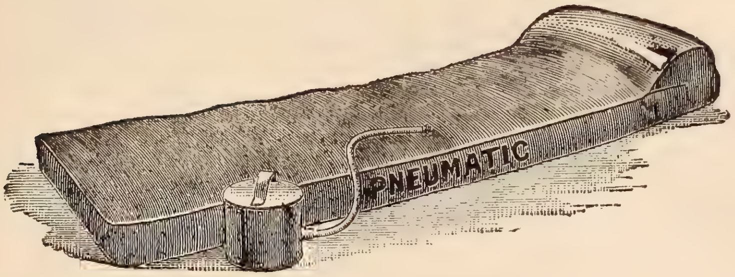
---

She—Why are graduation exercises called "commencement exercises?"

He—Probably on the same theory as we speak of a man-of-war as "she."

# "There is Nothing so Rare as Resting on Air"

## "Recreation" Camp Mattress



When rolled up makes a bundle no larger than a traveling blanket and weighs about twelve pounds.

Wherever night overtakes you, you have only to throw it on the ground or floor, inflate it, and in five minutes you have a bed as soft as down (or hard, if you choose).

As dampness cannot penetrate it, it enables you to have a refreshing night's rest on a luxurious bed, without any danger of taking cold.

No outfit is complete without one, and with ordinary care they will last a lifetime.

**Size, 6 ft. 2 in. x 2 ft. 1 in.**

**Price, with Pillow, $20.00. Without Pillow, $18.00.**

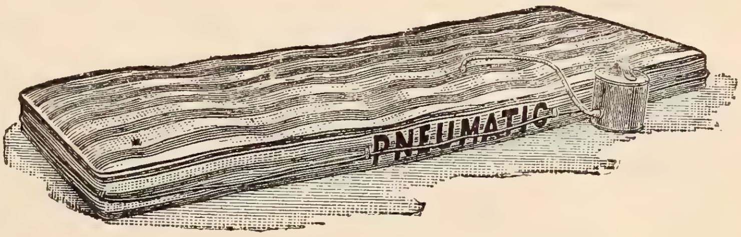
## "International" Ship or Yacht Mattress

They are light and portable and do not absorb moisture, consequently do not have that musty odor so common on board yachts.

They do not mat down, require no springs, and are always clean and sweet.

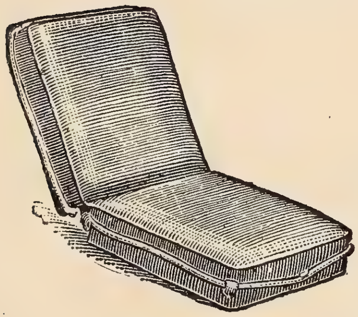
They are provided with a life-line, and will support as many as can cling to it, forming the best life-saving device ever invented, and one that is always handy.

The Steamships "St. Paul" and "St. Louis," Yachts "Nourmahal," "Saxson," "Utopian," "Royal Blue," "Shamrock," and hundreds of others, are equipped with pneumatic mattresses or cushions, made under our Mr. Young's personal supervision.



**Ship or Yacht Mattress, 6 ft. 2 in. x 2 ft. 1 in. Price, $18.00.**

## "Butler"



**Double Canoe or Boat Cushion**

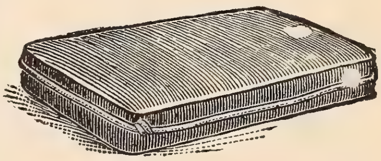
Forms a seat and back. Has life-line attached and will support two persons. Each cushion is 12 x 12 inches and covered with brown duck.

**Price, $5.00.**

## "Peerless"

**Single Boat or Canoe Cushion**

Covered with brown duck, has life-line, and will easily support two persons. This cushion is 12 x 20 inches, and one of the most popular we make.



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**THE SPALDING ST. LAWRENCE BOAT CO., Agents for the St. Lawrence River and Thousand Islands**

☞ We make to order Cushions of any size or shape, special size mattresses, pillows, etc. Let us know what you wish, and we will send you an estimate of the cost.

**Pneumatic Mattress and Cushion Co., Reading, Mass.**

# Kodaks

make photography simple, easy. Kodaks load in daylight with non-breakable film cartridges which weigh ounces where plates weigh pounds. Kodaks are fitted with the finest lenses and shutters; are perfect in design and workmanship. Kodak purchasers make no experiment; they take no chances. Kodaks are standard the world over.

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THE EASTMAN KODAK.

Rochester, N. Y.

### NATURAL COLORS IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Lippmann's process of color photography is merely interference ! Ives's is only a color-screen analysis of light. Three-color process work—superposed monochromes, everybody understands that. But how different with other processes ! Chassagne-Dansac, for instance. How the luminaries of the photographic firmament gloried over that, and how much was said by those who knew the least ! Unfortunately, all things mundane must have an end. The simplicity of the process (and incidentally that of some photographers) was at last demonstrated, if not to satisfaction, yet at least conclusively; and the public gaze wandered in search of another object upon which to rest its hopes and affections, though in a somewhat more wary fashion, on the principle of "once bitten, twice shy."

Sensations, like misfortunes, seldom come singly ; and, at present, there exists an embarrassing plethora of color processes, all possessing the required element of mystery. Three men at least have absolutely succeeded in reproducing the hues of Nature by "photography alone." Their work has been shown, its perfection demonstrated. We shall all be artists in the sweet by-and-by, when the experiments are completed ! Yet it seems strange that extended research is required after the production of perfect specimens ; the observer of cynical tendencies can only await results while noticing the strange similarity in methods of publicity, if not in the processes themselves, and take a languid interest in the question as to the nationality of the winner in the race. For Briton, Teuton, and Gaul have entered the lists, and national pride calls on us to stimulate Mr. Bennetto in the publication of his researches. We have watched with interest the various reports of his demonstrations and results ; we have ardently desired the conclusion of his commercial arrangements ; we rejoice to hear that he will shortly convince the world of his success, for another prophet has arisen, not in Israel but in Munich, and we fear for Mr. Bennetto, knowing as we do the traditional fate of prophets in their own country.

Herr Reichel, of Munich, has also discovered (according to his account) the secret of color reproduction by pure photography. He claims to produce his views (we quote his own words) "by a physical-chemical process ; the colors are developed in the same manner as a photographic negative." The difficulty of fixation has been overcome ; reproduced paintings, flowers, portrait studies, all have been prepared and shown, meeting with the highest praise. They are the result, says the discoverer, not of lucky accident, but of painfully worked-out theory, of long-continued research conducted on definite preconceived lines. The most celebrated firms of the Father (and other) lands have broached the question of purchase, and all is for the best in this best of all possible worlds. An artist expressed the opinion that the rendering of human flesh was attained in a manner impossible by hand, and the impatient public stands by asking only, How is it done? Hardly, however, have we commenced to pin our faith on Herr Reichel when the news arrives of some wonderful specimens exhibited to the Académe des Beaux Arts by M. Grenier-Villerd, who rouses our curiosity by the support on which he exhibits his pictures. They are all on fabrics ; reproductions of old masters, tapestries simulated on cotton, portraits of actors, all in their true colors (physically speaking) and all produced—according to the usual formula—by photography alone. M. Grenier-Villerd, in vulgar parlance, goes one better than his competitors ; for he promises his textile color photographs at a less price in many cases than—can you guess it, sapient reader?—at a less price than wall paper ! After which, we, having arrived at such a climax, refresh ourselves appropriately, and think—deeply!
—Canadian Photographer.

---

### TRAYS.

I make trays which cost less, and last longer, than any I have seen described. For toning I use a tray 11x14 inches, of sheet iron with wired edge. This may be bought at any hardware store for 25 cents. I scrub it well with soap and water, wipe dry, and set back of the stove until thoroughly warm. Then I give it 2 or 3 coats of asphaltum varnish, allowing each coat to dry before applying the next. Such a tray has been in constant use 2 years, and only needs an occasional coat of asphaltum. It should be allowed to dry in the sun for at least 3 days before using.

For a washing tray any old box, 10x12 to 24x36 inches, may be used. My largest one is 32x48, and is made of ⅜-inch wood, except the short sides, which are 1 inch thick. Nail securely, and line with rubber-coated carriage-top cloth, which costs about 35 cents a yard. Fold the corners neatly without cutting, and tack with copper tacks, as iron ones will rust. Such trays will last years, are light, and easily handled. Be sure to mark one hypo, and use it for nothing else. By attaching a rubber hose to your spigot, you can use the hypo tray for washing prints, after they are fixed, and the hypo poured out. C.

### HIS TALE OF WOE.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mister Editor: I am a dealer in cameras and photographic stock. The readers of the photo. department in Recreation naturally know all about photography. However, some of them may go to a photo supply store to buy, and wonder why the salesman has "that tired" look. I know why. I often wonder how soon I shall be fit for a lunatic asylum. As I stand behind my counter Miss Smith, who has a P. K. camera, brings some films to be developed. As she gracefully sweeps out of the door, she turns and says, "By the way, Mr. Darkroom, when I took that film out of the camera I found a long string of yellow wax paper inside. Was that good for anything?" She had brought the black backing paper only.

Next comes Mr. Brown. He is a staid business man, who has made half a million through his own ingenuity and brain work. For the third time he had his B. E. loaded with film around the outside of the backboard. Consequently only a small round picture, 1 inch in diameter, appeared on his 3½-inch film. When told he has loaded his camera wrong, he gets mad, and says if we knew our business we would develop the whole of the picture, and not a little round spot in the center, only.

All this within half an hour. It is the same all day. John Darkroom.

### HOW TO CURE THEM.

What is the best method of retouching spots and pin-holes in negatives?

Arthur R. Griswold,
241 Laurel st., Hartford, Conn.

A small box of ordinary water-colors is useful for this purpose. If holes or spots are in a dense sky, any opaque substance, with which to fill the holes, is satisfactory; but other parts of the negative can be spotted with transparent color, blue or red, using a fine-pointed sable brush. A little practice will soon show how thick or how thin to put color into spots, so as to print even with the rest of the negative.

Yellow stains in negatives can be removed by using the following solution:

| | |
|---|---|
| Water | 20 ounces |
| Sulphate of iron | 3 " |
| Sulphuric acid | 1 ounce |
| Alum | 1 " |

Dissolve the sulphate of iron and alum in the water first; then add the sulphuric acid slowly, continually agitating the solution.

### A NEW PRINT PAPER.

Make a mixture of pure gum Arabic and water. Grind into it Venetian red, Prussian blue, Vandyke brown, or any dry color. Squeeze through a fine cloth to get rid of grit, taking care not to have the mass too thick. Then with a soft brush coat a stout piece of paper—helios will do—evenly and thinly. Allow to dry, then float it on a bath of 5 per cent. solution of bichromate of potash (1 oz. in 5 oz. water) for 3 to 5 minutes. Float or brush the back only, as the solution will dissolve the gum arabic. When dry, print in strong sunlight, and develop with hot water. Any color may be obtained in this manner. I have made nice prints by this method.

Make solution in the dark, dissolve the gum, and add the dry color. It must be used within a day or 2. The unsensitized coated paper may be kept for weeks, and floated or brushed as needed.

A little practice is required both in making and manipulating this paper. C.

### KITS.

Kits are used in making pictures smaller than size of plate holder. Those sold are made of thin wood with strips across the corners. They cost about 30 cents each, but may be made for less. Take a good card, about the thickness of a plate, mark the exact center, and cut it out. Tack on 2 corners, with copper tacks, narrow strips of zinc, or of a discarded ferrotype plate. From heavier tin make a turn button, and tack on with a copper tack. This does away with the necessity of removing the kit from the holder each time, as the plate may be pushed under the ends, and the button turned to hold it in place. C.

### MOONLIGHT EFFECTS.

On a bright day, when there are plenty of large clouds occasionally obscuring the sun for a moment or 2, set up your camera. Point the lens directly at the sun, use any kind of plate, insert the smallest stop, and use the highest speed. When the sun is behind a fleecy bank of clouds, and just peeping through some thin portion, squeeze the bulb. Develop for clouds only. The trees and other objects will come up only in silhouette, owing to the brief exposure. Follow these directions, and you will be surprised at the beautiful moonlight effects you will get. C.

I have some good 4x5 pictures of dogs pointing birds, and the dogs did not look at the camera either.

J. H. Crawford, Deadwood, So. Dak.

That's where the dogs showed more sense than most men show when posing for amateur photographers.—Editor.

To prevent sticking of prints, rub a little paraffin over a squeegee plate or a glass; then polish clean with a soft cloth.

If you would live next to nature, read Recreation.

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*Is unsurpassed by any other in the market*
*It has an aperture of F:7 .5 . . . . . . . .*

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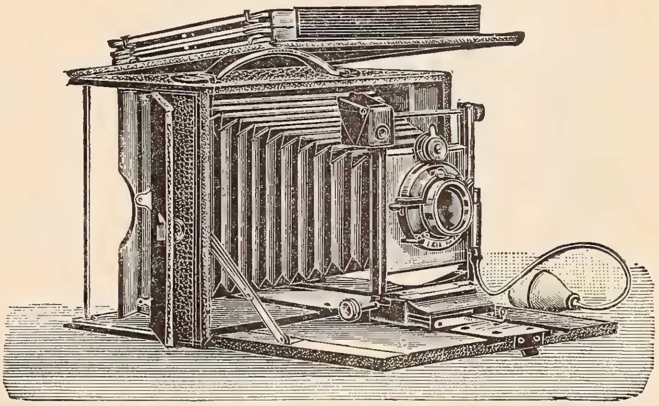
Our CAMERAS are UNSURPASSED in WORKMANSHIP and FINISH

THE ONLY CONCERN IN THE UNITED STATES TURNING OUT A COMPLETE CAMERA, LENS, AND SHUTTER, ALL OF THEIR OWN MANUFACTURE ❦ ❦ ❦ ❦ ❦ ❦ ❦ ❦ ❦



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A single Flash Sheet is large enough for use in the ordinary parlor. Where greater power is needed, one sheet can be pinned above another.

These sheets burn more slowly than ordinary flash powders, giving a softer light and consequently a more natural expression to the eyes.

**Price per package of ½ dozen Sheets, - 40c.**

**For sale by all dealers.**

*"Picture Taking by Flash-light" is the title of an elaborately illustrated and comprehensive booklet telling how to make ordinary flash-light pictures and how to obtain many novel and artistic effects. Free by mail.*

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Rochester, N. Y.

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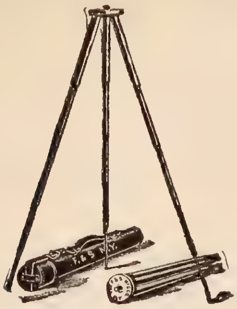
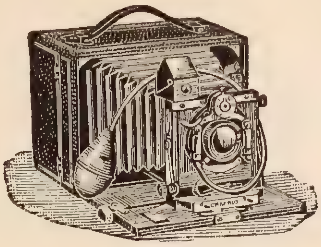
are the strongest, most compact and highly finished cameras in the market. They are used and recommended by the leading amateurs and professionals



**GRAPHIC TELESCOPIC METAL TRIPOD**

Closed, 1 3-4 x 14 1-2; weighs 31 oz.
Price, $5.00



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| 4 x 5 | $30.00 |
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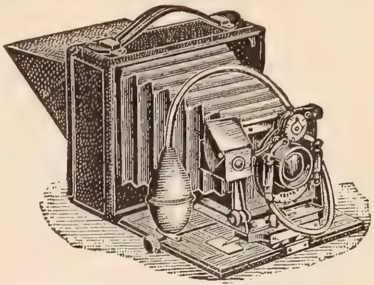

**CYCLE GRAPHIC SR.**

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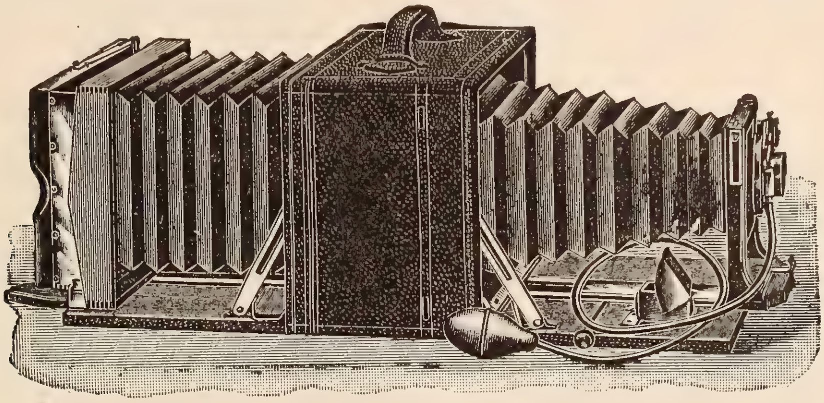
| 3 1-4 x 4 1-4 | $28.00 |
| 4 x 5 | 30.00 |
| 5 x 7 | 40.00 |



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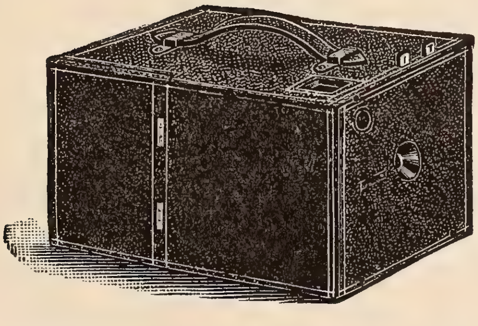
Fitted with No. 8, VIIa Zeiss Convertible Lens and Diaphragm Shutter, an ideal outfit for photographing live game................Price, $100.00



**UNIVERSAL GRAPHIC FIXED FOCUS ACHROMATIC LENS**

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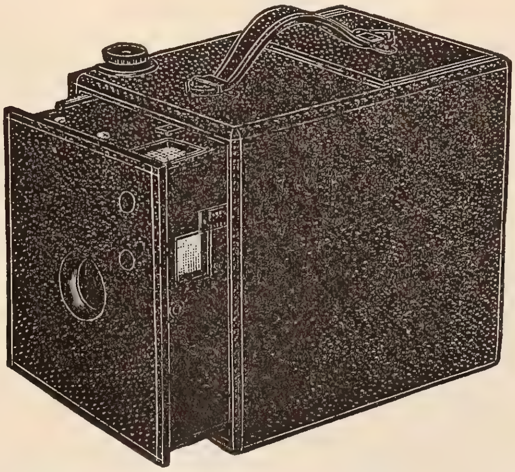
| 3 1-2 x 3 1-2 | $5.00 |
| 4 x 5 | 7.50 |

**R. R. LENS**

| | |
|---|---|
| 3 1-2 x 3 1-2 | $12.00 |
| 4 x 5 | 15.00 |



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| 4 x 5 TELESCOPIC GRAPHIC R. R. LENS | $20.00 |
| *4 x 5 TELESCOPIC GRAPHIC fitted with No. 2, IIa Zeiss Lens | 60.00 |

* This Camera is used and recommended by W. E. Carlin of RECREATION.

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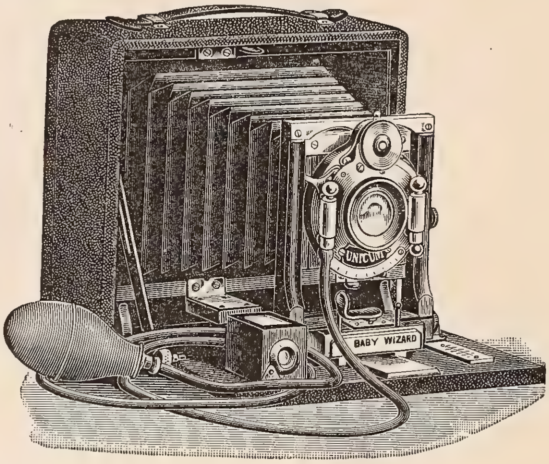
We believe embodies these requisites to a greater degree than any other.



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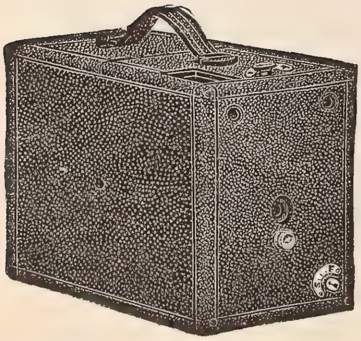

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Makes a perfect picture 4x5 inches. Handsomely covered with Black Grain Leather, fitted with our Rapid Achromatic Lens, Improved Safety Shutter, two Tripod Plates and two square Finders.

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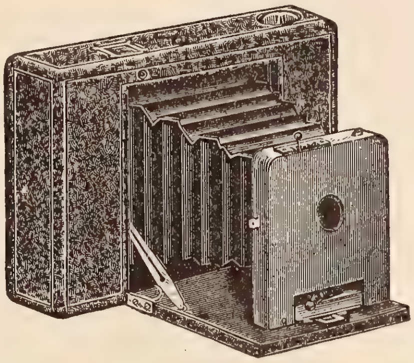
## The Tourist Hawk-Eye . . .



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is designed especially for the traveler's use, and is so simple to operate that the novice can feel assured of success from the start.

This Camera can be loaded and unloaded in broad daylight, and the dimensions are such that it can easily be carried in the pocket.

**Size,** 1⅝ x 4½ x 6½ inches; **Weight,** 15 ounces; **Capacity,** 12 exposures ; **Photo,** 3½ x 3½ inches.

The shutter is fitted with two speeds for snap shots, and also has a device for time exposures. The lens is achromatic and fitted with a set of three stops.

**We have Hawk-Eyes of every description from $5 to $50**

**The Blair Camera Co., Mfrs.**

Catalogue free to any address.

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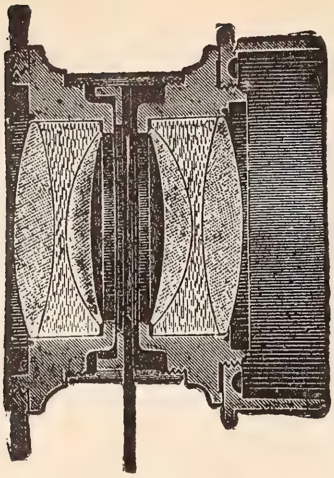

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having now been on the market two years, and its super-eminent merits having been established by the test of time, now, therefore, we guarantee the durability of the article as follows: **We will mail a new skirt length** of Feder's Pompadour to any person who, having used it, does not find that it **outwears the skirt.** Claims under this guarantee should be forwarded through the dealer from whom the goods were bought. Dealers throughout the country have been notified of this guarantee. The genuine goods have the name FEDER'S stamped on every yard, and are wound on spools bearing these labels.

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"Is it?" inquired Mamie, in a tone of great interest. "How many century runs must you make to get one?"—Washington Star.

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Tommy—Did you do much fighting during the war, pa?

Pa—I did my share of it, Tommy.

Did you make the enemy run?

You bet I did.

Did they catch you, pa?—Tit-Bits.

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The Idler—Good many ups and downs in your profession, I presume.

The Actor—I should twitter. Look at me Doin' the wild man in the basement all day, and a cakewalk on the roof at night. Talk about ups and downs!—Indianapolis Journal.

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"What is a non-combatant, Uncle Abner?"

"A non-combatant is a man who thinks he would go to war if his wife would let him and whose wife wishes to goodness he would go."—Chicago Record.

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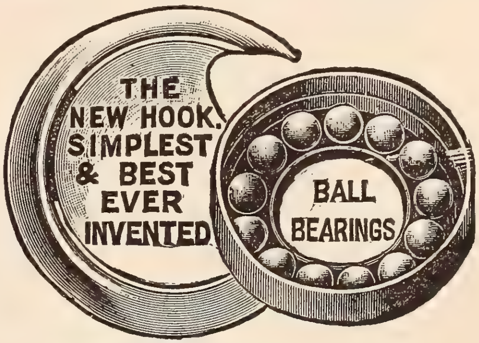
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With all their shocks, and scares and frights,
But anyone who knows will tell you
They "are not in it" with "cat nights."
Geo. D. Brown, Lansing, Mich.

Sunday School Teacher—What is the lesson we are to draw from this war with Spain?

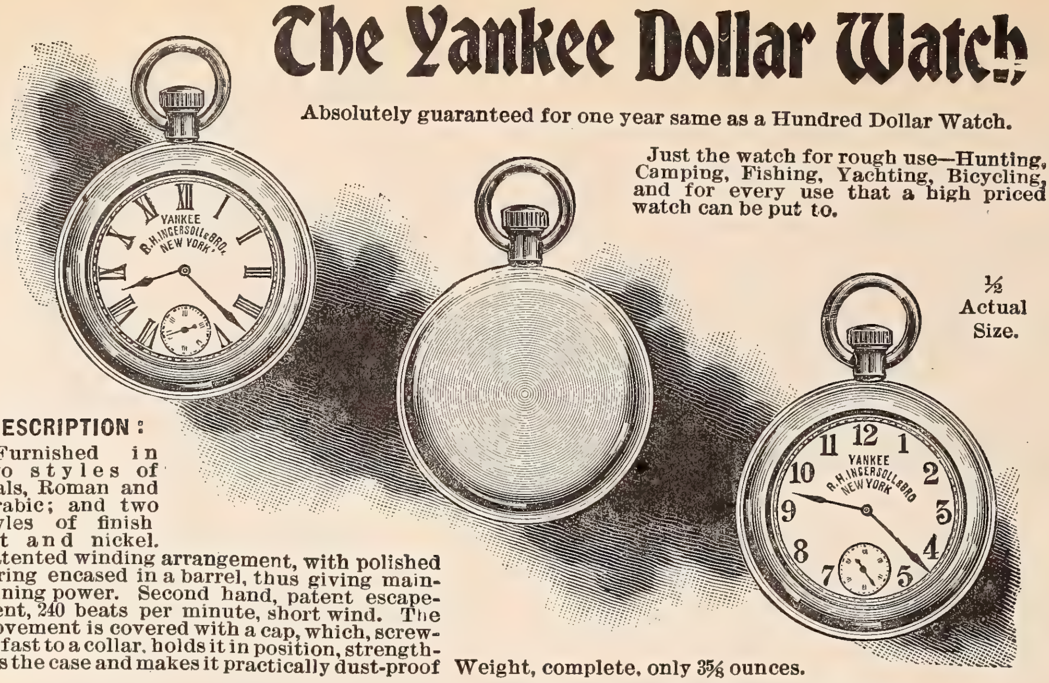
Little Willie—They ain't no lesson in it fer us. We're teachin' Spain a lesson.—Cleveland Leader.

IN ANSWERING ADS, IF YOU WILL KINDLY MENTION RECREATION YOU WILL GREATLY OBLIGE THE EDITOR

**The Yankee Dollar Watch**

Absolutely guaranteed for one year same as a Hundred Dollar Watch.

Just the watch for rough use—Hunting, Camping, Fishing, Yachting, Bicycling, and for every use that a high priced watch can be put to.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## HER ERRAND.

H. H. RICHARDSON.

George, dear, will you do an errand,
As you're coming home to-night;
Here's a list, the few things in it,
Will not take a minute quite,
They will make a little parcel
But I know you do not mind,
Mercy! don't forget the powder,
Dupont smokeless, that's the kind.

And a tire, now remember,
Single tube, make no mistake,
And besides—well better send them—
Ten pounds of Spratts' dog cake;
And I want another brassey,
Sure, the kind that Golflett sells,
Oh, good gracious! I'd forgotten
Those U. M. C. paper shells.

And I ought to have an Ideal loader,
Mine is not the best thing out.
There! I want some flies for salmon,
Mine are only fit for trout;
And George—*can't* you wait a second,
You're as restless as a stag;
Let me see!—oh, I remember,
Bring a Kenwood sleeping bag.

---

Ada—Why does Alice speak of Tom as her intended? Are they engaged?

Beatrice—No; but she intends they shall be.—Tit-Bits.

Hartley & Graham, 315 Broadway, New York, send out a circular stating they have secured a limited number of genuine Spanish Mauser repeating rifles, 7mm. calibre, with knife bayonet and scabbard. Also a lot of cavalry carbines, and a quantity of ammunition for same.

H. & G. are also prepared to supply samples of the Springfield rifle, .45 calibre, with bayonet, and carbines of the same make.

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**For Sale or Exchange:** Winchester repeating rifle; 200-egg reliable incubator; valve trombone (B♭). For shotgun, revolver, clarionet, camera, typewriter, creamery, cream separator, or rabbit hound.

A Great Hit
PARKER
LUCKY CURVE
SPRING LOCK DEVICE

The "Lucky Curve" and Spring Lock Device of the

**JOINTLESS**

**Geo. S. Parker Fountain Pen**

springs into the end of the pen barrel as a projectile fits a rapid-fire gun. Although a peace-victory it is the greatest hit recorded among fountain pens. **No Nozzle, Screw nor Joints.** The screw-joint that leaked or broke is done away with in our latest Perfect Parker (the pen without a joint). The Spring Lock Device makes it clean in use; the "Lucky Curve" drains and keeps it clean when carried in the pocket. It is always clean, always ready, always reliable.

For sale by bright dealers everywhere. If the dealer of whom you inquire does not keep the PARKER, and tries to sell you a "just as good," he is either honest in his ignorance, or trying to deceive you. If he will not supply you we will.

*Interesting Booklet Free.*

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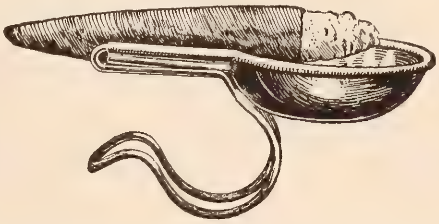
**Smokers' Friend**

**H & M Cigar and Ash Holder**



The greatest convenience for smokers either at home, at the club or in the office. Fastens on edge of card table, smoking table or desk. Handsomely nickel-plated.

**By mail 20 cents, stamps taken**

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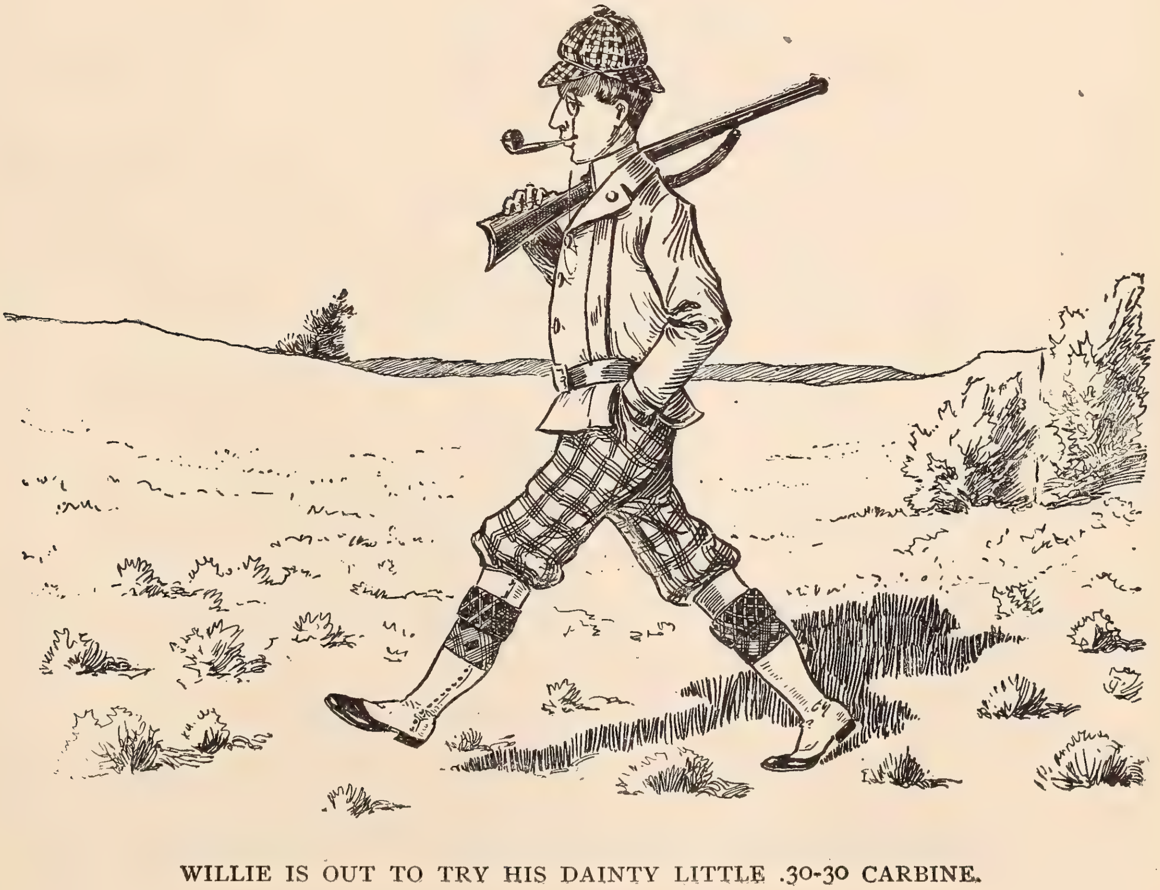
**Brooklyn, N. Y.**



WILLIE IS OUT TO TRY HIS DAINTY LITTLE .30-30 CARBINE.

# BIRD NEIGHBORS

## AN INTRODUCTORY ACQUAINTANCE WITH 150 BIRDS COMMONLY FOUND IN THE WOODS, FIELDS, AND GARDENS ABOUT OUR HOMES

By NELTJE BLANCHAN

With an Introduction by JOHN BURROUGHS and 50 Plates of Birds in Natural Colors

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**This book makes the identification of our birds simple and positive, even for the uninitiated, through certain unique features**

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I. All the birds are grouped according to color, in the belief that a bird's coloring is the first and often the only characteristic noticed.

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This book is but 6 months old yet is in its 15th thousand. It is now being used in the schools, and has been taken up by Boards of Education because the plates present the *real* birds in *natural colors*. Secretary Frank Hill, of the Massachusetts State Board of Education, writes:

> "The illustrations by color photography are accurate, beautiful, and yet inexpensive. I wonder if people realize that this marvelous process is bringing within their reach, for a trifle, illustrations that not many years ago would have cost 20 or 30 times as much, and would have been restricted to the use of the favored and wealthy."

Realizing how important it is that everyone should know our every-day birds, I have made a special arrangement with the publishers which enables me to offer "Bird Neighbors" and RECREATION, one year, for the price of the former.

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**$2 is the publisher's price for "Bird Neighbors"**
**$2 gets this book and RECREATION One Year**

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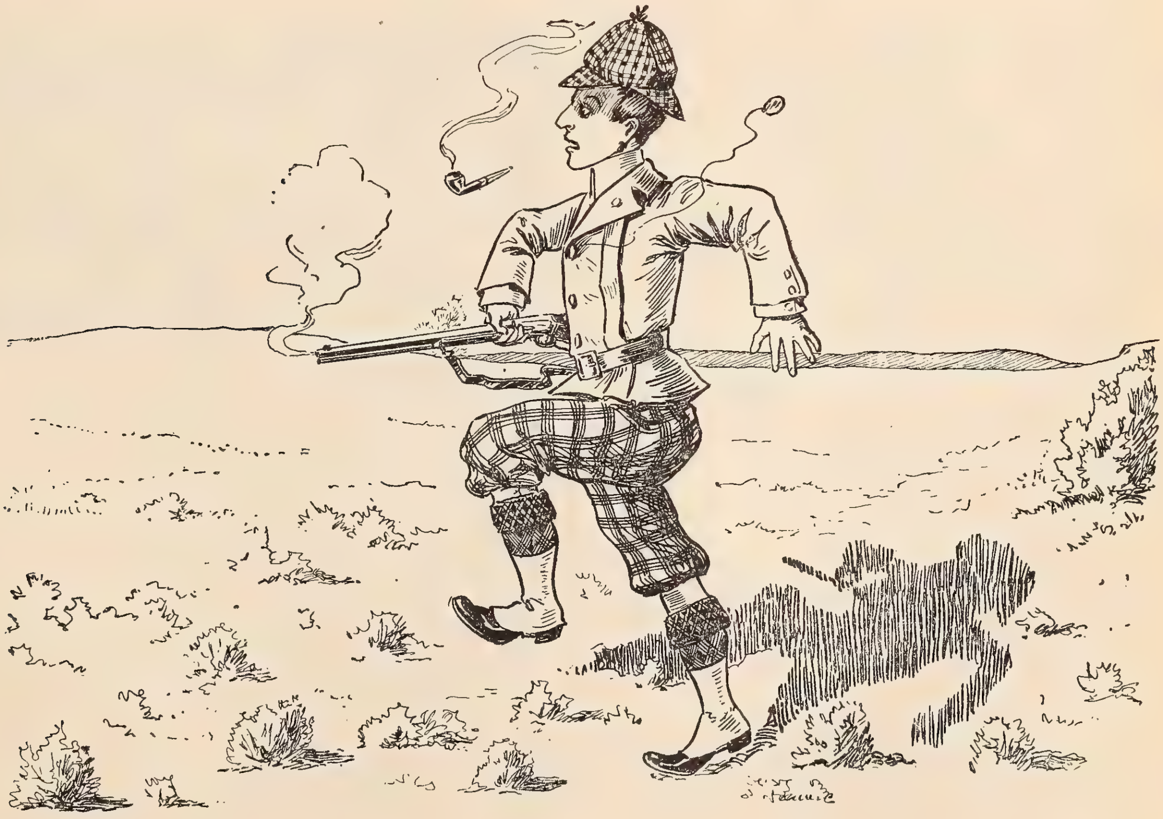

GEE WHILLIKENS! A MULE DEER, AND AT 500 YARDS, TOO! NOW WON'T "RECREATION" HAVE A STORY. OH! I TELL YOU THERE'S NOTHING LIKE THESE .30-30's. EH! WHAT'S THE MATTER?

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TRADE MARK
MANHATTAN
Cocktails
Prepared & Bottled by
G. F. Heublein & Bro
NEW YORK HARTFORD LONDON

Why THE CLUB COCKTAILS Are Best

*From "Town Topics," Nov. 25th*

In a great laboratory where quantities like the Club Cocktails are made at a mixing each article is accurately weighed or measured, and the compound is following an exact formula. This insures that each and every cocktail or bottle of cocktails put up shall be precisely correct in its composition. Again recalling the fact that age is necessary to the proper blending of all liquors, it occurred to me that these bottled cocktails, by the time they are used by the consumer, may have already been months or even years in bottle, hence that the blending must be perfect. Reasoning thus, I feel constrained to tell my readers about it, as I know a goodly number of them enjoy a perfect cocktail. I have found the several brands prepared by the Heublein Brothers — Manhattan, Martini, whiskey, gin, vermouth, and York—all excellent.

For the Yacht, Camping Party, Summer Hotel, Fishing Party, Mountains, Sea-Shore, or the Picnic.

These Cocktails are aged, are ready for use, and require only to be POURED OVER CRACKED ICE and strained off to be in perfect condition.

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Sold by Dealers generally, and on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal railroads.

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The passenger department of the Bangor & Aroostook Railway has issued a handsome guide book to the big game and fishing regions of Northeastern Maine, of which every sportsman should have a copy. It is handsomely illustrated ; contains a complete list of guides and hotels in that region ; a synopsis of the game laws, and much other valuable and interesting information. Write George M. Houghton, Bangor, Me., for a copy, and mention RECREATION.

**For Sale or Exchange :** 1 wall tent, 12x12 ; 1 B flat cornet ; 1 B flat clarionet ; 1 electric motor, and 1 kodak. Will sell cheap for cash, or exchange for good field or opera glass, .22 calibre Marlin rifle, or anything useful.

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**For Sale :** A graphophone and complete outfit, including 12 records. Positively in perfect condition ; 30 per cent. discount. For description and price, write

E. L. Dupuy, Blackstone, Va.

**For Exchange :** Duck boat, 15 feet long, natural wood inlaid deck. Used one fall. For 4x5 or 5x7 camera, or good gun.

A. L. Brower, Ballston Spa, N. Y.

The boy stood by the burning deck,
And tears were in his eyes,
For the first time he had played cards
His mamma took him by surprise.

Geo. D. Brown.

Cuban Hand-Made Havana Cigars

You hardly ever smoked any cigars as good as ours.

They are of excellent quality and most perfect workmanship.

Thousands of smokers all over this country can testify as to their merits, and we can suit your taste, no matter how fastidious it may be.

Besides, we will save you money.

Large assortment of brands, at from $3.00 to $10.00 per 100, delivered express paid.

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**"MADE TO LAST."**

Patented.

**No. 52½. 25 in.** wide, **6 feet long, full spring edge, seat and head.** Spring section composed of 36 oil tempered steel springs, intercoiled into steel woven wire fabrics, steel wire holding steel springs in place; no twine or webbing to wear out or break down. If dealer cannot show you an **"ACME" Hygienic Couch** we will ship this one handsomely upholstered **in moth proof "Acme" Velours,** or best **Corduroy**—choice of colors—to any address, freight prepaid on receipt of...... **$8.00**

Identify **Acme Couches** by our printed **guarantee cards,** patented **construction** (as shown) great **durability, comfort** and **cleanliness** in use.

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is more acceptable to palate and stomach than imported wines, because of its

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Touches the pocket lightly—yet fills the bill.

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The vintage now marketed is especially pleasing and very dry.

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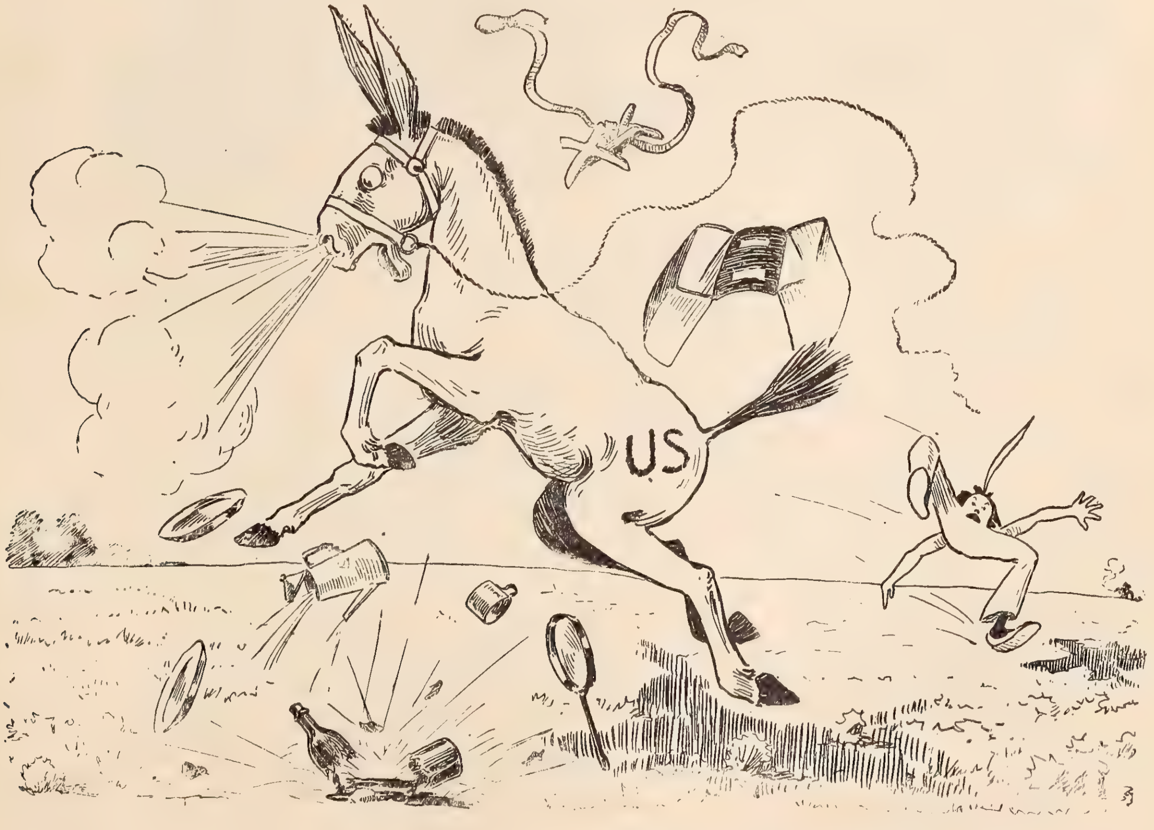

"MAN-AFRAID-OF-HIS-MOTHER-IN-LAW." —WHOOPA! WHAT MATTER? UMPH! WAS COME THIS WAY SURE.

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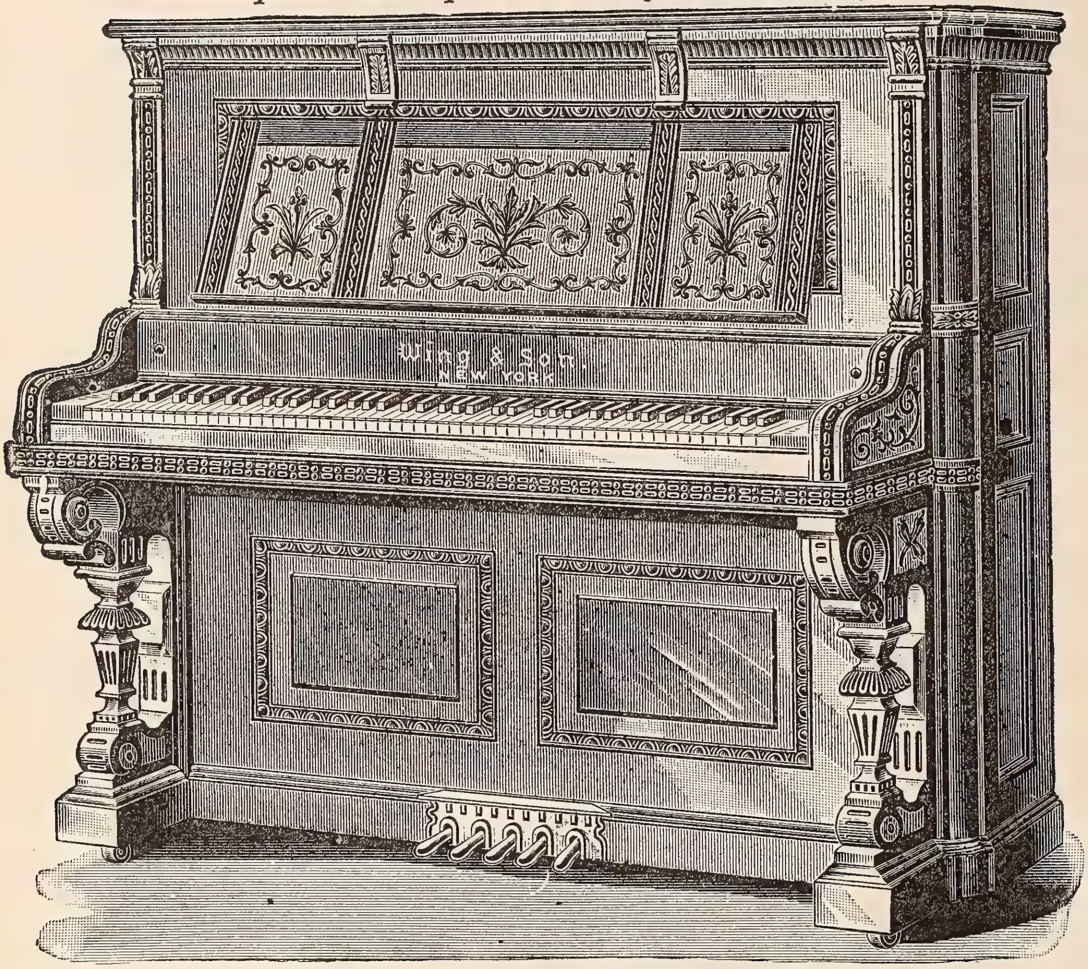
**STYLE 7. CONCERT GRAND UPRIGHT.**

*No other piano made equals this in style and design of case.*



*You do not have to pay an extravagant price for a first-class piano.*
*Write for prices of the Wing Piano before you buy.*

## THE INSTRUMENTAL ATTACHMENT

imitates perfectly the tone of the Mandolin, Guitar, Harp, Zither and Banjo. The sounds of these different instruments may be heard alone or in concert with the piano.

**Every Wing Piano is guaranteed for TWELVE YEARS against any defect in tone, action, workmanship or material :: :: ::**

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SEVEN YEAR OLD
RYE
CAUTION!!
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DISTILLERS AND IMPORTERS
DAYTON, OHIO, U.S.A.

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**$3.20** For four full quart bottles,

EXPRESS PREPAID direct from distillery.

No middlemen's profits.

NO POSSIBILITY OF ADULTERATION.

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No other distiller sells to consumers direct. Others who offer you whiskey in this way are dealers buying and selling. Our whiskey has the Hayner reputation behind it.

**References—Third National Bank, any business house in Dayton or Com'l Agencies.**

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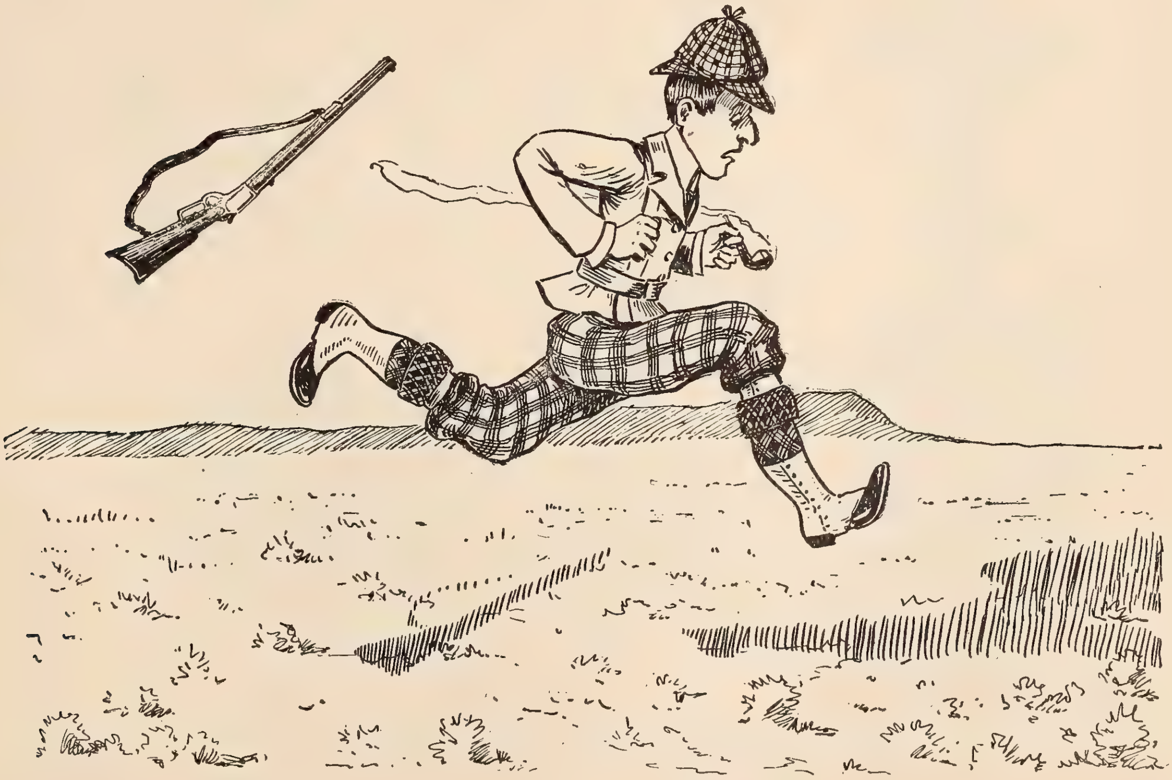
P.S —Orders for Ariz., Colo., Cal., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N.Mex.,Ore., Utah, Wash., Wyo., must call for 20 quarts, by freight, prepaid.

(This offer is genuine. We guarantee the above firm will do just as they agree.—EDITOR.)



STRIKE ME DEAD IF I DIDN'T HEAR A WAR-WHOOP. THAT WAS A MULE DEER WITH A VENGEANCE.

# Mrs. T. Lynch

1 & 3 UNION SQUARE
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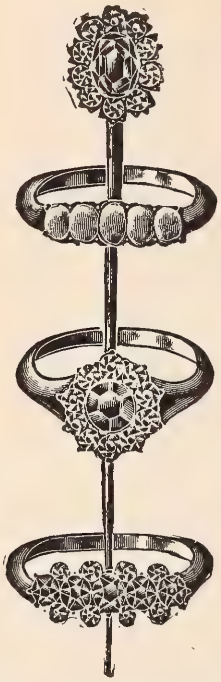

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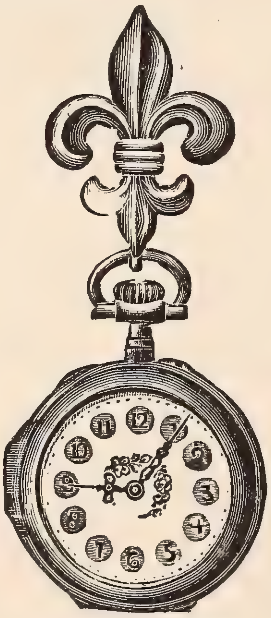

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We warrant these Watches Correct Time-keepers, and repair them free of charge five years.

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WE import Diamonds in the rough and save 15 per cent. duty. Make our own settings and save 25 per cent. You save 40 per cent. by purchasing of us, as we still have the regular profit.

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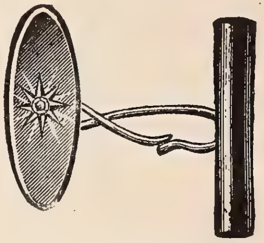
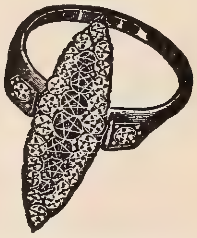
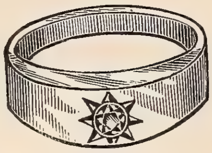


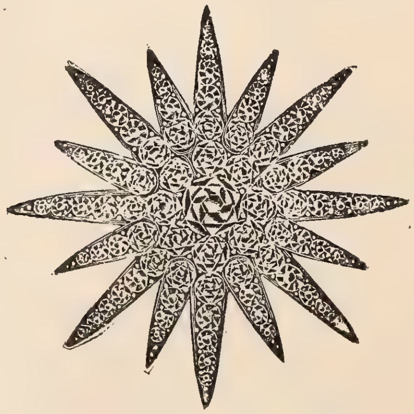
No. 8. Diamond Links, $3.50. Same in Cuff Buttons.



No. 9. All Diamonds, $15 Diamonds, Ruby Centre, $12. Diamonds, Turquoise, Opal, or Sapphire Centre, $10.



No. 383. Single Diamond, $3.



No. 6. Star. Perfectly White Diamonds, $40.

GRAND
IMPERIAL SEC
Imperial Sec
Rheims
PRODUCED BY
Germania Wine Cellars
Hammondsport & Rheims

**A GREAT OFFER**

**BY GERMANIA WINE CELLARS**

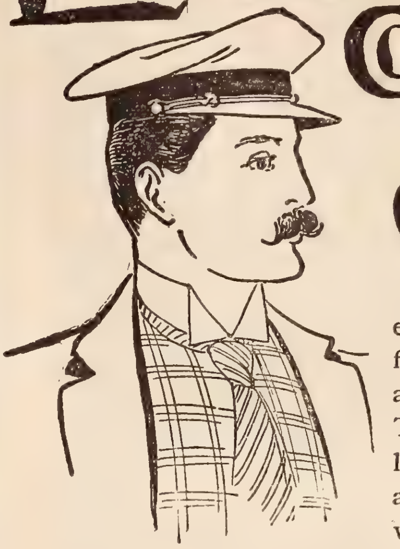
**Hammondsport and Rheims, N.Y.**

We are determined to introduce our goods among the very best people in the country, and we can see no better way of doing this than by selling them a case of our goods, containing eleven bottles of wine and one bottle of our extra fine, double-distilled **Grape Brandy**, at one-half its actual cost. Upon receipt of $5.00, we will send, to any reader of RECREATION, one case of our goods, all first-class, and put up in elegant style, assorted, as follows:

**1 Quart Bottle Grand Imperial Sec Champagne**
**1 Quart Bottle Delaware**
**1 " " Riesling**
**1 " " Tokay**
**1 " " Sweet Catawba**
**1 " " Sherry**
**1 " " Elvira**
**1 " " Niagara**
**1 " " Angelica**
**1 " " Port**
**1 " " Sweet Isabella**
**1 " " Imperial Grape Brandy**

This offer is made mainly to introduce our **Grand Imperial Sec Champagne** and our fine double-distilled **Grape Brandy,** without which no Sportsman or Hunter should start on an expedition, as it is very necessary where such exercise is taken. This case of goods is offered at about one-half its actual cost and it will please us if our friends and patrons will take advantage of this and help us introduce our goods.

**Mention RECREATION**



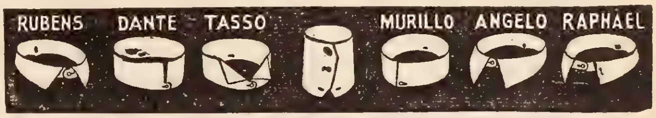
**LINENE COLLARS AND CUFFS**

Stylish, convenient, economical, made of fine cloth and finished alike on both sides. The turn-down collars are reversible and give double service.

**NO LAUNDRY WORK**

When soiled, discard. **Ten Collars or five pairs of Cuffs, 25c.** Send 6c. in stamps for sample collar and pair of cuffs. Name size and style.

**REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO. Dept. L, BOSTON**



A shrewd old lady cautioned her married daughter against worrying her husband too much, and concluded by saying, " My child, a man is like an egg. Kept in hot water a little while, he may boil soft ; but keep him there too long, and he hardens."

" Officer, is there a good restaurant in this neighborhood? " " Yes, ma'am, just around the corner." " Is there a saloon attached to it? " " No, but they'll send out and get you anything you like, ma'am."—New York Herald.

The Manager—This battle piece is all right, except that you seem to have omitted the groans of the wounded.

The Orchestra Leader—I expect those to be furnished by the audience.—Indianapolis Journal.

Angry Wife—It seems to me we've been married a century. I can't even remember when or where we first met.

Husband (emphatically)—I can. It was at a dinner party where there were 13 people.

## TWO INKY WAYS.

There was a man who advertised but once—a single time.
In spot obscure placed he his ad., and paid for it a dime.

And just because it didn't bring him customers by score,
" All advertising is a fake," he said, or, rather, swore.

He seemed to think one hammer tap would drive a nail clear in;
That from a bit of tiny thread a weaver tents could spin.

If he this reasoning bright applied to eating, doubtless he
Would claim one little bite would feed ten men a century.

Some day, though, he will learn that to make advertising pay
He'll have to add ads. to his ad. and advertise each day.

—E. G. Townsend, in New York Sun.

B&O
BEST LINE
Solid Trains
TO
Eastern Cities
STOP OVER
AT
WASHINGTON

The Practical Side

of traveling, the side that appeals to the man who pays the bills, is the question of

Ease, Comfort and Punctuality

with which a journey can be made.

These important requisites, coupled with pleasant surroundings, meals en route on the popular à la carte plan, and modern safeguards for the averting of danger abound in utmost exuberance on the

LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD

* * *

No Other Route . . .

offers so many inducements to the traveler between New York and Philadelphia and Buffalo, Niagara Falls and Chicago.

Send four cents in stamps for descriptive matter to **Chas. S. Lee**, General Passenger Agent, New York.

UNEQUALED ATTRACTIONS

ON THE LINE OF THE

Union Pacific

FOR TOURISTS

It traverses the Grandest Scenery of the Rocky Mountains, and reaches all the Health and Pleasure Resorts of the Mid-Continent.

Sportsmen will find in scores of localities along this line game worthy of their skill, such as **Bear, Mountain Lion, Coyotes, Elk, Deer, Antelope, Mountain Sheep, Feathered Game of all kinds.** And everywhere are **Beautiful Streams** well stocked with **Trout.**

*For Gun Club Rules, Game Laws, and any information relative to localities for Hunting, or for information in regard to the UNION PACIFIC R. R., call on or address any General or Traveling Agent of this Company.*

**R. TENBROECK, Gen'l Eastern Agent,**
**287 Broadway, New York City**

E. DICKINSON, General Manager
S. A. HUTCHISON, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agt.
E. L. LOMAX, Gen'l Pass. and Tkt. Agt.
**OMAHA, NEB.**

## A COMPLIMENT TO AN ARTIST.

A New York art dealer, who recently committed suicide, went into Closson's art store in Cincinnati, where the original drawings for the book, "In Brush, Sedge and Stubble," were on exhibition, and stole one of the pictures, "Sharp-tail Shooting," by O. W. Huntington, which is reproduced in Part I of the book. A clerk in the store noticed that he several times handled that particular picture, and, when it was missing, Detectives Callahan and Jackson were called in, and arrested the dealer. He admitted he had taken the picture, but said in excuse that he admired it much, and wanted it for himself; that he could not afford to buy it, and was therefore tempted to take it. When Mr. Huntington was asked if he would prosecute, he said, "No; the compliment to the work is sufficient. Let him go."

A reproduction of the picture in question is shown on page v. of this issue of RECREATION.—EDITOR.

---

Those Spanish patriots who are shouting "Long live the army!" would better build a fence around the army, and keep it at home, if they want it to live long.—St. Paul Dispatch.

---

Don't forget that $2 will buy a copy of that beautiful book, "Bird Neighbors" and a yearly subscription to RECREATION.

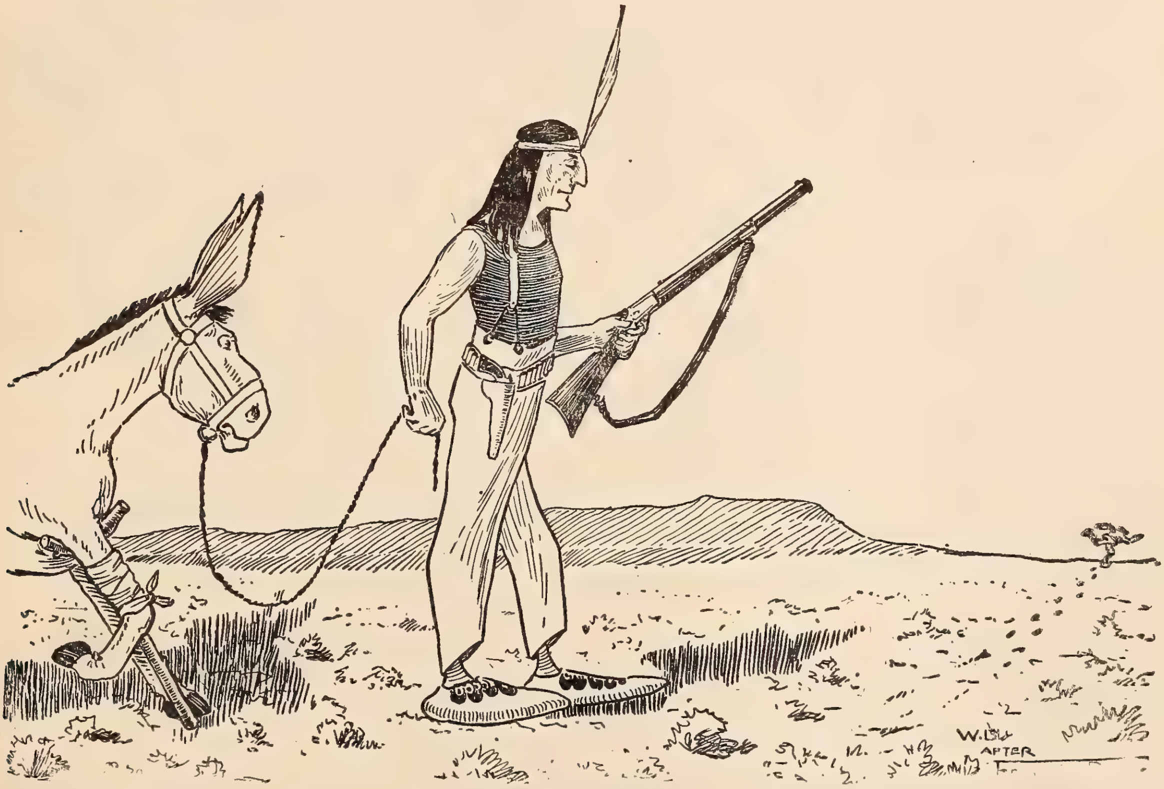
WRIGHTS
GENUINE HEALTH
UNDERWEAR

Constructed on the hygienic principle of maintaining an equable temperature whether the body is at rest or during violent exercise. This result is obtained by having a quantity of air stored next to the skin, which is made possible by having the wool, which comes in contact with the skin, fastened to the outer fabric in tiny loops—each separate—thus providing air space. This also prevents shrinking or felting in washing. All the Genuine Wrights garments are constructed on this principle. Send for our booklet, mailed free if you mention this magazine. In purchasing, look for this trade ticket,

Wrights Health Underwear

denoting the genuine garment.

**WRIGHTS UNDERWEAR CO.**
New York City



"MAN-AFRAID-OF-HIS-MOTHER-IN-LAW." (AFTER GETTING HIS WIND FROM HIS LAST WAR-WHOOP.) UMPH! D— GOOD GUN!

(AND WILLIE'S NICKEL-PLATED .30-30 IS NOW SUPPLYING THAT PIUTE'S FAMILY WITH VENISON.

THE GENUINE GUYOT SUSPENDERS

Prevent THE Trousers FROM Bagging

The only Suspenders constructed on **hygienic** principles, combining **comfort** and **durability**

**GUYOT Suspenders** Will out-wear any other make

IMITATION

**Over 2,000 000 Sold Annually**

GENUINE

**Absolutely indestructible buttonholes**

For sale everywhere. If your dealer does not have the genuine we will send postpaid (***together with a handsome necktie holder***), on receipt of price, 50c.

**OSTHEIMER BROS., 623 Broadway, New York**

"MARSHALL PROCESS"

WICK

**"The Brown Wick"**

makes a steady, brilliant flame: will not clog; will not creep. It needs but little trimming or care, and is odorless.

**The Standard Oil Co.** say: "We have made a number of careful and exhaustive tests of your 'Marshall Process' Wick, and feel that **we cannot speak too highly of its qualities."**

Used by all the leading lamp, stove and heater manufacturers, and made for every kind of burner known.

*For sale by good dealers everywhere. Send for free sample and a booklet which tells about it.*

**NEW JERSEY WICK CO.**
**Newark, N. J.**

(Patented in the U. S. and foreign countries.)
Mention RECREATION

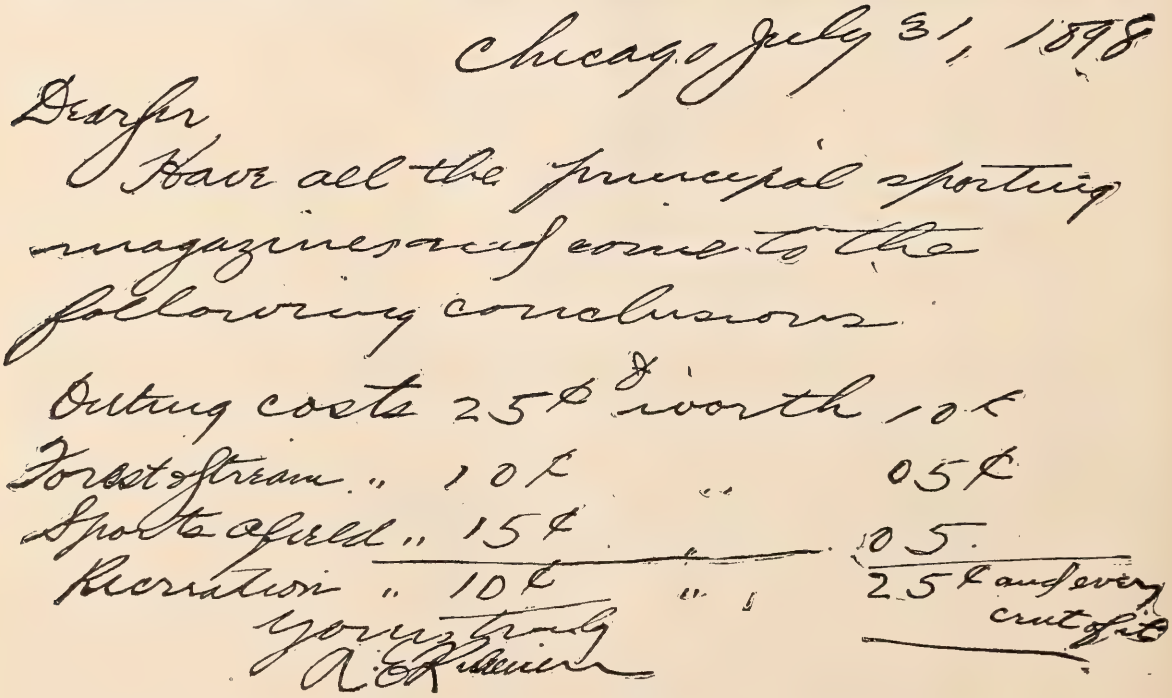
Mr. Crimsonbeak—Was there any villain in that play you saw last night?

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—Not on the stage. He sat a few seats from me, though, and insisted on climbing over my lap to go out, between the acts.

Little Ethel—What kind of a boat is that one out there with sails?

Uncle Tom—That's a catboat.

Little Ethel—And is that little one trailing on behind a kitten boat?—Somerville Journal.



Chicago July 31, 1898

Dear Sir

Have all the principal sporting magazines and come to the following conclusions

Outing costs 25¢ & worth 10¢
Forest & Stream " 10¢ " 05¢
Sports Afield " 15¢ " 05.
Recreation " 10¢ " 25¢ and every cent of it

Yours truly
A. C. [illegible]

## Sportsmen
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Get your hunting trophies mounted true to nature, at

**PROF. G. STAINSKY'S INSTITUTE OF SCIENTIFIC TAXIDERMY**

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DEALER IN GAME HEADS FUR RUGS, ROBES, NAVAJO BLANKETS, HORN CHAIRS, etc.

MEDALS AWARDED AT WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, PARIS, VIENNA, AND BERLIN

GAME HEADS AND RAW FURS BOUGHT

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FOURTH AVE. and 24th ST.

*Two blocks from Madison Sq. Garden*

...HEADQUARTERS FOR SPORTSMEN

**American and European Plan**

RATES:

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| Rooms, with board, $2.00, $2.50 and $3.00 per day | |
| Rooms, without board, | $1.00 and upwards |
| Breakfast, | 75 cents |
| Lunch, | 50 " |
| Table d' Hote Dinner, | 75 " |

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## Buffalo Horns

polished or unpolished; also skulls, with and without horns.

Largest Stock in the World

Address E. W. STILES
141 Washington St., HARTFORD, CONN.

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Olivette Relish
TRADE MARK
Olivette Relish

**Made of Queen Olives, rare herbs, spices and a delicious sauce. An absolutely new and unique condiment and food combined. Tempting and appetizing. Get a jar at your grocers.**

**SEVILLE PACKING COMPANY**
NEW YORK.
**EXCLUSIVISTS IN OLIVES AND OLIVE PRODUCTS.**

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## Resort for Sportsmen

**Mineral Hotel, Chase City, Va.** In the midst of the finest hunting grounds in Virginia. Small game in abundance, Quail, turkeys, deer, and foxes. A fine pack of hounds kept for fox hunting. Elegant bird dogs and guides to go out with gentlemen. Lithia and Chloride Calcium water.

*Refer, by permission, to the Hon. Jno. S. Wise, New York, and to Polk Miller, Richmond, Va.*

**W. D. PAXTON, Proprietor**

---

I have hunted quail in Virginia for 40 years, and in no other part of the State is the hunting so good as in Mechlenburg county.

I recommend Chase City as the most suitable place for Northern sportsmen to go, for the reason that Mr. W. D. Paxton, proprietor of the Mineral Hotel, is in touch with the farmers, and has personal friends among the local hunters who own fine dogs and who take special pleasure in piloting the guests of this hotel to the best hunting grounds. There are more quails, turkeys and deer in the vicinity of Chase City than ever before.

Polk Miller, President Field Sports Association, Richmond, Va.

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## 5000 BICYCLES

All makes and models, *must be closed out at once.* New '97 models, guaranteed, $9.75 to $18; shopworn and used wheels, $3 to $12; swell '98 models, $18 to $35. Great factory clearing sale. *Shipped to any one on approval without advance deposit.* Handsome souvenir book free. ***EARN A BICYCLE*** by a little work for us. **FREE USE** of sample wheel to rider agents. Write at once for our special offer.

**M. L. MEAD & PRENTISS, Chicago, Ill.**

---

The day after the performance of a play in a certain large city, the manager of the theatre wrote the following chilling note to the leading actor:

"My Dear Sir—Your performance last night was so bad that several deadheads have written demanding that their names be removed from the free list."—Tit-Bits.

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# Most Popular Resort..

## FOR SPORTSMEN

**WM. W. HART & CO.'S**

NEW STUDIO

47 East 12th Street ... New York

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LEADING TAXIDERMISTS

Artistic, Lifelike Work Guaranteed Moth Proof

We Originate Others Imitate

*Send two stamps for catalogue*

Don't forget that $2 will buy a copy of that beautiful book, "Bird Neighbors" and a yearly subscription to RECREATION.

**LYMAN'S RIFLE SIGHTS.**

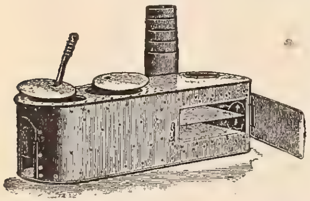
Send for 96 Page Catalogue of

**Sights and Fine Shooting Rifles.**

WILLIAM LYMAN, Middlefield, Conn.

**A Practical, Common-Sense Camp Stove**

In 6 Sizes. Patent applied for



The lightest, most compact, practical camp stove made; either with or without oven. Won't get out of shape, combination cast and sheet steel top, smooth body, heavy lining, telescopic pipe carried inside the stove. Burns largest wood, keeps fire longest of any stove made. For full particulars address

D. W. CREE, Manufacturer, Griggsville, Ill.

There are still some unfortunate sportsmen who are not readers of RECREATION. If you know any such send in their names, and greatly oblige them and

THE EDITOR.

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## Taxidermists' Supplies

WHEN you get a good specimen of bird, fish, mammal etc., that you would like to get mounted, send it to us. We will do it right and also make the price right.

Send five cents for new Taxidermists' Catalogue.

**Artificial Glass Eyes**

WE prepare and mount all specimens of natural history true to nature, in the best style of the Taxidermist's art, at reasonable prices.

We also keep a complete line of

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**FRED. KAEMPFER,**

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**88 State St., Chicago**

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**The Minnesota Taxidermist**

Does true and artistic work at reasonable figures.

WARREN, MINN.

FINE MOUNTED GAME HEADS, BIRDS, ETC., for sale at unheard-of prices. Send 10 cents for photos.

JOHN CLAYTON, Taxidermist, Lincoln, Maine.

**Taxidermy**

High grade, scientific work in all branches

**Mounted Birds and Mammals**

I can furnish, mounted to order, nearly anything in this line; also Heads, Wall Cases, Dead Game Pieces, etc. Bird Skins for scientific purposes.

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**ARTIFICIAL ... NOSES AND EARS**

Missing or deformed noses or ears replaced or covered by light and durable substitutes, natural in appearance and securely attached.

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**FOR SALE**

Living wild animals and game birds, for propagating purposes; Elk, Deer, Jack Rabbits, QUAIL (Western birds only), Fox Squirrels, etc., etc. I do not handle dead game. Address **CHAS. PAYNE**

**BOX 913 WICHITA, KANSAS**

I want the names of all the gun clubs in the U. S. and Canada, and the names and addresses of the Secretaries thereof. Readers of RECREATION will do me a valuable service by kindly giving me such information.

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OF
USEFUL INFORMATION
FOR
SHOOTERS
FREE.

**All Shooters** of *Rifles*, *Pistols* and *Shot Guns* will find it to their interest to possess a copy of the *Ideal Hand Book*, No. 10, a **KLONDIKE OF GOLDEN NUGGETS** of information relating to *arms* and *ammunition*, not **FOR WAR** but **FOR PEACE**ful manly sports that elevate and invigorate humanity. **120 pages.** Send stamps for postage.

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Newhouse Game Traps of Every Size

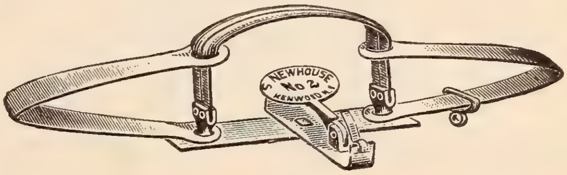
**GOOD MATERIAL—CARE IN MAKING**

Men who make a business of trapping in the season use the very best traps they can get.

**IT PAYS**

Don't load yourself with traps you are not sure of. Ask for **NEWHOUSE** or **HAWLEY & NORTON**, or write to the makers

**ONEIDA COMMUNITY LTD., Kenwood, N. Y.**



**WONDERLAND P. O.**

Yellowstone National Park

**Via Snake River Station, Wyo.**
**"The Hermitage"**

Sportsmen wishing to make a trip after Big Game—Elk, Deer, Antelope, Bear, and fine Trout fishing, can find Guides, etc., by writing me, care of above resort. Situated just 3 miles South of the Yellowstone National Park.

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THE BEST SPORT TO BE FOUND IN FLORIDA

Through Navigable Creeks
From the Lake Region to the Everglades

**Board, Team, and Boats. Reasonable Prices**
**Write and come to**

**CARSON BROS., P. O. Lalemont, Fla.**

"Bridget, you've broken as much china this month as your wages amount to. Now, how can we prevent this occurring again?"

"I don't know, mum, unless yez raise me wages."—What to Eat.

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Audacious little churl;
He did not feel the heat a bit,
For beside him stood a Boston girl.
Geo. D. Brown.

**FOR GOUT & RHEUMATISM**

**Use the Great English Remedy**
***BLAIR'S PILLS***
**Safe, Sure, Effective. *50c. & $1***
**DRUGGISTS, or 224 William St., N. Y.**

..Moosehide Moccasins.. and Slippers

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Oshkosh, Wis.

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| Price | **Men's** | **$2.75** |
| | **Ladies' and Boys'** | **2.25** |

***Sent, prepaid, on receipt of price***

☞ Write for our illustrated circular and price-list of hand-made hunting shoes and moccasins of every description.

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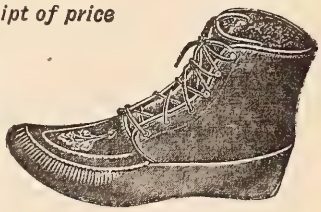

We have recommendations from, and our boats were adopted and are used by, following officials of Canadian Government: Mr. White, Comptroller N. W. M. Police; Dr. Dawson, Head of Geol. Survey (in whose honor Dawson City was named); Major Walsh, Ex-Governor of Klondike Region; Mr. DeVille, Surveyor-General; Col. Lake, Q. M. General; The Minister of Rys. and Canals; Mr. Bonoit, Militia and Defense Dept.; also U. S. Geol. Survey, and numerous other departments of U. S. Gov. Have supplied various English war vessels, many officers of British army in India; Mr. Oldham, Head Geol. Survey of India, and many others. Hundreds of our boats in Alaskan service. Safely navigated Miles Canyon, White Horse, Five Fingers, etc. Many testimonial letters received. Send for catalogue; special offer this month.

**ACME FOLDING BOAT CO., Miamisburg, Ohio**

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**The Hunting Season . . .**

and cold weather come at about the same time. Sleeping out of doors in cold weather—in any weather—is a serious matter and demands careful attention to the question of covering. Purchase a

**. . Kenwood Sleeping Bag . .**

and you will be ready to meet every condition of climate and weather in comfort and safety. They have been in the market over five years and each year greater numbers of practical men are using them. They have become a staple article of the sportsman's outfit known and sold all over North America. Ask the most experienced sportsman of your acquaintance, the man whose judgment in these matters you value most highly, what he thinks of the KENWOOD SLEEPING BAG. He has used it, or he will know about it, and his opinion is the kind that counts.

**Greatest Warmth**

**Lightest Weight**

**Least Bulk . . .**

*Write for free booklet*
*and samples to*

The Kenwood Mills
ALBANY, N. Y.

I heartily endorse your position against hoggishness ; but think it a mistake to name any number of birds or animals as a reasonable bag for all localities. Our sportsmen here, who deserve the name, would consider 6 grouse or rabbits too many; while where game is more plentiful, this number would be a small bag. Despite the persistent hunting and fishing here, game does not appear to be decreasing. Ruffed grouse are our only game birds worth mentioning. They are still found in fair numbers. But few rabbits were killed last season, though they were more abundant than usual.

As we are near the top of the Allegheny mountains, our fishing is confined to small streams. While our trout are neither abundant nor large, they still afford sport for those who enjoy it. On days when fish bite freely, our hogs get in their work, sometimes taking 100 in a few hours.

J. M. Noel, Lilly, Pa.

---

By cable from Madrid, an incident of the peculiar climatic conditions of Colorado desert is just reported. Some packers with their train of "burros" were conveying a lot of corn in sacks to an outlying camp of "Yankee Pigs" across the desert. The heat was so intense that the corn burst the sacks, and commencing to pop rapidly, blew all over the party. Supposing it to be a snow storm, several of the party were frozen to death before the true cause of the disaster was discovered. Documentary evidence of the accident has not yet materialized—but coming as it does through Spanish sources we have not the temerity to dispute its authenticity.

---

Don't forget that $2 will buy a copy of that beautiful book, "Bird Neighbors" and a yearly subscription to RECREATION.

**Dr. Jaeger's Specialties**

Combination Suits for Men, Women and Children, Men's Outing Shirts, Sweaters, Bicycle Hose, and Leggins, Ladies' Shirt Waists, Equestrian Tights, Corsets, etc.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue giving the name of our agents in your city.

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Exporters of
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**Ginseng, Cow Hides, Sheep Pelts, Deer Skins, Horse Hides, and Bees Wax**
WRITE FOR PRICE LIST

Date,..................................................1898

**G. O. SHIELDS,**

**Editor and Manager of RECREATION, 19 West 24th St., New York:**

**Herewith find One Dollar, for which please send me RECREATION for one year beginning with..................................................number.**

**Name,..................................................**

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**Remit by P. O. or Express Money Order or New York Draft.**

DETACH THIS, FILL OUT. AND SEND IN.

"Papa's mind is full of business all the time."

"How does that trouble you?"

"Well, when Harry asked him for me, he said, 'Yes, take her along, and if she isn't up to our advertisement, bring her back and exchange her.'"—Chicago Record.

"Who is that man who insists this is a free country?"

"Oh, he's a Spanish prisoner."

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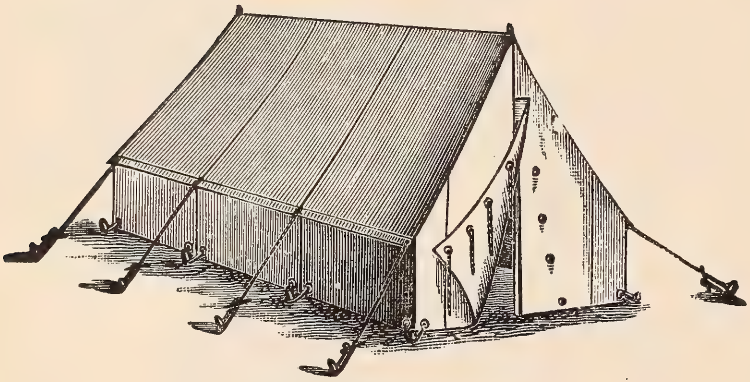
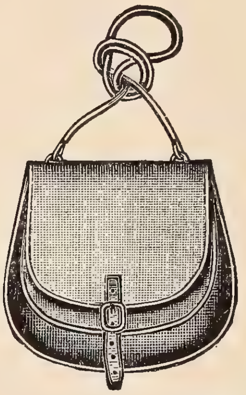
ALWAYS MENTION RECREATION WHEN ANSWERING ADS.

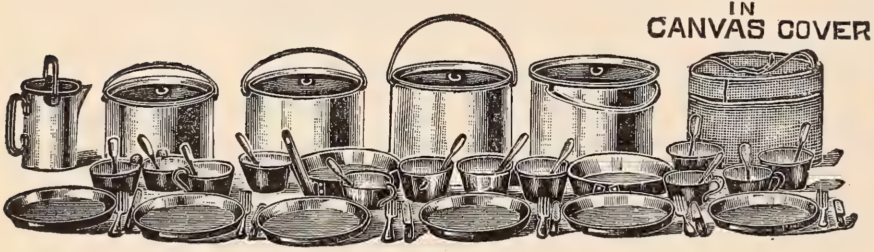
# Articles for Sportsmen and Travelers



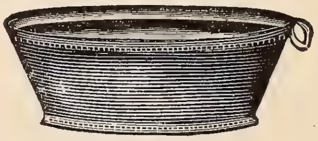
WATERPROOF TENT



AMMUNITION BAG



KIT NESTED IN CANVAS COVER



WASH BASIN

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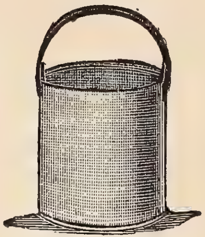
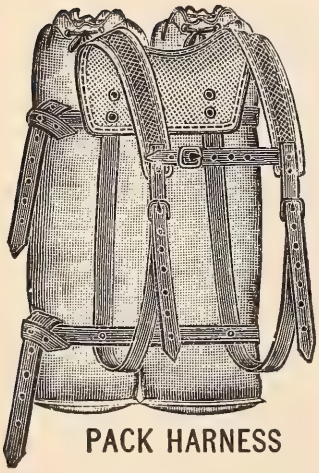
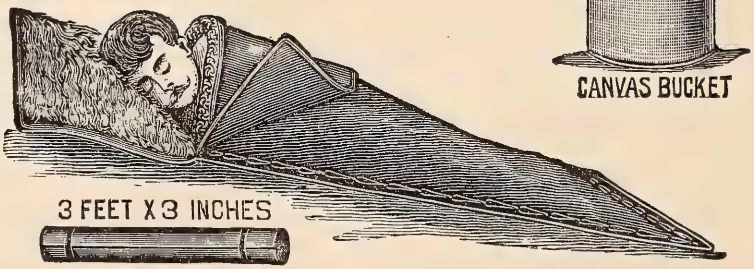


CANVAS BUCKET



PACK HARNESS



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# WHAT THEY SAY OF IT.

To say I am pleased with RECREATION puts it mildly. My wife says I am "dead to everything" after I get my "nose stuck into that magazine."
J. W. Harding, Dixmont, Me.

I get more solid comfort from RECREATION than from any magazine I have ever read. I wish you the success you are entitled to.
Fred. E. Whipple, Black River, N. Y.

RECREATION is by far the best all-around magazine that comes to my table. It is entertaining, immensely interesting, and instructive. S. E. Lee, Middletown, N. Y.

Any time I fail to renew my subscription on account of absence, send RECREATION and draw on me for 2 years' subscription. James J. Haynes, Laredo, Texas.

RECREATION is the only sportsmen's magazine, and I'm glad to see you trying to keep down the game and fish hogs. P. S. Duncan, Saltsburg, Pa.

I consider RECREATION the finest sportsmen's journal published, and wonder how any sportsman can be without it. Lloyd Alter, New Windsor, Col.

RECREATION is the best sportsman's magazine I ever read. I admire the way you roast the game and fish hogs.
Al. Swinehart, Staunton, Ind.

I am delighted with RECREATION. It is ahead of any periodical of its class. It is a life member of my family.
C. H. Buell, Frankfort, N. Y.

Of all reading matter, RECREATION caps the climax. It makes one feel he has just returned from a good hunt.
H. W. Mallory, New Orleans, La.

I wish you success, which you deserve for furnishing the people a $5 magazine for the hard-time price of $1.
Thos. L. Smarr, Cincinnati, O.

I have been reading your valuable magazine more than a year, and think it the best thing of its kind printed.
Walter Boynton, Brewster, Me.

Here is my peso for renewal. Have never missed a copy since RECREATION first started, and can't quit now.
H. C. Baldridge, La Junta, Col.

I enjoy RECREATION greatly, for when I read it I seem to be in touch with old timers and true sportsmen.
H. D. Winship, Chadron, Neb.

I cannot do without your magazine. I enclose another $1 for which send me RECREATION another year.
W. A. Hague, Fridley, Mont.

There is no other sportsmen's periodical equal to RECREATION, in either illustrations or reading matter.
R. A. Caldwell, Shamokin, Pa.

I would not do without RECREATION for $5 a year. It is the best magazine I have ever read of its kind.
C. B. Vick, Seaboard, N. C.

I have been a subscriber to RECREATION 5 months and never took a magazine that suited me better.
John D. McEwen, So. Williamsport, Pa.

I have been a constant reader of RECREATION from its birth, and cannot say too much in its praise.
Dr. A. P. Cornell, Gravenhurst, Ont.

I have been a subscriber to your magazine only a few months, but it fills for me a long-felt want.
D. Burson, Seffner, Fla.

I have found RECREATION a *hummer*. It improves with every number. Let the good work go on.
Arthur K. Rice, Tekamah, Neb

RECREATION is king of all the sportsmen's publications. Ever welcome to man, woman, and child.
Edw. H. Burton, W. Somerville, Mass.

It would be impossible for me to do without RECREATION. It is the greatest publication of its kind.
R. W. McGuire, Virginia, Minn.

I would rather have RECREATION than all the other sportsmen's periodicals put together.
James Duckering, Dorchester, Mass.

I have been taking RECREATION only a few months, and would not be without it. It's great.
E. C. Sixta, Manitowoc, Wis.

I cannot get along without RECREATION. It would seem like missing my meals if I did so.
A. J. Thompson, Pasadena, Cal.

I have been a reader of RECREATION for 2 years, and now can not get along without it.
A. Brigham, Manchester, N. H.

I have been taking RECREATION for some time, and it is the best magazine I ever read.
Knud Knudson, Sheboygan, Wis.

I am getting up a club. Have 14 subscribers on my list now. Have worked one hour.
R. B. Weir, Battle Creek, Mich.

RECREATION is one of the best magazines I ever read and I would not be without it now.
T. W. Dowling, Portland, Ore.

RECREATION is the best periodical I take, and it does not come often enough to suit me.
Daniel Silver, Lawrence, Mass.

Have read RECREATION 3 years and think nothing can compare with it in its line.
Harry Terhune, Middletown, N. Y.

I think RECREATION is one of the best magazines for the money that can be found. A. L. Bailey, Cobalt, Conn.

I think RECREATION one of the finest magazines of its kind I have ever read. L. J. Watson, Mitchell, S. D.

RECREATION is better than any other sportsmen's magazine I have ever read. Chas. E. Rhodes, Altoona, Pa.

I enjoy RECREATION very much and would not be without it for anything. P. M. Woodward, St. Paul, Minn.

RECREATION is without a doubt the best sportsmen's periodical printed. Fred. L. Taft, So. Framingham, Mass.

I have taken RECREATION a year and think it gets better every month. A. H. Pryor, Dayton, O.

I enjoy RECREATION. It is ably edited from a literary standpoint. Rev. Wm. D. Parr, Kokomo, Ind.

RECREATION is by far the best sportsmen's magazine ever published. Otto Behr, Detroit, Mich.

RECREATION is the best sportsmen's magazine ever offered the public. J. C. Welsh, Lynn, Mass.

RECREATION should be in the schools, as it instructs about nature. W. A. WALKER, Altamont, Ill.

I read RECREATION from cover to cover. It is out of sight. S. S. Webb, Columbiana, O.

RECREATION meets with the approval of all subscribers here. W. W. Coleman, Carson City, Nev.

RECREATION is the best sportsmen's magazine I have ever read. A. Bradford, Salem, N. Y.

## SOME GOOD GUIDES.

Following is a list of names and addresses of guides who have been recommended to me, by men who have employed them; together with data as to the species of game and fish which these guides undertake to find for sportsmen.

If anyone who may employ one of these guides should find him incompetent or unsatisfactory, I will be grateful if he will report the fact to me.

### CALIFORNIA.

S. L. N. Ellis, Visalia, trout, deer, bear, grouse, and quails.

### COLORADO.

F. W. Allen, Dotsero, Eagle Co., elk, bear, deer, antelope, trout and grouse.
W. H. Hubbard, Glenwood Springs, ditto
Henry Lehman, Grand Lake, “
Charles Allen, Gypsum, “
J. M. Campbell, Buford. “
R. W. McGhee, De Beque, “
W. L. Pattison, Buford, elk, deer, bear, grouse and trout.

### GEORGIA.

Sam. T. Denning, Augusta, turkeys, quails and rabbits.

### IDAHO.

W. L. Winegar, Egin, Fremont Co., elk, bear, deer, antelope, mountain sheep, trout and grouse.
Geo. Winegar, St. Anthony, Fremont Co., ditto
R. W. Rock, Lake, Fremont Co., “
Ed. Stailey, Lake, Fremont Co., “
Ed. Blair, Victor, Fremont Co., “
Clay Vance, Houston, Custer Co., “

### MAINE.

E. J. Page, Burlington, moose, caribou, deer, grouse and trout.
I. O. Hunt, Norcross. ditto
Geo. C. Jones, Carritunk, “
Martin Fuller, Rangely, “
Henry Gantnier, Benedicta, “
George Gantnier, Benedicta, “
James A. Duff, Kineo, Moosehead Lake, “
Henry D. Lowell, West Ripley, “

### MINNESOTA.

E. L. Brown, Warren, ducks, geese, prairie chickens, and black bass.
W. B. Croff, Young America, moose, bear, deer, ducks, geese, prairie chickens, etc.

### MONTANA.

W. H. Ryther, Columbia Falls, elk, bear, deer, antelope, mountain sheep, trout and grouse.
Quincy Myers, Columbia Falls, ditto
Theodore Christiansen, Columbia Falls, “
W. A. Hague, Fridley, “
Vic. Smith, Anaconda, “
M. P. Dunham, Woodworth, “
William Jackson, Browning, “
E. E. Van Dyke, Red Lodge, “
James Blair, Lakeview, “
George Whitaker, Gardiner, “
Edward Olcott, Red Lodge, “
W. Jackson, Browning. “

### NEW YORK.

H. M. Tacey, White Lake, Sullivan Co., deer, grouse, rabbits, squirrels and trout.
Eugene M. House, Glendale, ditto
C. E. Newkirk, Mountain Dale, “
Buel Girard, Moriches, ducks, geese, grouse, quails, snipe and salt water fishing.
Willie E. Ross, Moriches, ditto

### NORTH CAROLINA.

Fred. Latham, Haslin, deer, quails, ducks, salt-water fishing.
F. S. Jarvis, Haslin, ditto
W. B. Tooley, Haslin, “
F. P. Latham, Haslin, “

### OREGON.

W. H. Bowen, Camas Valley, elk, deer, bear, grouse and trout.
Henry Bowen, Camas Valley, ditto
E. L. Howe, Creswell, “

### OHIO.

Ugh F. Catanach, Kelley's Island, ducks, geese, grouse, quail, black bass, and muskalonge.

### PENNSYLVANIA.

W. W. Wikoff, Sinnamahoning, Cameron Co., deer, grouse and trout.
Len Champion, Carney, Wyoming Co., grouse, quail, black bass, pike and pickerel

### WYOMING.

S. N. Leek, Jackson, elk, bear, deer, mountain sheep, antelope, grouse and trout.
Mark H. Warner, Ten Sleep, ditto
Milo Burke, Ten Sleep, “
Nelson Yarnall, Dubois, “
S. A. Lawson, Laramie, “
H. D. DeKalb, Big Piney, “
Ira Dodge, Cora, “
Wm. Wells, Cora, “
A. S. Marshall, Cora, “
F. Allston, Basin, “
N. E. Brown, Ishawood, “
George N. Madison, Jackson, “
John Tate, Wise P. O., “

### CANADA.

Dell Thomas, Lumby P. O., B. C., elk, deer, bear, sheep, goats, grouse and trout.
Henry McDougal, Kelowna P. O., B. C. ditto.
Geo. Gillard, Little Bay, Notre Dame Bay, Newfoundland, caribou, trout and salmon.

---

The Delaware River Boat Club was organized here recently. We have 25 active members, who are interested in canoeing and boating. The object of the club is to increase the interest in all aquatic sports. We hope to increase the membership of the L. A. S., also the circulation of RECREATION. H. D. Hewitt, Burlington, N. J.

---

**L. L. BALES**

**Box 439... SEATTLE, WASH.**

OFFERS his services as guide for hunting parties in Washington and British Columbia. He has lived in that region many years, has traveled many thousands of miles; has hunted and trapped all the species of game found there, and knows where to find them now.

REFERENCES

Lieut. G. T. EMMONS, U. S. Navy, Naval Dept.,
Washington, D. C.
WILL D. JENKINS, Secretary of State, Olympia, Wash.
And the Editor of RECREATION.

---

“Bird Neighbors” is one of the best books on Ornithology published since the days of Audubon. $2 gets a copy of that book and a yearly subscription to RECREATION. How can anybody afford to be without that book, when it can be had at ½ the publisher's price?

“Can you suggest something suitable for a booby prize, for our rifle tournament?”
“How would a Spanish flag do?”

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The woodland and lake scenery would satisfy the most critical tourist.

Camping outfits can be purchased cheaply, or guides, thoroughly acquainted with the region, fully equipped for camping, can be secured readily.

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The following fish and game, in season, are to be found in abundance. the variety of which is not surpassed by any other sporting region in the world:

**Fish.**—Bass, pickerel, brook trout, lake trout, whitefish, perch, sunfish, salmon, trout, sturgeon, catfish. herring and muskalonge.

**Game.**—Deer, partridge, rabbits, pigeons, ducks, geese, plover, bear, woodcock, snipe, grouse, and moose.

**A few of the other Principal Resorts.**—Androscoggin Lakes, the White Mountains, the salmon resorts of Quebec, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, Lake of St. John region, the River St. Lawrence, the Thousand Islands.

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CHAS. M. HAYS, General Manager, Montreal, P.Q.
GEO. B. REEVE, Gen. Traffic Manager, Montreal, P. Q.
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| Tonic and Condition Tablets - | 50c. |
| Jaundice Cure Tablets, - - - | 50c. |
| Vermifuge Capsules, - - - - | 50c. |
| " " (Puppy) - | 50c. |
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| Mange Cure (not oily), - - - | 50c. |
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| Cough Pills, - - - - - - - | 50c. |
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Let me thank you for the Winchester rifle which you sent me as a premium. It is a good one, and shoots well. I have now 3 Winchesters of different calibres, and think them the best gun made.

Chas. Garlets, Mongo, Ind.

Thanks for the Big Game book. I wouldn't miss it for a week's board, nor miss a week's board with it. I wish you would put more of such stories about bears, moose, deer, etc., in each number of RECREATION.

P. P. Beal, Lisbon Falls, Me.

I have tried the Kenwood sleeping bags, and as a combination they are excellent. I have used them in all kinds of weather, and at different seasons of the year. Any 2 of them would, in my opinion, be warm enough ; but with the 3 one can sleep out of doors on the snow.

F. E. Galbraith, Toronto, Can.

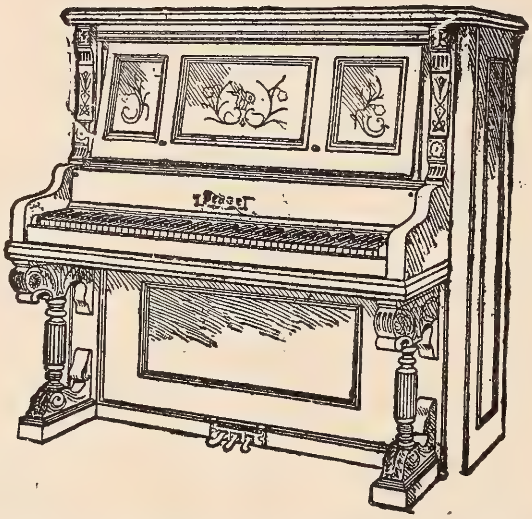
The other day I spent an hour in looking over a well worn copy of " Cruisings in the Cascades."

Have read it 3 or 4 times; but always find something of interest in its pages.

T. E. Malone, Pittsburg, Pa.

" Now, children," said the teacher, " what do you call the meal you eat in the morning? "

" Oatmeal," said the small boy.



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STATEMENT
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OF HARTFORD, CONN.

*Chartered* 1863. [*Stock.*] *Life and Accident Insurance.*

JAMES G. BATTERSON, Pres't

*Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1898*

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| PAID-UP CAPITAL, | $1,000,000.00 |
| Assets (Accident Premiums in the hands of agents not included) | $22,868,994.16 |
| Liabilities | 19,146,359.04 |
| Excess Security to Policy-holders | $3,722,635.12 |

*July, 1 1898*

| | |
|---|---|
| Total Assets (Accident Premiums in the hands of agents not included) | $24,103,986.67 |
| Total Liabilities | 19,859,291.43 |
| Excess Security to Policy-holders | $4,244,695.24 |

| | |
|---|---|
| Paid to Policy-holders since 1864 | $35,660,940.19 |
| Paid to Policy-holders January-July, '98 | 1,300,493.68 |
| Loaned to Policy-holders on Policies (Life) | 1,161,705.00 |
| Life Insurance in Force | 94,646,669.00 |

GAINS
*6 Months—January to July, 1898*

| | |
|---|---|
| In Assets | $1,234,992.51 |
| In Surplus (to Policy-holders) | 522,060.12 |
| In Insurance in Force (Life Department only) | 2,764,459.00 |
| Increase in Reserves | 705,642.18 |
| Premiums Received, 6 Months | 2,937,432.77 |

JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary
EDWARD V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies
J. B. LEWIS, M.D., Medical Director and Adjuster
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Keeps the Stocking
Free from Wrinkles
DOES NOT BIND
THE Velvet Grip CUSHION BUTTON CLASP
Lies flat to the leg.
Does not tear the stocking, and will not unfasten accidentally.
SOLD EVERYWHERE
Sample Pair by Mail { Silk, 50c. / Cotton, 25c.
GEORGE FROST CO.
BOSTON, MASS.

## KNEW WHAT HE WANTED.

Customer—I want some kind of a door spring; one that won't get out of order.

Hardware Dealer—A door spring?

Customer—Yes. And one that won't require the strength of an elephant to open.

Dealer—Um!

Customer—And yet it must be strong enough to bring the door all the way to, and not leave it swinging a few inches.

Dealer—I see!

Customer—And when the door closes I don't want it to ram shut like a catapult, with a jar that shakes the house from its foundations.

Dealer—Yes. You want one that will bring the door all the way to, and yet do it gently.

Customer—That's the idea. But I don't want any complicated arrangement that requires a skilled mechanic to attend to it.

Dealer—No, of course not. You want something simple, yet strong and effective.

Customer—That's the talk. Something that can be put on or taken off easily—something that will do its work quietly, yet thoroughly, and won't be eternally getting out of order.

Dealer—I see. I know exactly what you want, sir; just exactly.

Customer—Well, show me one.

Dealer—We don't keep door springs.—New York Weekly.

# Genuine Barrios Diamonds $1.00 each

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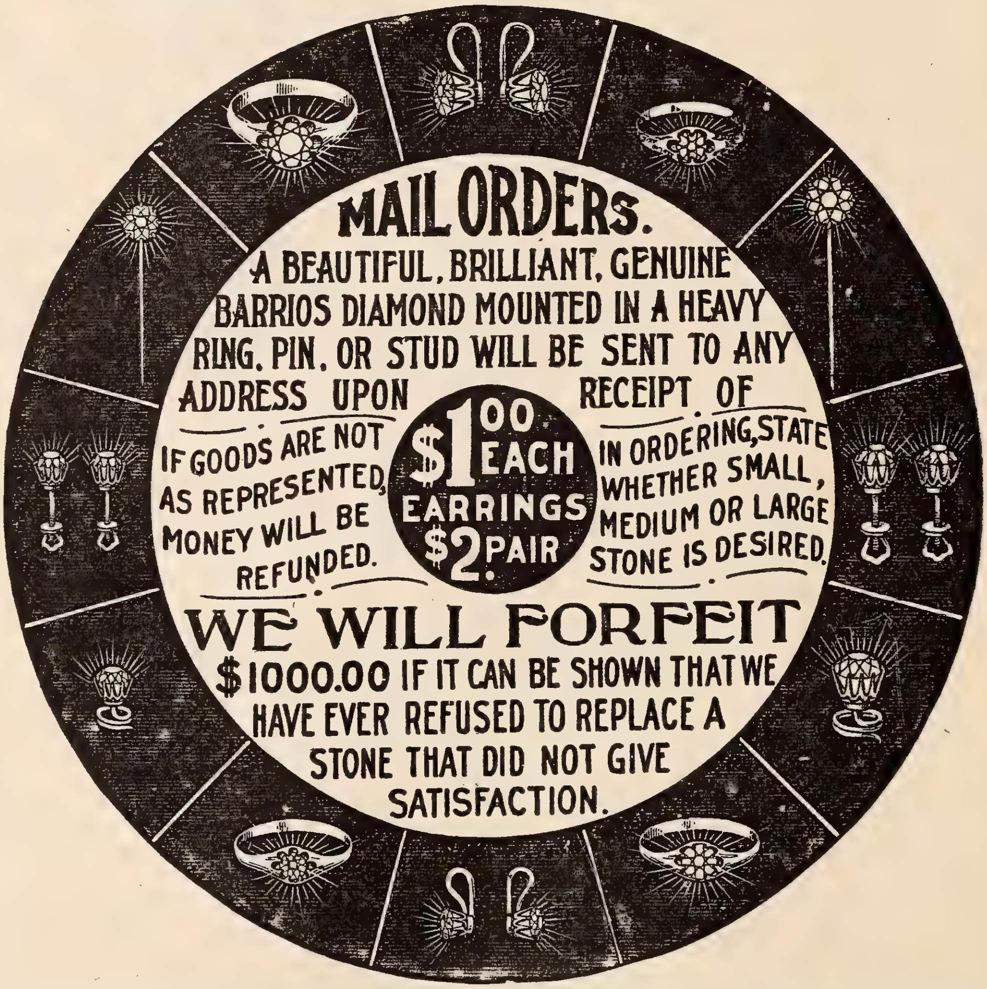

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IF GOODS ARE NOT AS REPRESENTED, MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED.

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WE WILL FORFEIT $1000.00 IF IT CAN BE SHOWN THAT WE HAVE EVER REFUSED TO REPLACE A STONE THAT DID NOT GIVE SATISFACTION.

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**OUR GUARANTEE.**—Genuine Barrios Diamonds are guaranteed to retain their brilliancy forever; the mountings are heavy rolled plate and are warranted for five years.

What the Great Sarah Bernhardt says:

"*I have used Barrios Diamonds for stage purposes and have found them the equal of real stones.*"

Sarah Bernhardt.

Carrie Gay, of George Edwardes's Co., writes:

"*While playing on the road I found Barrios Diamonds objects of great beauty and usefulness.*"

Carrie Gay.

☞ Beware of feeble imitators. This offer will last for a short time only. Do not delay. Order at once.

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**42 AND 44 BROAD STREET, NEW YORK.**

*Mention this publication when you write.*

# Ready to Start

All true sportsmen, who are the fortunate possessors of good hunting dogs, thoroughly enjoy the pleasure depicted in the looks and behavior of the dogs when anticipating a hunt. The appearance of his master, arrayed in his hunting costume, with gun in hand, is the signal for a succession of barks and other manifestations of his apparent delight.

Of course a dog must be healthy or he won't exhibit an eagerness for the hunt, and he will prove a drawback rather than a help to his master. When a dog is "out of sorts," the proper course to follow is to give him

## SERGEANT'S CONDITION PILLS

This remedy brings back to dogs that alertness of ear, that acute sense of smell, that suppleness of limb and that brightness of eye so necessary for perfect pointing, setting and retrieving. Does it sound like boasting to claim so much for a dog medicine? It may seem boastful, but it is true, and truth is what counts.

First of all, **SERGEANT'S CONDITION PILLS** are a never-failing alterative, gently restoring all the bodily functions to their natural condition. The tonic properties of the remedy increase the dog's strength and give vigor of action to the system.

Dogs are almost human. Some of them have a deal more common sense than some men. No medicine can be too good for them. No medicine is so sure to cure as **SERGEANT'S CONDITION PILLS.** 50 cents and $1.00 per box. Sent anywhere by mail, prepaid.

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Use **SERGEANT'S "SURE SHOT."** The one true and tried destroyer of canine worms. Price 50 cents. Any depot mentioned in this advertisement can supply you.

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Amory R. Starr, Marshall, Texas
Gen. W. B. Shattuc, Cincinnati, O.
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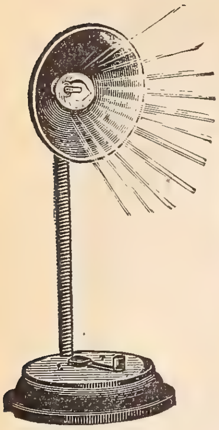
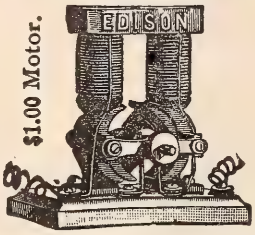
Geo. L. Neville, Cleveland, O.

And hundreds of others.

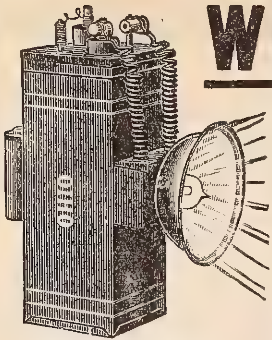


Battery Table Lamp, **$2.75** complete.

Necktie Light.



$1.00 Motor.



$6 Electric Bicycle Lights, **$2.75**

# WE ARE SELLING

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| $ 3.00 | Electric Bell Outfits for.......... | $ 1.00 |
| 21.00 | Telephones, complete, for........ | 5.95 |
| 12.00 | Fan Motors, with Batteries, for.. | 5.95 |
| 8.00 | Electric Hand Lanterns for...... | 3.00 |
| 10.00 | Electric Carriage Lights for...... | 3.95 |
| 8.00 | Medical Batteries for............. | 3.95 |
| 5.00 | Electric Belts, the genuine, for .. | 1.00 |
| 3.00 | Necktie Lights, with Dry Battery | 1.50 |
| | 14-Candle Hanging Lamp, with Battery. | 10.00 |
| | Telegraph Outfits, complete, for ....... | 2.25 |
| | Miniature Electric Lamps for .......... | .40 |
| | Sewing Machine Motors for............ | 5.00 |

All Electrical Books at low prices.

***We undersell all on Everything Electrical.***

**OHIO ELECTRIC WORKS, CLEVELAND, O.**
**HEADQUARTERS FOR ELECTRIC NOVELTIES AND SUPPLIES.**
Agents wanted. Send for New Catalogue just out.

"My friends," exclaimed the eloquent minister, "were the average man to turn and look himself squarely in the eyes, and ask himself what he really needed most, what would be the first reply suggested to his mind?"

"A rubber neck!" shouted the precocious urchin in the rear of the room.

---

I got the Forehand revolver, and it is a little beauty. Everybody I show it to wants to buy it. I do not see how you can give such a premium for so few subscriptions.

C. R. Kinnear, Windsor, N. S.

---

If you would live next to nature, read RECREATION.

Stage Manager (to Lessee of Theatre)—Our scene shifter wants a holiday. He says he hasn't been away for 3 years.

Lessee—Well, tell him he can't have one. He gets change of scenery enough for anybody.—New York Herald.

---

Let me thank you for the copy of "Bird Neighbors," which I received from you. I find the book all it is represented to be, and am greatly pleased with it.

Sarah E. Link, Troy, N. Y.

---

Willie—Say, pa, do people ever make clothing out of peas?

Pa—No, my son. Why do you ask?

Willie—I thought they were used to make pea-jackets for sailors.—Chicago News.

C&O ROUTE
F.F.V. LIMITED

# Chesapeake and Ohio Railway

## 95% On Time

Between

New York . Philadelphia
Baltimore . Washington
Cincinnati . Louisville
St. Louis and Chicago

Dining Cars . . .
Pullman Sleepers
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Strictly... up to Date

Grandest Scenery in America

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

...To "the" Pleasure Resorts of...

# Texas and Gulf of Mexico

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MISSOURI, KANSAS & TEXAS RAILWAY.

Via CHICAGO, KANSAS CITY, or ST. LOUIS

WAGNER BUFFET SLEEPERS
FREE "KATY" CHAIR CARS

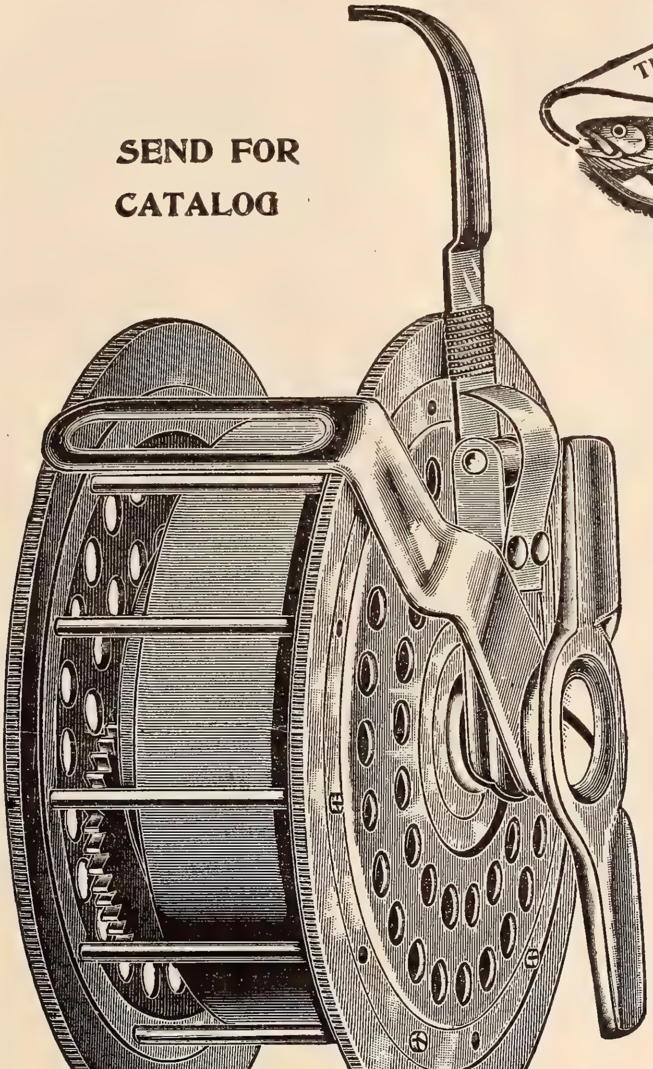
For further information, address
**W. S. ST. GEORGE, Gen. East. Agt.**
309 Broadway, New York

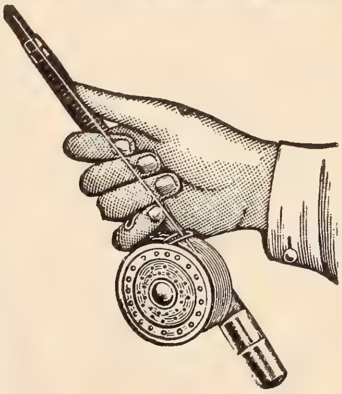
# "THE LITTLE FINGER DOES IT"

## The Fisherman's Automatic Reel

That Little Finger Caught Me
THE LITTLE FINGER DOES IT
THE AUTOMATIC REEL

SEND FOR CATALOG





Manufactured by
YAWMAN & ERBE MFG. CO.
344 No. St. PAUL Street
ROCHESTER, N.Y. U.S.A

## What we claim for the Automatic Reel

**FIRST**—It will wind up the line a hundred times as fast as any other reel in the world.

**SECOND**—It will wind up the line slowly if the angler chooses.

**THIRD**—No fish can ever get slack line with it.

**FOURTH** — It will save more fish than any other reel.

**FIFTH** — It will prevent tips, lines, and snells from being broken by large fish.

**SIXTH** — The reel is manipulated entirely by the hand that holds the rod.

**SEVENTH**—It enables the angler and makes it desirable to use lighter tips.

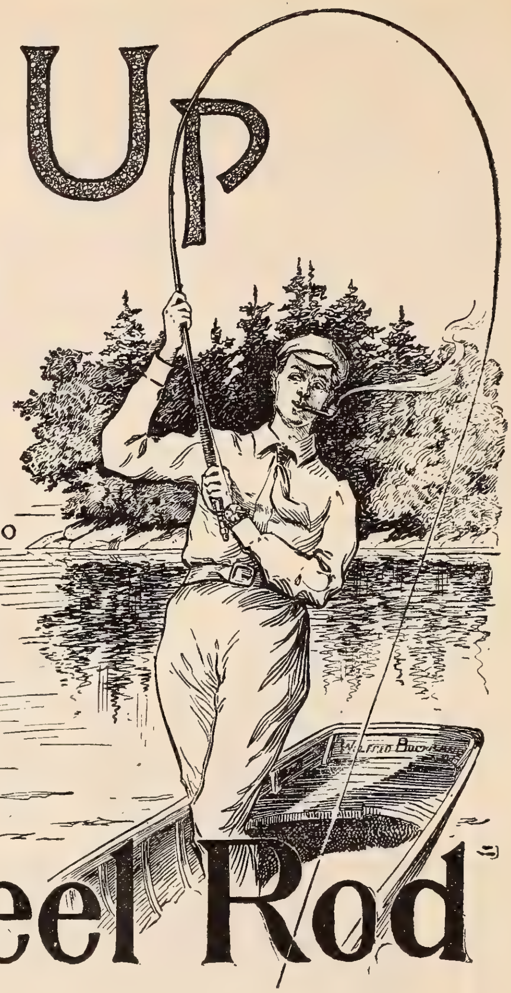
**Every Sportsman Should Have One**

Mention RECREATION.

# "It's All Up With Me"

said Mr. Fish.

"That man has got a



# Bristol Steel Rod

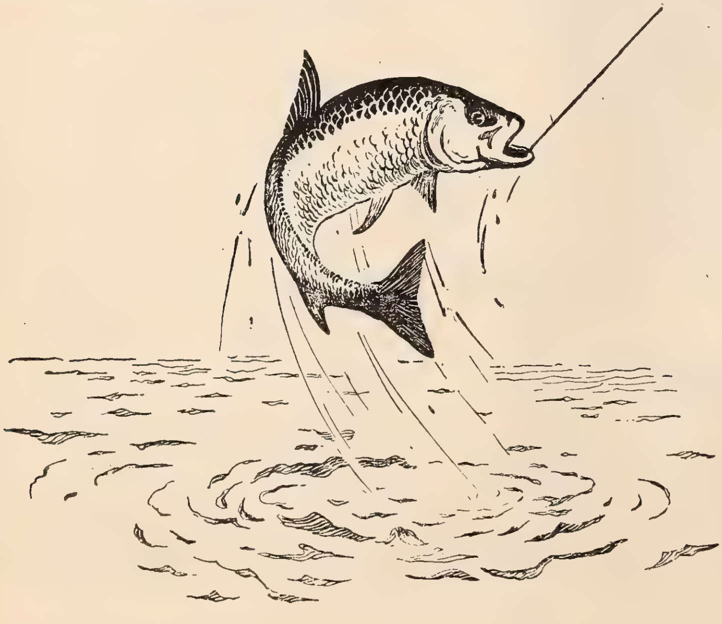
I can tell that by the *Spring.*"

The Bristol Steel Rod is unbreakable with ordinary wear, is made as light as any good bamboo rod, and has a resilience, or "spring" that is all its own.

Experienced anglers prefer the Bristol Steel Rod to any other.

Experienced fish don't.

The Bristol Steel Rod is the only rod you can always absolutely depend on.



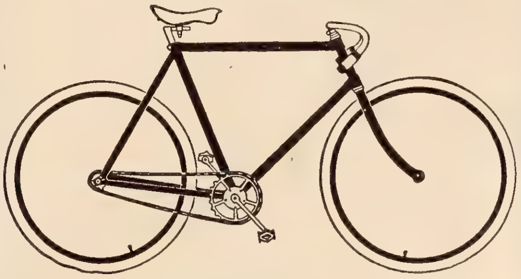
Made in 18 sizes: weights 6½ to 11¾ oz.; beautifully finished and mounted. Prices, $3.50 up. Sold by all first-class dealers.

*Write for new, complete 40-page catalogue R, mailed free*

**HORTON MANUFACTURING COMPANY**
**Bristol, Conn., U.S.A.**

**Tribune Bicycles**

$50.00 and upwards



A world-wide reputation for fine workmanship and easy-running qualities.

HANDSOME CATALOGUE
ILLUSTRATING OUR FULL LINE
OF TWENTY-THREE MODELS
MAILED FREE

THE BLACK MFG. CO.
ERIE, PA.

**League Tires**

**Strong and Lasting**

The rich, elastic rubber in League Specials gives and stretches under hard knocks, without ruptures or leaks. The strong, powerful fabric binds the tire firmly together, prevents bursts, and makes punctures difficult. "Get there and get back" tires outwear two ordinary tires. Order them for your wheel. All dealers have them or can get them.

**NEW YORK BELTING & PACKING CO. LTD.**

New York . . 25 Park Place

*"Heaven's last, best gift, my ever new delight."*
—MILTON.

A smoker's "outfit" is not complete unless it has a box of

**Yale Mixture**

**A Gentleman's Smoke**

for, while it costs a trifle more than inferior kinds, it is the most satisfying

PIPE TOBACCO.

Householder—Do you pretend to say this meter measures the amount of gas we burn?

Inspector—I will enter into no controversy, sir ; but I will say the meter measures the amount of gas you have to pay for.—Detroit Free Press.

---

She—Yes ; my grandfather was a member of the United States Senate.

He—That's too bad.

She—Too bad? What makes you think so?

He—Think how rich he might have made you if he hadn't spent so much money getting there.—Chicago Record.

---

Mrs. Bliffers—Your old friend has such a sad face. Why is it?

Mr. Bliffers—Years ago he proposed to a very beautiful girl, and——

Mrs. Bliffers—And she refused him?

Mr. Bliffers—No. She married him.—New York Weekly.

---

"Pa !"

"Oh, be quiet !"

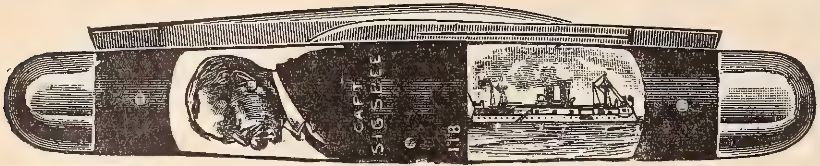
"Pa !"

"Well, what is it?"

"What did the Dead Sea die of?"—London Sporting Times.

---

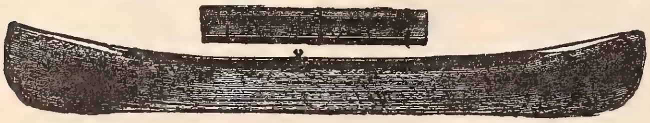
IN ANSWERING ADS ALWAYS MENTION RECREATION.



**A GOOD KNIFE** is requisite for an enjoyable day with rod or gun. Don't mar your pleasure by having a worthless knife. The best of material and workmanship make **NOVELTY KNIVES** perfect. A written warranty given with every one. Your name under the handle insures its return if lost. Pictures of celebrities, sporting scenes, lodge emblems, etc., on the other side. Handle is perfectly transparent and indestructible. Excellent novelty for high-grade advertising. Send stamp for circular. **Agents Wanted.**

Senator Style (same size as cut), No. 118, 2 blades, $1.20; No. 120, 3 blades, $1.60; No. 122. 4 blades, $1.85.

**NOVELTY CUTLERY CO.,**
**33 Bar St., Canton, O.**



**Lieut. Schwatka** used them in exploring the Yukon River in 1891.
**Walter Wellman** has ordered them for his Polar Expedition, 1898. 20 feet, with double skin and cabin, capacity 4,000 lbs., weight 120 lbs.
Makes up into three packages to carry, 16 feet, capacity 2,000 lbs., weight 80 lbs.

**Sportsman Canoes,** 19 to 50 lbs., capacity 300 to 1,200 lbs. All are canoe model. Ribbed longitudinally and diagonally. No bagging or wrinkling between ribs. No joints or parts to loosen or wear. Lightest weight. Smallest package. Galvanized steel wire frame. Special make heavy canvas, water tight, and puncture proof.

**Send Stamp for Catalogue**

**KING FOLDING CANVAS BOAT CO. - - - - - KALAMAZOO, MICH., U. S. A.**

### COLORADO VARIETIES.

In Colorado we have several varieties of self-styled "sportsmen." Then there is the plain everyday game hog. Then we have the game exterminator, who gathers his spoils by the wagon load for market. Last and worst is the "gentleman sportsman." He leases all the ponds and lakes he can secure. Five days in the week he feeds hundreds of bushels of wheat to the ducks and geese that flock to his waters. On Saturday afternoon and all day Sunday he and his kind slaughter the wildfowl that have sought food and security in his trap. Some use rifles to raise the ducks that are beyond shotgun range. Others employ horses and riders to chase them around the lakes. How long will game be able to stand this sort of treatment?

I am heart and soul with the L. A. S., and will do my best to secure members for it. Robert Harris, New Windsor, Col.

If you would live next to nature, read RECREATION.

Rev. Mr. Dowr, of London, Ont., sends me the following:

> Game Warden Quallins says along the Detroit river ducks are more plentiful than ever before, but are being killed by thousands of poachers from the American side, principally at Peach Island and near the coal docks. He says American officers do not seem to try to put a stop to it.
>
> —London (Ont.) Advertiser.

Join the L. A. S., brother Dowr, and help in the good work. Ministers and school teachers may become associate members, and have no dues to pay.

A tele-photo lens worth $150 as a premium for 100 subscriptions. Who will be the first to earn it?

SHOPPING AND GENERAL COMMISSIONS UNDERTAKEN. CONSULTING DECORATOR.
Highest References. Write for Circulars.
MISS KATE N. ROBBINS,
408 West 23d Street, New York City.

## APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP IN THE L. A. S.

**ARTHUR F. RICE, Secretary L. A. S., 19 W. 24th St., New York.**

DEAR SIR: Enclosed ONE DOLLAR for membership fee for one year.

I certify that I am eligible to membership in the L. A. S. under the provisions of the constitution, and refer to 2 League members (or to 3 other reputable citizens) named hereon.

**Name**..............................................

**Street or P.O. Box**..............................................

**City or Town**..............................................

..............................................

**Detach this, fill out, and send in with your dollar, AT ONCE**

**References**

Shooting and Fishing Guide

......TO THE NORTHWEST

A complete directory of the best locations, giving kinds of game and fish, distances from St. Paul, lakes, names of guides, hotels, character of country, etc.

Send 2c. Stamp

Mention
RECREATION

F. I. WHITNEY
Gen'l Pass. Agent
Great Northern Railway
ST. PAUL, MINN.

THIS BUSINESS

ADVERTISES

ITSELF

One of the unique features of the New York Central's "Lake Shore Limited" is the fact that it advertises itself.

The magnificence of the service and completeness of detail makes every patron an advertiser of its merits.

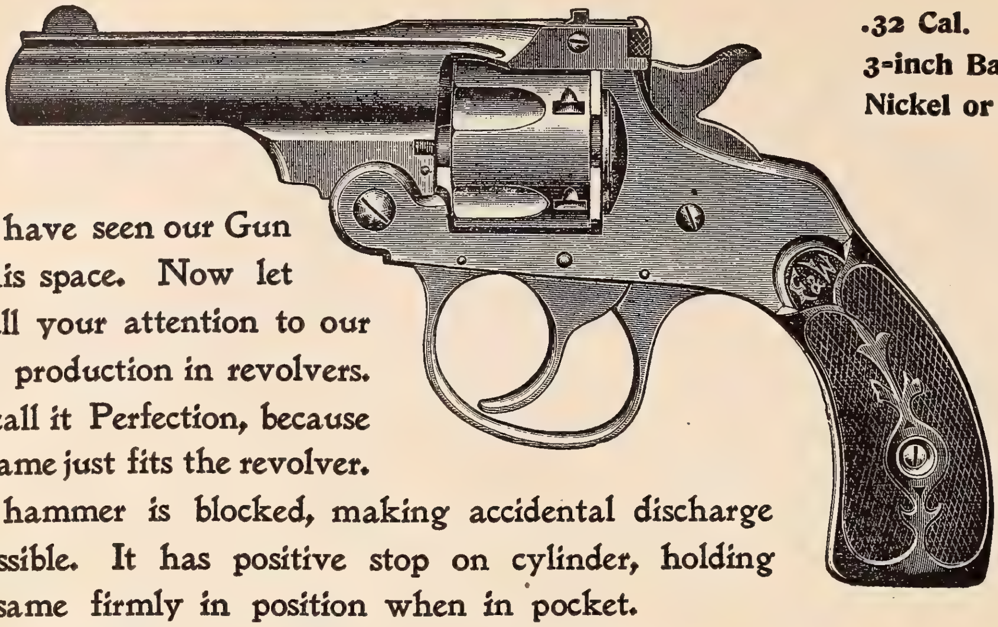
It is estimated that every person who travels by this train brings at least a dozen new patrons.

"The Lake Shore Limited" leaves Grand Central Station, New York, every afternoon at 5.00, and arrives Chicago via Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway the next afternoon at 4.00.

Returning, leaves Chicago 5.30 P. M. each day, arrives New York 6.30 next afternoon.

The New York Central has issued a booklet descriptive of "The Lake Shore Limited," which also contains an epitome of what may be seen from the Observation Car as the train progresses on its daily run between New York and Chicago. Send for copy to George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

“PERFECTION AUTOMATIC”



**.32 Cal.**
**3-inch Barrel**
**Nickel or Blue**

You have seen our Gun in this space. Now let us call your attention to our latest production in revolvers. We call it Perfection, because the name just fits the revolver. The hammer is blocked, making accidental discharge impossible. It has positive stop on cylinder, holding the same firmly in position when in pocket. Weight only 12 ozs., and 10 ozs. in bicycle size.

No better pistol at any price. This retails at $4.00.

**Forehand Arms Co.** WORCESTER MASS.

The enclosed clipping is from the Philadelphia “Press” of July 29, 1898. Thinking it may be of interest, I forward it to you.
F. H. Sparrenberger, M.D., Sunbury, Pa.

Engleside Hotel, Beach Haven, N. J.—The success of Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Mendenhall and son, of Bordentown, N. J., as fishermen, is the subject of comment among lovers of that sport at Beach Haven. They have caught in 5 days 810 weakfish weighing from 2 to 3½ pounds.

The *genus swinus* seems to thrive on salt water, as well as on fresh.—Editor.

---

A Los Angeles paper published a report of a day's catch of fish, off Coronado, in which a large number of “alleged” sportsmen participated. The score is said to have been as follows: Barracuda, 1580; yellowtail, 7; halibut, 56; Spanish mackerel, 18; sea bass, 45; a total of 1706 fish.

The reporter goes on to explain carefully that the fish were not wasted; that they were sold to the fish-dealers, were salted, and eventually shipped out to consumers.

This is no excuse. A man who will deliberately tire himself out, killing 20 or 30 big fish in a day, such as the barracuda, should not seek an excuse in the fact that he or his boatman sells the fish to a dealer. Nothing but pure hoggishness would ever prompt a man to engage in such merciless slaughter as this; and a man who does so may just as well declare his nature at the start.

They were speaking of the actress, who was one of these modern—very modern—blondes.

“You know her, I believe?” said one.

“Know her!” exclaimed the other; “I used to know her when she was a brunette.”
—Chicago Evening Post.

---

“Pa,” said little Willie, propounding his sixteenth question.

“Well, my son.”

“Pa, how'd the man who named the first bicycle know it was a bicycle?”—Tit-Bits.

---

Minnie—What frauds these beggars are. I met a “blind” man who said, “Please give me a penny, beautiful lady!”

Mamie—Yes, he said that to make you think he really was blind.—Tit-Bits.

GUN BORE TREATMENT CO.
45 West 24th Street, New York

**Anti Pit** STOPS RUST STOPS PITTING

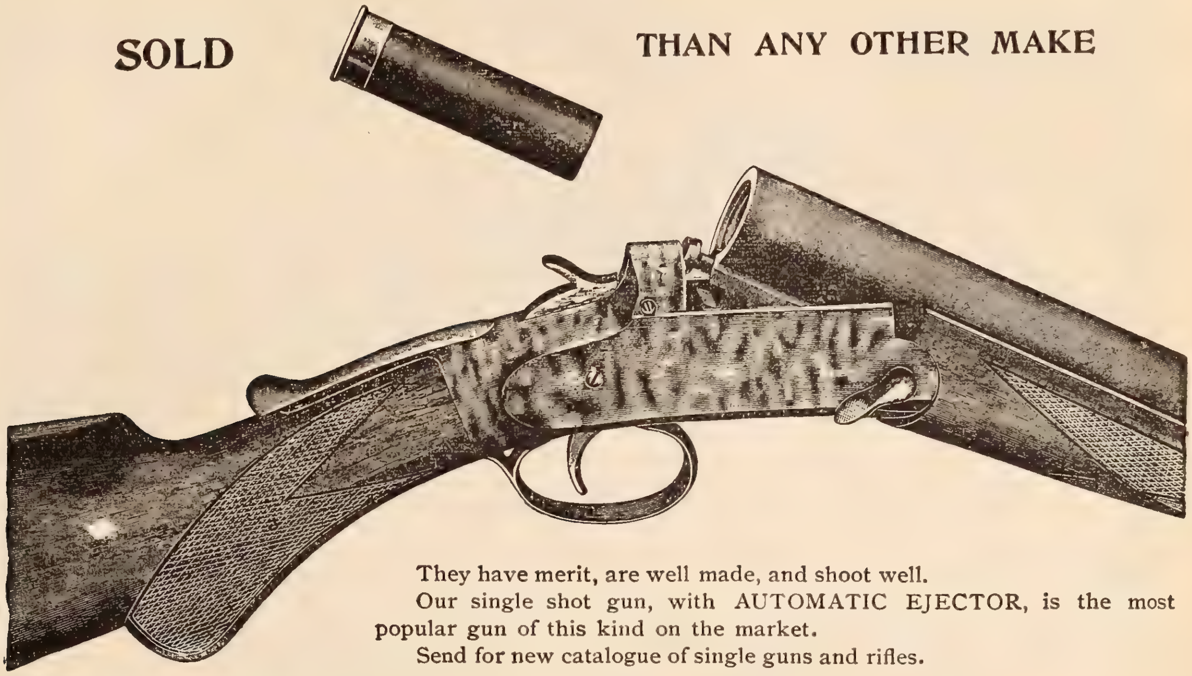
After treatment by Singer process firearms may be shot continuously and set away for weeks without cleaning and sustain no damage from powder, gases or moisture.
*See advertisement in August* RECREATION.

ALWAYS MENTION RECREATION WHEN ANSWERING ADS.

THERE ARE MORE

DAVENPORT SINGLE GUNS

SOLD THAN ANY OTHER MAKE



They have merit, are well made, and shoot well.

Our single shot gun, with AUTOMATIC EJECTOR, is the most popular gun of this kind on the market.

Send for new catalogue of single guns and rifles.

THE W. H. DAVENPORT FIRE ARMS CO., Norwich, Conn.

*Shattuck*

25 $\frac{00}{100}$

Hammerless, Double Barrel, Breech Loader; 12-gauge Twist Barrel; all improvements; the best hammerless gun in the world for the money.

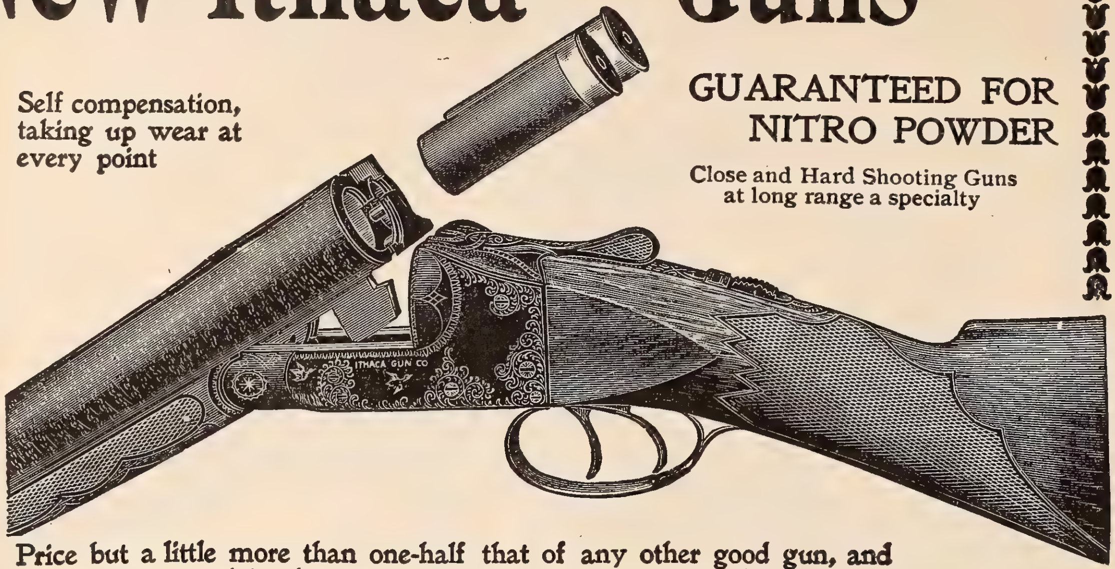
SCHOVERLING, DALY & GALES
325 Broadway, New York

# New Ithaca Guns

Self compensation, taking up wear at every point

GUARANTEED FOR NITRO POWDER

Close and Hard Shooting Guns at long range a specialty



Price but a little more than one-half that of any other good gun, and warranted in the most positive terms, shooting included

## ITHACA GUN COMPANY, ITHACA, N. Y.

**Send for circular and ask for special prices**
Mention RECREATION

Manufacturers of fine Hammer and Hammerless Guns

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**For Sale:** Live Buffalo, Elk, Mountain Sheep, Antelope, Mule Deer, Wolves; Black, Brown, Cinnamon and Grizzly Bears. Prompt and careful shipments.

Hunting and tourist parties outfitted and guided at reasonable rates. Expert guides always employed.

References: Arthur Brown, Supt., Philadelphia Zoo; E. M. Bigelow, Chief, Dept. of Parks, Pittsburgh, Pa.; W. T. Hornaday, Director, N. Y. Zoo Garden and G. O. Shields, Editor RECREATION.

Address Howard Eaton, Medora, N. D.

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**Boarding Ranch in the Bad Lands:** A cattle company, having a model ranch on the Little Missouri river, in the midst of the famous Bad Lands of Western Dakota and Eastern Montana, and having ample house room, would take a few boarders for the summer. Good, gentle saddle horses always at the disposal of guests. Terms reasonable. First class references on application. Address:

Custer Trail Cattle Co., Medora, N. D.

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**For Sale or Exchange:** .30-30 Marlin, octagon barrel; 6 shots; new and in perfect condition. S. & W. revolver 38 D. A. 3½ inch barrel, nickeled, in fine condition. Both for best cash offer, or exchange for .22 or .32 single shot rifle, Stevens or Winchester preferred.

A. S. Boothby, Box 712, Saco, Me.

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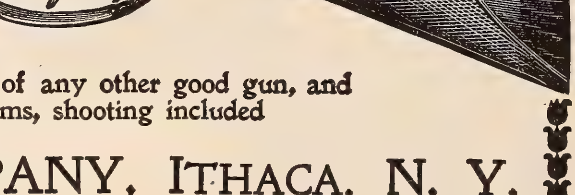
# Woodcock and Quail Duck and Goose...

are abundant, but are growing wilder year by year, and the best of ammunition is required to stop them.



PETERS NEW VICTOR SHELLS, LOADED WITH KING'S SMOKELESS.

**"The Quickest on Earth"**— The kind that pulverize the targets—are the best to use. Next best are **PETERS SEMI-SMOKELESS** loads, almost equal to the smokeless—only a little smoke.

| QUICK SHOT | LEAGUE |
|---|---|
| RICH DARK BLUE | LIGHT MANILA |

Loaded with the best of black powder, our own shot and wads. They are the strongest, cleanest and quickest — sure-fire and reliable.

**Peters Metallic Cartridges won the World's Record. Insist on having them.**

**THE PETERS CARTRIDGE CO., Cincinnati, O.**

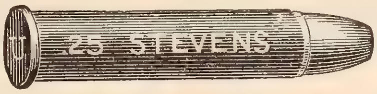
# DO NOT DELAY...

## UNTIL TOO LATE IN THE SEASON

YOU perhaps have an old rifle, the action is as good as new, but the barrel is worn out. You do not want to buy a new rifle, or you treasure the old one.

## Send it to us and have it Rebored

We can rebore a .22 R. F. to a .25 Stevens R. F.

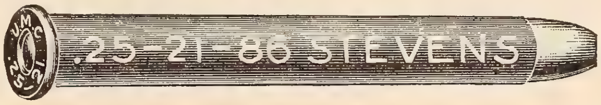


This is a perfect cartridge. Accurate at 200 yards. A killer.

We charge $3.50 for reboring a Stevens .22 to this size

We charge $5.00 for reboring another make .22 to this size

Or, we can rebore and change action over to take our .25-21.



This is a superior target cartridge. It is admirably suited for reloading purposes, as with the straight shell you can use varying charges of powder and lead with perfect results.

We charge $5.00 for reboring and changing a Stevens .22 to a .25-21 C. F.

We charge $7.50 for reboring and changing another make .22 to a .25-21 C. F.

We can, of course, rebore to other sizes.

We guarantee rebored rifles to shoot as accurately as new rifles for the same cartridges.

⁂

## J. STEVENS ARMS & TOOL CO.

P. O. BOX 444

CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS.

Send stamp for our complete catalogue describing the only complete line of rifles and pistols for target and fine hunting work. Full of valuable information.

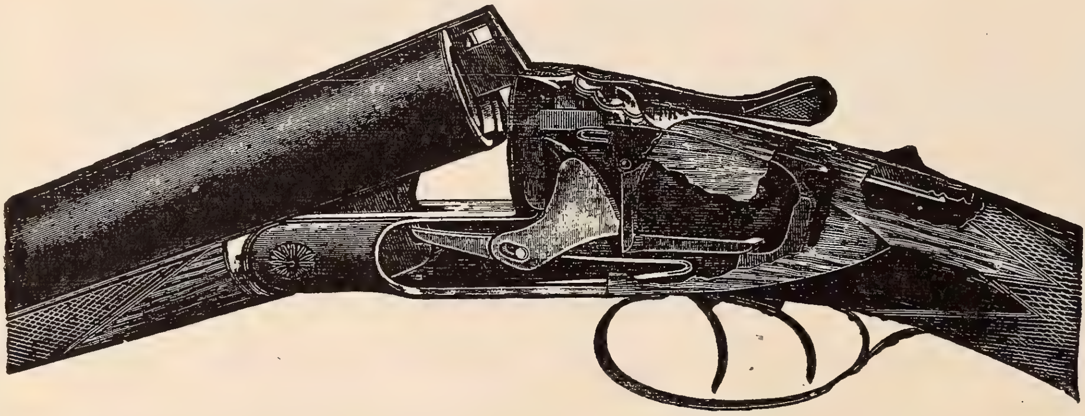
*For Field or for Trap,*
*For Pot Hunting or Fun,*
*No Sportsman is Equipped*
*Without a Syracuse Gun*

## "More Truth Than Poetry"

WE DO NOT SAY THAT

# Syracuse Hammerless Guns

"ARE AS GOOD" AS ANY GUN IN THE MARKET



**THEIR simplicity of construction and superiority of finish stamp them "BETTER" for practical all-round work than any gun in the market. The "old, old story" but, nevertheless, substantiated by every man who ever drew a Syracuse to his shoulder.**

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*Here is what men say of the Syracuse who are using it . . .*

I promised to tell you exactly what I thought of the SYRACUSE HAMMERLESS GUN you sent me, after having given it a thorough trial. I spent two weeks in Minnesota, during October, and as the chickens and ducks were wild, had an excellent opportunity to test the killing qualities of this gun. I killed as often and as far, with my 12-gauge SYRACUSE, as those of our party who were shooting more expensive 8 and 10-gauge guns, and which required, or at least used, nearly double the ammunition. I am satisfied I shall never own a better gun, for the money, than the SYRACUSE. I can heartily recommend it to all who want a moderate-priced, yet good, close, hard-shooting gun.

HARRY A. BEAVER, Cadillac, Mich.

Accept my thanks for the valuable little SYRACUSE HAMMERLESS GUN. The shooting qualities of the SYRACUSE, and its neat appearance, cannot be beaten by any gun I ever saw, for the money.

CHARLES L. BIGART, Dunmore, Pa.

---

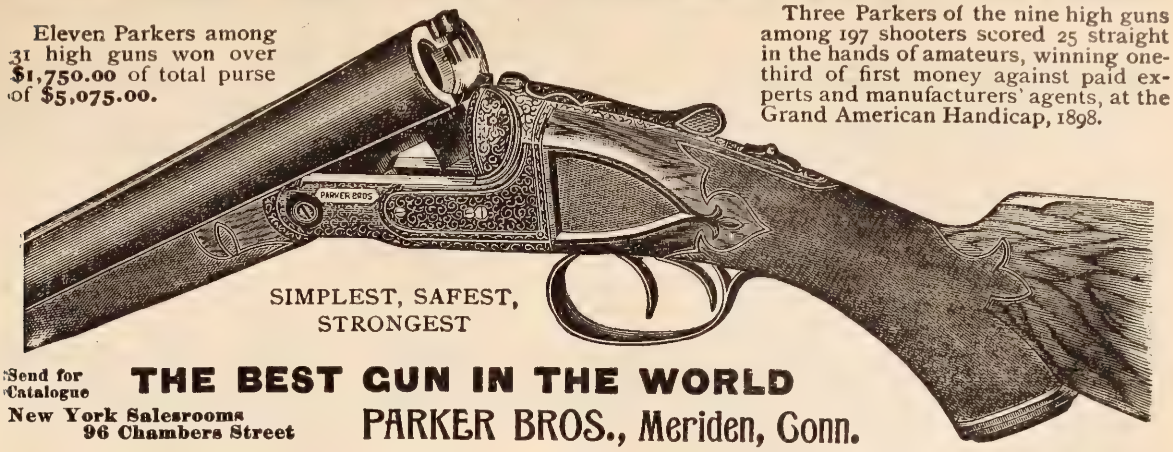
## SYRACUSE ARMS COMPANY

SYRACUSE, N. Y., U. S. A.

# THE OLD RELIABLE PARKER GUN AGAIN AT THE FRONT!

Eleven Parkers among 31 high guns won over **$1,750.00** of total purse of **$5,075.00.**

Three Parkers of the nine high guns among 197 shooters scored 25 straight in the hands of amateurs, winning one-third of first money against paid experts and manufacturers' agents, at the Grand American Handicap, 1898.



SIMPLEST, SAFEST, STRONGEST

**Send for Catalogue**

**THE BEST GUN IN THE WORLD**

**New York Salesrooms 96 Chambers Street**

PARKER BROS., Meriden, Conn.

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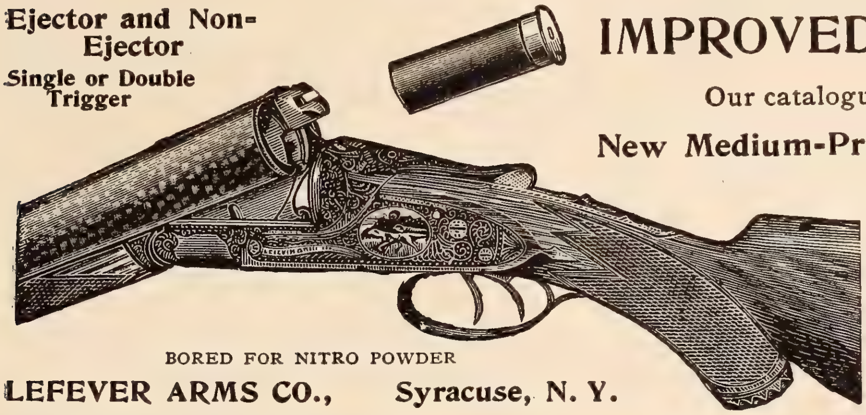
# You are not up to date unless you have seen the

**Ejector and Non-Ejector**
**Single or Double Trigger**

## IMPROVED LEFEVER

Our catalogue describes our

**New Medium-Price Hammerless**



**This New Trap and Field Gun** meets the requirements of sportsmen who desire a first-class and reliable gun but are not prepared to buy our higher grades.

BORED FOR NITRO POWDER

**LEFEVER ARMS CO., Syracuse, N. Y.**

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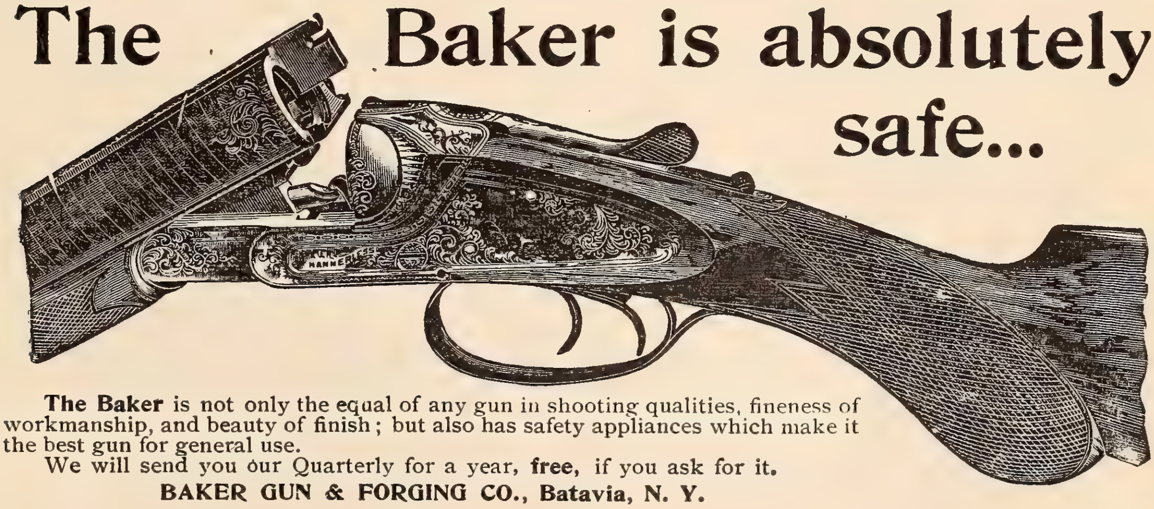
# The Baker is absolutely safe...



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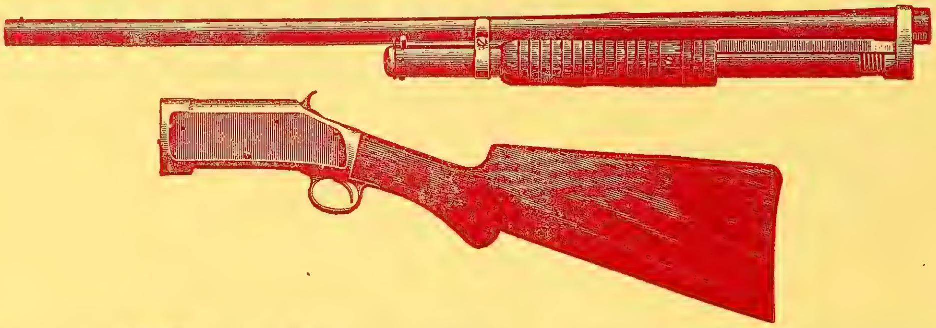

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NUMBER 5

NOVEMBER, 1898

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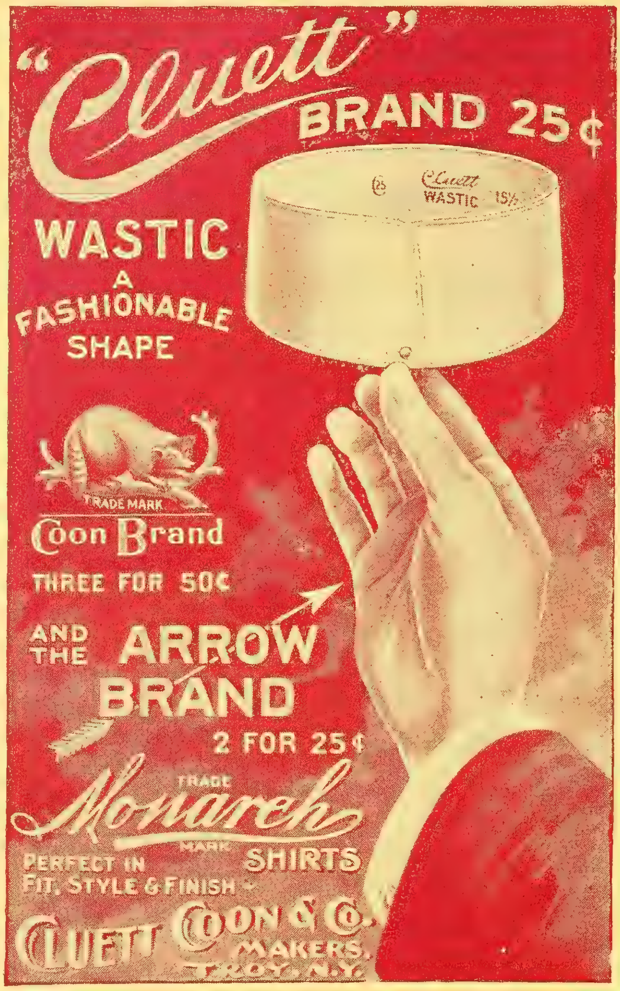

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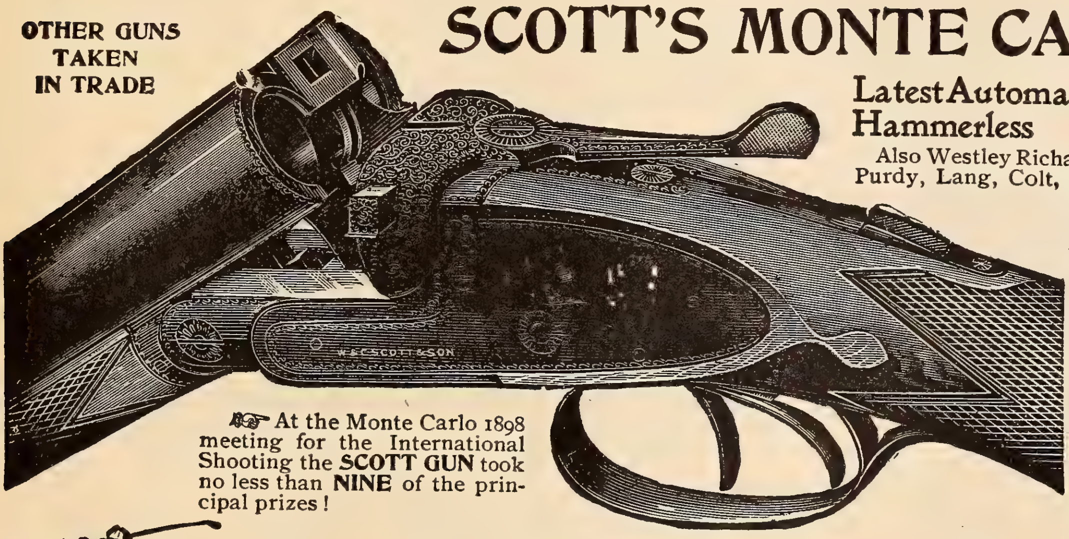

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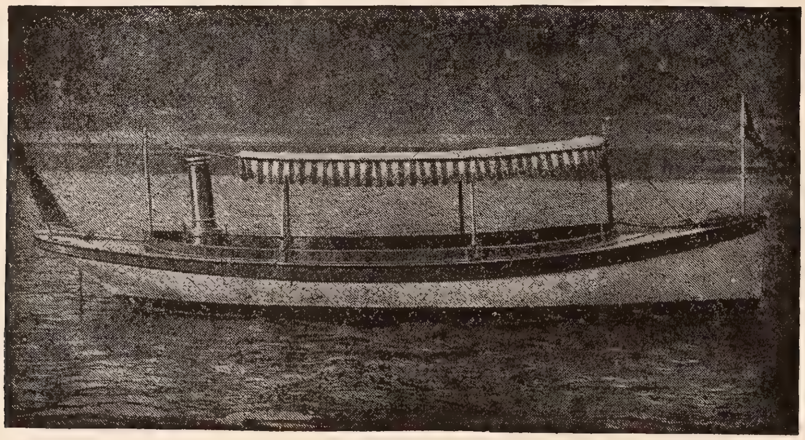

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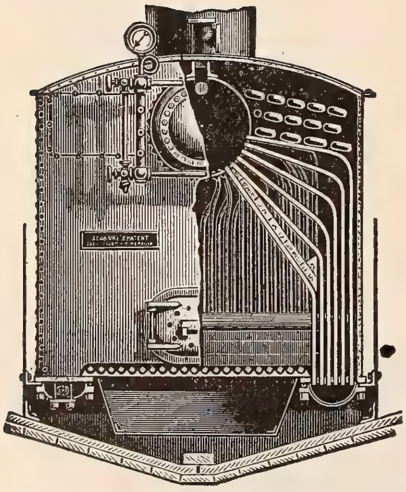

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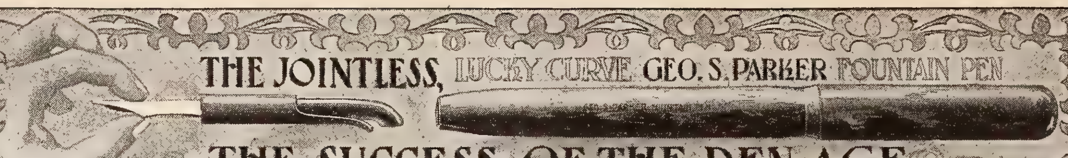
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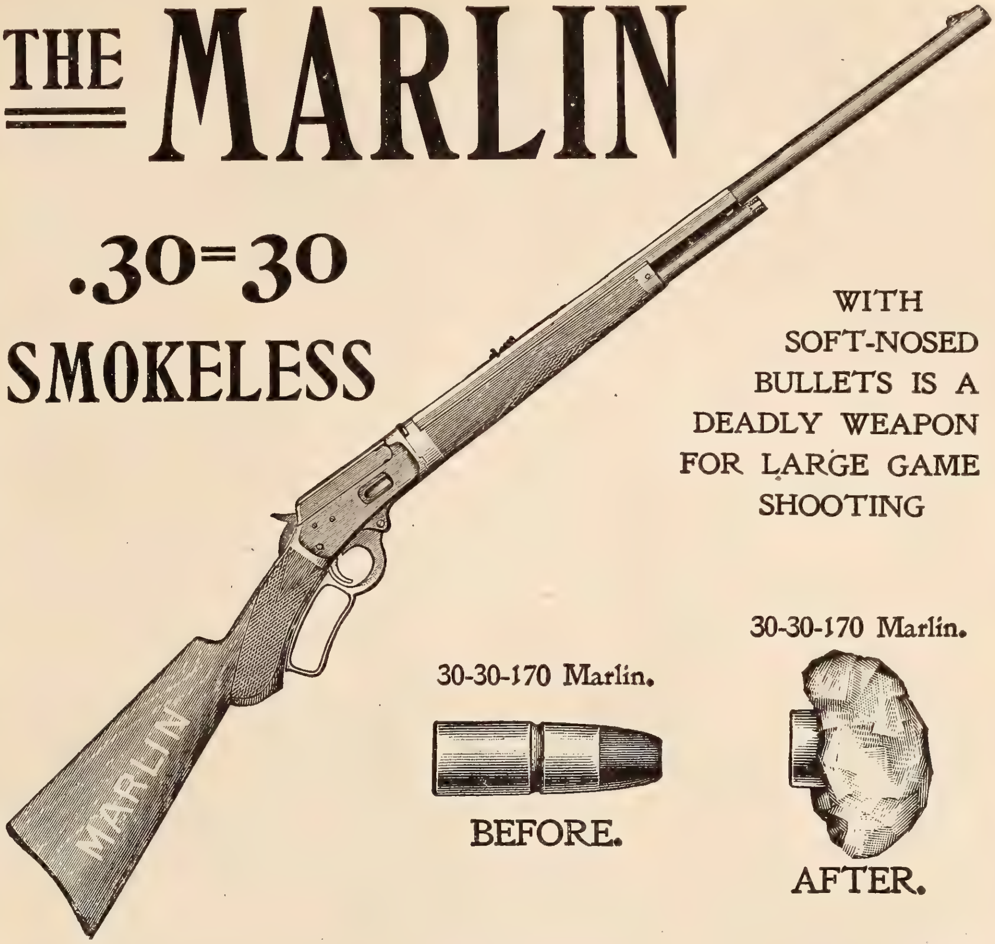

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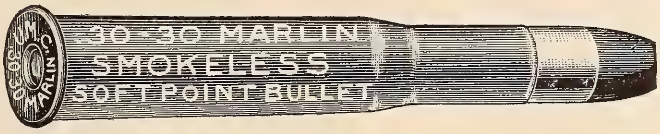
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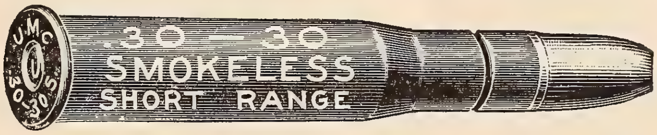
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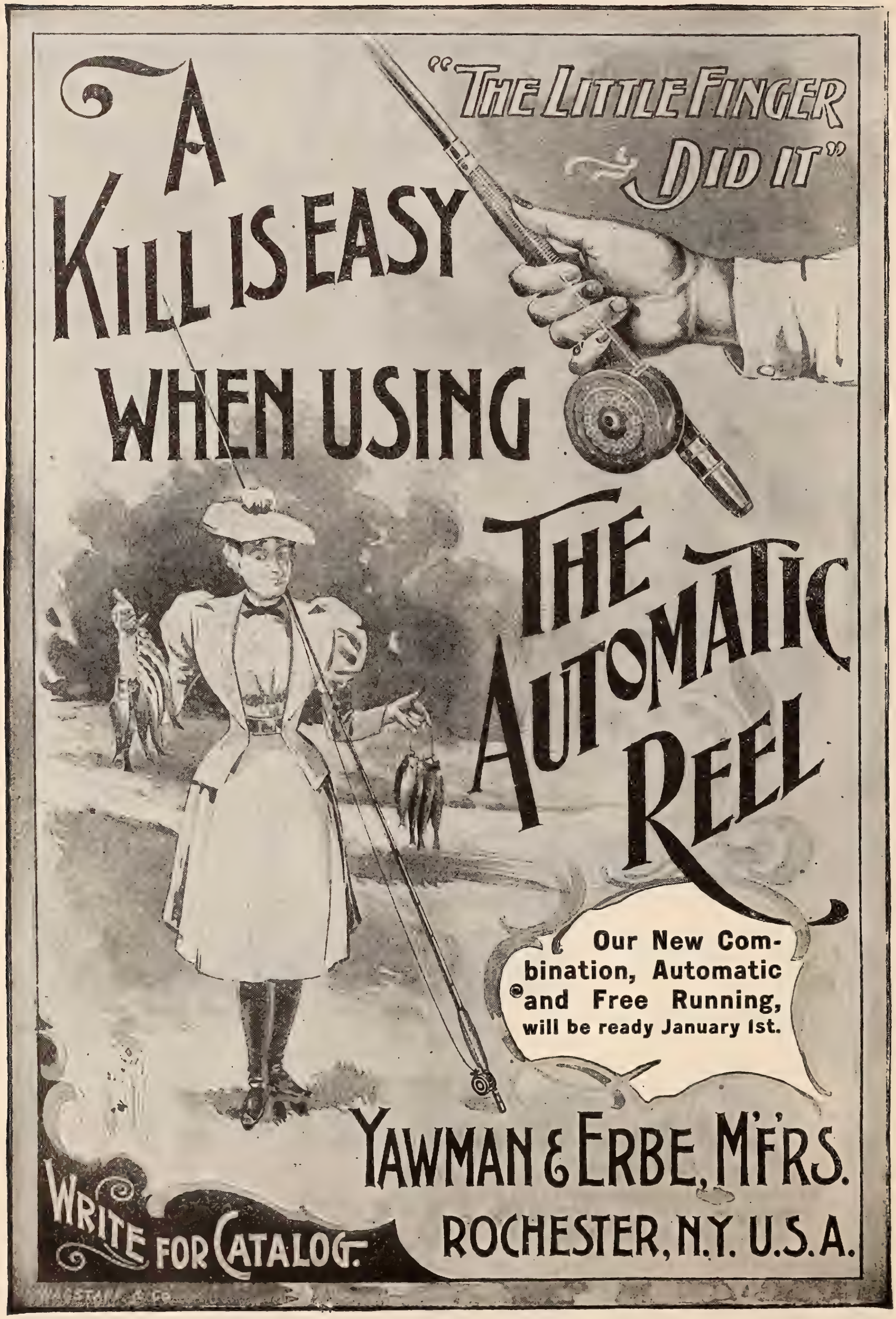

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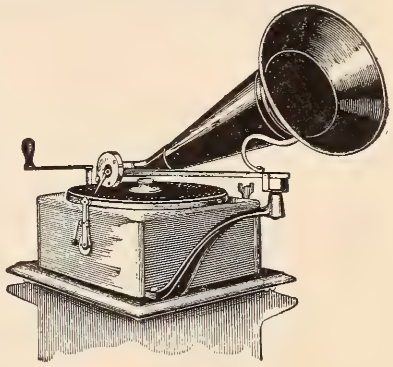

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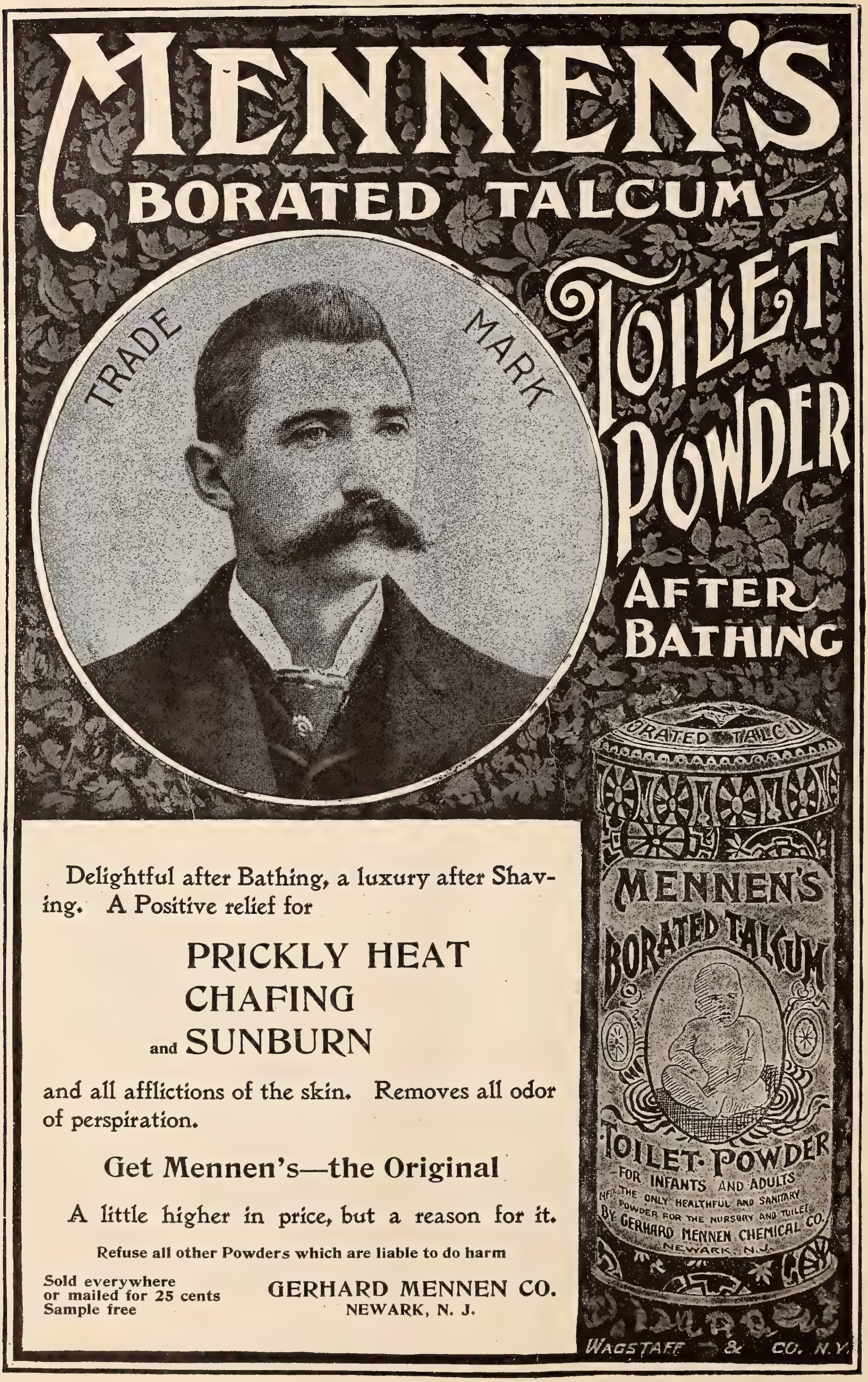
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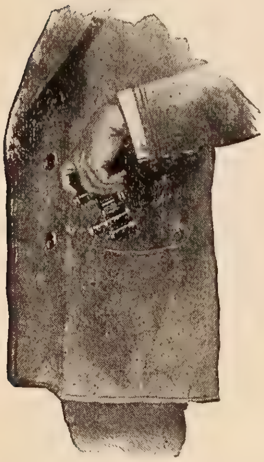

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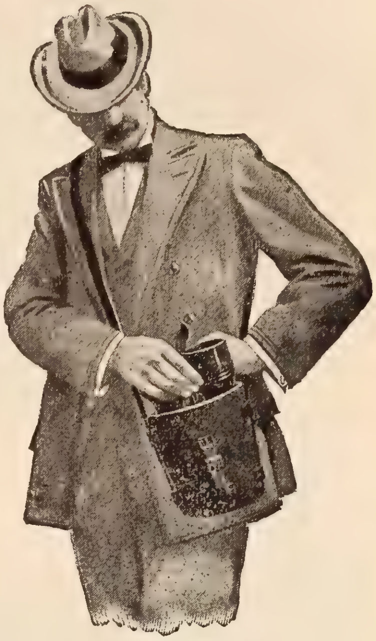

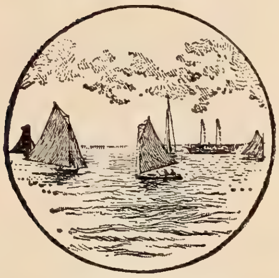

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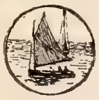

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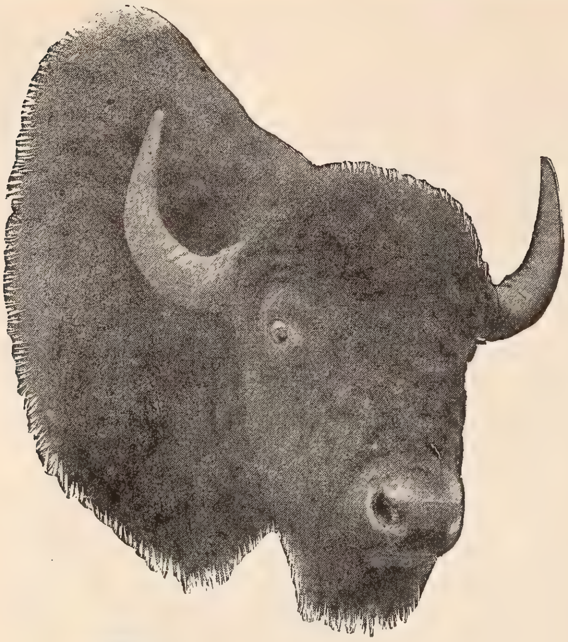

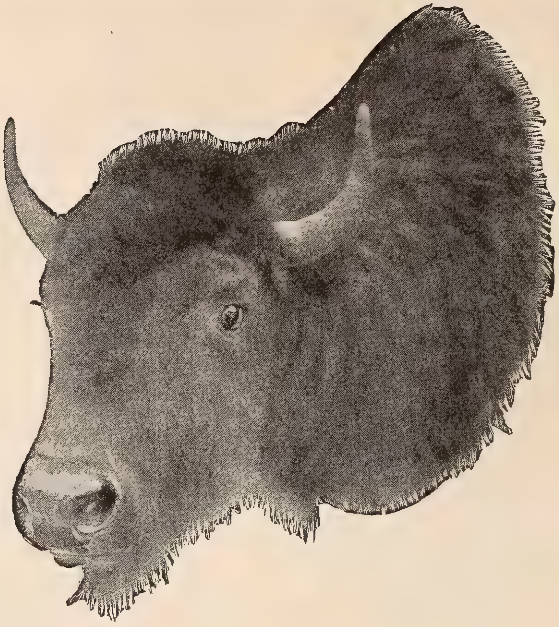

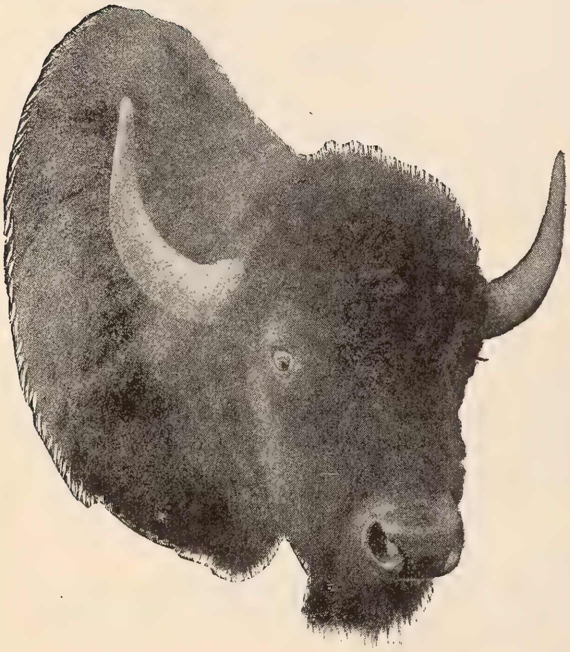

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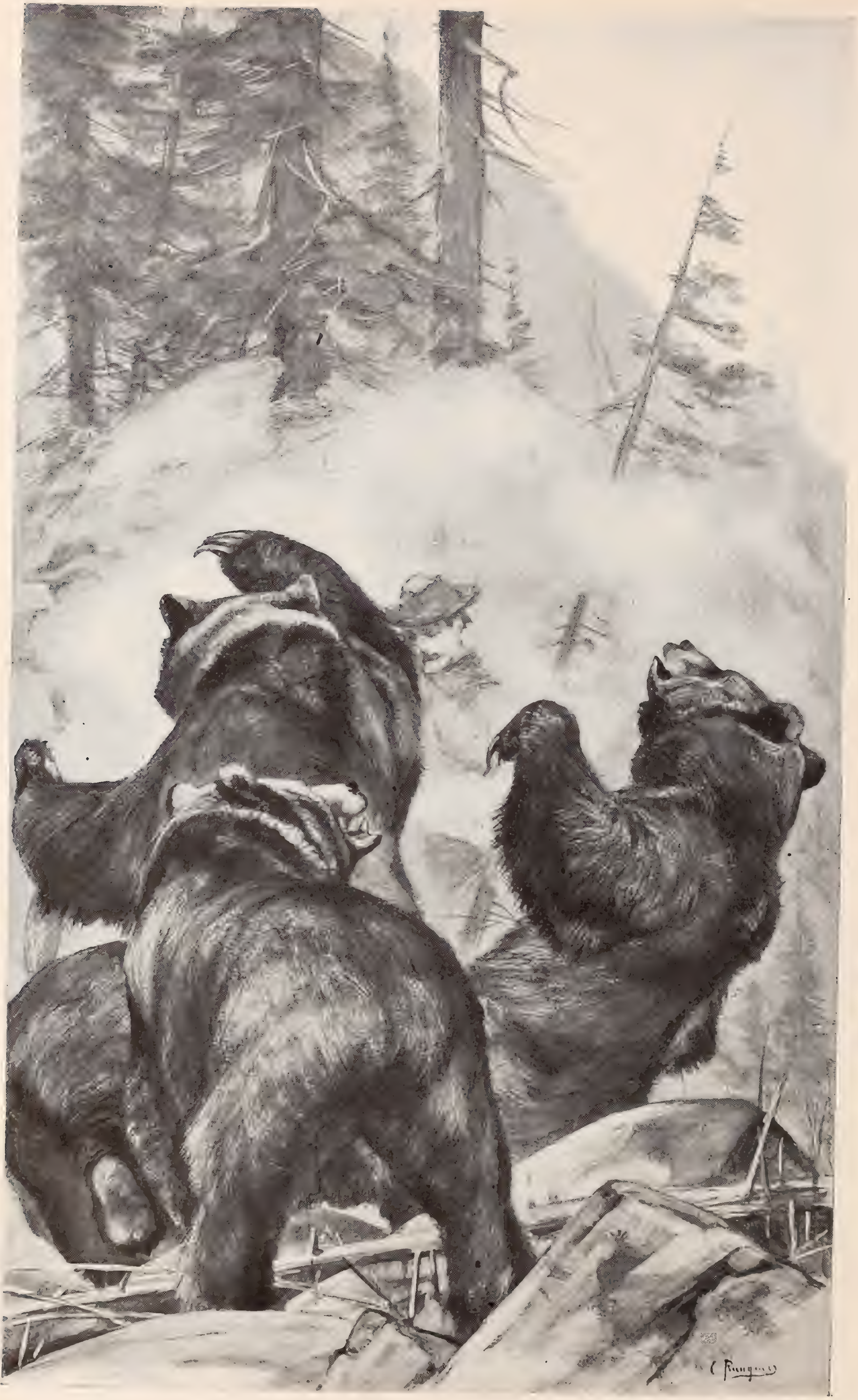

"WE WERE SO CLOSE AND OUR FIRE WAS SO DEADLY THAT THE NEAREST ONE DIED WITHIN 10 FEET OF US."

RECREATION.

Volume IX. NOVEMBER, 1898. Number 5.

G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA), Editor and Manager.

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# A HOT CORNER ON BEARS.

DR. A. J. WOODCOCK.

I made the acquaintance of George B. McClellan ("Bear George" his neighbors call him) in February, 1896, when we made a flying ride from near the mouth of the Nowood river to the Two Bar ranch in the Big Horn basin, a distance of more than 100 miles, to see a sick cow puncher. The ranchmen along the route had speedy horses stationed every 12 or 15 miles, and messenger and doctor jumped from saddle to saddle. McClellan stopped me on the back trip and made me promise to pay him a visit in the near future. So one horribly cold February day found me "riding a grub line" between the Palace and the governor's Red Bank ranch.

My first stopping place was the ranch house of "Uncle Billy Robinson," at the mouth of the Spring Creek canyon. Uncle Billy was a production of the frontier. He was short, and in his prime had been thick set and close built. Time had whitened his grizzly locks and beard. His experience of a long life had been along the lines of a hunter, trapper, prospector, packer, rancher, and freighter. Many years ago he was kicked in the face by a mule and nearly killed. His face is one mass of cicatricial scars tightly stretched over the jammed up facial bones, but this cannot hide the kindliness of soul which beams from his remaining eye.

Next day Bob Waln, a friend of Uncle Billy's, accompanied me up the Spring Creek canyon. Well within the mouth of the canyon he showed me the remains of what had once been a happy hunter's camp. Here the wall was projected well out above a recess or square corner in its base. A circular wall of stone with a heavy door in it completed a comfortable hunter's camp. In one corner of this fortification was a rude but safe stone pantry for storing the precious grub stake. Bob said George McClellan and Uncle Billy Robinson had built the camp and hunted bear in this part of the basin in the fall and winter of 1885-86. They built large, strong bear pens several miles above in the canyon. There was a bounty on bears at that time, and the hides and oil commanded ready sale at good prices. Between the bear pens, the 50 pound traps and their rifles the bear hunters did well that season. At one time they killed 23 bears in 6 weeks.

In due course of time I continued the pleasant occupation of "grub line riding" and broke bread with Joe Henry on Crooked creek, and later with McClellan on Upper Canyon creek. The governor's ranch is remarkable for its elevation. It is nearer heaven (in more ways than one) than any ranch in the Big Horn basin. Nevertheless alfalfa thrives there and the ranch is a good and paying one. It goes without saying that there is plenty of snow there in winter. On the wall of the bunk house hangs the .50 calibre needle gun mentioned in December, 1897, Recreation. There is no considerable part of the state in which the ex-surveyor general of Wyoming has not packed this old rifle and his kit of surveyor's instruments, he having run his first lines in the State in the early 70's.

It was a bitter cold night, and McClellan, his men and the Sage Brush Doctor were cultivating as close an acquaintance as possible with the little stove in the bunk house. I insisted that McClellan should tell us a bear story, so he got up and after cramming the cherry red jaws of the little stove with knurls of red cedar sat down on a sack of oats with a sigh of satisfaction. The loud crackling of the burning cedar was soon mingled with the pleasant tones of Bear George's voice, and this is what he said:

"In the fall of 1885 my partner and I were hunting in the Big Horn mountains around the head of a small stream called Otter creek. One evening about 4 o'clock we left camp and went down to the head of a canyon on one of the branches of the creek. After riding around awhile I became tired of that locality and suggested that we go over to another creek about 2 miles from where we were, but Billy (my partner) said, 'No, let's go on down until we can look over into the valley.' We had proceeded only a short distance when we came in sight of an old silvertip and 2 cubs feeding in the head of a little coulee. We dismounted and held a hasty conference as to the best manner of tackling our game. The bears when first sighted were about 300 yards away, and on sizing up the situation we concluded to make for a ridge off to our left which was distant about 75 yards from them.

"Carefully crawling to the top of the ridge we looked over. There stood our game all unconscious of danger. The old one had a mane 8 or 10 inches long which gave her the appearance of having a hump on her back like that of a buffalo.

"'Shoot the old one in the head,' whispered Billy. 'We are plenty close enough.' So we both took deliberate aim, counted 3 and 'whang' went one gun. I looked and found I had no cartridge in the chamber of my Winchester, but when that old bear began to roar it didn't take me long to put one there. Billy had held too low, the bullet struck her in the jaw and how she was bellowing!

"Taking rapid aim I fired and down she went. Then we went to shooting at the cubs. One of them was getting close to the canyon, and while I was working the lever of my rifle I turned to look at the old one. There she was sitting up on her haunches like a dog; her head was turned sidewise and rested in her left paw; her right paw was raised above her head and she was uttering the most frightful roars that ever greeted my ears.

"I turned, drew a fine bead on her shoulder and let her have it. She went down all in a heap and I thought she would never move again, but she did just the same. She straightened out and then seemed to wake up, pulled herself together and was into the quaking asps before I could get another shot.

"The bears were now all out of sight. I asked Billy if he got the cub that was close to the canyon. 'No,' said Billy, 'he was hit but he got over the edge of the canyon.' Then a sudden coolness arose between us. Billy was inclined to blame me for not killing the old one the first shot. He said if I had shot, the chances were that both of us could hardly have missed killing her outright. I thought he ought to have killed her himself when he had so good a chance, and said so. Bears are not killed by argument, so I hurried back to get my horse and went to where we had last seen the cub.

"When I got about half way down the hill into the canyon the little fellow heard me and started out above me in the canyon. Up the opposite hill he dashed with me after him full tilt, but the ground was too rough for my horse and the cub safely reached a quaking asp patch on the top of the hill.

"I could hear him crying when I first reached the brush patch, but he stopped as soon as he heard me. After a fruitless search I gave him up and started back to where I had left Billy, but instead of crossing the canyon I went around the head of it, a longer distance but not nearly such rough traveling.

"When I got around I found Billy had secured his horse and followed me and was now where I had left the cub. Now, thought I, if I hurry back over there both of us may be able to get that cub. So back I rode as fast as I could go. It did not take me long to decide that we could not find the cub so we concluded we would better go back and see what had become of the old one.

"We had had every show at 3 bears and had let the old one and one of the cubs get away. I knew the old one must be badly hurt as I had taken 2 shots at her within easy range, and the last one was at her body when she was comparatively still. The cub that we had killed lay in the trail that ran down the canyon, and we wanted to skin it that evening, as we were saving the oil.

"We started down the hill to go back to look after the old one when Billy exclaimed: 'Look yonder!' I looked up; he was pointing right in the direction we were going, and coming down the trail on the other side of the canyon were 4 big old silver-tips. Waiting until they got far enough down the canyon to be out of sight, we crossed the canyon behind them and started down along the edge on the same side on which they were. We supposed they would go down into the bottom of the canyon where the game trails were, so away we went as fast as our horses could carry us to get ahead of the bears. When we reached the last place we could get down we jumped off our horses and ran down the steep side of the canyon. About half way down we came to a precipice, and looking over could see the game trails at the bottom of the canyon. We were confident the bears had not passed, and I tell you it has a tendency to raise the spirits of any bear hunter to think he has a 100 foot precipice between him and 4 old silver-tips.

"A hasty survey of our surroundings, from the top of the ledge-like formation on which we stood, showed us an open space, a little above in the canyon, with no trees to trouble us. We made for it. After reaching the open space we were standing with guns ready, looking over into the bottom of the canyon when I heard a slight noise to my right. Looking up I saw all 4 of the bears just coming into sight on the opposite side of the open space in which we were standing. This space was not more than 20 yards wide, and as soon as we discovered the bears there was a row. All 4 bears were on the prod and bellowing at once; while 2 Winchesters were going like clockwork.

"I shall never forget how those bears looked. When we first fired they acted for all the world like a lot of hogs. When one squeals the rest will run up with bristles raised ready for war.

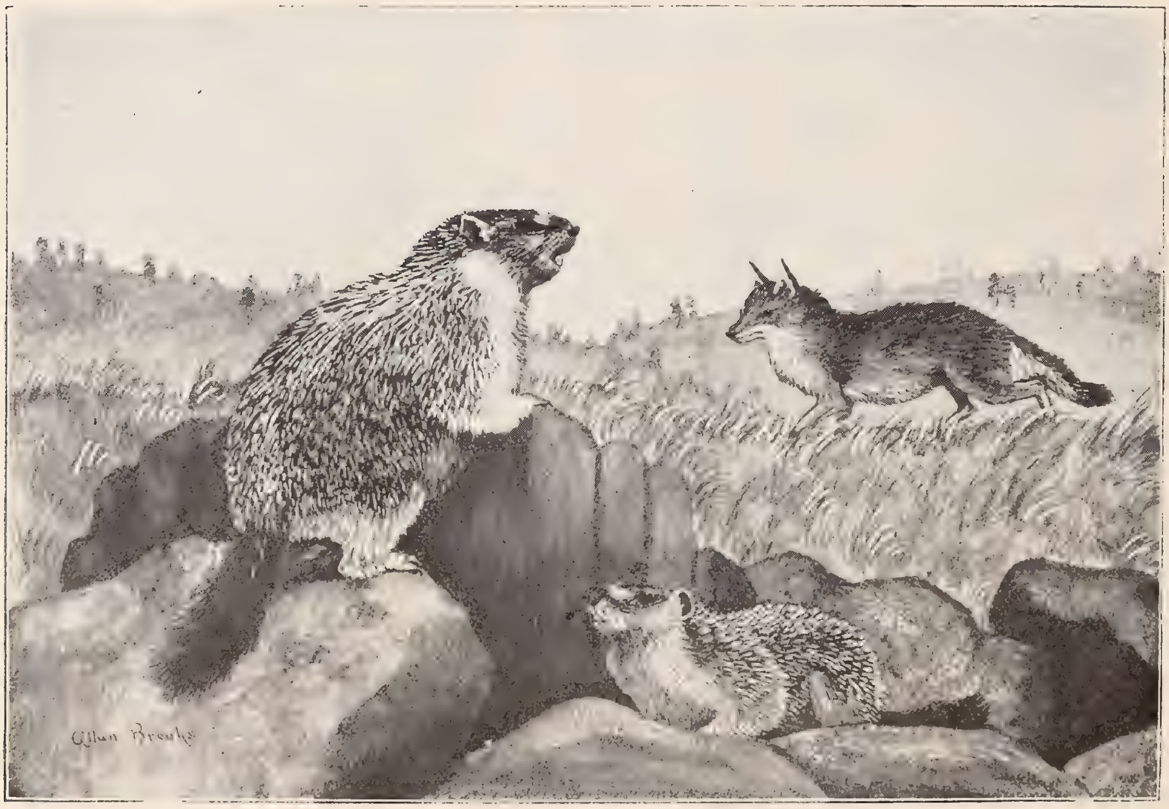
"As soon as they spied us they made for us, but we were so close and our fire was so deadly that the nearest one died within 10 feet of us. One old fellow got knocked over the wall into the canyon, but when we came to skin him we could not see that he had sustained any great injury, such as breaking bones or tearing the skin by his fall. Of course he was dead or nearly so when he went over.

"We did not get through skinning the bears that evening, and as we returned to the task the next morning we found the wounded cub that had gotten away. He was not much hurt but we soon did him up. We also found the old female dead; so we had 7 silver-tips to our credit in about half an hour.

"Now, Doc, I don't want you to write this bear fight up for publication. If you should some of those tenderfeet back East would bob up like a 'Jack in a box' and holler 'game hog,' and Uncle Billy and I haven't lost any of that kind of notoriety."

AMATEUR PHOTO BY E. H. ASHCROFT.

A CAMP DINING ROOM.



Allan Brooks

YELLOW-FOOTED MARMOT AND RED FOX.
(See page 377.)

# SUMMER HOLIDAYS ON A HOUSEBOAT.

H. E. BEATTY.

## II.

Three weeks of our holiday life passed rapidly and Nature was ever propitious. We smiled as we loafed on the veranda, fanned by cool July breezes, off from fresh water, while reading in newspapers of dusty streets, a burning temperature of 90 degrees in the shade, of sunstrokes, etc. The air of the early mornings was fresh and bracing, that of the days balmy and pleasant, and of the nights cool and agreeable. The elder people drew from it longevity and apparent rejuvenation, and we youths health and big appetites.

One feels like swimming, rowing, sailing, and fishing in such an atmosphere, and we did plenty of it.

We broke no records in our angling, nor did we land any extraordinary specimens. Muskalonge are not plentiful around the good bass fishing grounds of Georgian bay, but those taken run large—some as high as 45 pounds.

One morning while fishing for bass, with light rod and tackle, my father put on a small spoon, about the size of one's thumbnail, in lieu of a fly, and while casting near some rushes the head and part of a muskalonge's body shot out of the water as he took the bait. A tug! Then a strong, long rush, running the line from the reel with fearful rapidity. We pulled the boat after him to relieve the strain on such light tackle. The angler tried to curb the fish by pressing his coat sleeve as a brake on the line still wound on the reel, but could not succeed until the 100 yard line had paid out within a few yards of the end. The great fish when first checked leaped into the air fully 6 feet, and as the silver spray flew from his flashing sides against the sunlight, we estimated him a 40 pounder. After breaking water a second time he turned into a shallow bay, towing the light skiff quite easily. By careful handling, the tip of the rod being elevated to minimize the strain, the boat was brought within 20 feet of the fish, which was now quite visible in the clear water. When Doctor Davison, the other angler in the boat, saw him he said, " This is an all day job. You can never land that monster with such tackle," and lighting his pipe he settled down in the stern seat to watch the battle.

The fish no sooner felt the line tighten than he again darted forward with a velocity scarcely conceivable. The rod bent double and the line darted out its full length before the boat could be put in motion.

Then the fish turned and towed us into deep water where there was no danger of contact with weeds or other obstructions. The line was kept taut while reeling up and the fish allowed to tow us around for some time. When he deigned to stop, a check would start him off in another direction. Great caution and skill were then required until the boat's direction could be changed and it got well under motion. The fight thus continued more than half an hour, when the fish rose to the surface, turned on his side, and appeared to surrender.

We no sooner got near enough for a blow at him with a paddle than he again darted off, taking us in tow and running out 60 or 70 yards of line. His runs thereafter became short and shorter and at last he lay on the surface of the water exhausted. We drew the boat up cautiously, and with one blow of the edge of the paddle gave him his *coup de grace*.

This fish weighed 23 pounds and was the largest muskalonge ever landed by us on light rod and tackle.

Deer were plentiful and frequently seen in the early mornings or late in the evenings, around grassy shores or wallowing through shallow ponds feeding on water lilies, etc. They were quite tame and seemed to realize our game laws protect them until November 1st, after which the open season lasts only 15 days.

Mr. O'Brien, of Toronto, our leading Canadian artist, spent 2 weeks with us on the Ark. One day he and mother wished to sketch a bit of scenery at the entrance to Lake Tadenac. Father and I rowed Mrs. O'Brien and them to the spot and landed them in the shade of wide spreading trees, near the entrance to the lake, which was a narrow passage cleft between high rocks.

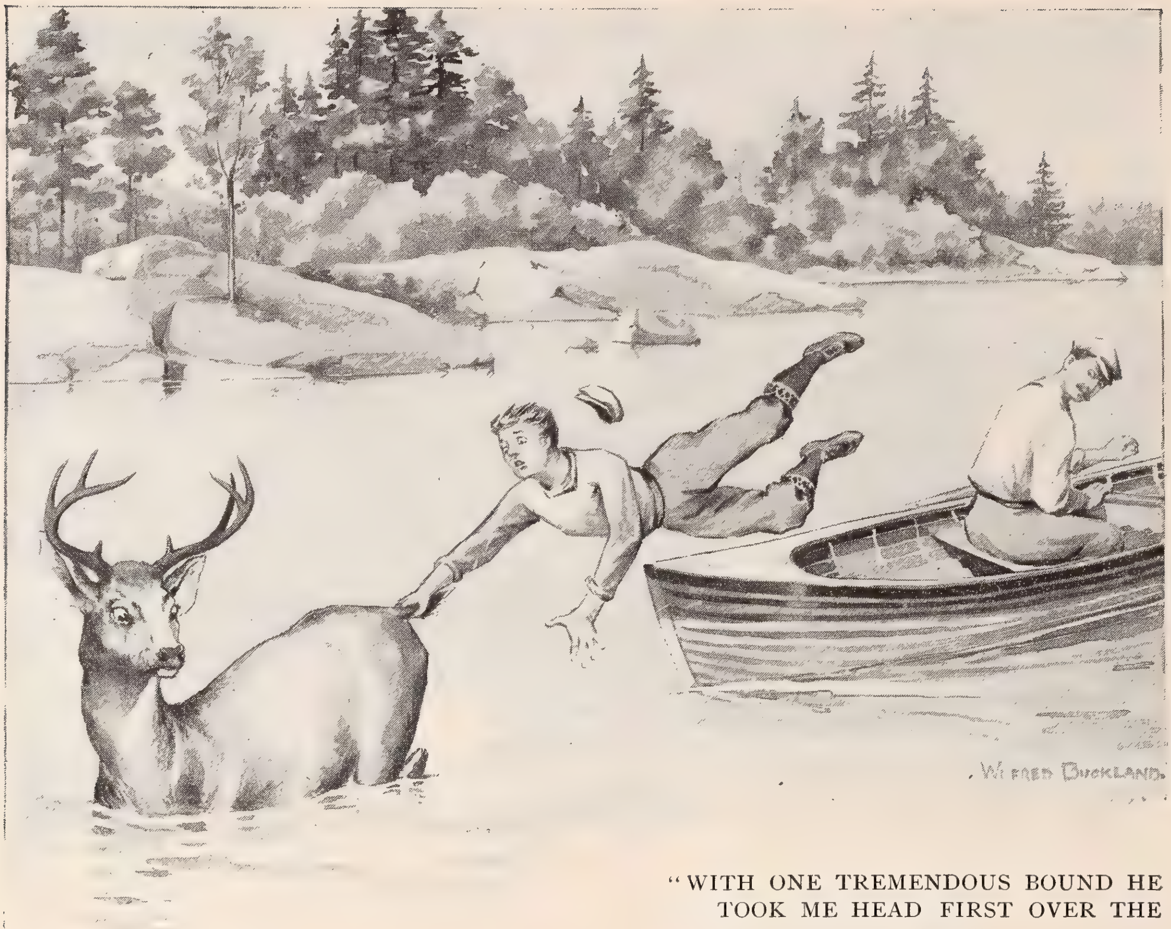
After leaving them, we rowed 2 miles down the lake to get some bass for dinner. The first place we tried, the fish bit so freely that in half an hour we had all we required, kicking in the boat.

The day being hot and bright we paddled near the shore and were loafing along in the shade of tall forest trees, extending to the water's edge, over which they hung, throwing a deep shadow on the lake. Father whispered, " Keep perfectly still; don't move; there's a deer swimming out from shore ahead of us. Now, you may look around."

I turned and saw a beautiful buck, his antlers reflected in the water, swimming leisurely along.

" Let us give chase," I proposed, " and drive him through the narrows, past our artist friends."

" Agreed. Pull hard and fast or he will reach the shore before you can turn him."


Wilfred Buckland.

"WITH ONE TREMENDOUS BOUND HE TOOK ME HEAD FIRST OVER THE BOW OF THE BOAT."

I bent to the oars and pulled with all my skill and strength. The deer took fright at the noise and doubled his speed. We flew past rocky point, on past the trees that skirted a small island and soon came up with the noble animal. I had no time to look around but followed directions.

"Back water and pull heavy on the right; he has turned for the other shore."

I obeyed orders. "Heavy now on both oars. All right, you've turned him."

Every muscle was strained to its utmost tension as we dashed forward in the chase and the water flew around pursuer and pursued. When we got near him he would suddenly turn and rush for the shore, and I found it hard to turn the large skiff quickly enough to cut him off, but I managed to do so and to keep him headed up the lake until I became exhausted.

"Quick, take the oars, I can't pull another pound." I moved to the bow, and father sprang into my seat. He managed to get between the buck and the shore and again headed him up the lake.

At last we neared a point of land and the deer made a desperate spurt for it. I directed the oarsman from my position, kneeling in the bow, and, finding we could not drive him past the point of land, I seized him by the tail. The frightened animal struck out with renewed vigor, towing us rapidly until his feet reached bottom. Then with one tremendous bound he took me head first over the bow of the boat.

When I got the mud and water brushed from my eyes I could just see the white flag of the buck waving good-by as he disappeared over an adjacent hill.

Love of variety and of exploring new fields tempt the denizens of a movable residence to frequent change of locality, but we found the third place we selected so fascinating we remained there until the end of the season. The fishing was so good we could, in an hour or 2, procure all the black bass we wanted for a meal.

The duck season opened September 1st. Ducks were plentiful. Mallard, teal, and black ducks often appeared on our bill of fare.

September 10th was fixed for return to Toronto, and as the end of the holidays approached I was reluctant to exchange those bays, with their placid waters, channels, and islands, so rich in natural attractions and affording such fields for sport and recreation, for the busy, bustling city, the classroom and hard, earnest study.

Should any of the readers of RECREATION desire the experience of such holidays I will gladly furnish the address of a man at Penetanquishene who has some houseboats, already furnished, to lease.

# PHOTOGRAPHING A QUAIL.

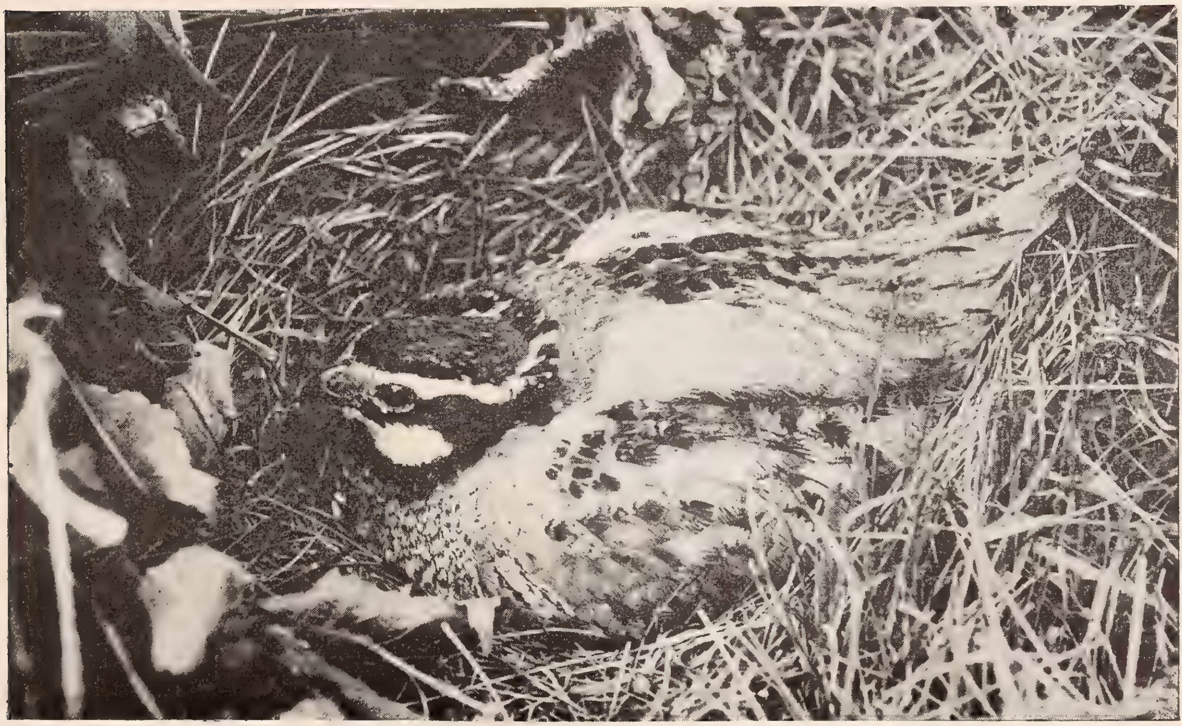
N. D. KEYS.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Frank Blair, superintendent of the Children's Home, and of Mr. C. C. Gallaher, who did the photographing, I am able to send you pictures of a quail on its nest. My wife is really responsible for your getting these, she having put the idea into my head by remarking, "Wouldn't they look well in RECREATION?"

AMATEUR PHOTO BY C. C. GALLAHER.

REMOVING OBSTRUCTIONS PREPARATORY TO MAKING A PICTURE.

Mr. Blair found the nest in the road,



Copyrighted, 1898, by N. D. Keys and C. C. Gallaher.

A MALE BOB-WHITE ON A NEST.

An example of an emancipated wife.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY C. C. GALLAHER.

AN EASY POINT.

near a wire fence in front of the Home. The pictures were taken at 7.30 in the morning, with a No. 5 Eastman Folding Kodak, on a Cramer Inst. Orthochromatic Plate exposed one second ; stop No. 32. We made 2 trips to the nest before getting a picture. The first morning the dog spoiled the work by poking her nose into the nest, and scaring the quail off. I wanted a picture of the dog pointing, but the first trial was not successful. The male bird was on the nest at the time.

That evening Mr. Gallaher rode out on his wheel to see if the nest had been abandoned, as a result of the scare given the setting bird in the morning. He found the female setting, so we agreed to make another trial the next morning. At that time we again found the male bird doing his share toward raising the family. We made 2 exposures. In the first, I am shown in the act of pulling the grass and twigs from around the nest. The second is a good likeness of Mr. Quail, after the clearing away process was finished. You can see how close I was to the fence, in the first picture. It was necessary to disturb the bird a little in order to get all the stuff cleared away, so that he and nest could be plainly seen; but the little fellow did not seem afraid. On the contrary, he refused to move, and, ruffling up his feathers, exactly as a setting hen does, showed fight, and actually pecked my fingers.

Mr. Gallaher had an extension of about 8 inches on his camera, which enabled him to place the lens within 2 feet of the object, making the picture large enough to leave no doubt in one's mind as to what the bird is.

Mr. Blair was there with his dog while we were taking the picture of the bird, and, after we had that finished he made his dog point the bird. The third picture is the result.

I have hunted quail with dog and gun ever since I was large enough to shoot, and I must confess this hunt with a camera—even if some one else did the work—afforded me more pleasure than any shooting I ever did.

Mr. Blair is an ardent admirer of Recreation, and Mr. Gallaher is a brother of a Missouri contributor. I hope many people outside the ranks of the amateur photographers may become converted to the higher ideal which Recreation so ably champions.

A Peace Commission with Spain, a Cuban Commission, a Porto Rican Commission, and a Canadian Commission. The United States seems to be doing its most important work by commission in these days.—Baltimore American.

# HUNTING WITH A CAMERA.

## THE COLUMBIAN GROUND SQUIRREL, *SPERMOPHILUS COLUMBIANUS* (ORD).

W. E. CARLIN.

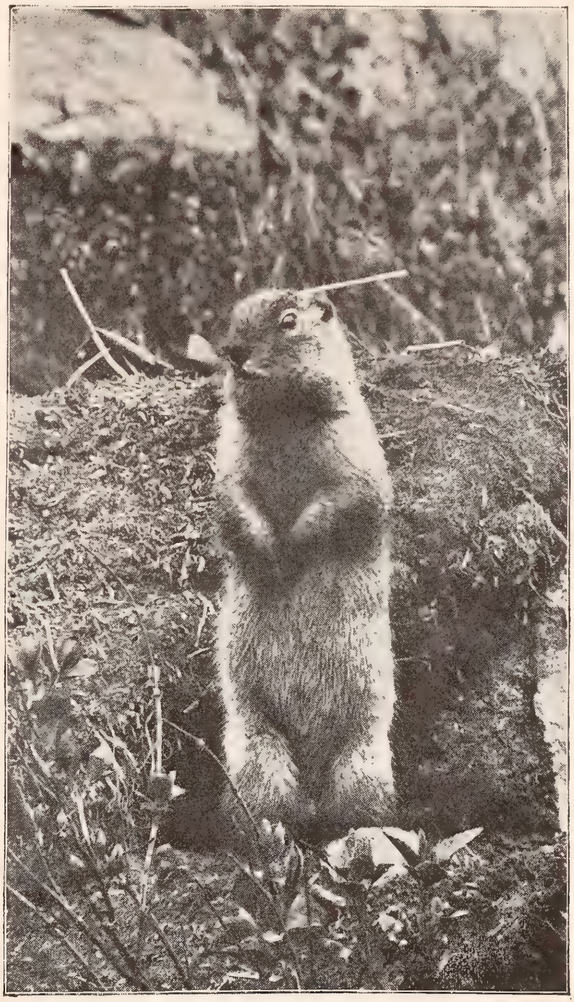
Although such an abundant species, the history of this animal is but little known.

Dr. Merriam, in his "Mammals of Idaho," gives the following :

"This spermophile is abundant in Northwestern Idaho, and may inhabit the Northern part of the region traversed by our party, but it goes into winter quarters so early that it was not captured. It is common in the Clearwater region, living in colonies in the prairies. I have specimens from Moscow and Grangeville. Mr. Clay McNamee writes me from Moscow, Idaho : 'These spermophiles live in colonies like prairie dogs, and are very abundant in this district. Many can be killed within the city limits of Moscow in the spring. In making their burrows some dirt is thrown out, making a small mound, generally of a circular form. The mounds range from 3 to 10 inches in height. The hole or burrow generally goes straight down for 18 inches or 2 feet. The animals, when disturbed, sit up erect like a prairie dog, and watch a person until within a few yards; then rush into their holes, uttering a series of short squeaks or whistles. When one is shot, unless killed quite dead, it is almost sure to get away. They hibernate during the winter and fall. Nearly all disappear about the 15th of July, and remain until the next spring. On account of this habit they are called "seven sleepers," as they stay underground about 7 months. They are very fat when they go into winter quarters, and are so poor when they come out in the spring that they can hardly walk.'

"This animal is the 'Burrowing Squirrel' of Lewis and Clark, whose description is as follows :

"'There is also a species of squirrel, evidently distinct, which we have denominated the burrowing squirrel. He inhabits these plains, and somewhat resembles those found on the Missouri ; he measures 1 foot and 5 inches in length, of which the tail comprises 2½ inches only ; the neck and legs are short ; the ears are likewise short, obtusely pointed, and lie close to the head, with the aperture larger than will generally be found among burrowing animals. The eyes are of a moderate size, the pupil black, and the iris of a dark sooty brown ; the whiskers are full, long, and black ; the teeth, and, indeed, the whole contour, resemble those of the squirrel ; each foot has 5 toes ; the 2 inner ones of the fore feet are remarkably short, and are equipped with blunt nails ; the remaining toes on the front feet are long, black, slightly curved, and sharply pointed ; the hair of the tail is thickly inserted on the sides only, which gives it a flat appearance, and a long oval form ; the tips of the hair forming the outer edges of the tail are white, the other extremity of a fox red ; the under part of the tail resembles an iron gray ; the upper is of a reddish brown ; the lower part of the jaws, the under part of the neck, legs, and feet, from the body and belly downward, are of a light brick red ; the nose and eyes are of a darker shade of the same color ; the upper part of the head, neck, and body is of a curious brown gray, with a slight tinge of brick red ; the longer hairs of these



COLUMBIAN GROUND SQUIRREL.

parts are of a reddish white color at their extremities, and falling together, give this animal a speckled appearance. These animals form in large companies, like those on the Missouri, occupying with their burrows sometimes 200 acres of land ; the burrows are separate, and each possesses, perhaps, 10 or 12 of these inhabitants. There is a little mound in front of the hole formed of the earth thrown out of the burrow, and frequently there are 3 or 4 distinct holes, forming one burrow, with these entrances around the base of these little mounds. These mounds, sometimes about 2 feet in height and 4 in diameter, are occupied as watch towers by the inhabitants of these little communities. The squirrels, one or more, are irregularly distributed on the tract they thus occupy, at the distance of 10, 20, or sometimes 30 to 40 yards. When any one approaches they make a shrill whistling sound, somewhat resembling tweet, tweet, tweet, the signal for their party to take the alarm, and to retire into their intrenchments. They feed on the roots of grass, etc.' "

A PAIR OF YOUNGSTERS.

My only intimate acquaintance with the Columbia ground squirrel has been in the Bitter Root mountains, where he lives in moderate numbers at the foot of large snowslides, and on high, open meadows. On the meadows his outdoor life is of short duration. He does not make his appearance until the snow goes, usually about the 1st of July. By the 1st of September he is again driven in by the snows, for a long 9 or 10 months' sleep. In the lower altitudes he enjoys a longer time out of doors, but I do not think that in the mountains he ever has more than one third of the year in which he can venture out of his many tunneled abode.

When the squirrel first makes his appearance in the spring, he is rather dull in color, and slow in action, spending much of the day in sunning himself, and feeding rather sparingly. As the days grow warmer he becomes energetic, and spends but little of his time indoors. He is then a most rapacious feeder, and a pugnacious fighter ; in fact, they are continually fighting with one another, over some morsel of food. They are also cannibalistic, and will devour the body of a dead comrade before it has time to cool. In eating a carcass they begin at its head.

They grew tame about our camps, and made themselves a nuisance by stealing things. Several were killed, and the bodies, thrown some distance from camp, were attacked and partially eaten within 5 minutes after they were shot. Although I have been informed to the contrary by several naturalists, I am convinced that these squirrels will kill and eat the young of any bird they can catch. As an instance of this we found a nest of the white crown sparrow near a squirrel town. So far as we knew no other animals, such as the marten, weasel, etc., were in that immediate neighborhood. We visited the nest several times, and when we thought the young birds about the right age to photograph we took our cameras there. We found the nest pulled to pieces, one dead and one live bird near it, and the feathers of the two others scattered around a squirrel hole.

At another time I found a sandpiper with 4 young not far from camp. Wishing to photograph the young, but fearing that if I carried them to camp I might not again get them to their mother, I tied 3 of them by threads, in the shade of a big log, and hurried to get my camera. On returning, we found the mother greatly excited, and saw a large ground squirrel making for the young sandpipers. In spite of the stones we threw at him, he returned twice while we were photographing the birds.

The young squirrels make their appearance from their abodes about the middle of July. They are easily tamed, and soon lose all fear. What their favorite food is I could not determine, but they would leave all their grasses and roots for a piece of dried meat, or a scrap of bacon from our pile of refuse. In August they change perceptibly in color, becoming quite gray, and their coats get heavier. They grow fat before "holing up." Their holes appear to run just below the grass roots, and to extend in every direction. I followed one, by digging, for 127 feet without reaching the end. At frequent intervals it was joined by other tunnels. The animals appear quite fond of water, and drank often at the lake and the streams.

It is not difficult to photograph them, and a number of plates were made with the telephoto, and the Bausch & Lomb-Zeiss lens, in various characteristic attitudes.

# THE DECORATIVE USE OF BUTTERFLIES AND MOTHS.

R. P FROELICH.

The uses of entomological specimens as means of decoration, are but lightly considered or appreciated by the majority of those who have the beauty of the home at heart. You have seen butterflies and moths alive. Have you ever gathered 100 or more of the prettier varieties and, after preparing them so that the wings lie almost flat and wide outspread, pinned them in a tasteful glass covered case, to set on an easel in your room? If not, you have yet to learn that the beauty of prepared specimens exceeds that revealed in the moving, living insect. In this case, at least, nature receives an improving touch from the hand of humanity.

For the successful preparation of butterflies and moths certain simple apparatus is needful. Of the net, but little description is required. For traveling, a folding net is best. The handle should be jointed like a fishing rod and the hoop made of such material as to admit being doubled easily. Ordinary mosquito gauze is the best netting. A more important requisite is the stretching frame. Only a good frame is of any use. A cheap article, with uneven sides, rough surfaces, or made of wood which warps easily, will leave ineffaceable traces on any collection. Frames should have the main boards of soft pine; such a surface receiving pins easily. This is an important consideration, for the papers holding the wings in position must be firmly pinned to the frame. The side strips should be of walnut, to prevent warping. The groove in the frame should be one inch deep, with a strip of cork on the bottom. Lay your specimen in the groove and pin it on the cork. If the insect has a heavy body, cotton should be carefully tucked under it, keeping it in a good position while drying. A number of frames are necessary; some with wide grooves and faces for large winged and bodied moths, and smaller sizes for smaller butterflies and moths.

No special rule can be laid down as to the time a specimen should be left on the frame. Large moths, such as *Cynthia cecropia, polyphemous* and *luna*, need, usually, 10 days. The smaller moths—*promethea* for instance—5 days. Butterflies, having smaller bodies and consequently less liquid matter, rarely require more than 6 days.

The killing of butterflies and moths is an art. Every drug that merely kills is not a success. Kerosene, naphtha and alcohol will kill, but will also ruin the specimen treated. I consider ether best. No possibility exists of soiling a specimen through its use, and relaxation takes place in a perfectly natural manner. I mean by this that it does not make an insect rigid, as is the case with most other drugs. A small syringe—such, for instance, as a medicine dropper—is needed for the etherization. Two fillings must generally be used on a large moth. Cyanide of potassium, in an air tight jar, is an effective insecticide; yet when the deadly nature of the fumes is considered, I hesitate to recommend it to any but an experienced and careful operator.

The collection of butterflies—on the wing—is most successfully pursued during July and August. Almost any countryside will yield goodly numbers; some locations being of course better than others. I find the Catskills good collecting ground; Greene county being especially good. Long Island, the swampy portions in particular, also yields many specimens. Bronx Park has furnished the nucleus of many collections. I find that the taking of cocoons is a successful and interesting mode of procuring perfect specimens of the moth tribe. In the earlier part of my experience I have had 250 or more moths flying about in a room which was reserved for them; and at the time, the snow was falling and the thermometer snuggling toward the bulb. The possibilities of butterfly and moth breeding are great. A half dozen cocoons of a species, properly handled, will ofttimes produce their like 30 fold. Yet without great patience, the utmost care in small matters and delicacy of touch, you must not hope to aid nature in increasing the supply of entomological specimens.

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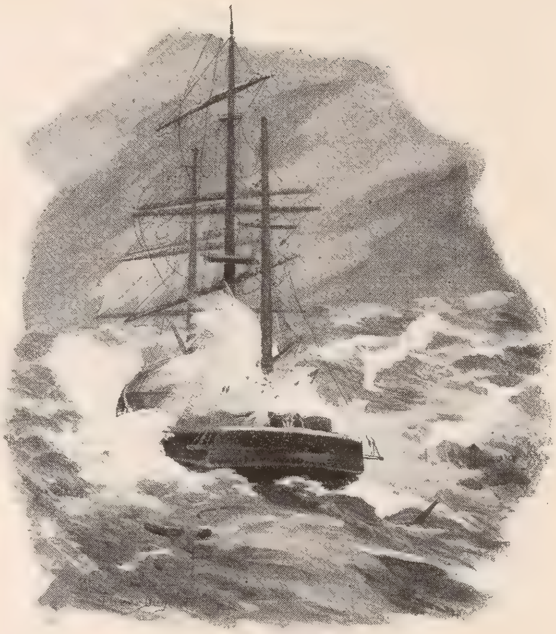
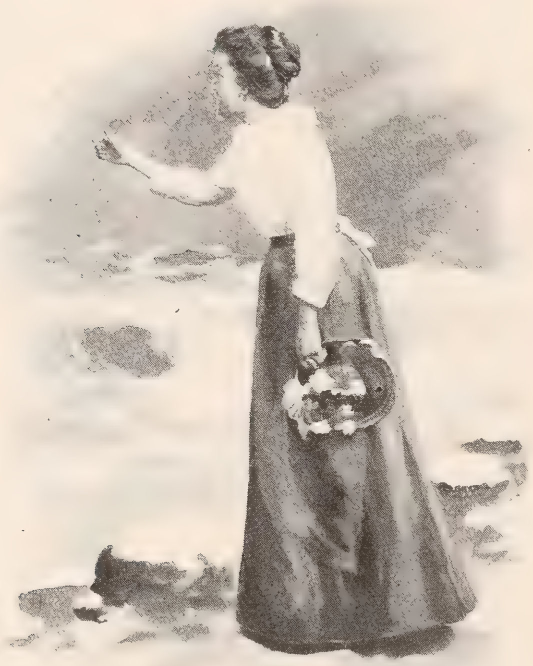
Shafter and Dewey, and Sampson, too,
  Have won their way to fame.
The weather man has no gun at all,
  But he gets there just the same.
—Chicago Record.

# SEA MURMURS.

F. P. CARRIGAN.

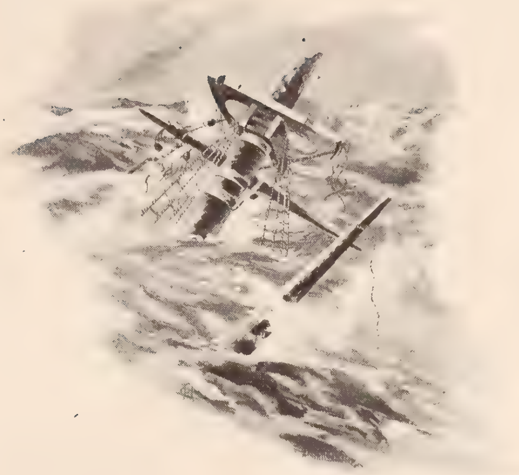
The sea was calm when the boats went out,
Not a cloud obscured the sky;
But the waves now roll with a joyous shout,
As they toss the rain and the spray about,
Till they break on rocks near by.
The storm-bells chime
In mournful rhyme
Out on the mid-day gale;
Across the deep
The chill winds sweep
To breathe a woful tale,
To one who stands
Upon the sands,
Watching a far-off sail,



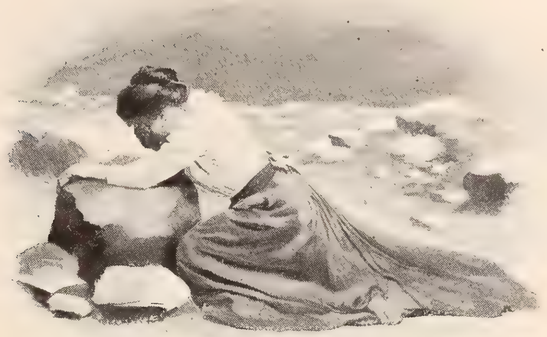


Which now appears on a mount of spray,
Then sinks,—but God knows where;
For the waves roll on as they do alway,
When the storms of heav'n come with them to play,
Till they reach the shore, and there
A maiden stands
With clasped hands,
Praying for one who is gone fore'er!

Two days have passed since the boat went down
With its crew of seamen brave,
Who slumber and dream 'neath the sea-weed brown,
Where the storms of life can nevermore frown,
Nor angry passions rave.
The storm is past,
No clouds o'er-cast
A sky that now has grown
Warm with a light
That's shining bright,—
The waves have ceased to moan;

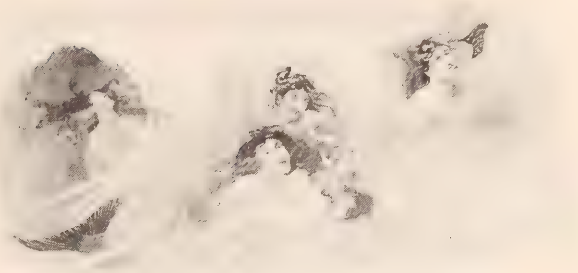


And on the strand
Of rocks and sand
A maiden weeps alone.
“ Oh, my God! ” she cries, “ send him back this day
To the one who mourns for him;
Let me kiss those eyes of the tender gray
That will nevermore see the light of day
Steal along the sea-coast dim.”—



God’s heard her pray’r,
For, lo! out there
A form is seen on the waters’ brim.

The sea lies calm ’neath a star-lit sky
That is mirrored in its breast;
The zephyrs of morn so plaintively sigh
They waken the nymphs who dreamily lie
In visions of perfect rest.
Onward the waves
Creep toward the caves,
Where two lie fast asleep;
In loving arms,
They fear no harms
That come from out the deep;
And, lo! just there
A mermaid fair
Is seen to pause and weep.
Then she sings a song with a plaintive ring
That would lull the soul to rest;
’Tis a song that none on the earth could sing,
For it breathes of a love that will always bring
With it light from regions blest.
The stars pale slow
In clouds of snow,
While sea-mews soar from their lofty nest.



# ASLEEP WITH A CORPSE.

### CAPT. W. R. HAMILTON, U. S. A.

Some years ago, while stationed on the Southwestern frontier just across from Mexico, before the railroad had invaded that then desolate country, a party from Fort X went over into old Mexico to attend an annual fair that brought into the Mexican village all the people of the province. The fair lasted several days, and included bull fights, chicken fights, bear fights, and numerous shows.

The village was about 2 days' horseback journey over the border. The party from the Fort consisted of Captain R—, Captain H—, and Lieutenant J—, with James Niven and Michael Sullivan, 2 soldiers whom they took as servants. A half breed guide, named Manuel, was engaged to pilot them. By the end of the second day, they arrived at the Mexican village where the fair had already commenced. On reaching the one inn of the place, a long, low, shambling, one-story adobe structure, not very clean, they found it full of Mexican hidalgos, with their dependants. Not a bed was to be had. The Mexican landlord was profuse in his apologies, but nothing moved him to find a sleeping place, until a liberal gift of American money made him think that if the Señores Americanos would all sleep in his apartment, allowing his also to sleep there, he could accommodate them. But what was to be done with their servants? Manuel was all right. He had acquaintances in the village and could easily look after himself; but with Niven and Sullivan it was different. The landlord finally arranged for them in the house of his cousin, who lived across the street. With awe in his lowered voice and many upturnings and rollings of his eyes, he stated that his cousin Bridgita had died early that day, and was to be buried the day following; that her daughter, Pepita, was engaged to a young fellow of the place, one Juan Suarez by name, and that Juan and Pepita were to sit up with the body that night. Therefore he asked the 2 Americanos to enter the house quietly, go into the right room, sleep quietly, and come out in the morning without any curiosity as to the inmates or other rooms in the house. He explained that the house had but 2 rooms, both fronting on the street and opening each by its own door, though there was a door between the 2 rooms. Niven and Sullivan were to have the room on the right.

The party then started on their rounds through the village, the officers in one direction and Niven and Sullivan in another. The 2 privates made their way in the bright starlight among the various booths, with their flaming torches and their simple Mexican articles for sale. The plaza was crowded with Mexican gallants in gorgeous array of large sombreros, gay colored scarfs, jingling spurs, and silver trappings. The music of guitars and mandolins floated dreamily on the delicious night air, mingling with the sounds of gay and happy voices, while the bright eyes of Mexican senoritas caused the hearts of our 2 gallants to flutter. A fascinating little Mexican girl prevailed on them to buy a glass of aguardiente. They soon followed it by another and still others till Niven, feeling it was getting the better of him, started for his lodging place. He was sober enough to find it. Entering the door on the right he climbed into the huge old-fashioned bed and was soon fast asleep.

The charms of the little Mexican were so powerful over Sullivan that his one glass grew to many, and he lingered until the lateness of the hour caused the booths to be closed and the streets to be deserted. Then reeling along and singing in a maudlin way an old Irish song, he found his way to the house, but his brain was so befogged that he entered the door on the left. Seeing a bed in the darkness and something lying on it, he naturally took the latter for his friend, and climbing in he was soon in a drunken slumber.

Pepita and Juan had stayed with the corpse till the moon arose, when Juan had prevailed on his sweetheart to go outside for a walk, of only a minute or 2. Once outside, the night was so delicious that the time had slipped away till the deserted streets told them it was time to return. In their absence the breeze had blown out the feeble light of the slender taper they had left. On entering they found the room in darkness. Pepita's first thought was to light the taper, but alarmed at the enormity of her offence in leaving her watch, and the going out of the light, she began to tell her beads in a hurried, muttered tone.

Juan was just sufficiently intoxicated to think it a good time to press his suit for marriage at an early date. Seizing Pepita by the waist, he exclaimed, "Ah, señorita mia, if your madre, the saints bless her, could rise from her bed now, she would bless our marriage and tell you to come to me quick."

"No, no, Juan, do not speak so of the dead. It is not right, the holy father says. The dead cannot rise."

"Yes, chera mia, but at times they can. Father Antonio has said so; and he said it is on nights like this, when the air is still, and the only sound heard is that of the guitar in the distance or the bird in the thicket, making love to his mate, when the moonlight glorifies all around, that they arise and——"

"Oh, hush, Juan, you make me afraid," replied the girl, shuddering as she glanced at the dark mass where the dead one lay.

Just at that moment Sullivan gave a smothered sigh in his sleep and with a half shriek the girl, catching her lover, exclaimed,

"Jesu, what was that?"

"What!" exclaimed he, for he, too, fancied he had heard something; but all seeming quiet he was about to assure her it was nothing, when another sigh and a half groan came plainly from the bed. "Ah, Holy Mother preserve us!" exclaimed Juan, his hair commencing to rise. The girl, too terrified to even call, clutched him convulsively. Then with eyes nearly starting from their sockets they beheld in the gloom the mass on the bed arise, and a white face peer fixedly at them. It was too much for human nerves.

With a half cry and half groan Juan jumped out of the casement, saying the dead had come to life. The girl, with a shriek of despair, followed him, and the 2 fled wildly down the street. The next instant an awful yell rang out. They half turned and beheld a white robed figure pursuing them. Filled with the idea that it was the spirit of the dead rushing after them to punish them for their sacrilege, the fugitives rushed the faster, filling the air with shriek on shriek. The demon behind seemed to follow with even faster steps, uttering horrible cries.

It seems the muttered talking of the lovers had wakened Sullivan. In his maudlin condition he sat up in bed to see what the matter was, when his hand touched the cold, clammy corpse in the bed beside him and he came to his full understanding immediately. Knowing he was in bed with a corpse, he sprang out with a cry of horror. Niven waked from a sound sleep and, hearing his friend's voice, leaped out of his bed in the adjoining room, and rushed into the dead room just in time to see his comrade disappear through the open window, half dressed. He followed, his one idea being to catch Sullivan and stop him. Sullivan, seeing a white figure pursuing him, was sure it was the corpse after him and so the faster Niven ran to catch him the faster Sullivan went to escape, all the time uttering more and more awful cries.

With such an uproar as this, it was but a few minutes until the entire town was awake and rushing after the fugitives. Suddenly Pepita stumbled and in her fall caused Juan to fall also. Before he could rise Sullivan was up with them. The next instant Niven was on Sullivan and then all the inhabitants around the 4. After some moments spent in disengaging the tangled quartette and a longer time in subduing poor Pepita's fright, the officers, who had rushed from the hotel with the crowd, succeeded in getting their 2 servants away and out of the clutches of the native police, but only by a liberal gift of silver. The rest of the night the 2 heroes spent on the floor of the inn, for nothing would induce Sullivan to go back to the house of the dead.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY H. S. HUMPHREY.

"HURRY UP, THEY'VE GOT 'EM!"

# AT CLOSE QUARTERS WITH AN ALLIGATOR.

FRANK A. HACKLEMAN.

The winter of '92 found me with several companions in Florida. The lake region in which we were hunting furnished at that time game in abundance. Quails, snipe, ducks, and squirrels were to be had in great numbers. The market hunters were fast exterminating the deer, which had been numerous. Outside of this game, 2 of us were ambitious to kill an alligator at night by jacklight. Several of these festive gentry had M— and I killed in the daytime, but this only served to further inspire us; so plans were laid for a night hunt.

Less than a mile back of our cabin flowed the Withlacoochee river, its black, sluggish current running through miles of grove land and then almost losing itself in the deep jungles of hummock. At such places the banks were lined with great live oaks, from whose branches hung gray Spanish moss in irregular festoons, giving the black water beneath a look of intense loneliness. Many nights had we lain awake in our cabin and listened to a sound as of deep, vibrating thunder, which proceeded from the direction of the river and which once heard could never be forgotten. This sound we well knew to be the bellow of an alligator nosing about the river in search of plunder, and from the deep, resonant tone we knew him to be a big fellow. There was our chance, so against the advice of the natives, M— and I made up our minds to have him.

Having a large shark hook which I had brought with me from the North I fastened this firmly to the end of a 16 foot pole. Armed with this weapon, a 10 gauge shot gun and a sharp ax, we one night set out for the river. There we drew cuts as to who was to do the shooting and the chance fell to me. Lighting the lamp which was fastened to my hat, we stepped in the boat and pushed off.

The scene revealed by the bright light of the lamp was one of silent grandeur and impressiveness. All about us the yellow cupped water lilies covered the water over which we silently glided, while in the rays of light the moss covered branches which were stretched almost across the river, reminded me of the hairy arms of some huge creature reaching forth in search of prey. The uncanny cry of an owl was wafted to our ears by the wind which played softly among the pines growing on the higher ground some distance back from the river, and at intervals could be heard the baying of a pack of hounds.

We had gone some distance when a sound for which we had long been listening caused our hearts to almost stop beating, so intense was the excitement occasioned by it. It was the bellow of a "'gator." This silurian music is a cross between the angry mutterings of a lion and the deep bellow of a bull. Much more pleasant music may be heard, especially if one is in a light clinker built boat, with 30 feet of water beneath him, and the chance of having a big alligator floundering about on board within the next few minutes. Proceeding cautiously in the direction whence the sound came, a sharp bend in the river was rounded, and there, dancing on the surface of the water, were 2 scintillating, phosphorescent lights which just at that time appeared to us to be the size of 2 full moons. With noiseless strokes M— pushed the boat along but not until we were within 2 yards of the shining eyes did the roar of the 10 gauge awaken the echoes. A tremendous splash was the result, and the boat was backed just in time to escape total annihilation from the blows of an immense black tail which beat the water with the rapidity of a trip hammer. Jumping to my feet I grabbed the hooked pole and with some trouble succeeded in hooking the game just back of the fore leg, while M— stood ready, ax in hand, to sever the vertebræ and thus put an end to further resistance. Just as he made the attempt to do so, his foot slipped on the wet bottom of the boat, and to save himself from falling overboard he dropped the ax. It struck the alligator on the head and rebounded into the water. This seemed to once more infuriate the animal. With a lunge that almost tore the pole from my hands he began to struggle for the supremacy, beating the water with his tail, and it was all we could do to keep the boat from being smashed into kindling wood. Several times he made frantic efforts to seize the gunwale in his jaws, but by careful manipulation we kept out of reach. It didn't take much of this work to almost wear me out and I was about to give up, when M—, grabbing the gun, put the muzzle close to the animal's head and pulled the trigger. The 'gator gave one spasmodic struggle and was our meat.

A rope was quickly attached to his head and we sat down to rest.

"Don't they fight?" puffed M— as he mopped the perspiration from his face. "What do you think of that for sport?"

I said nothing, as I had been at the short end of the game. My hands were blistered and full of splinters, and it was a week before I recovered from a pair of badly sprained arms. Our prize was 12 feet long.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY W. J. DICK.

THE IDLERS.

Winner of Twenty-second Prize in RECREATION's Third Annual Photo Competition.

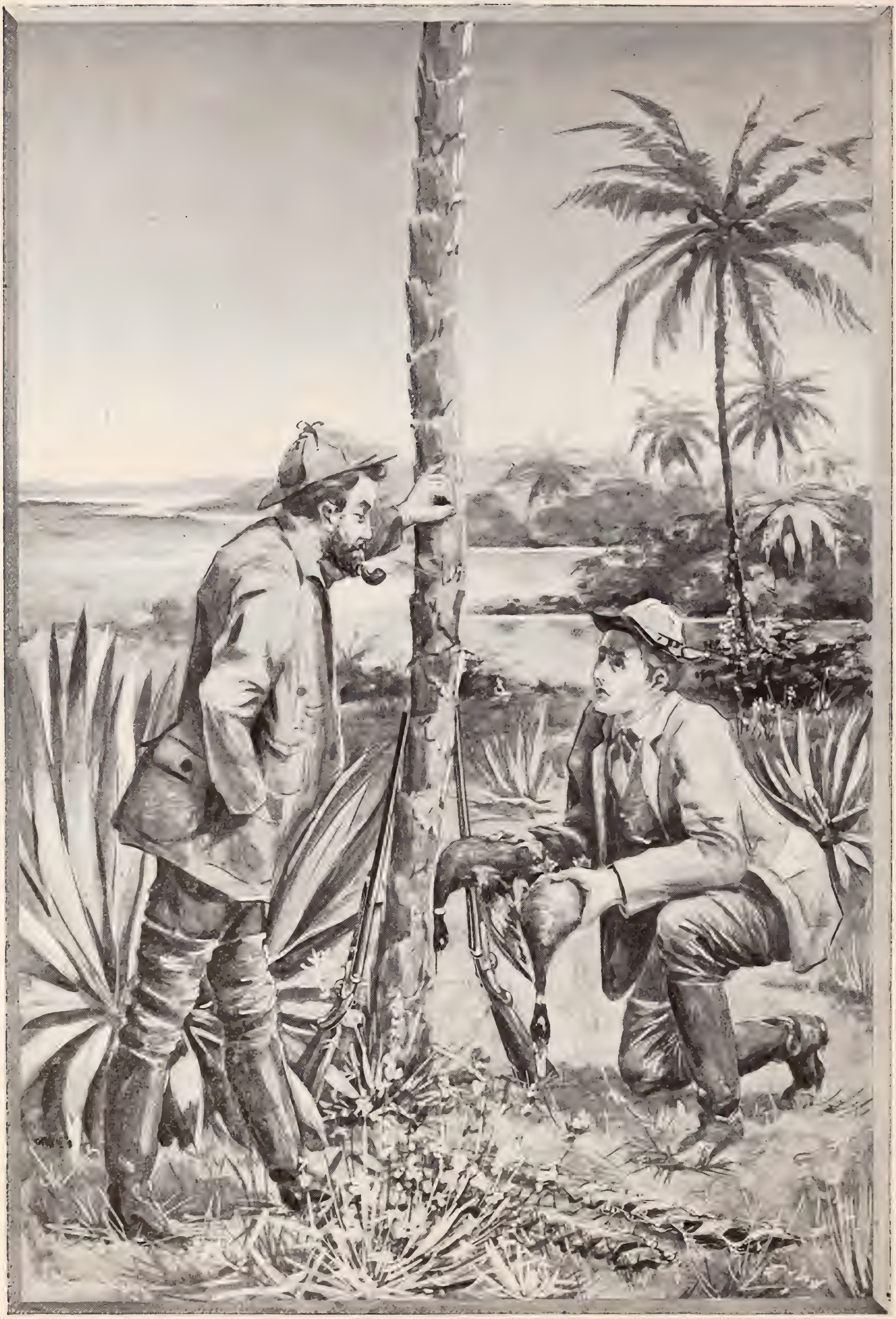
BABY FRANKLIN GROUSE.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY W. H. FREEMAN.

"I'M NO FISH HOG."

The Czar's idea will pleasing be
  To Russia's countless sons;
But, ah! 'twill drive to bankruptcy
  The men who make the guns.
    —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Give me the good old times again
  When folks decried a sinner—
When water wasn't cream, by gosh,
  And supper wasn't dinner.
    —Denver Times.



"THEN, WITH A REPROACHFUL LOOK, I BROUGHT OUT MY BRACE OF MALLARDS."

# A SNIPE HUNT IN FLORIDA.

R. J. TOTTEN.

"Well, are you going to sleep all day?" called a voice out of the darkness. I rubbed my eyes. "Dark as blazes; but I guess I would better get up." I dressed in a hurry, and gathered my traps, consisting of a 12-bore hammerless, a hunting coat, and a pair of hip waders. Andy had some coffee and ham ready, so we breakfasted, and put up a good lunch. Soon we were off, thinking of the big bags we were going to get—perhaps.

We had been rivals in a friendly way a long time, Andy and I. We had hunted over most of the Southern States together, and it is an open question as to which had been most successful.

Just at daybreak, after a 2-mile tramp, we came to a chain of ponds and marshes, such as you find only in Florida.

We separated; Andy taking the right side and I the left. Warily I moved along, expecting every moment to hear the "scaip," and see the twisting flash of a jack snipe darting away. I could hear Andy in some other marsh, banging away.

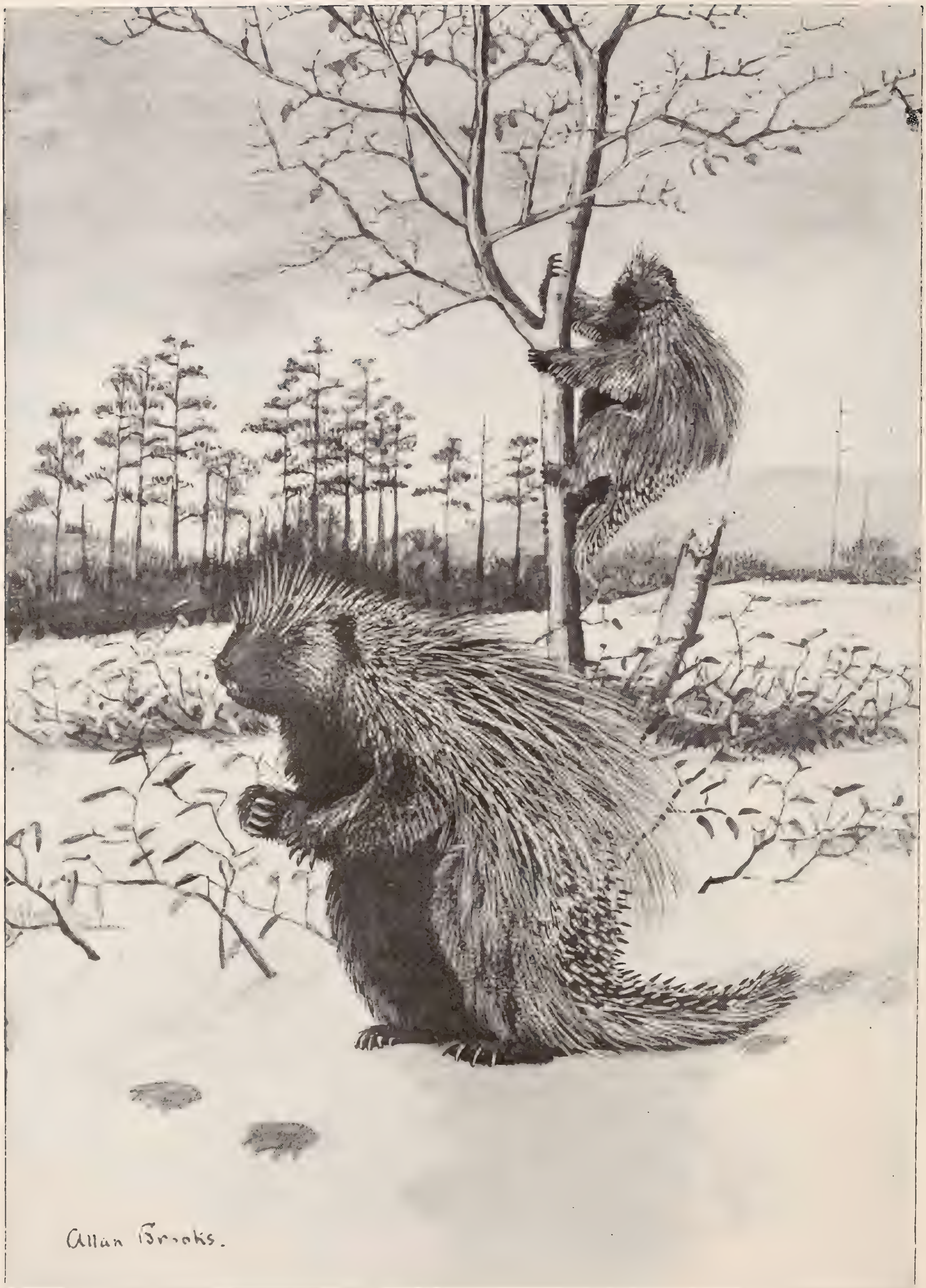
"Scaip—whiz—bang!" "Hang it," I finished, as I made a clean miss. But I marked him down, and, after reloading, started for him. Hardly had I moved from the spot when a snipe rose almost at my feet, and started toward the left. Bang! "Got him anyway," I muttered, as I picked him up. As I advanced, 2 more rose. I took a quick snap right and left, and, by good luck, got them both. Gradually I worked around to the pond, where I was to meet Andy. Snipe were thick, and I got all the sport I was looking for; missing some and hitting some. As I neared the meeting place, I saw 2 mallards swimming on the pond. I dropped on my knee in an instant, exchanged the No. 9 shells in my gun for 6's, and began to stalk the ducks. Closer and closer I got, when, at the distant report of Andy's gun, up rose the ducks, and came directly toward me. Catching the line of flight a foot or 2 ahead of the leader I followed for about 20 feet, and then pulled. They were 30 yards from me, and the head of the rear duck was even with the wing of the leader. The former dropped dead, but the leader was only touched, and it required the left barrel to finish him.

I picked them up, and stowed them away for future reference. Seeing Andy coming I walked to meet him. Suddenly a jack snipe jumped up within 2 feet of me, and darted off. I caught a hurried sight and fired, but he kept on. Before I could get on him with my left, down he went, and Andy chuckled as he picked him up. I made a few remarks.

"My boy," said Andy, gravely, "you must learn to aim at whatever you shoot at, and to control your temper when your eye is wiped." He laid the snipe and another on the grass. I followed suit. Brace after brace came from our pockets until there were 22 birds in each row. Then Andy laid down another snipe, and I could not follow. A grin lit up his face as he added a brace of quails to his row. Then, with a reproachful look at him, I brought out my brace of mallards. I said nothing. Andy said "Blankety blank!"

"My boy," I observed, "you must learn to control your temper, when——"

"Let's go home," he said, picking up his birds.


Allan Brooks.

A PAIR OF BRITISH COLUMBIA PROSPECTORS.

# WESTERN PORCUPINE, *ERETHRIZON EPIXANTHUS.*

ALLAN BROOKS.

Comparatively few people are acquainted with the porcupines of North America, or know such a curious and exotic looking animal exists in the far Northern woods.

When met with in their native haunts, the most casual observer will examine them with interest. Their manners and actions are as different from any other American animal as is their appearance.

They are almost fearless, more so even than a skunk, which has a great reputation in this respect.

While the porcupine is not usually sought as an article of food, yet he is good to eat. Being entirely a vegetable feeder his flesh is sweet and wholesome. His stupidity makes him an easy prey to any one who may find him on the ground, even though unarmed. Thus the "armored cruiser" has saved the life of many a man who has been lost in the woods or mountains, without a gun, and who has outlived his rations. For this reason I understand the porcupine is protected at all times by the laws of some of the States.

When you meet a porcupine he will walk right up to you; at all events he won't run away. If he finds you aggressive, he puts himself on the defensive by turning his well protected back and tail toward you. Woe betide the dog that runs in and grabs him then! Still there are dogs so pugnacious they attack every porcupine they find, year after year. I once knew a bull dog that killed dozens of them. Of course he always got his face full of quills, and after the fight would present himself at his master's house to have them pulled out. He was a big, powerful brute and it always took 2 men to hold him while a third played dentist. Some of the quills would break off, leaving the barbed point imbedded in the flesh. These would invariably work through the dog's head and come out on the opposite side. Frequently his head would, for a week or 2, be swelled to twice its normal size. Running sores would result from the action of the quills, but still the plucky dog would go after the porcupines, even while his head was swelled till it looked like a Yankee pumpkin.

Pounding the porcupine on the back with a club only makes him stand his ground more firmly. It is almost impossible to strike his head, as he whirls about with wonderful rapidity if one tries to edge around to get at it. No compass needle points more certainly to the pole than his tail toward an enemy, no matter how rapidly that enemy may revolve around him.

Now the humane reader will ask, "Why murder so interesting an animal?" I felt this way once, but now I always kill them if there is a club or rock handy, or if I have a weapon. I have once or twice tried to kick their heads into their shoulders, but have found that many reasons prevented my doing this, and have been compelled to leave the porcupine uninjured.

These are the sins I lay against the porcupine and for which I kill him. First, when lying in an open camp he is just as likely as not to walk over you, and feeling a movement beneath him to dash his terrible tail into your face. Second, there is nothing he will not eat or try his teeth on, from your pet rifle stock, to your boots.

To leave the soap out over night, in a porcupine country, means you will have to use sand to scrub with the rest of the trip. The porcupine will invariably get into any trap set for more valuable animals, and after eating up the bait will sit comfortably down and await events, without trying to pull out.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY THOS. B. MAGEE.

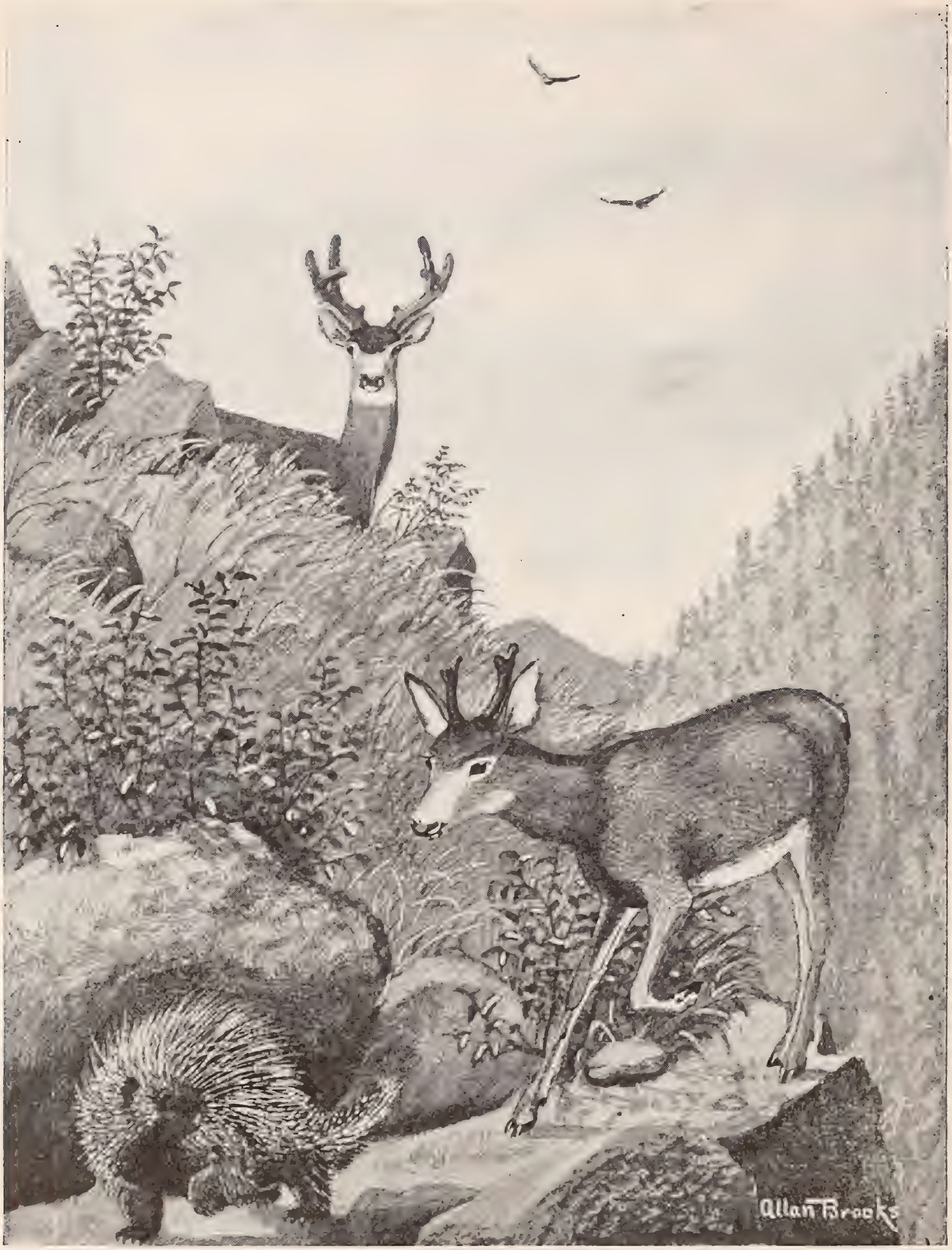
LOOKING FOR BUGS.

His worst crime is the fearful destruction he works among trees. He puts in the whole winter at this, his summer diet being grass, herbage, and berries.

White and black pines, *Pinus flexilis* and *Murray ana*, are his favorite food trees in winter, and in the lower districts the "bull" pine, *P. ponderosa*. I have seen many places where all the white pines were destroyed, leaving the black pines almost untouched and the firs and balsams entirely so. The old fallacy about porcupines throwing their quills with their tails has long since been exploded.

Their method of attack is to climb to the topmost branches and work down, stripping the outer bark and eating the soft, juicy, inner bark. They generally work on small or medium sized trees.

Unlike other rodents they do not hop, but progress by moving one foot at a time



A QUESTION OF PRECEDENCE.

with elephantine deliberation. . Although they can run at a considerable speed with a clumsy rolling motion, their method of climbing can best be understood by referring to the illustration.

The normal color of the hair of the Western species is a beautiful shade of golden yellow on the back, and black on the belly, but the young are generally grayish.

# HOW IT FEELS TO BE SHOT WITH A SHRAPNEL BULLET.

### MASON MITCHELL.

Editor RECREATION: I don't suppose the effect of a wound on any 2 men is alike. The modern small calibre bullet, with full nickel jacket, is a merciful bullet and its effect on human beings is very much the same as on big game. In many instances in the late war men received flesh wounds from Mauser bullets and kept on marching or fighting, feeling little inconvenience or pain for some hours afterward. When this small bullet strikes a bone it often drills a neat, clean, little hole that produces slight shock to the nervous system. As long as the Mauser bullet is not stripped of its steel jacket, or is not split at the point, it is about the best missile a man can be hit with.

As for shrapnel, that is entirely different. This is a round, leaden ball, usually about ¾ of an inch in diameter, and I understand the shells the Spanish used against us contained about 100 shrapnel each. When the shell is fired from the gun a time fuse in its point is lighted. This burns down until it reaches a hole in the shell and ignites the powder in the shell; this and the shrapnel being mixed in the same chamber. The length of the fuse is regulated to explode the shell at any distance from the mouth of the cannon that is desired.

I can imagine no greater strain on a man's nerves than to be subjected to a heavy fire of these missiles without being able to return it. The worst of it is, you can see them coming, as they leave a white trail of smoke in the air, and their hissing sound can be heard long before they reach you. If they burst directly over your head no damage is likely to be done; but if they burst 100 or so feet before reaching you, they simply tear up everything in your neighborhood.

It was to such a fire as this that we, the Rough Riders, were exposed on the morning of July 1st, at San Juan. At first we lay flat on the ground, but were ordered to arise and march down a trail to the left. I started down the side of the hill, bending over as much as possible, when a shell exploded about 15 feet above us. The Sergeant of my squad received a shrapnel which shattered his arm. Another man was hit in the leg, a third in the side, and I got one in my back, under my right shoulder blade.

I plunged forward on my face, rolled over twice, and came up against Sergeant Sweet, who was lying flat on the ground to escape the fire. I did not lose consciousness, although the pain was intense, and it seemed to me my back must be torn wide open. It was some time before I could get my breath and during that time, which seemed an age, I firmly believed my end had come.

When at last I was able to get to my feet, I found I was alone. The troop had moved down the trail and halted about 200 yards to the left. I managed to get to them and found them lying on the ground to escape the heavy fire to which we were still exposed. I reported to my captain that I was hit, when my comrades laid me on the ground, cut my shirt open and 2 of the boys wet their handkerchiefs from their canteens, and tied them over my back to stop the blood, which was flowing profusely.

MASON MITCHELL, WHO WAS WOUNDED AT SAN JUAN HILL.

I don't remember much after this for a time, for I was getting faint. It was not until the next day, over 30 hours from the time I was hit, that I was carried to the hospital. There the shrapnel ball was cut out from my breast.

It had struck a rib under my shoulder blade, glanced and followed the rib clear around to its intersection with the breast bone in front, lacerating the flesh badly and making a most painful and dangerous wound.

You will understand that on account of the bullets and powder being simply mixed together in the cavity of the shell the former are not given any high velocity or penetrating power when the shell explodes. This will account for the bullet not going through me.

Not only in my own case, but in those of all the other men whom I saw who were hit by shrapnel, the effect was the same. They produce a terrible nervous shock to the system and tear and shatter everything they come in contact with. The several surgeons under whose hands I passed agreed that any man struck with this form of missile and who has a complete recovery is indeed fortunate.

NOTE.—Mr. Mitchell, the author of this story, is a well known actor and theatrical manager. He is now lecturing under the auspices of the Pond Lecture Bureau. I have heard his lecture and he tells a most thrilling story of the fights at El Caney and San Juan Hill. His talk is illustrated with a series of striking views of the fight and the troops engaged therein. It is well worth a long journey to hear this lecture and to see the pictures.—EDITOR.

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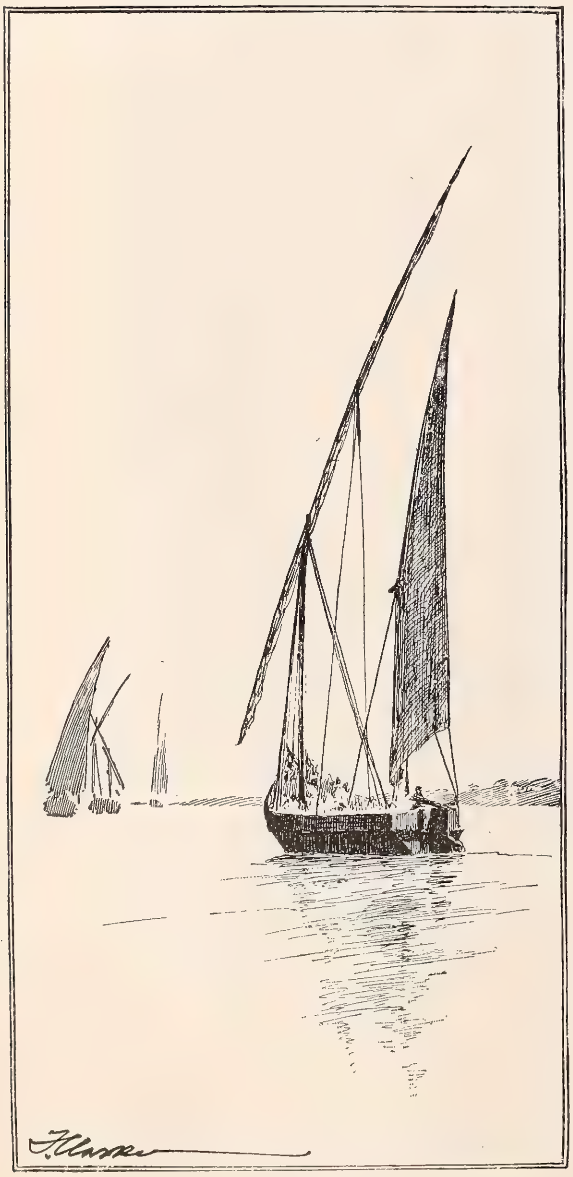
# DRIFTIN' DOWN THE NILE UPON THE TIDE.

F. C. CLARKE.



There's lots of us 'ave never been to Egypt,
'There's plenty that 'ave 'ad to stay at 'ome;
They've never seen the graceful palm trees wavin',
Because they didn't 'ave the price to roam.
You'll never know exactly what they're missin',
You'll never understand it till you've tried;
Till you've seen the creaky dhows
With the green mould on their bows,
Saggin' slowly down the Nile upon the tide.

Until you've seen the Plain tribes on their 'orses,
On their camels and on donkeys and on foot,
With their caravans and scowlin' eyebrow'd women,
And the cobras, and the niggers black as soot.
You'll never know exactly what they're missin',
If you've never seen the sunset shadows glide
Where the lazy eddies gutter,
And the 'oarse-voic'd bull-frogs mutter
In the reed-banks of the Nile beside the tide.

When the sun-baked sands at noon-time bleach and whiten,
And you seek in vain to find a cooler spot;—
When your swollen tongue is parched and dry and furry,
And you curse your bloomin' luck because you're 'ot;—
You begin to think you know what they are missin',
When you get back to the river deep and wide,
Where the fire-flies dart and glimmer,
And the phosphorus fishes shimmer
In the waters of the Nile beneath the tide.

When you drift along its green-fleck'd placid surface—
When the shadows of the sail are cool and long—
When the evenin' breeze 'as died away to nothin',
And the coolies lift an eerie 'eathen song;—
Then you know just what your friends are missin',
Back in Hingland's rain and fog and pride:
For their meat-fed wrath and riot
Are not like the peace and quiet
That is driftin' down the Nile upon the tide.

# A PINELAND SPECTRE.

ALLAN HENDRICKS.

The spell of the woods was on us. The magic of the pinelands had driven from us the worry of the restless world of business. About us hung the deep gloom of a summer night. At our feet lay Mullet lake in its belt of pines; on our right was Pigeon river; farther to the right, down the lake, we could see the fire of an Indian camp; while off to the left, across the dark water, shone the brightly lighted windows of the Mullet Lake House. The moon swung slowly into view above the tree tops and shot its first rays faintly toward the distant shore, giving only an earnest of its coming brilliance. As we lounged on balsam branches, indolently talking of our plans, we could hear the oar strokes of some belated fisherman, and could dimly see the sparkling wake his boat left behind it, although the craft itself was hidden in the shadow. Behind us the hoot of an owl broke the quiet of the dark pine forest that stretched away to the East and South. We were at peace with all the world; the insistent restlessness of far-off city life was forgotten in the soothing stillness that brooded the lake.

As the moon floated over our heads our talk, at first gay, drifted to the subject of ghosts. Hilton began it by telling of a phantom trout which he once had hooked in the Nepigon, and which unaccountably disappeared when he had his landing net about it.

The Doctor said a man who would stoop to a combination of fish and ghost story had no more righteousness in his soul than a weather prophet had; to which Griggs assented heartily.

“ But I saw a ghost once,” he added. He was a quiet man, this Griggs, and prudent. He invariably weighed our fish as he took them from the hook. This care gave us increased respect for all his statements, and we had learned to rely on his word and his judgment in everything pertaining to the woods. We knew any ghost that might disport itself within Griggs' vision, would be a ghost in which there could be no guile.

“ Yes, I saw a ghost once,” he continued. “ I saw him and called him, and I don't gamble with his kind now. 'Twasn't any of your shadowy, cloudy ghosts. Mine had blood in its eye and it didn't play fair with me. See that scar on my cheek? When the Doctor asked me what made it I told him it was a birthmark, and he said it was very odd. That's all he knows about medicine. No, sir, my ghost was bloodthirsty and it went in for slaughter and carved me in a way that wasn't funny.”

“ Do you mean the ghost actually touched you? ” asked the Doctor. “ Did it lose its presence of mind so far as to strike you? And didn't it know better than to strike you on the cheek? What's the use of being a ghost if ghosts don't know more than that? This morning I heard a man say he could pack one hundred pounds of duffle on his back. If a ghost came from the dead and buncoed such a man, we should like to know how it came about. Hilton, snore softly till we hear his tale.”

“ If I were as unsympathetic as you are I'd take lessons in it. But I'll tell you the story just to show you that our ghosts are fighters up here. None of your spirit-rappin', disappearin' ghosts in these parts. When you want milk-and-water ghosts you'd better get 'em at home. We don't have 'em in the pine woods.”

“ Now, Griggs,” the Doctor expostulated. “ Our civilized ghost is, no doubt, much superior in general efficiency to anything bred here in the woods; but if you have something of striking merit in the spirit line—something of which you have good reason to be proud—please tell us of it.”

“ We have somethin' that will knock out anythin' of the kind that ever paraded a graveyard or pranced through a haunted house, and I know it because I've had a seance with it. It didn't happen far from here, either. 'Bout a year and a half ago I went down to Petoskey one day to get some stuff for a lumber camp. It was sure good fishin' weather and they were catchin' fish all 'round the lakes. I started back on that little sidewheel steamer you see pass here every day, the Northern Belle, the one the Doctor says must have been built for a child to play with. Things went fine 'till we got to the head of Indian river. Then a shaft couplin' broke and we had to tie up for repairs. We laid there about 8 hours before the engineer got it patched up and was ready to go ahead. The night was as black as your hat then, and the 2 or 3 women on board was wishin' they hadn't come. Old Law was steerin' the boat and he was afraid he couldn't keep her off the banks, so he asked me to stand in the bow as a kind of lookout. You know how crooked Indian river is and how hard it is to round some of the bends in the day-time; so you can guess what a tough time we had of it that night. But we did first rate, and when we got down to the lower end, where the river widens, the moon came out and I went back to the stern. That was when I first saw the ghost. You know that old bridge across the river near its mouth. Well, the approaches to it haven't ever been completed, so it can't be used, and nobody goes around there much. As we steamed down to the bridge I saw somethin' white walkin' toward the North end about 40 or 50 yards from where it crosses the channel of the river. I supposed my eyes had fooled me, but when we went under the bridge and out on the other side, I looked back and saw it again, kind o' dim and uncertain, but a somethin' just the same. The more I thought about it the more it bothered me, and by the time we had landed at the hotel I'd made up my mind I was goin' to find out what it was. I did. If I hadn't I wouldn't know so much to-day, but I'd be a better lookin' man."

"Remarkably unlucky, you were," broke in the Doctor. "You had no beauty to spare, but from him that hath not shall be taken even that which he hath. What was the sex of this spectre? Was it adult and in its right mind? Make your tale as realistic as possible and don't cause yourself to appear any more foolish than the facts warrant."

"It didn't show its age, sex, or state of mind, meetin' it for the first time. Would you expect to get chummy with a ghost right at the start? Far as I know it was of age and its mind was all right; the sex doesn't make any difference. You let me tell my story and then you can whet your wit while I go to sleep. I went up to the house for a shot gun and some BB shells, got a boat out, and rowed back to the mouth of the river. When I was about 200 yards from the bridge I pulled in my oars, took out a paddle, and paddled up toward the middle of the bridge. The moon was shinin', but some clouds nearly hid it and for a time. I thought I shouldn't be able to find the ghost; but after a while I saw it standin' about 20 yards from the North shore. I paddled up to within 40 yards of it and then it showed signs of life. It made me feel mighty queer. I didn't know what to do, but while I was thinkin' and watchin' it, it began to walk slowly away. I thought maybe the thing was tryin' to lead me off into the swamp, and that made me mad. I picked up my gun and shot it and it dropped down out of sight."

"What! You shot it, you blood-thirsty reprobate!" exclaimed the Doctor. "Griggs, the man who would shoot a ghost would slander his father. Why didn't you mesmerize it, or put salt on its tail? If you killed it the Society for Psychical Research should have you indicted for murder. I think the moon had touched your head. Ghosts don't drop when they are hit; they fade away."

"Mine didn't fade away. It dropped down behind the close board railin' of the bridge, and everything was quiet. Then I got scared. Suppose I had killed someone? Suppose one of Billy Langsdale's children was lyin' there, peppered with my goose shot? The longer I waited the worse frightened I got. After a while I paddled up to the bridge. Its floor at that place was only about 6 feet above the water, so I tried to climb up. I had an arm over the rail of the bridge and was pullin' my body up, when somethin' white jumped up like a jack-in-the-box and struck me a blow on the cheek. The force and suddenness of it knocked me clear back into the water. When I got to the surface I struck out for the boat, climbed in, and put some hundred yards between me and the bridge. Then I stopped to think. I was afraid to go back to the bridge and couldn't stay where I was all night, so I rowed down to the hotel, wiped the blood off my face and neck, tied up the cut, and went to bed. But I couldn't sleep. Every time I dozed somethin' white seemed to jump up by my bed, and I'd grab the blankets to keep from bein' knocked on to the floor. Finally I gave up tryin' to sleep and just waited for daylight.

"The sun wasn't up high as I pushed off from the landin' and headed my boat for the river. When I got to the bridge there was nothin' unusual to be seen; everythin' was as quiet and still as usual. Even with the daylight to show the thing up I was afraid to climb over the rail of the bridge, so I landed at the North end and walked across. About 50 feet from the shore I found the ghost. What do you think it was?"

"Probably the spectre of one of your biggest fish stories," suggested the Doctor. "They are stronger than anything else in this region."

"No, sir, that ghost was still alive. It lay there with one wing broken and its long beak and white feathers smeared with blood—an immense white heron. Then I shot and killed the only ghost I ever saw, and maybe it was just as much of a ghost as anything ever is."

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# UNCLE DINKS' TURKEY HUNT.

VIRGINIUS.

"Yes, sir, captain, I'm mighty fond of huntin'," said "Uncle Dinks" (M. A. Barner), of Clarksville, Va., to Virginius. "I've killed a little the rise of 1,700 turkeys in my life, and as many geese, deer, quails, and such like, as most men.

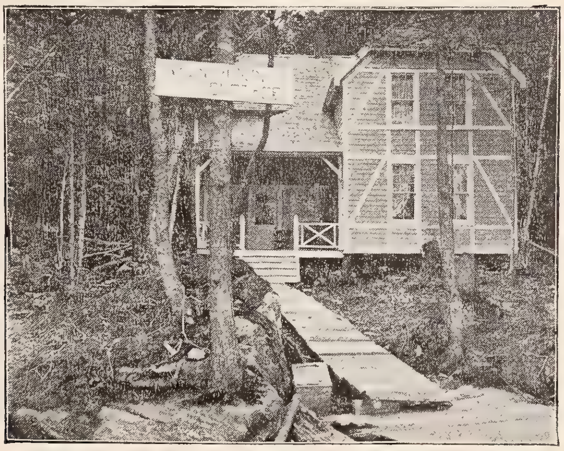
"'Twas 'long in the fall of '62 I got a furlough to come home from the war to get married. On my wedding day my brother and I took an early start for my 'sugar boss's' house. We hadn't gone more'n 5 miles before we flushed as nice a flock of turkeys as you ever want to see. I said to my brother, 'I must have some of them turkeys.' He told me 'twould never do to fool with the turkeys, as the preacher and all would be waiting, but I out-reasoned him. I told him I could get married next day, most any day, but a flock of turkeys like them were a heap harder to find than wives. So I gets my gun and old dog, comes back, flushed my turkeys, and hunted the balance of the day—forgot about gettin' married till the turkeys give out. When I got to the ole gal's house, it was smack dark, and I was to have married at noon. She was mad as the d——. The preacher was mad, everybody on the place was mad but Dinks, and I had more turkeys than you could shake a stick at. I told the ole gal 'tworn't no use to get mad; gals was plentiful in them days, and boys was hard to get, as they were all in the army. She didn't look at it that way, for, though it's been 36 years since she got mad, she ain't never got in a good humor yet."

Uncle Dinks is an "amusin' ole cuss," a good-hearted sportsman and guide. He is the owner of a little tavern in Clarksville, and every fall entertains quite a number of sportsmen from Northern and Western cities. Game here is abundant, such as deer, hares, squirrels, grouse, and foxes.

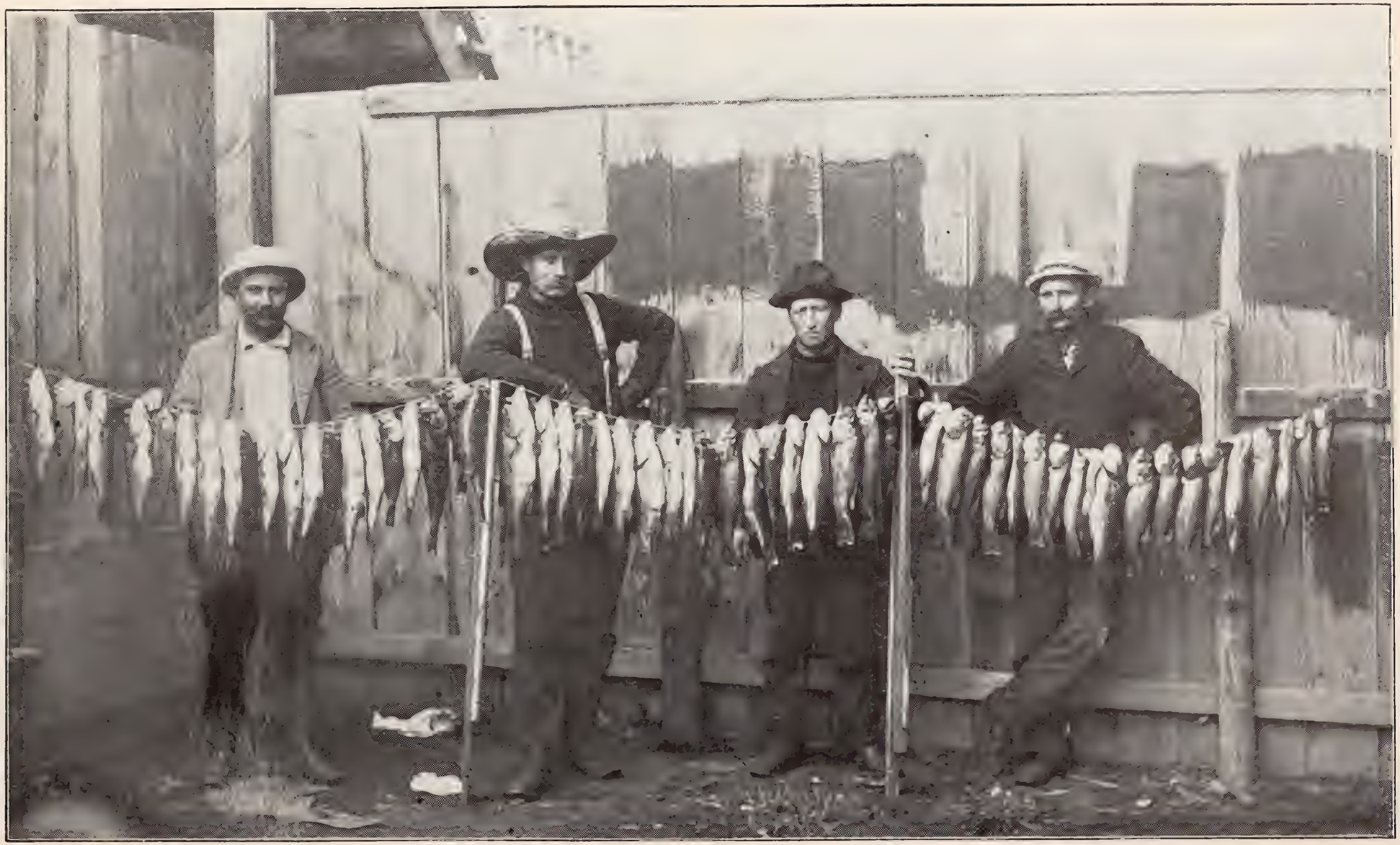
Sportsmen will always find Uncle Dinks in an accommodating mood, as he usually accompanies his guests to the game haunts, marks it for them, gives them a fair show, and, if they miss, Uncle Dinks doesn't.

In sight of his tavern is an island near the middle of Roanoke river. Pointing to this one day, Uncle Dinks said, "Captain, speaking of folks playing practical jokes, I saw on that island once a thing I'll never forget. It was late in the fall, when the geese were feeding in the bottoms, and just beyond that skirt of woods you see yonder lived a gal. A prettier creetur had never been seen in these parts. There was a fellow from New Orleans, and one from some place in Delaware, in love with her. They both met there once in hunting season, and decided to kill some geese. 'Twas one of the coldest days I ever knew, for the river not to be frozen over. 'Twas 'long toward sunset when I heard a call from the ferry, and, going down opposite the island, I spied this New Orleans fellow motioning me to come to him. I sent a boat, and had him brought ashore. He said his friend (and rival) must have been capsized going through the rapids. He had left him to go farther down the river, that morning, to shoot geese, and he hadn't seen him since.

"I done the proper thing by a brother sportsman, uncorked my vial, and tried to warm him up. Seeing he was so wrought up over the probable mishap of his companion, I made a fire from a brush heap, while I whooped from river bank to hill top, and searched ditches and marshes in vain for the Delaware man. At last we went to the mansion, prepared to tell how the Delaware man had perished. I was telling the story when the lost one made his appearance. He had unloaded his unsuspecting New Orleans rival, and the lunch, on the island, and had then returned to chat with the girl, undisturbed, all day long."



RECREATION COTTAGE, PLEASANT LAKE.
Summer home of Melville Vedder, Dolgeville, N. Y.



ANOTHER BUNCH OF SWINE.

This picture was published in the " Boot and Shoe Recorder" of Boston, with the following caption:

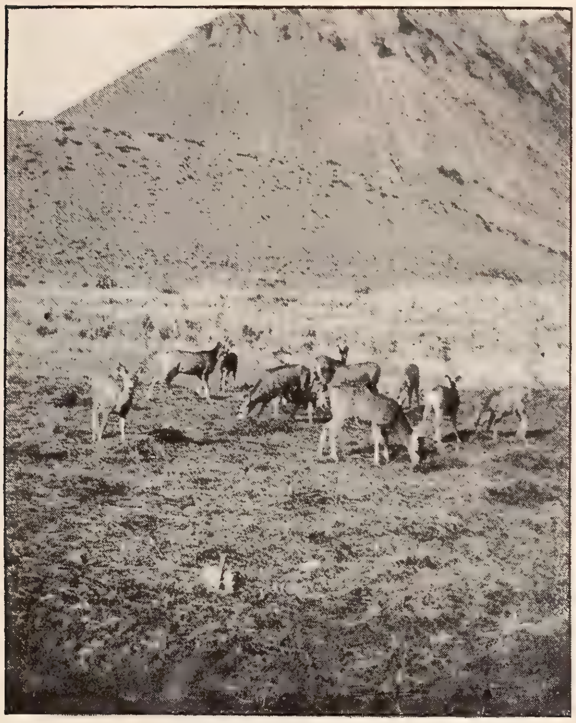
"This is a photograph sent in by A. E. Bowling, Detroit, Minn., who writes: 'Here is one evening's catch of black bass from Detroit Lake by myself and a party of three. This is the way we catch fish in Minnesota.' Please publish for the benefit of Mr. Brown."

This is another evidence that the *Swinus icthus* still flourishes in Minnesota as well as elsewhere.

YOUNG BITTERN.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY DR. E. R. LEWIS.

NEST OF GOLDEN-CROWNED KINGLET.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY BOYD C. PACKER.

STEALING ALFALFA.

A WESTERN BADGER.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY N. G. THOMPSON.

TRAPPED.

A HOT SCENT

# HUNTING A HOLIDAY.

MARGUERITE TRACY.

When, with the beautiful assurance of youth, I set myself to mapping out holidays for busy men who could not go far from New York, I turned immediately to the happy hunting lands of Virginia, and pinning my faith to those F. F. V.'s among sportsmen, Hon. John S. Wise, Major Sully, and Colonel Carter, I set out for the Old Dominion. I should say *on* the Old Dominion.

My holiday began when I set foot on the deck. This is the great advantage of sea travel. With the usual holiday the vacationer works so hard to prepare for it and spends so much time in getting to his destination that it scarcely pays him. The true apotheosis of holiday is to make no preparation, but to pick up rod and gun, go down to the dock ½ an hour before the boat leaves, and loaf around watching other people hurry. In this way the holiday begins at the beginning. No sane man taking a holiday would travel by rail if he could travel by sea.

I took Virginia with me instead of the rod and gun, because we have been together so much that I miss the point of everything when she is not with me to share it. Virginia said she was a good sailor. Yachting figured in her early history, where her salary figures now. She traded a steamer chair for an editorial one about 3 years ago, and she now knows more about circulation than about navigation.

We were not really on a holiday. I was going down to map out holidays for other people, and Virginia was going down because I was. Besides having me she had a typewriter, which God rest, and may I never look upon its case again. Like the papers that children tie on the tail of a kite, bunches of manuscript followed Virginia by express and arrived at inopportune times when I had planned other work—higher literary flights—for Virginia. I noticed the percentage of manuscripts accepted under these conditions was small.

"How to Take a Short Holiday," was the watchword which guided me. Whenever Virginia wanted to go off at a tangent or to explore some new and beguiling nook around the point, accompanied by an officer of the line, I sternly recalled her to the matter in hand. Virginia says the matter in hand was my camera.

"We came down by boat," Virginia would say proudly to our friends. An elocutionist could vainly spend years in trying to say it as Virginia did. It was the tone that makes you feel if you have not done that particular thing your life has been a vain and thankless effort in the wrong direction.

Shades of a ton of magazines! We went by boat. We may not have carried our hearts on our sleeves, but we carried our calling on ship board and the purser will tell you how much that was worth. We would be visiting the sick soldiers, and sick soldiers need reading matter and the generosity of editors is mentioned in the Bible—

(The Lord loveth a cheerful giver.)

Those magazines began in the purser's office, continued in an empty stateroom, and concluded on every available inch of space in our stateroom. There was a suspicion on board that we were going to Old Point to set up a news stand in competition with the legitimate trade. On my return, when I put my head in at the office grating and asked for a stateroom, the purser looked at me suspiciously and asked:

"Do you still have those magazines?"

Reassured on this point he fell to quarrelling with me for not having sent him word to reserve my stateroom, as the best he could do for me was an inside one. Inside or out, above or below, on that little rosewood palace, was immaterial to me. My time was spent on deck, watching the coast, dotted with the self-important Jersey cottages, until the Captain went up into the pilot house and the dreary white cliffs of New York 27-story buildings frowned across our bows. But that was the home stretch.

On the way down Virginia got me up to see the sunrise, out of sight of land. It was worth while. Everything is, on the water. I wouldn't take many things in exchange for the evening on the pilot house top, with the phosphorescence whitening our wake and the long, languid ripple of the water at the bow. I wouldn't have missed meeting the Captain, for Virginian hospitality begins at North River, when you set foot on an Old Dominion liner. How could it be otherwise, with a name like that?

Virginia is the most unreconstructed little rebel in the Union, and she gave a sigh of pure content when she saw the label with the charmed name going on her trunk. I had a great deal of anxiety about Virginia when we reached Fort Monroe. She insisted on wearing Confederate Army buttons on her belt. I stood well in front of her whenever the Adjutant of the Port passed us in the halls of the hotel.

The Chamberlin is the first house on the left after you leave New York, all the hotels and cottages being to the right as you pass down the coast. If you are as wise as Virginia and I pride ourselves on being you will go no farther. We left the magazines in possession of the dock and our traps in charge of the Porter Plenipotentiary and strolled off through the burning sun to look for the Hospital, being burdened with the mental weight of those magazines.

The hotel has the stamp of approval of the L. A. S., for it does not furnish game out of season. This being ascertained to my satisfaction, I set about learning whether the inhabitants of the Point were all members in good standing.

The first man whom I asked about the matter was an officer of the Navy who said, "Of course I protect the little birds. I never see any except sea gulls, and it's bad luck to kill them."

The sportsman who wants to take his sleeping bag and camp under the stars will find a small paradise in the woods along the beach between Old Point and Buck Roe. A hundred boats are his to use, and nowhere is there better fishing than between the Point and the Cape. At Newport News there is nothing to do but drop a line from the dock, and sheepshead, "spots" and the like will do the rest.

The sail across to the Cape is as charming a run as a boat-loving man can wish, with a day or 2 to spend at Cape Charles and more fishing. That enthusiastic angler, Hon. Jno. S. Wise, is eloquent about the fishing on the "Eastern Shore," but nothing to his mind compares with the Cape itself, embraced by the open sea.

In looking for a basket of peaches the other day, among the big commission houses that run along West street by the river's edge, I found a man who had just come from his vacation at home, and home was Cape Charles. We sat on the big packing cases and the old names were in my ears again as he talked of boatmen, and place upon place where I had been.

I can still see the late sunset striking across the grim fort as I come home from a long tramp, dragging my camera, with its long legs trailing in the sand. Longing for my Mississippi home, it was a constant joy to me to find fish that belong only to Gulf stream water stranded here and there along the beach. I missed the inevitable palmetto of the farther South, but it cheered me to be hailed by an old darky selling "sugar figs," and I liked to rub my hand against the trunks of the big live oaks in the fort, even though they were not draped with Spanish moss. That could not well thrive in an American Fort, just now. It should not be expected. But the bark grows heavier on the live oaks in Virginia than in Missisippi. They are hardier old citizens. The fig trees, always favoring the protected side of a house, shrink closer into shelter; while the frail, pink mimosa spreads its thistledown tufts of fragrance shyly to the sun. Vegetation in Virginia never wholly forgets that there is such a thing as frost.

In November the quail season opens and the man with the gun can not do better than follow the wanderings of Virginia and myself Eastward on the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad, dropping off anywhere from Petersburg to Charlottesville. The mention of the "C. & O." will always bring up to me the face of conductor Berkley, whom I have never seen since the day he hunted in vain for a telegraphic money order which was awaiting me in Richmond, and trusted me for my ticket and chair to Charlottesville, which was not even on his run. I hope he may read this and know that the many travelers who have received one and another kindness at his hands are not altogether forgetful, and that "the good we do lives after us."

Virginia and I went up the James to Richmond, but the account of our adventures on that brief excursion would fill a book and still leave much unsaid, especially about that unutterable invention-of-the-evil-one-for-demoralizing-the-character-of-the-well-intentioned—Virginia's typewriter.

It is with the hunting around Petersburg that we have to do, and Major Sully's instructions cover the ground so admirably that I quote them as they stand, with a heart full of gratitude for their conciseness which many enthusiastic but vague generalities have taught me to appreciate.

* * *

In striking distance of Petersburg a sportsman may kill bear, dear, wild turkeys, and quails. The last named are true Confederates and stick to the South. Their pursuit yields the real sportsman more pleasure and requires more skill than that of any other game. At any rate, that was your father's opinion and mine.

In addition we have ducks, geese, and large numbers of sora. You probably know the latter as rail.

For bear you will have to go to Suffolk, on the Norfolk & Western railway, near Dismal Swamp, in which they abound, and where a sportsman may usually manage to secure a trophy. Deer and turkeys can be found, and dogs to hunt them with, at any station on the Atlantic Coast Line railroad between Richmond and Weldon, or on the Norfolk & Western railway between Burkeville and Suffolk. At most of these stations accommodations more or less comfortable may be obtained.

The laws governing the pursuit of game and protecting lands from trespass are very rigid as you read them, and penalties for their violation are seemingly severe, but they are necessary, owing to our peculiar population, and are never enforced against gentlemen sportsmen. Personally I have never had any difficulty in obtaining all the shooting I wanted, either for myself or my friends.

The lands where duck and wild fowl shooting is exceptionally good are generally owned by clubs and a visiting sportsman, as a general thing, unless he has some friends among such club members, will have to rely on the assistance and the direction of the professional pot-hunter. Upland shooting, however, may be had in any of the localities I have named, and guides may be obtained on reasonable terms.

As to the particular points to which I would advise a friend to go: For quail shooting he can hardly go amiss. He probably would be more comfortable at Wakefield, Va., or Waverly, Va., stations on the Norfolk & Western railway, or at Emporia, Va., on the Petersburg railroad. If he were a particular friend, I should send him to Garysburg, N. C., on the Petersburg railroad, and put him in the hands of John Lifsey, who has a hotel for sportsmen and who is a sportsman himself. There he can make a good bag, getting a deer if he wants one, a turkey, or a few dozen quails, with an occasional woodcock.

At Macon, N. C., not far from Weldon, he will find a fairly comfortable hotel and good sport. This is true of most of the stations on the Raleigh & Gaston railroad.

As I recall the many days of sport I have had, and the different places where I had them, I feel that even the narrow limit to which I started out to confine myself is wide enough to take in a great deal of time and a great deal of paper. I would therefore advise anyone coming to this locality to get a railroad map and select any point embraced in a circle commencing at Petersburg, running up the Norfolk & Western railway to Burkeville, Va., thence going South, say to Henderson, N. C., on the Seaboard Air Line railroad, thence to Rocky Mount, N. C., on the Atlantic Coast Line railroad, thence East up to Suffolk, Va., on the N. & W. railway.

* * *

From Richmond to Keswick the country grows gradually higher, until among the Albemarle hills the air makes one young again with every fresh morning, and far and near, whenever you pass corn stubble or hummock, the quails are calling to Bob White. We are all on the lookout for something in this life of ours. Some of us want money and some of us want fame; but on the day when all the questions are answered mine will be, "Who is Bob White?" and "Why did Dick marry the widow?"

Let no one who wants to get back to the workaday world brim full of the strength and buoyancy of spirit which make all living worth the trouble, return without a good hunt in the hills. At Charlottesville that splendid sportsman and old Virginia gentleman, Colonel Carter, has his home, and what he cannot tell about hunting is not worth listening to. Anyone who has read Mr. Wise's "Diomed" knows that, and those who haven't have something still to live for.

When I was obliged to leave Charlottesville, Virginia mutinied and refused to come. If it had been Old Point, I should have attributed the whole matter to the fascination of the army and navy officers; but Virginia is a careworn editor, and she says this is "God's Country," which is the truth.

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## FISHIN'.

ANSON EVANS.

Been a-settin' all the day down around the river
Havin' jest a bully time underneath the kiver
Of the oak an' ellum trees, settin' there an' wishin'
That I could spend a thousand years at nothin' else but fishin'.
Watched the turtles on the logs a layin' there a-snoozin',
Made me think of Uncle Benny when he was a-boozin'.
Lawzy! but it's awful hot, nary breeze a blowin',
'Nyit I'd ruther set an' fish 'n anything agoin'.

Nothin' better'n settin' here as a feller'd orter,
Watchin' of the cork a bobbin' on the shady worter,
An' smilin' at the dimpled rings as they slowly widen,
An' the worter-spider jest a gittin' up an' sliden.
Land o' gracious! don't a feller's appetite awaken
Settin' here an' thinkin' of a hunk of bread an' bacon!
Gitten drowsy—let'n line grow jest a little slacker—
Give a dollar if I had a chaw of good tobacker.

'Crost the p'int the pewee sets on a reed a-swingin'
Speculatin' if his song 'u'd be considered singin';
Boy a huntin' down the bend, hear his dog a-whinin';
Mus'rats nosin' 'neath the drift—see their eyes a shinin'.
Been a-settin' all the day here around the river,
Havin' jest a bully time underneath the kiver
Of the oak an' ellum trees, settin' here an' wishin'
That I could spend a thousand years at nothin' else but fishin'!

# HUNTING GOLD IN THE KLONDIKE.

GEO. A. PEABODY.

Dawson, N. W. T.

Editor RECREATION: Winter began here about November 1st. Ice was running during the last days of October from the White and Stewart rivers, and the Yukon stopped flowing by January. About November 1st ice piles up on edge in a mass, sometimes as high as 25 feet. There is little wind in this country. The only one we dread at Dawson is a North one, which means deadly cold. The lowest the thermometer registered here was officially 58 degrees below zero, and there were only 2 cold spells all winter. Fifteen to 30 degrees below is the usual temperature. The air is dry and, during intensely cold spells, the frost hangs in the air like a white fog. I have suffered more in New York, with the thermometer at 1 degree below zero, than I have here at 30 below. I wear warm woolen underclothes, moccasins, German socks, Mackinaw trousers, heavy wool shirt, sweater, and a short coat of sheepskin. I had a long wolf coat, which I seldom wore. For traveling a drill parkie with hood, with the edge lined with fox-tail, keeps out all air and retains the bodily heat. Men work out of doors all winter at the mines.

The days in winter are only about 4 or 5 hours long for nearly two months, and in spring it is all daylight. One can see to read all night and people cook supper and breakfast at the same time.

This country has been staked on every creek and gulch in Northwest Territory and Alaska within 150 miles of Dawson. If the "chee-chaw-kee" (tenderfoot) wants anything he must buy it.

The only way for a new comer to get anything except by purchase is to go back 100 miles from the river and main thoroughfare, pack grub and stuff on his back, up to his hips in mud, eaten by a swarm of mosquitoes and gnats, with the sun beating down on his head for 20 hours at a time. Even after he has found ground that would pay to work, it costs a small fortune to open it up. Competition is as strong here as anywhere and unless one has capital he has to work like a Siwash dog. This year $10,000,000 of gold will probably leave here, but the business is confined to two companies and the saloons. This is not a poor man's country.

The Crown claims every alternate 10 claims; in other words, it holds these claims and if prospecters find the creek good, the Crown benefits by it. The government never prospects a foot of the ground it reserves. If a good claim is found the government collects a 10 per cent. royalty on the gross output. No business in the world can stand such a tax.

We recently gave a reading of a newspaper and charged $2 admission.

A party spent half the winter on a moose hunt with a tribe of Indians who live at the outskirts of Dawson. I understand they killed about 150 caribou and moose. There has been a great deal of moose and caribou meat here all winter. It has readily brought $1 a pound. At 40 Mile Post it sold at 10 cents a pound, in trade at the stores. The Indians are becoming quite spoiled, with selling meat at $1 a pound and mocassins from $10 a pair up. A cow moose was brought in the other day dead and her calf is on exhibition here now. Nearly every one had moose and caribou meat this winter, even at the high price, and there was a great deal of meat that never saw Dawson; so it is impossible to tell how much game was killed in this vicinity. It is getting farther away all the time, but the man this winter who went on a hunting trip, with ordinary luck, made more money than the man who mined. Moose meat is worth $1.75 a pound now and there is only a limited supply in the market. A few fish are now being taken in gill nets. A man had one yesterday that weighed about 3 pounds and he wanted $8.50 for it. There will soon be plenty of salmon caught and we will give up bacon and beans.

We had a celebration on May 24th, canoe races, single and double, 100 yards dash, obstacle race, climbing greasy pole, tug of war, etc. The boys in the Northwestern Mounted Police won about everything they entered, for they are a fine body of men and very athletic.

Lake La Barge is now open, and the "chee-chaw-kees" are coming in by hundreds. More idle men will be congregated in Dawson this summer than in any other place in the world. Most of these people have no idea what they are coming to. When they learn they will grow disgusted and after a while they will leave. This is a country of hard work and terrible discouragement.

People who make any money here will be few and far between. My advice to all who are tempted to come is to stay away.

# FROM THE GAME FIELDS.

## WOLVES IN MONTANA.

Miles City, Mont.

Editor RECREATION: I am much interested in the wolf question. I am located on lower Powder river, in Montana. Wolves are as numerous and as destructive in this locality as anywhere in the West. They destroy all kinds of live stock, as well as game animals. As to the amount of damage they do, it is impossible to estimate with any certainty. Some of the figures that have been given, I am convinced, are extravagant.

As a wolf always has the appearance of being well fed, it might not be far out of the way to rate him at what a large dog would eat, say about 3 pounds a day, or 1,000 pounds of meat in a year. This is worth on the range about $50. The amount he wastes, and the damage resulting from the loss in the growth of young stock, will probably equal what he actually consumes.

Wolves are rapidly increasing in numbers. Ten years ago there were no wolves and few coyotes on this range. Now the country is overrun with them.

I had a practical demonstration, several years ago, of their ability to issue invitations to dinner. I furnished the mutton chops for the feast, my herder allowing a bunch of sheep to get away from him. They went to an old camp ground, and when I found them 2 days later all the wolves in the country were there, holding high carnival. They had killed or crippled about 50 head. They had eaten even more than they had killed; for they had eaten a leg or two or a side of chops and left the sheep alive. And here is one peculiar trait of the wolf which distinguishes its work from that of the coyote. The coyote always catches a sheep by the throat. The wolf catches them any place he can, and that is usually the hind leg. This he proceeds to amputate and eat without killing the sheep.

I never weighed a wolf, but will give the dimensions of a mounted skin I have. Length from end of nose to tip of tail, 6 feet. Length of tail, 16 inches. Between tips of toes of front feet across shoulders, 4 feet 10 inches. They are indeed powerful brutes, capable of destroying a full grown horse or cow, and a man as well, if he be unarmed.

The best way to deal with the wolf question, from a legislative standpoint is, in my opinion, to enact a good bounty law. It need not be extravagant; $5 would do the business. Even the law we have in this State, of $3, has resulted in the destruction of a vast number of wolves. A great deal more would be accomplished if provision were made for the prompt payment of the bounty. The appropriations are always inadequate, and the treasury a year or more behind. Such a course of legislation seems absurd in face of the fact that it costs $100 a year to feed each wolf in the State. A bounty law will never cause the extermination of wolves in this bad land country, but it will keep them down so that little damage will be done. The best things in a practical way that I am familiar with are traps and poison. The method of poisoning outlined by Mr. Howes, in RECREATION, is followed to some extent, and always with good results. But sheep men object to this method on account of its poisoning the shepherd dogs.

The professional wolfers are successful here with traps. They have several methods which they follow. The usual way is to set the traps in cattle trails and cover them over with grass and dirt. They then trail a drag made from a piece of carcass along the path and over the traps. They also drop small bits of meat on the trail. This they do on horseback.

Another method is to put out a bait and set traps in a circle around it. An interesting experiment in trapping wolves came under my observation last summer. A large pack of wolves were stopping on an island in Powder river, where there was about 100 acres of thick brush. They stayed there for a week or more and made a practice of killing cattle when they came to water in the middle of the day. They had killed and partly eaten an animal in the river where the water was about a foot deep, and were discovered by a man who was stopping at my ranch. When he came on them, one wolf was lying in the water keeping the buzzards from the carcass. The man got 3 traps and set them in the water, near the carcass.

He returned the same evening and found a wolf in one of the traps, and saw several lying on the bank watching his antics.

The next morning he caught another, and if the river had not risen and buried the traps in the sand, he doubtless would have caught more. This may prove a pointer to some trapper. I have often wondered if it were not possible for some scientific man to discover some disease germ, with which the wolves could be inoculated, that would result in their extermination. A. Laney.

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## A CANDIDATE FOR THE WOODCHUCK FIENDS.

Mr. Aldrich's letter, in February RECREATION, touched me in a tender spot. Whether I am eligible for membership in the Order of Woodchuck Fiends Mr. Aldrich may judge.

During the summer of 1894, to recruit my strength after too close confinement to business, I determined to take a trip North

With my wife and little daughter I started for Chelsea, Plainfield, and Orange, in Vermont. While driving about Chelsea I noticed, on a hillside, a little animal about the size of our Virginia coon, apparently eating clover. I asked the friend with me what it was. He replied, with some surprise, "Why it's a woodchuck. Didn't you ever see a woodchuck before?" "No," said I. "I am from Virginia, and we don't have them there." He informed me they were a great nuisance, and that everyone killed meant a ton of hay saved for the farmer. I asked if the farmers would object to my shooting them, and was assured I would make a lasting friend of every farmer around if I killed off his woodchucks.

Immediately on our return to the village I went to the gun store and bought the best .38-56 Winchester rifle in stock, and 500 cartridges. After spending a few hours at target practice and adjusting the sights, I sallied forth to abridge the lives of woodchucks. I hunted them from Monday morning till Saturday night, walking some days more than 10 miles. I usually took a lunch with me and spent the noon hour eating and napping in some orchard. We remained several weeks at Plainfield, also several at Orange. Everywhere I went I found woodchucks in abundance. My fame spread far and wide and my name got into the local papers. Everybody around seemed to know me. The first question asked by almost every man I met was, "How many woodchucks have you killed?" While standing near a group of men, all of whom were strangers to me, I heard one say, "There he is." "Who?" asked another. "Why the fellow who is killing all the woodchucks," was the reply.

The highest number I killed in one day was 12; 9 of which were shot in less than an hour, on a hillside that was enveloped in a passing cloud. As the clear spots appeared I could see the little animals sitting up like stumps all around. The largest one I killed weighed a fraction over 16 pounds. He was black and must have been several years old. But I lost the greatest curiosity of them all; it was almost white, probably an albino. I was so anxious to get it that I risked the shot at too great a distance, and it got into its den. I spent many hours watching for it afterward, but never saw it again. How many did I kill? I don't know. I am sure of only 149. I wounded about 35 more that got into their dens; those, of course, I could not count. How many shots did I miss? I presume, quite as many as I scored, but I had 3 months of solid enjoyment; and, what is better still, I returned to the city with hard muscles and an excellent appetite.

In the summer of '96 I again visited a friend at the North. At 6 o'clock the morning after my arrival I was awakened by the cry, "Come, get up, Captain! Here are 9 woodchucks, sitting up waiting for you!" If worthy brother Aldrich could have seen me spring out of bed, I am sure he would nominate me for Supreme Would-be Exterminator, in his beloved Order.

_____Wm. A. Bruce.

## RAPID EXTERMINATION OF RUFFED GROUSE IN NEW YORK.

E. I. HAINES, B.S.

While making ornithological researches in the Western Catskill mountains (Ulster and Delaware counties), last summer I noticed the rapid disappearance of the ruffed grouse from that district. The Catskill region was, in past years, probably one of the best shooting grounds in the Eastern States. These mountains still retain much of their former beauty and wildness, but the game that once inhabited them is gone. What is the reason? It is because of unwise game laws and of the greed of men who call themselves sportsmen, but who are only butchers. Now that the large game has been killed off, they are turning their attention to the grouse, and these birds will soon be exterminated. On August 16th every man and boy who can carry a gun is shooting grouse. If these birds cannot be found, the gunners kill robins, meadowlarks, flickers or any bird that takes their fancy. The folly of this "summer law" can be easily seen. The ruffed grouse is irregular in its nesting habits, and often raises 2 or 3 broods in a year. The nesting time is a month later in the Catskills than nearer New York City; so when the season opens, many grouse are very young birds, and some are hardly able to fly. Such young birds, when flushed, invariably tree, and can be killed as easily with a stick as with a gun. In the vicinity of Stamford, Delaware county, rifles are used to shoot grouse. A gunner threw a curious light on this seemingly sportsmanlike practice by saying:

"I allus shoot quail [they call grouse 'quail' here] through the head with a ball, at this season, so I kin have somethin' to eat. If I used shot I would only have a pair of legs fur my trouble."

This great slaughter of grouse around Stamford, last summer, was fearful. Hundreds were killed every day. And what were these birds? Thin, mean looking chickens, about the size of quails, and most of them still in their pin feathers. Pot shooting and market shooting is carried on in direct defiance of law. Nobody is ever arrested or fined because the game constables are in league with the offenders. Mr. A. M. Warner, game warden of Stamford, complained bitterly of the "grouse law," saying the birds were being surely and rapidly exterminated by the untimely and ceaseless slaughter. He did his best to stop pot hunting, but the authorities at Delhi would not act in the matter. It is to poor game laws, and to poor enforcement of good laws that we already owe the extermination of some varieties of game. It will not be long before the ruffed grouse will disappear from New York State, unless immediate steps are taken to prevent it.

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### A SPORTSMEN'S PARADISE.

Vancouver, B. C.

Editor RECREATION: On a bright Tuesday morning in September, my friend L. and I left Vancouver, on the steamer Comet, for Powell lake, about 80 miles to the North. The little craft stopped first at Sechelt Mission, and thereafter at every ranch and logging camp en route. Near Jervis Inlet, a 400 pound rancher, the heaviest man in British Columbia, came alongside, puffing like a grampus. In trying to meet this gentleman, in answer to energetic signaling on his part, the steamer had to do considerable backing and turning. As soon as our visitor could constrict his vocal orifice sufficiently to emit intelligible sounds, he inquired, blandly, "Captain, will you be kind enough to give me the city time?" The Captain, though much annoyed at the delay, could not help laughing, and gave the information.

At last we were put ashore at what we were told was the mouth of Powell river, our objective point. The boat steamed rapidly away and we were left standing on the beach, in the darkness. Our first move was to build a roaring fire. Then we looked, as best we could in the dark, for the river, but failed to find it, and gave up our search until morning. There was nothing for it but to camp right there. We erected our tent, spread our blankets and turned in. Poking our heads out of the tent at daybreak we discovered we had been landed in a small cove with no river within sight. Replenishing our fire we separated to explore our surroundings. L. took a bucket and went along the beach in search of fresh water. I found a trail leading into the woods, and explored in that direction. L. discovered the river about ½ mile from camp, where it entered the straits of Georgia. On our return we sought a more suitable camping ground and found one in a pleasant position on the bank of the river in the woods. The morning was spent packing in our outfit. I tried my hand at cooking, while L. took his rod to try for trout in the stream, in front of the camp. By the time I had the fire going and frying pan hot he had 6 trout ready for the pan.

After dinner we followed the river up to the lake, about ½ mile from the camp. As it was getting dusk, we decided to postpone further investigation. Rising with the dawn next morning and stowing some lunch in our pockets, we struck the trail to the lake. There we took possession of a dugout we found hidden in the bushes and put in the day exploring the lake, and streams running into it. Game tracks were plentiful. So far we had not bothered the game; but as we needed fresh meat we determined to get a deer. Thereupon we took the guns, and plowing our way through 200 yards of thick underbrush, found ourselves on the edge of a veritable deer park. The ground was carpeted with soft moss, and we could see between the trees, for 500 yards or so. L. took one direction and I another. After traveling about 5 minutes I espied a buck, standing about 150 yards from me. The next instant my trusty Marlin spoke and I had the satisfaction of seeing the deer fall with a bullet through his heart. L., hearing the shot, soon joined me and together we dressed the deer.

During the remainder of our stay we had no lack of sport. Game abounded, and had we been fish and game hogs we could have loaded the steamer with trout and deer. The trout ran from one to 2½ pounds and were exceedingly gamey and eager for the fly.

On the following Saturday our time for departure came and we returned to Vancouver after a most enjoyable trip.

Bullets.

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### AS TO COLLECTING AND SHIPPING GAME.

Laurin, Mont.

Editor RECREATION: I note what Mr. Wiley says of Mr. Litchfield and your reply. Mr. L. may be the "public benefactor" you claim, but what of those who catch the game? There are men in this Western country who make a business of running the poor brutes on snow shoes, through the deep snow until they are exhausted and lie down. Then the men rope and take them to their corrals where in time, if they do not find a purchaser like Mr. L., the game is slaughtered and put on the market, whether in season or out of season, under the pretext that the men own the animals and have a right to kill them.

This brings to mind another class of hunters I have never seen classed as swine, such as A. J. Stone, the Alaskan explorer. Mr. Stone boasts of the game he kills, merely for the heads and hides, seldom taking any meat to camp. For instance his description of his "last day on the Chee-on-nees."

In this country we consider the head and hide hunter the worst hog of them all. If there is an excuse for these hunters we should be pleased to hear from you.

H. A. Amsden.

ANSWER.

As stated in the article to which you refer, I approve of the catching and shipping of live game, from the West, to a reasonable extent and when proper use is to be made of the animals. If this were prohibited entirely how could Eastern Zoological Parks and Gardens be supplied? Would you deny the Eastern people the right of ever seeing an elk, a mule deer, an antelope or a mountain sheep? Of course this question does not refer to people who are able to go West and hunt; but there are hundreds of thousands of poor people in the East who are in need of just such education as is furnished by the Zoological parks, and the great game preserves like Litchfield's and Corbin's.

As to the men who catch the game alive and then butcher and sell it, they should be arrested and fined, just as all game law violators should.

Mr. Stone is collecting specimens for RECREATION'S museum, for the agricultural Department at Washington, and for the American Museum of Natural History, of this city. Do you deny the right of scientific institutions like these, to send out men to collect specimens? The Government has had collectors out in nearly all parts of the world, for the last 25 years, and I have never before heard of anyone's objecting to it.

The American Museum of Natural History, the Field Columbian Museum, and some hundreds of other scientific societies, colleges, etc., send out collectors every year, not only to the Western U. S., but to other countries, and in this way collections of great educational and scientific value are being made up and placed before the people everywhere. Is it not well that specimens of the American birds and mammals should be thus preserved before the game hogs kill them all?

I am opposed to any and all unnecessary destruction of game and to any violation of game laws at any time; but am in favor of giving the public at large every possible opportunity to know and study our American fauna, if only in game parks and museums.—EDITOR.

## HOW I GOT MY BUCK.

Stillwater, Minn.

I, with 4 friends, was in Mille Lacs county, last fall, hunting deer. We found but few where 3 years ago they were plentiful. During the winter of '96-'97, there was a heavy fall of snow. It was then the Indians, the pot hunters and the game hogs, were in their glory. Some of them shot as many as 8 or 9 deer in one day, and others, to save ammunition, killed deer with clubs.

During our hunt we shot 2 deer. One, a small buck, I was lucky enough to kill.

For 3 or 4 days I had promised every morning to kill a deer that day, and had been daily jollied for not keeping my agreement. On this eventful day Smith and I started for a long tramp.

Smith carried a .44-40 Marlin, and I a .30-30 Winchester. We had gone about 4 miles when my companion, who was in advance, beckoned me to him, and said he had seen a deer in a thicket just ahead.

Both being inexperienced deer hunters, we held a council of war. It was decided I should go to the other side of the thicket, and, after giving me 20 minutes to get around, Smith was to go through and drive the deer to me.

I went around, and climbed to the top of a tangle of logs, about 15 feet from the ground. I had waited perhaps 5 minutes, when I heard my friend's rifle. A moment later I saw the deer, about 300 yards away, running from me. I fired, and must have struck a tree ahead of him, for he turned and ran toward me. When within 100 yards, he turned at right angles to cross a wide windfall of dead trees and tall grass. Here Smith's gun began to speak again, and the way he pumped the lever was surprising.

Then I remembered I had a gun and was hunting deer also, and I began to do my share of the pumping, watching for the deer to fall at every shot. I have a faint remembrance of feeling in my pockets for more cartridges, and of becoming aware that the rifle barrel was uncomfortably warm. All of a sudden the buck stopped, not to sink down and die, as he should have done, but probably to locate the source of all the noise. That was my chance. I estimated the distance as 225 yards, and knowing the shooting qualities of my .30 I held at the top of his neck.

I must have had a severe attack of the wobbles about that time. My heart beat like a sledge hammer and my knees cracked together, while the sights on my rifle played leap frog. Finally I managed to pull the trigger, and the buck ambled slowly across the windfall toward a ridge a few hundred yards away. He reached a small patch of brush and stopped before crossing the ridge. By that time I had passed the acute stage of my disease, and felt a great longing to get to the ridge before the buck did. I am not much of a runner ordinarily, but I went down the edge of that windfall, jumping over logs and stumps, at a speed that would make a comet dizzy.

When I got where I supposed the buck was, I heard Smith's rifle crack twice in quick succession. At the same instant out jumped the deer within 30 feet of me. He went slowly and seemed dazed. Just as he was going behind a large stump, I fired, and he fell dead. Smith came up and we looked for bullet holes in the deer.

We found he was shot through the windpipe, probably when I fired while he was standing still. The only other place he was hit was just below the back bone, near the hind quarters. We were 4 miles from camp and had 100 pounds of venison to carry, across a wilderness of fallen logs. It was late in the day when we reached camp with our load.

Walter Scott.

### SOME LUCKY SHOTS.

New York.

Editor RECREATION: One day, when I was about 14 years of age, I borrowed my brother's .32 calibre revolver. It kicked like a steer, and as I had never hit anything with it, and did not expect to that day, I took but few cartridges. My chum, who was also my partner in crime, went with me. We boarded a car and rode about 18 miles to his father's country cottage. There we loitered a while, and then went to the woods.

We were going along an oak ridge when Clare, who was behind, called my attention to something in one of the trees. It was some time before I could make out what he saw, but I finally discovered the head of a bird which was lying flat on a large limb, about 60 feet away. We decided it must be either a night-hawk or a whippoorwill ; and to determine its identity I was to shoot and frighten the bird into flight.

I aimed carelessly, about 3 feet under it, and fired. We were amazed to see it come whirling down, shot through the head. It was a hawk.

Soon after, we discovered a mourning dove's nest in a tangle of grape vine. The bird was on the nest, and I said to Clare, "I hate to kill her, but I must.'" As I fired, down she came, and 2 young ones flew out, one alighting on a dead limb and the other on the ground. I killed both in 2 shots and we were both wildly enthusiastic over my "dumb luck," as Clare called it. This ruffled me as I was firmly convinced it was the result of skill alone.

On the way back to the house I also killed a catbird. We cooked our doves, and after dinner went down to the old swimming hole. There I fired my last 3 cartridges at a water snake and cut his throat with the last. We had our swim and while dressing heard the "chip-churr-r-r" of a scarlet tanager, and soon saw that most beautiful of our songsters. As we were amateur taxidermists as well as oologists, we hastened to the village and bought 50 more cartridges. Returning to the woods we soon found the tanager, and I proceeded to shoot at it until it left for parts unknown.

My chum looked at me in surprise, not understanding my misses. I said not a word, but marched to a fence and shot at a mark on a board. I could not even hit the board. Since then I have never killed a thing with a .32, although I have tried many times. F. M. King.

### CAMPING AT MANTRAP.

Said the Judge to the Cook, "How would you like to camp for 2 weeks on the 'Mantrap?'" "First rate," said the Cook; "when can we start?"

The next Monday morning saw them encumbered with impedimenta and the Dago, en route. At Elma, 25 miles away, they were joined by the Indian, the Patriarch, Crazy Tim and the Infant. At St. Paul they met Johnny-Jump-up, the last member of the party. An uneventful day's ride brought them to Park Rapids. The dunnage was packed in 2 boats and one wagon box, and, with the dog barking his delight to the universe, the procession started into the woods.

The last house was left about 10 miles from town, and from there on there was nothing but a camper's track through pine woods and tangled underbrush.

Arriving at the Mantrap, the boats were put in the water. The Cook and the Judge went over with the first load of baggage, put up the tent, and got things in shape; while the Indian went back after the rest of the outfit. By night everything was settled to their satisfaction except the beds. They slept on the ground that night ; but the next day took 3 hours off, and built a bed.

Balsam boughs, shingled over with small and smaller twigs, until over a foot thick, make a bed as elastic as a hair mattress. In the morning the Judge tried a bath in the lake, but found the water too cold to encourage the practice.

The camp was on a narrow ridge between 2 beautiful pools of water, each a mile wide, and clear and cold. Along their edges grew the pine wood, making a dark background for the mirror like lakes.

The ridge on which the camp stood was high and exposed, and almost constant breezes kept mosquitoes away.

The nights were cool and just right for sleeping. There was nothing to disturb slumber but the howling of wolves, hooting of owls, and the wail of the loon.

In the lakes lurked monster fish waiting to match their strength and wiles against the skill of the angler. The suggestive beauty of the wilderness was a standing invitation to long tramps through the shady woods.

After 12 days of outdoor life, plenty of hard work, and good food, the crowd returned to civilization, fat, dirty and bearded, but healthy and strong.

The Judge, Portage, Wis.

### MY BIG DAY.

I put up at a deserted lumber camp on November 10, '97. Got a start at daylight, the following morning, and after 15 minutes' walk saw, at a little distance, something that looked like an overturned stump. Looking at it sharply I fancied I could distinguish part of a deer's hind leg and a curved neck.

I mentally debated the matter awhile and was about turning away when it occurred to me that I could afford to risk one cartridge on the chance. I fired, and, to my astonishment, the stump fell and changed into a buck. It was too early in the day to quit, so I strolled toward a hardwood ridge. Hearing something on the other side, I made a dash for the top and got there in time to see a large buck run down the other side. I brought my .40-60 repeater into action and, after several shots, the buck fell. However, before I could get to him he was up and off. I followed a scanty trail of blood nearly 3 hours and finally lost it.

It was a dark, cloudy day and I had neglected to note the direction I had been going. It was now noon, I had no lunch with me and I began to long for the good things at camp. After consulting the compass I decided on a course. I soon struck a tamarack swamp in which I floundered an hour trying to reach the other side. No sooner did I get out of this swamp than I came to another. I tried to go around it, and followed its edge until I was tired. Then I plunged into it. It was 3 o'clock when I got out.

On the first high ground I saw another buck, showing a huge pair of antlers. Three or 4 shots brought an attack of heart failure on him, and when I reached him he was stone dead.

It was now dusk and beginning to rain, and I realized that the camp was lost. I rushed through another swamp a mile or more wide, blazing the trees with a jack knife as I went, that I might be able to find the buck again. At last I struck an old logging road and followed it about 2 miles to a road I knew was within 5 miles of camp. With this clue I found the camp about 8 p.m., and so happily finished a big day for a tenderfoot.

## "SEVEN TIMES AND OUT."

Frostproof, Fla.

Editor RECREATION: One fine morning I took a horseback ride with an old woodsman to his hunting grounds. My companion carried his shotgun, and his dogs followed. We came to a swamp where we were sure we should find a deer. Sure enough, the old hound struck trail and disappeared in the thick brush. My companion dismounted, and soon we heard something smashing through the brush and vines in our direction. In a moment more the antlers of a buck appeared. My companion fired and wounded the deer, but not severely enough to cripple him. He dashed into the brush with the hounds at his heels. We mounted and followed. We came in sight of the buck in time to see him run into a tree, which meant that one of his eyes was shot out. Gathering himself together, he ran on, but in a circle, and was soon near us. Two more charges of buck shot were thrown at him. The deer passed on, and the man with the gun looked at himself to see what was the matter. The gun was reloaded and the buck dodged 2 more loads of shot and went on. By this time the old man was asking himself some questions, but before he had time to answer any the deer was nearer than ever, and coming right for us. He made a furious lunge at my companion. Another and the last charge was fired and some quick dodging done, but it was the man this time who dodged. The deer passed right on and caught the bridle reins of my horse in his antlers. The reins happened to be unbuckled, which probably saved the life of the horse. Then the dogs caught the deer's heels and all rolled on the ground together. If we had had another charge of shot we could have ended the circus there.

A spruce limb was the only available weapon in sight. My comrade seized that and struck the deer across the head. The limb, being decayed, smashed into sticks, and the buck rose and made a desperate charge. Some more quick dodging to the blind side of the deer saved a collision, and the animal passed on again, but stopped in a few rods to stand off the dog. Once more my companion rallied to the attack and after a short struggle succeeded in throwing the buck. Then a knife ended the trouble. Munsey Carson.

This was a piece of cold-blooded cruelty. I pity the man who has to go into partnership with a dog to get venison.—EDITOR.

## "THEN THE MASTER BOWMAN SPAKE."

Recent stories in RECREATION encourage me to tell my experience at Nigger-wool swamp, in Pukedom, Mo. A few of us "old uns" started with teams for Allenville, on the Iron Mountain R.R., and met the boys at that place. Among other things, we took a large gill net for fish, and a quail net. Loading up our plunder, we went to Whitewater. There we found that squirrels were migrating. We set the wings of our quail net close to the river, with a hollow log between the wings. Then stationing 2 of our best men at the outlet, the rest of us, by firing guns, drove the squirrels to the river. As they came out of the log our 2 braves, armed with clubs, knocked them over. At night we counted 1,234 heads. It took us all night to clean them. Next day we shipped them to St. Louis, where they brought a good price.

Then we started for the big lakes. That night it turned cold, and in the morning the water was covered with ducks. Between the 2 lakes was a narrow waterway over which the branches of tall cypress trees met, forming a leafy arcade. Most of the wildfowl preferred to pass through this, rather than over the treetops.

After our success with the squirrels, we concluded to try the gill net on ducks. With ropes we stretched the net across the passage way. Then we built a fire and, with a few shots, started the birds. In 10 minutes the net was full of ducks and geese. We untied the upper ropes, let down the net, and secured our birds. Then we raised it time and again, until we were tired out and had caught 2 full wagon loads of ducks. Setting the net once more, we crawled to our tents, to awake in the morning, just as a flock of geese struck the net and carried it skyward. Encouraged by our luck, we set the quail net for turkeys. We got 14, the first drive, but the net was ruined. After that we shot scores of deer, turkeys and game of all kinds, staying a full month. Then we went home and blistered our tongues telling about it.

Adam Leigher, Dositt, Ill.

## SOUTHEASTERN ALASKA.

Few people taking part in the mad rush for gold to Alaska and the Northwest Territory, know they are passing a wonderfully rich quartz country in the Alexanderian archipelago. This region will have a great future. The quartz is rich and in inexhaustible quantity.

There is every facility for cheap mining; plenty of timber and water. The majority of the mines are near salt water, where vessels of any tonnage can land.

Prospecting is difficult, on account of the thick covering of grass, brush and timber. So far it has been confined to places along the beach and up the creeks.

Some of the islands are over 100 miles in length by 60 in breadth, with lofty snow covered peaks and lovely grassy parks. These parks, so pleasing to the eye, are difficult to travel over. The moss, being saturated with water, is soft, yielding and tiresome to walk on.

Snow comes in November and lasts until the first of June; it falls about 5 feet on the level at tide water. In March, April and May it is crusted and may be walked over anywhere. I have seen 3 months of fine summer weather; yet the prevailing summer climate is humid, with much light rain and fog. Spruce and hemlock is the prevailing timber; with cottonwood in the higher basins and plenty of alder along the valleys. A few scattering patches of Douglass fir grow in sheltered nooks on the lower levels. There are some fine groves of yellow cedar, a valuable timber for many purposes.

Deer, bear and grouse are plentiful, also minks and land otters. There are a few Alaska sable (or martens), wolverines, lynx, porcupines, and marmots.

There are no cougars, wild cats, coons or skunks in Southeastern Alaska. But wild fowl are there without number and in endless variety. The trout and deep sea fishing is first class. The water power is unlimited. L. L. Bales, Seattle, Wash.

## THOSE DOGS OF HIS.

Cora, Wyo.

Editor RECREATION: Some time ago, Mr. Poole, of Wind river, criticised me for running bear with dogs.

I suppose he wrote the letter before he knew the facts, as he was at our camp later and acknowledged he had made a mistake.

As there has been so much talk, I will offer wagers for the benefit of those who think our dogs run elk, deer, or antelope. Any doubter can put down any sum, from $5 up, and it will be covered.

First. That we can turn any of the old hounds loose in plain sight of elk, deer or antelope, and the dogs will not offer to run them.

Second. That we can turn the hounds on the trail of either bear, mountain lion, lynx, wild cat, wolf, coyote or wolverine, and the hounds will run through bands of deer, elk or antelope, and not molest them.

Third. That here in the mountains elk, deer and antelope pay little attention to the noise of a pack of hounds, and will barely get out of their way.

We have hunted our hounds here for years, and I have seen, time and again, elk, deer and antelope feeding within plain sight and hearing of the pack in full cry, and never looking up.

In camp the hounds are kept in yards, and are barking and howling half the time; yet anyone can go out and kill game within hearing of them. I suppose this is because Western game is so used to hearing the coyotes.

Does anyone suppose we are big enough fools to spend money building a sportsmen's camp, and then run all the game away from it?

Game wintered well on the head of Green river, and hundreds of elk are in sight on the hills. Coyotes are plentiful and bold; coming to the camp in broad daylight.

We have caught some with the fox hounds. The dogs, when in good condition, can run one down in about 4 hours.

W. W.

## SNIPE SHOOTING IN KENTUCKY.

REV. F. M. THOMAS.

About the middle of March the Kentucky sportsman begins to rub up his gun, laid away since the quail season, and look anxiously for warm rains, on whose Southern breezes the snipe are wafted within range. After such a rain a few flocks may be found in low lying, wet meadows where there is sufficient cover. Their number gradually increases until, about the last of the month, there is fine sport. The birds on their arrival are quite lean and not very toothsome; but after feeding for 2 or 3 weeks they become fat and tempting to the most epicurean palate. From the gunner's point of view, they afford most excellent sport. The shooting season lasts 4 to 5 weeks.

On March 17, '98, I went snipe shooting in company with young Harry Miner. We drove out of Bowling Green along the cemetery pike, and arriving at the Morehead farm, which has 300 acres of blue-grass land in the river bottom, we hitched our horses, breeched our guns and got ready for work.

It began to sprinkle before we flushed a bird and soon was pelting furiously. We found a small flock and in the course of an hour had killed 7 birds, all of which were poor. Snipe do not fly far on a rainy day. I killed one coming over me; something rather unusual, for the snipe is a wary bird and rarely flies toward a human being. When they are flushed their zigzag flight makes them a difficult target.

On March 22d I was out again after the festive snipe. My friend, Dr. C——, and I drove to the Morehead meadow, but 2 or 3 shots drove all the birds across the river. We got a boat and followed them.

Three hundred yards from the shore we put up a flock of killdeer and 2 or 3 snipe. Dr. C—— went into cover composed of briars and tall grass, got up several and banged away to no effect. He came back and we started along an old cow-path, when a bird got up in front of him and to my right. As the doctor had been having all the fun since we came over the river, I took this one. We went through a barbed wire fence and the cover became ideal. Bird after bird got up. The doctor did deadly work, and in an hour my game sack was full; but both of us were out of shells. However, in my breeches pocket I found an old shell that had been loaded 2 years or more. I was somewhat dubious, but seeing a bird alight in some sedge grass, walked him up and the cartridge proved true.

My limited experience in snipe shooting has led me to believe that No. 8 shot, backed by nitro, is the best shell to use, though it rarely kills outright. No. 7 shot are more deadly, but less effective in bringing down a bird. As for the old fashioned black powder, it is almost a waste of time to use it, as far as a second shot is concerned. Ere the smoke clears away the snipe are out of range.

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### A BET AND A RABBIT CHASE.

Four Jerseymen were quartered at a Virginia farmhouse in quest of a little sport among the quails. The farmer would drive the sportsmen to where quails were plentiful, and at the close of the day bring them home. During the drives to and from the grounds rabbits would frequently dart across the road, in front of the horses, sit on their haunches and smile as the gunners passed by. So often did this occur that the sporting blood of the Jerseymen boiled. One of them, John, yelled, "I'll bet $5 I will catch the next rabbit that crosses the road." Frank took the bet instantly amid cheers from his companions. The wager was no sooner made than out bounded a bunny, ran along a few yards and disappeared in the brush and tall grass.

John's chance had come. He leaped from the wagon, and entering the tall grass, went flying after the rabbit. The shouts of the judges and referee were so boisterous that the rabbit stopped to learn the cause of the commotion. So amazed was he at the wild antics of the onlookers that he forgot his own safety until pounced upon by the sly John and seized by the ears.

The $5 was cheerfully paid by Frank, and the rabbit carried to the farm. The following morning the party gathered in the open field for another chase. The 4 men stood around and 50 feet from the farmer, who was to release the rabbit. At the word, bunny ran, with all the Jerseymen after him helter skelter. This time the rabbit showed no curiosity, but ran as fast as his legs could carry him. He got through the blockade and reached an old stone wall and safety. S. P. L., Leesburg, Va.

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### TOO BIG FOR HIM.

In 1881 I was practicing medicine in Leadville, Col. A young friend proposed a grouse hunt on Mount Massive, just across the Arkansas river. With 2 good breech loading shotguns and a fine Gordon setter, we went up a large canyon into the mountain and stayed all night with a charcoal burner. In the morning we started up the mountain through dead pine timber, fire killed 20 years before. We found good grouse shooting in the young pine timber. My friend, John Armijo, and I were about 100 yards apart when the dog flushed a blue grouse that flew over a large tangled pile of dead logs. The bird fell at the crack of the gun and the dog ran around the "rack heap" to retrieve it. Never have I before or since seen a dog so badly frightened. With tail tucked between his legs, he took a bee line down the mountain toward home. I got up on the logs. Below and within 20 feet of me, his fore paws on the grouse, was a large mountain lion, looking up and snarling at me. His long white fangs showed beautifully. It seemed to me I could see teeth a foot back in his head. It did not take me long to get to the ground where Armijo was. He laughed at me for not killing the lion and said a load of No. 6 shot would kill it easily. But when I offered to show him the animal he concluded not to go, and even asked me to say nothing about it on our return. But the story was too good to keep. Besides the dog was at home waiting for us, and that had to be accounted for.

C. B. R., M.D., Carroll County, Mo.

### TOUGH SPORT.

In August, 1893, my father, Uncle Dick Mitchel, Mr. Christopher and I started from our homes in Polk county for a camp hunt, 35 or 40 miles from where we lived. On the way down, I killed a turkey. Father wanted a deer, so the next day we made a drive with the dogs, but had no luck. The following morning we made another drive. Father was to make the drive and the others were to take stands. Away we went to our places. It was not long before I heard old Prince open on a deer trail. Soon I heard Uncle Dick's gun, and while I was wondering if he had killed anything, I saw a large deer coming. My hair commenced pushing my hat up, but when he came near I put a ball through his ribs and another within 3 inches of the first. As he went away I fired 4 more shots but didn't touch him. I followed and found him lying down. I put my gun down and took my knife out to stick him, but my knife being dull, I did not make a good job of it. He bellowed and scared me within an inch of my life, but I grabbed his horns and held on. Then I tried to cut his neck vein, and he bellowed again. I clinched his horns once more. I thought it would be too good a joke to let the rest of the party come and see me holding the deer, so I decided to risk my life. I turned him loose, sprang for my gun, shot him through the head and then gave the call. The party came in and decided we had enough meat, so we set out for home. On the way back, I killed another turkey.

A. B. Williams, Eufaula, I. T.

### MY FIRST BLACK SWAN.

Some years ago I was in Australia. I had but recently arrived and was what they call there a "new chum." Fond of a gun then as now, I walked out from Melbourne, with my muzzle-loading shotgun, to see the "bush" and to shoot any game that might appear. I went about 40 miles from the city and there camped for a few days. On the third day while walking about, a flock of black cockatoos came past me. I shot one and crippled it. The rest flew round me until I fired and got 5 of them. They are larger than crows, with sulphur colored crests on their heads and with yellow tail feathers. I might have shot more, but in the distance I saw a flock of black swans rise up and light again. I put an Ely's wire cartridge of B.B. in one barrel and went in their direction. Creeping through a marshy place, I came to open water. There, within 40 yards, were wild ducks swimming around, heedless of danger, and 60 or 70 yards off was a large flock of black swans. They rose from the water as I fired. Three fell, and I waded in after them. I secured 2. The third, being only wounded, escaped into deeper water. On my way to camp I saw 10 kangaroos about 150 or 200 yards away, but could not get within shotgun range of them.

A. Andrews, Fournier, Ont.

### CAMPING IN WISCONSIN.

The Marengo Gun Club spent the last half of October in the forests of Northern Wisconsin, hunting deer. Our camp is located on the banks of Marengo river, about 7 miles Southeast of Pratt.

At 4 p.m. we arrived in Pratt, where our good friend, Billy Bon, had a team ready to take our baggage. We were in hunting togs, and struck off afoot for the camp. We got lost several times, but managed to reach our ground at last. Mr. Bon was there before us and had the stove up, bed made and wood cut, and in a short time we were eating supper.

Breakfast was ready at daylight. We responded to the first call, and in less than 10 minutes were off for the woods.

One grouse and one doe were the score of the first day's hunt; but we located some good runways on which we intended to watch next morning.

On the third day we got a buck and a doe.

We killed only 6 deer in the 2 weeks we remained in camp, but as there were no pot hunters or game hogs in our party, we were satisfied.

We enjoyed our outing thoroughly and realized to the fullest extent that "there is a pleasure in the pathless woods."

D. T. H., Marengo, Ill.

### A POT HUNTER SPEAKETH.

I have been waiting for those would-be sportsmen to ring off and let the poor pot hunter and farmer boy alone.

I am proud to say I was a farmer boy, and am a pot hunter. I expect to be one as long as I can squint over a gun barrel. I never was guilty of making a hog of myself. I don't shoot as if I feared some game might be left for my neighbors. From 2 to 10 of anything in the game line is enough for anyone but a game hog, or a sportsman. I often go out and only shoot 3 or 4 times, yet feel well paid for my trouble.

A sportsman would kill everything in sight, but I know when I get enough. I am not ambitious to make a big bag, and write to the paper. A sportsman would take from 200 to 500 shells along, and because there was some game left, shed bitter tears of regret that he had not taken 1,000. Where has our game gone? Ask the sportsmen and game hogs; they can solve the riddle for you. I am only guilty of the unpardonable sin of eating what I kill. Awful, ain't it? Give us a rest and throw your hot shot into the sportsmen and game hogs. Hot pot them all.

A Pot Hunting Jay Hawker, Helper, Kan.

You are sadly mistaken. The animal you mention who would kill everything in sight ;

who would take out 500 shells and then grieve because some game got away, is not a sportsman at all. He is just a common hog. A sportsman quits when he gets enough, just as you say you do. Therefore it seems, by your statement, you are a genuine, true blooded sportsman ; notwithstanding you claim to be a pot hunter.—EDITOR.

### APPENDICITIS OR WHAT ?

The article in January RECREATION by Mr. J. F. Warner reminds me of an experience of my own.

One afternoon, last winter, I was in the hills near Los Angeles, Cal., shooting ground squirrels with a .22 calibre rifle.

An old man was with me, who uses the squirrels as food. And barring prejudice they are just as good to eat as any squirrel.

I had secured 6 or 7 and left my companion at the bottom of a little ravine, while he dressed them. Soon after leaving him, I saw a half grown squirrel come out of a hole, some 30 yards from me. When I pulled on him, he jumped a foot or more and began to kick as lively as any dying squirrel I ever saw. Calling the old man, I told him I had another for him. He came to the dead rodent, picked it up and looked it over.

There was no bullet mark on it, not a scratch, nor even a break on the skin to show it had been struck. I told my friend to examine it closely when he dressed it ; but no bullet mark did he find. Did this squirrel, like the antelope, catch the bullet in its mouth and die of appendicitis?

Will A. Wright, Los Angeles, Cal.

### A BOOMERANG BULLET.

In the fall of '93, with 2 companions, I was hunting among the sandstone canyons of Mesa county, Col. Having killed 2 deer, my comrades started to bring the pack horses from a little park in which they were picketed. In rounding the head of the canyon, where I awaited their return, they started a deer. It ran down the canyon and stopped opposite me, some 80 yards away. I aimed behind its shoulder and fired, shooting downward at an angle of 25 degrees. Three or 4 seconds after the report something passed my ear with a humming noise and struck the ground 3 feet behind me. I saw a flattened bullet lying on the pine needles at my feet. Supposing it to be a spent ball from some other hunter's gun, I picked it up and discovered that, besides being freshly blood-stained, the bullet contained grains of sand imbedded on opposite sides.

An investigation showed that my bullet had passed through the deer without striking a bone. It next struck a hard piece of sandstone with a nearly horizontal top, lying about 10 feet beyond the deer. This gave it an upward inclination. Ten feet farther on it struck the vertical wall of the canyon and was thrown into the air at the proper angle to return it whence it came.

C. A. Cooper, Silverton, Col.

### WHAT KILLED THE DEER ?

Frank Warren's remarkable shot reminds me of a similar experience. I was deer hunting, about 5 miles from Petoskey. It had been snowing for several days and the snow was deep and soft. I was using a 12 gauge Winchester shotgun, loaded with buckshot. While I was walking on a side of a hill, suddenly up jumped a doe. She kept hidden in the thick undergrowth so I could not see her for some time. At the end of the ridge was an open space, perhaps 6 feet wide. She crossed this like a flash, and all I remember seeing was a pair of hind legs. I fired, and ran to the top of the ridge to get another shot, but could see nothing. I went back to the place where I last saw her and found her tracks. Those I followed for about 200 feet and there lay the doe stone dead. The only wound I could find on her was in the left hind leg, where one of the buckshot had penetrated. I skinned the deer there, but not another wound could I find. I never thought of opening the stomach to see if she had swallowed any of my buckshot.

Swan Schriver, Petoskey, Mich.

### A VACATION ON WHEELS.

Every fall my wife and I take 2 weeks vacation. We go on a carriage drive back through the White mountains. We cook all our food out of doors and when night overtakes us, stop at some farm house.

I take gun and rod along and manage to shoot squirrels and grouse enough to give us all the fricassee we want. I also catch trout and pickerel. I have invented a cooker that we use over an oil stove. With it I can get dinner for 6 people and make coffee, all at one boiling. We pack our carriage with useful articles, take plenty of salt pork, butter, cheese, tea and coffee, as well as oats for the horse.

Last September we drove around the White mountains, and never ate a meal under cover but once. That day it rained hard and we were looking for shelter when we came to a large covered bridge. I unharnessed the horse, turned him out to grass, set up our stove and cooked the best dinner of the whole trip. We had our camera with us, and took lots of pictures, which I value highly. We had books and papers to read, and enjoyed every moment of our trip. At noon we generally took 2 hours' rest. We would drive into a good shady place, put up our hammocks and after dinner we would sleep or read.

O. P. Greene, Saco, Me.

## TEXAS PECCARIES.

A recent article, describing the peccaries of Texas, says they are hunted on horseback. Such may be the case, but I never heard of it before. The animals inhabit places where it would be almost impossible for a horse to go. In their favorite resorts, in rough, mountainous country, they can outrun any horse. They will always run to a hole if there is one close by. When they go to earth, one of their number is stationed at the entrance, with his head sticking out. If he is killed, another will push him aside and take his place, and so on until the last one is dead. But if the dogs take them by surprise, they will turn at once and fight, and can kill or disable anything they are likely to meet.

The article mentioned also says there are buffalo and elk in Texas. I do not believe one of these animals can be found within the State. There are elk in the Sacramento mountains, in New Mexico, 100 miles from El Paso, Tex. There are any number of deer, bear, foxes and wild cats, with a few Mexican lions and gray wolves; and coyotes, quails and rabbits galore.

W. H. Fletcher, Alpine, Tex.

## GAME NOTES.

The following notes are from the San Francisco "Examiner":

Messrs. Klevesahl and Shaw, 2 local crack shots, killed 198 doves in one day, near Bakersfield.

Harry Golcher spent Friday and Saturday near Dublin and bagged 180 doves.

Jack Douglas and a friend got 86 doves in one afternoon, near Brentwood.

Messrs. Price, Hinkle and Griffith, of Clabrough-Golcher's, killed 40 doves on Sunday.

Wenzell and Kearney bagged 135 doves in the vicinity of Sunol last Friday.

E. L. Foster shot 48 doves at Sear's, Point Reyes, Sunday.

A. F. Rooker bagged 62 doves at La Honda on Saturday.

George Hampshire found excellent shooting at Shellville on Saturday and brought 90 doves to this city as the result of a few hours' work.

James Duncan, one of the crack shots of Salinas, killed 84 doves at his place on the Alisal near Salinas last Saturday.

Dr. George Grotefund, of the Mount Shasta Gun Club, killed 4 dozen doves in an hour, while standing near a spring about a mile from Red Bluff.

One California subscriber, who sends me a copy of this paper, writes on the margin, opposite these "records," "*Swinus grandis Californaensis*," and adds: "These records will entitle the heroes to figure prominently in your next batch of roast pork."

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RECREATION is the best sportsman's paper printed. I am much pleased with the way you cook pork. You cannot roast hogs too brown to suit me. There is not much hunting near here, but if the game hogs could be kept in their pen, or even in the workhouse, I think we might have some shooting in season. We had fine duck shooting at Sandusky bay and the Island last fall, the best in many years. There was a small flock of wild pigeons near here in October, but as soon as it was known in the city every man and boy that could hold a gun was after them. That is where our passenger pigeons have gone. There were plenty of rabbits, and a few squirrels, but they were shy. I wish there could be a law to prohibit the use of a shotgun on rabbits and squirrels. I would not call myself a sportsman if I had to pepper my game before I killed it. I use a .22 calibre rifle for all game except quail, grouse, woodcock and such birds. I was out one morning in November and got 2 woodcocks and 2 gray squirrels. On the afternoon of the same day I got 7 fox squirrels in 3 hours. All were killed with a .22 calibre single shot rifle and long rifle cartridges.

G. W. J., Cleveland, O.

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I had a good time on my hunting trip up North, getting, among other quarry, a buck of over 200 pounds, with a magnificent head. One of our party got a bear. I do not like to give you the names of some hunters of my acquaintance; but their mode of hunting appears to me objectionable in a sportsman's light. I mean, that a party of 8 or more habitually string themselves out in line and hunt; practically in view of one another, beating every rod of country, and with their .30 smokeless the poor deer don't get much show. In this way they always get numbers of deer. It is surely regular pot-hunting. I hope we may soon get a law in this State making 2 the number of deer allowed each hunter. It is sickening to see the does and fawns on the cars. It has been more than usually exciting up here this season; 9 hunters, to my knowledge, having been shot dead, and a great many wounded. I must say, this low trajectory weapon is dangerous to a degree in a wooded country and it certainly appears to me that much venison is utterly spoiled by its use.

Percy Selous, Greenville, Mich.

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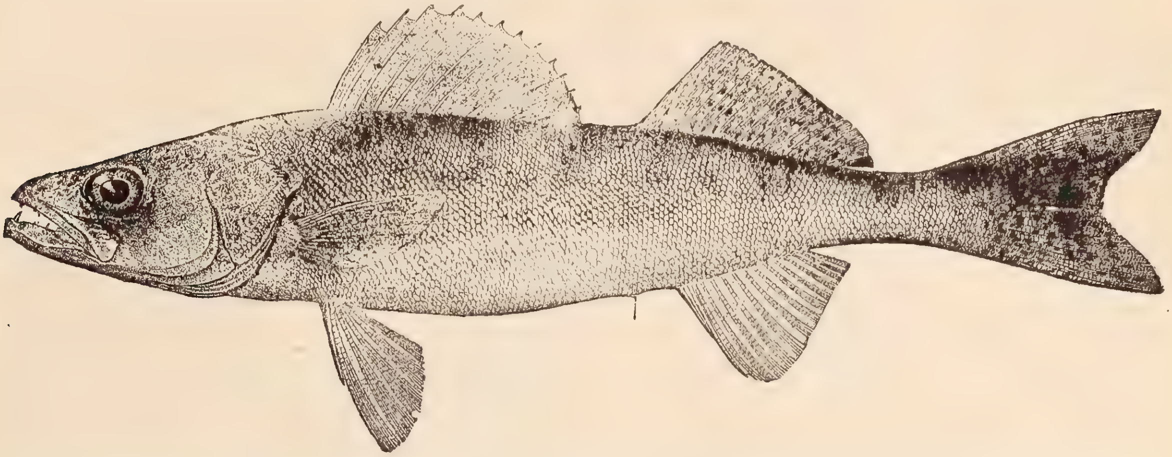
We are prohibited by law from shooting woodcock until every bird bred in this State has gone South, leaving us only the flight birds. We cannot shoot robins, larks and other song birds at all, but must let them go South, there to be killed by thousands. I hope that through the L. A. S. we may secure more uniform laws. That would bring about a more equal distribution of game and song birds. Yet even with the assistance of such an organization we can never have abundance of game until all our States pass bounty laws on noxious animals. Here in the Cape Cod woods is abundant food for 1,000 ruffed grouse to the square mile, yet not 50 are bred here. So with every other kind of game. So it will be until legislators acquire sense.

L. Allen, North Falmouth, Mass.

# FISH AND FISHING.

## HOW TO IDENTIFY PIKE AND MUSKALONGE.

Editor RECREATION: In a recent issue of your magazine I saw an article on muskalonge fishing, in which the writer mentions the Latin names of muskalonge and pickerel, the first as *Esox nobilor* and the second as *Stizostedium vitreum* (as nearly as I can remember). I have looked the names up in various dictionaries, but can find no satisfactory definitions. Will you kindly describe these 2 fishes and give me their proper names?



WALLEYED PIKE, YELLOW PIKE, PIKE PERCH, OR DORÉ. *STIZOSTEDION VITREUM* (Mitchill).

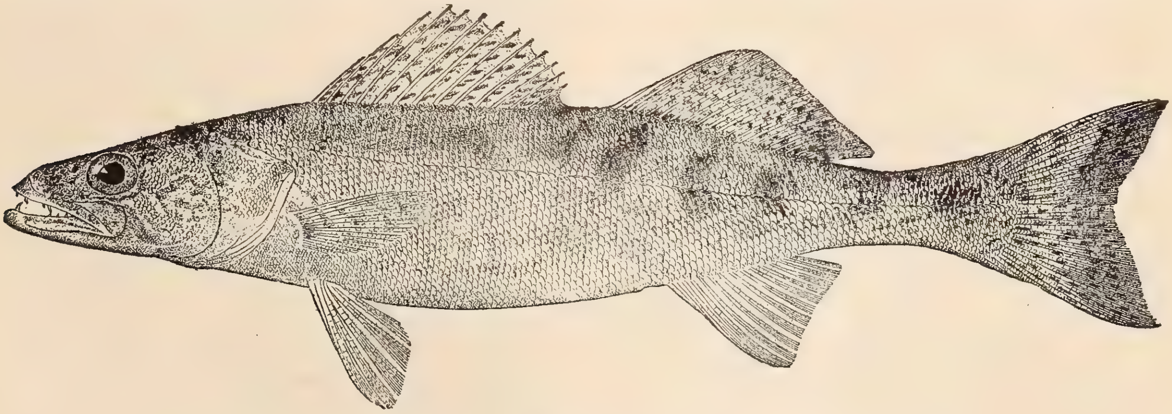
In your last issue a correspondent from Merrill, Wis., says, " Encouraged by this success I continued, and took that afternoon 2 bass, 2 pike, and 2 wall-eyes or doré."

We catch great numbers of wall-eyed pike here, but I can find nothing in any of my books in reference to wall-eyed pike being called doré. Please describe this fish (doré) and let me know if that is the proper name for wall-eyed pike. I enjoy RECREATION immensely.

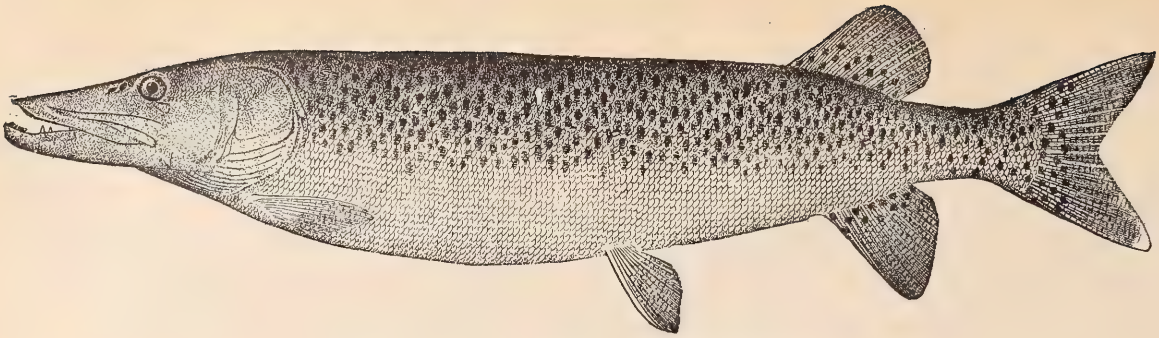
John E. Lord, Brainerd, Minn.

The wall-eyed pike is known by various names in different parts of its range, which extends from the Great Lakes and Assiniboia South to Alabama and Georgia, and from Vermont West to Montana, in all the larger streams and lakes. In the Great Lakes region it is variously known as wall-eyed pike, yellow pike, blue pike, or simply as pike; also as glass-eye, white-eye, and doré or dory, by the French Canadians. In the lakes of Northern Indiana it is erroneously called salmon or jack salmon, while South of the Ohio it is known as jack. It is propagated in large numbers by the United States Fish Commission at the Put-in-Bay Station and is known in the Fish Commission reports as pike perch.

Its nearest relative is the sauger or sand pike, which has essentially the same geographic distribution as has the wall-eyed pike, but is a smaller fish of much less commercial importance. The accompanying illustrations show the external differences between the wall-eyed pike and the sauger. The most important and reliable character distinguishing the 2 species, however, is not shown. This is the character of the pyloric cæca or worm-like appendages to the posterior end of the stomach. In the wall-eyed pike these are 3 in number, all of about equal length, while in the sauger there are 5 to 7



SAUGER OR SAND PIKE. *STIZOSTEDION CANADENSE* (Smith).



MUSCALONGE. *LUCIUS MASQUINONGY.*

and of unequal length. This is a character which can be relied on.

In this connection attention may be called to an unfortunate error in labelling the illustrations of these 2 species on plate 169 of Section 1 of the Fisheries and Fishery Industries of the United States. The names should be reversed, the lower figure being the wall-eyed pike and the upper one the sauger. This error has been repeated in several subsequent publications.

The wall-eyed pike attains a length of about 3 feet and a weight of 10 to 20 pounds. It is one of the most important food fishes of the Great Lakes and is in many places a game fish of much importance. This is particularly true in Lake Champlain. In Lake Maxinkuckee and other lakes of Northern Indiana it is much sought as a game fish.

The muskalonge (*Lucius masquinongy*) is, of course, a very different sort of fish, as may be seen from the accompanying illustrations. For the characters distinguishing the muskalonge from other species see RECREATION for September, 1898.

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## THE FIRST BASS OF THE SEASON.

Pataguonsett is as pretty a little lake as any in Connecticut. As my boat shot out from the Island at an early hour on the morning of July 4th, I drew in my oars and feasted my eyes on the beauty of the scene. The deeply wooded hills to the Westward lay robed in a wreath of gray mist down to the water. Away to the right the bald, rocky cliffs cut a clear outline against the morning sky. Eastward, the scurrying clouds warned me that if I would kill my bass I must start in earnest, before the sun broke through the fleecy vapor.

We have many big-bass here, but few and far between are the captures, so the choice of bait was a problem. I decided on my English minnow—Livesey's, or, more properly, Robinson's, celebrated "Swivel tail"—an artificial used by me with more success than any other bait. With a long, fine, leader attached, I let out my minnow and rowed carefully off. Over the first good spot and no strike. I let out more line, until 65 yards separated rod and bait.

Suddenly the rod tip went down, the reel screamed. A good strike, but no bass. However, it proved to be a big white perch, full of fight and shining like silver as he came alongside the boat. Quickly the net went under him and in he came, every fin bristling.

Once more the line went out, and soon his fellow lay in the boat beside him.

Don't despise the white perch. If you care for honest sport, with an even chance for the fish, take your light fly rod, cast a fly over him in the early morning, and see if he does not prove a foeman worthy of your steel.

Still I had not found my bass and I felt determined to measure skill with one that morning. Around the lake, close to the rocky ledges, along the wooded shores where the water shoaled, I tried, expecting to find Mr. Thymallus in quest of "shiners" for breakfast; but in vain.

Coming once more to the Island, I headed my boat for the opposite high bank. I rowed 100 yards, and with my eyes on the upped edge of the sun's disk just peeping over the trees, saw, more by intuition than by actual vision, the rod tip dive from a semi-vertical to a horizontal position. Simultaneously, 70 yards behind the boat, a gleaming body of burnished golden green shot into the air 2 feet clear, glittering in the first beam of sunlight. To unship oars, seize rod and reel handle was quick as thought. Long ere the rings around his leap had merged in the surrounding ripples I had my line taut and was ready for the fray. Another magnificent leap, and a headlong rush toward the boat kept me busy with the reel. On he came, until about 40 feet from me. Then another spring, a turn, and a mad dash at express speed away, until he had over 70 yards reeled off. Then he slacked up, collected his wits, and made for the bottom of the lake. I held him steady, not too savagely, as yet; for in the first round of the fight it is not well to put on all the strength of rod and leader. The strain told on him, and, inch by inch, I regained him until he once more threw himself out from the water, scattering spray that glittered like diamonds as it fell.

Thus the fight went on, at long range, for I like best to have the battle fought out well away from the boat, so that when he comes alongside he will be too much exhausted to make a hard struggle to get underneath it.

After 15 minutes of give and take, fighting every inch of line, I got him near enough to slip the net deftly behind him—he was almost too big to go into it—and gently brought him into the boat. The first of the season and a beauty. An honest 5 pounder, and the pluckiest bass I ever landed. He was fought to a standstill and had scarcely a quiver left as he lay in the bottom of the boat.

As I watched his iridescent form glitter in the sunbeams, I thought it was almost a shame to kill so plucky a fighter. Rowing quietly homeward, I reflected that I had made a good commencement for Independence Day.

J. J. Dodds.

### A GREAT DISCOVERY.

In April Recreation, under the heading "Another Device for Fish Hogs," is an article in relation to a fish catching apparatus operated by an electric battery. The inventor of that device is deserving of great credit for placing within the reach of all true sportsmen an easy method of killing off the finny tribe. The contrivance is perhaps a missionary scheme in disguise. We know that many otherwise good sportsmen use peculiar language when they fail to plant the hook in the front end of a fish immediately on receipt of a bite; therefore, the invention of brother Ogden may win for him a crown of glory.

Without aspiring to great honor in the piscatorial world I must, in spite of my great modesty, claim the discovery of a compound that will entirely revolutionize the art of fishing. This wonderful preparation, when rubbed on a fish line with a brush made from the bristles of a 2 year old hog (clipped in June), will attract the fish for miles around, and the instant they touch the line they are held firmly and cannot escape. It has the same power over fish that a magnet has over iron dust, only the attraction in the case of my compound is much greater. To make a thorough test of its properties I took a small portion to the river last Saturday. After smearing about 25 feet of trot line I threw the smeared part in the water and tied the other end to a stout sapling near by. In a few seconds there was a terrible commotion in the water, and I could see immense numbers of bass, pike, muskalonge, trout, red herring, flounders, sardines and rainbow codfish almost breaking their necks to get to the smeared line. The fish kept coming in shoals, until the water was a mass of fish and foam, and the spray that was raised wet me through and through. I tried to pull the line out of the water but could not budge it. I ran to the nearest farm house and told the farmer I wanted the use of his team to pull my fish line out of the water. He laughed and told me to take a crowbar and pry it loose. It took me 10 minutes to explain to the old fool that I had about 2,000 fish on my line, but at last he harnessed up and came with me. At the stream we hitched the team to the end of my line. The horses pulled desperately and succeeded in getting 10 feet of line out of the water. It was covered with all kinds and sizes of fish. After the horses rested, we got the remainder of the line out and began removing the fish. We piled the fish in a heap and counted 987 red bass, 850 white bass, 246 blue bass, and a quantity of Spanish mackerel.

Besides this fine catch on the line, we picked up, high and dry on the shore, gasping for breath, over 350 assorted bass, 76 salmon, 25 phantom minnows and the big fish that got away, huddled around the little can of compound where I dropped it before starting for the team. I expect to rid the stream of all fish within a few days. This will be good news to anglers in this vicinity, as it will save them much money in railroad fare and bait. I am positive my compound is the best thing yet invented for taking fish in large numbers.

Thomas P. Bresnan, Oil City, Pa.

### THE FIFIELD LAKES.

Bass fishing has been unusually good in the group of lakes 15 miles West of Fifield on the edge of Price county, Wis. The bass are the large mouthed variety, are strong and weigh, usually, from 2 to 4 pounds. Several of the lakes have outlets into the North fork of the Flambeau river, yet the bass in that stream are all the small mouthed kind and are desperate fighters. Three and a half and 4 pounders are quite common and occasionally one weighing 5 pounds is found. Many wall-eyed pike are caught in the river.

The muskalonge in both the lakes and the river bit fairly well last summer, but not more than one in 6 hooked was got into the boat. Most amateur fishermen seem too anxious to get in a big fish when he is hooked and their tackle will not stand the strain which they put on it. They are also slow to learn that to give a heavy muskalonge even a little slack is to lose him. I lost the first 3 I hooked because I thought I could keep a tight line on them by the reel alone. I found I must keep a strain on my rod all the time and an extra strain when the fish went out of the water and tried to shake out the hook. Since then I have lost but one out of some 18 hooked. August 12th I captured one measuring 45½ inches in length, 20 inches in girth and weighing 29 pounds. An hour later I took a 19 pounder.

I was glad to note a disposition among the guests this summer to either cease bass fishing when a fair catch had been taken or else to return the fish to the water. There was now and then a mild specimen of the fish hog, not always of the masculine sex, but on the whole there was a noticeable improvement this year over last. Some of the most reasonable as well as successful anglers were women. This change of sentiment is entirely due to the wholesome teachings of RECREATION.

The landlord of the only hotel (and only house for many miles) in this district is Mr. Hugh Boyd. He is "guide, philosopher and friend" to all his guests. He has a good stock of boats and employs competent guides. His house stands under the hemlocks and 50 feet above one of the loveliest little lakes in the world. Even for those who do not care to fish it is an ideal resting place. The hotel is called the Mason Lake Park Resort, and the proprietors are Boyd & Macartney, Fifield, Wis. The station is on the Wisconsin Central road, 370 miles North of Chicago.

E. N. L., Chicago, Ill.

### FISHING FOR PIKE.

Rutland, Vt.

Editor RECREATION: In May RECREATION Mr. Yeltrah asks how pike are caught and on what bait. Pike, like other fish, vary in their habits and tastes in different waters. In Lake Champlain we fish over a reef of rocks in water 60 to 100 feet deep. We use a rod about 4 feet long and strong enough to stand the strain, a line of good size, a copper wire leader 12 or 15 inches long, a strong, low painted hook and a sinker heavy enough to withstand the current in which we fish. We put the sinker between line and leader, with a strong swivel at each end.

For bait we use minnows, 3 to 4½ inches long. Chubs are preferred as they live longer. Hook the minnow, so it will balance nicely. This will allow it to swim and wiggle. If pike are biting at all you will soon get a strike with bait so fixed. Pike in deep water are heavy strikers and the angler must imitate them to hook his fish.

We also troll in more shallow water. This is done later in the season when pike are not running on the reefs. For this kind of fishing use minnow hooked through mouth and back. Use wire leaders or snell, with gang hooks of good size. No sinker at hook, but 50 feet back use one of weight to correspond with depth of water. It should be hung from a T swivel, with 3 or 4 feet of line on sinker. Keep boat moving fast enough to prevent sinker and gang from dragging on bottom. Use 100 to 150 feet of line.

In trolling do not yank as in still fishing, but keep the fish coming when once started. A landing net is a good thing if used at the right time, but must be used quickly. If your fish strikes the boat you will lose him.

P. A. T.

### RECORD BLACK SEA BASS.

All fishing records have been broken at Avalon, Catalina island. On July 21st, Mr. Frank V. Rider, of Pasadena, landed, with rod and reel, on a 21 thread line, a monster black sea bass, or Jew fish, weighing 324 pounds. It was 6 feet 2 inches in length, and 4 feet 9 inches girth. Time of catch, 55 minutes. This fish made a terrific fight before it was brought to gaff, towing the boat a mile. Mr. Rider caught another a few minutes later, weighing 170 pounds. Dr. Macomber, also of Pasadena, caught 2 fish of the same kind; one weighing 150, the other 140 pounds. These fish were taken on light rods and 21 thread cuttyhunk line.

On July 23d Mr. W. R. Bentley, of Seattle, took the second largest sea bass ever caught on rod and reel with regulation 21 thread line. His fish weighed 252 pounds. It fought 2 hours before being brought to gaff.

Mr. H. S. King, of San Francisco, captured a tuna weighing 75 pounds. Time of catch 50 minutes. A 40 pound yellow-tail was also brought in.

B. C. Hinman, Avalon, Catalina Island.

### CARRITUNK NOTES.

On May 30th I met A. P. Williams, of San Francisco, Cal., A. H. Tolman, C. E. Furber, and Dr. Knowlton, of Fairfield, Me., at Bingham, Me., on their way to Rome ponds for a week's fishing. In 4 days they caught 163 trout and one salmon. The largest trout taken weighed 1½ pounds. Owing to unfavorable weather the fishing was not good.

L. W. Jackman, owner of the Rome Ponds camp, had as guests, on our arrival, Colonel A. G. Blunt, Forrest Goodwin, Joseph Oak, W. H. Childs, L. J. Addison, Charles F. Ward, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Grout, E. P. Miller, E. M. Buck, S. M. Williams, C. J. Nash, Rev. J. A. Jones, Rev. T. P. Williams, and H. M. Andrews.

They all had fair success fishing. S. M. Williams and guide saw a large bull moose in Beau pond, only half a mile from the camps.

Several landlocked salmon were taken while we were there.

Ray Varney, George Nash, Ed. Heald, Wesley Grover, and their guide, G. W. Spaulding, returned from Moxie pond with 176 trout taken in 3 days. The largest weighed 2½ pounds.

George C. Jones, Registered guide,
Carritunk, Me.

### WHOLESALE FISH POISONING.

Every person interested in the preservation of fish and game must applaud your method of dealing with the game hog. About 2 months ago Mr. McArters, a deputy game warden of this county, secured 21 convictions out of 40 arrests for illegal fishing in Mahoning creek. He secured fines amounting to $531.50. People from Salem, camping on the creek, were caught shooting, seining, and dynamiting fish. About 800 pounds of fish were taken by these unlawful methods.

Recently, when the Ohio river was at a

low stage, the tin mills about Pittsburgh flushed the acids from their pickling tanks into the river, and killed every fish for 100 miles below them. There were millions of dead fish floating on the water. One could walk the shore line from Pittsburgh to Wheeling, and step on dead fish the entire way. The stench was simply awful. Our warden wrote to the chief warden about it, but got no reply. He then wrote to the commissioners, and they referred him back to the chief.

Hamlin Barnes, Wellsville, O.

On the afternoon of May 28th I went to Greens Farms, Ct., 2 hours' ride from New York on the New Haven railroad. I arrived there too late to fish that day.

My cottage is within 100 feet of the Sound and between 2 points which are covered at high tide.

Huge bowlders hung with seaweed form one of these points, and off it is an ideal place for striped bass and blackfish.

The other point is nothing more than a sand flat, covered with eel grass and seaweed. It is a great place for clams and large quantities are dug there.

I have always found the fishing better on the flood than on the ebb tide; but having only one day to fish I decided to try my luck on both.

Early Monday morning, armed with a 10 foot 11 ounce split bamboo rod, a 12 thread cuttyhunk line and a Vom Hofe multiplying reel, I tried the fish.

I soon landed a one pound blackfish. It had a white nose and belly, while its sides were of a steel color. The farmers call them "tide runners," or "white noses." They are not so common as the rock blackfish, but are more gamy. The latter are of a yellowish color and smaller in size.

I had fair luck and in a short time caught 11 good fish.

In the afternoon I caught 8 more. Among them were 2 flatfish weighing one and 1½ pounds respectively. They are not gamy, but are better eating than blackfish.

J. L. Phipps, N. Y. City.

### A FISH HOG PICTURE.

The Chicago Times-Herald of a recent date published one of the most revolting fish hog pictures I have seen in many a day. It shows a string of 27 fish, and a man standing behind them, in the usual pose of the fish hog. Under the picture is printed a statement to the effect that the man shown in the picture is Julius B. Fox, of Chicago, who on a recent Sunday had caught at Delavan Lake, Wis., 28 pike, weighing 2 to 4 pounds each, and that the aggregate string weighed 100 pounds. It is further stated the cut for the Times-Herald was made from a photograph.

If the daily papers would only learn to denounce all such cases of hoggishness, instead of parading them as wonderful records, and as worthy of emulation, they would aid materially in educating the public to a proper respect for decency.

The picture referred to was clipped from the Times-Herald by a subscriber in Springfield, Ill., who writes: "I send you to-day a picture of a great fish hog. Please help us kill him off; or, at least, make him ashamed of himself."

It is hoped Mr. Fox will now feel he is publicly disgraced by having his picture and his "record" published in the Times-Herald, and that hereafter when he feels inclined to gratify his natural proclivities he will at least be modest enough to conceal the fact from the public.

### NOTES.

The Wapsie and Buffalo rivers, North of here, afford fair fishing, though spears, seines and dynamite have played havoc with the fish in the last few years. Still I manage once a week to bring in a good catch, usually 12 to 18 fish, weighing one to 4½ pounds each. In the rivers mentioned are black bass, wall-eyed pike, a few crappies and German carp, and occasionally a catfish. If Mr. E. A. Adams will try our bait for carp he will probably capture a few. We use kernels of canned corn, strung on a No. 22 or 23 Cincinnati bass hook. Not a sportsmanlike bait, but it's good for carp and is the only bait I know of that they will take at almost any time of day. Has any bass fisherman ever tried a 3 or 3½ inch "bull-head?" They live all day on the hook and are always lively. I caught with one a bass weighing 4¾ pounds.

J. E. King, M.D., Anamosa, Iowa.

I notice in August RECREATION an inquiry about bait for carp. We catch dozens of those fish in our little river with hook and line and a piece of boiled potato for bait. Angle worms and fresh water clams are also used. It is not uncommon to take carp weighing 15 pounds. They are considered a nuisance by us. There is certainly a decrease in the number of other fishes since carp were planted in the river.

Old Cap, Columbus, Wis.

"Bird Neighbors" is one of the best books on Ornithology published since the days of Audubon. $2 gets a copy of that book and a yearly subscription to RECREATION. How can anybody afford to be without that book, when it can be had at ½ the publisher's price?

What else can you give a man for a Holiday present that will give him so much pleasure, at so small a cost, as a yearly subscription to RECREATION?

# GUNS AND AMMUNITION.

## THE RIFLE QUESTION.

ANGUS BALLARD.

As an admirer of the rifle as a hunting arm and an implement of clean, healthful sport, I have been pleased to note the promise of greater interest in rifle practice among readers of RECREATION. Questions have been asked as to what rifle a beginner should buy. This is a hard question to answer point blank, but it is possible to give some general information which will start the novice on the right track. With the almost endless variety of models, ammunition, and small paraphernalia necessary in a rifle outfit, it is not strange that anyone should be puzzled in selecting a gun to meet his "all-around" wants.

Too few, even among those who have used rifles for years, know what is and what is not possible with a given rifle and ammunition.

Rifles, from their system of construction and relative degree of accuracy in shooting, are divided primarily into 2 classes—hunting arms and target rifles. The same may be said of ammunition, a fact too often overlooked, and yet one which has an important bearing on the performance of a rifle in any service.

By "hunting arm" I mean a rifle sufficiently accurate and powerful for game killing, of a design calculated to withstand the hard treatment incident to field or camp use, and light enough for convenient packing and easy carrying on an all day's tramp.

By "target rifle" I mean an arm specially designed to show the possibilities of rifle shooting, one in which every refinement of construction tending to extreme accuracy is incorporated, and in which any feature which can impair accuracy is, so far as possible, avoided.

The 2 types, each carried to its highest development, result in arms varying widely from each other. I do not mean that a hunting rifle may not consistently be used for shooting at a mark, or that a target rifle is unfit to kill game with, but rather that one must not expect of one type of arm, work for which another is pre-eminently adapted.

As a rifle cannot be considered apart from the matter of ammunition, it is important that one should understand the qualities and capabilities of the various cartridges on the market or which may be made up to suit the convenience of the shooter. Owing to the recent introduction of smokeless powder, the whole matter of ammunition for rifles is evidently in a state of evolution, the end of which no one can forecast. Rifle construction has come nearer to perfection than has ammunition making, and future improvements in rifle performance will come more from better designed and properly prepared ammunition than from any improvement in guns.

There seems to be a demand for an all-around hunting rifle, one which, without either excessive cost, danger, or inconvenience, can be used for everything from squirrels to deer, or even for bear and moose.

Five years ago such an arm could not be found, but, thanks to smokeless powders, metal jacketed bullets, and the use of specially made steel for barrels and actions, such rifles are to-day obtainable.

The rifle which, to my mind, most nearly fills this difficult and broad specification is the Marlin .30-30, 1893 model, or .32-40, 1895 model, as now made of "special smokeless" steel.

By the use of properly reloaded cartridges, one has in either of these arms an outfit suitable for any class of American game.

My choice of these 2 rifles would be the .32-40, with 165 grain lead and tin alloy bullet, using 40 grains black powder or its equivalent in strength of smokeless powder. This cartridge is one of extreme accuracy when properly loaded and can be had at any gun store. It is amply large for any game up to and including deer. By reloading this shell with about 20 grains of black powder and a 115 grain bullet, a cheap and accurate cartridge for shooting small game is obtained. This load does well up to 100 or 125 yards. For ranges beyond that the regular .32-40 load should be used. For large and dangerous game I recommend the .32-40, with soft nose metal jacketed bullet and full charge of high power smokeless powder, as now furnished by the Marlin Co. I do not advise attempts to reload these high power cartridges or even to make them up from new shells and bullets, though the shells may be reloaded with light charges.

The Marlin .30-30 cartridges can be reloaded on about the same lines as the .32-40. The factory cartridge for large game carries 33 grains of Dupont's No. 2 smokeless powder and a 170 grain metal jacketed, soft nose bullet. This shell, reloaded with 15 grains of black powder and a 75 grain bullet, makes a good cartridge for squirrels or woodchucks at short range. Reloaded with 30 or 32 grains of black powder (or equivalent in smokeless) and 150 grain lead and tin alloy bullet (10 to 1) it is excellent for long range woodchuck shooting and for the more easily killed larger animals.

For deer shooting the .30-30 smokeless with 170 grain soft nose bullet is by many regarded as too powerful. For this use either the full metal jacket, 160 grain bullet should be used, or (assuming the rifle to be of the "take down" pattern) a barrel for the .25-36-117 cartridge with soft nose bullet be substituted.

In reloading these shells with full charges of black powder and lead bullets care must be used not to make the charge so excessive as to lead the barrel. The rifling of barrels made for smokeless cartridges is of a sharp twist, but with the metal jacketed bullets leading is avoided. Careful experiment alone will determine the limits of practice in this, but I believe the figures above given are safe. Care must be taken also, in reloading shells with small charges of powder, to crimp sufficiently to keep the bullets from working back into the shell.

For convenience in making these various sized bullets nothing is superior to the Perfection mould made by the Ideal Mfg. Co. Their tools or those of the Winchester Co. will be satisfactory if used according to directions. Do not try to squeeze more powder into a shell than it will hold without crowding. If it is desired to use a hunting rifle (repeater) for target work, get a special loading tool without crimping shoulder, simply seating the bullets "friction tight," and use the gun as a single loader. This will materially increase the accuracy of a repeater for target work.

Never use high power smokeless cartridges in rifles not made of special steel to withstand the severe strain of such powder.

As to style of repeating rifle, the "take down," pistol grip, with half or short magazine, half octagon barrel, and shot gun butt with rubber butt plate and fitted with Lyman sights, is the handiest and best in every way. Barrel not over 24 inches long, preferably I should say not over 20, and magazine carrying not more than 3 cartridges. Weight not over 6½ pounds. Of the various well-known makes I prefer the Marlin, on account of its simplicity, ease of repair anywhere, and its solid top, side ejecting receiver. In the matter of accurate shooting, a choice is not so easy among the strictly hunting rifles. Any of them with proper care and ammunition will shoot as well as any hunter will give them a chance to do in ordinary service. As a rule, when game is missed, it is the fault of something else than the rifle.

In the matter of accuracy as compared with target rifles, few, if any, hunting rifles can be depended on, either with factory ammunition or reloaded crimped shells, to keep 10 successive shots in less than an 8-inch ring, at 200 yards. Few will do as well, and any rifle that will come up to this, using cartridges heavy enough for big game, should be valued as a prize by the lucky owner.

Yet the .32-40 cartridge with 185 grain bullet, fired from a rifle in which everything is sacrificed to the one item of accuracy, will keep 10 successive shots within a 4-inch ring easily. But the rifle with which such close shooting can be regularly done is not at all suited for a hunting arm either in shape, weight, or ability to withstand rough usage. If from a mechanical standpoint it were possible to fit a hunting rifle with the accessories which enable the target rifle to demonstrate the possibilities of rifle shooting, it would be useless or even a source of danger under the conditions incident to hunting.

Among hunting arms the .22 calibre rifles using rim fire cartridges form a class by themselves, and for certain work are particularly valuable weapons. They have been too little appreciated, but of late they are coming to the front as practicable firearms.

Having procured a rifle, test it until you know exactly what may be expected of it, and when in the field or woods use it with discretion and care. Don't shoot at every living thing you see. Shoot only at game, and quit when you get enough.

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## AN OLD HUNTER'S OPINION OF THE .30.

Bear Valley, Idaho.

Editor RECREATION: Replying to M. P. Dunham, in June RECREATION, regarding heart shots; I never but once knew an animal thus hit to drop on the spot. I shot one big mule deer buck with a .50 calibre Winchester express. The bullet entered the point of his shoulder, and ranged back through his heart. Both shoulder and heart were literally hashed. He sank in his tracks without a jump. The wound much resembled that now made by my .30-30 smokeless.

Last summer I shot a sage hen with my .22 target pistol. It flew over half a mile, then dropped on a bald, rocky knoll, where I found it. On dressing it I found the bullet had passed clear through the bird, and torn the upper half of its heart to atoms.

I remember once shooting at a flock of prairie chicken, on the wing. They passed on apparently unharmed, but half a mile away one dropped on the snow. I followed, and found it. I also found one No. 4 shot had penetrated its heart.

Shots in the neck at close range, or in the shoulders at any range, are the ones that get the meat without a chase. I never would trust a heart shot to knock an animal down on the spot; though it may be awfully killing with the dudes among the sweet, dimpled, little dears in New York.

I think Mr. Hambledon, of Pueblo, Col., needs "fixin'." It's plain he never used a .30 on game. If the buffalo hunters had been armed with the .30-30, or .30-40, smokeless rifles, buffaloes would have been extinct on the ranges 10 or 15 years sooner ; and you, Mr. Shields, never would have had an opportunity to use your old .40-90 Sharp, and secure the noble head that now adorns your office. I have yet to see the hunter or trapper who has used a .30 calibre smokeless rifle, and condemned it. They always want to sell their old rifle, and get one of the .30's.

I use only the full jacket bullets. A .30-30 full jacket bullet has 4 times the killing power of a .50 calibre lead bullet with black powder. I use my guns on big game, and will pay my little $28 for a .30-30 Winchester, take-down rifle, rather than accept any black-powder, lead-bullet rifle as a gift. I have tried all of them, from .22 to .58 calibre.

Another good point in the smokeless guns and ammunition is their light weight, and freedom from excessive recoil and noise.

Mr. Hambledon, bring on your grizzlies. I'll use a .30, and promise to get them all without going up a tree; and I admit I did go up a tree when I used a black powder gun. Mack W. Miner.

## SOME GOOD THINGS.

Ouray, Col.

Editor Recreation: No one who appreciates his gun can afford to be without the Ideal Handbook. I should probably have stumbled along for years before gaining all the tricks of the trade if I had not had one.

Their No. 3 tool is a beauty and truly the rifle crank's very own. I was skeptical as to its worth but since using it would not be without it. Before using it I lost 20 out of 60 shells from splitting and blowing off the muzzles in firing 300 shots. Since using the No. 3 tool I have not lost a shell from the above causes and I have fired some of my shells fully 40 times.

I also find greater accuracy by using size, for it insures the bullet's entering the rifle straight. On account of the difference in the temper of shells I find it necessary to size some shells farther back than others.

I use U. M. C. shells and think them superior to any other make. I use a Marlin '93 model, .30-30, half magazine. For full charge I use Dupont's.30 calibre powder and the 170 grain soft nose bullet. I have also used 27 grains Dupont's .30 calibre and the 150 grain No. 3086 bullet 1-10. It gives a little flatter curve than the above and by casting split point is very destructive as well as accurate and clean. No leading and no pumping.

For low pressure loads I use 13½ grains Dupont's No. 1 smokeless and the No. 3086 150 grain bullet 1-10 split point. This is a very accurate load and good for deer up to 300 yards.

For short range I use 10 grains Dupont's No. 1 and the 100 grain No. 3086 bullet 1-10. This is an accurate load up to 200 yards, little noise, no smoke, no recoil, clean and inexpensive for practice work and small game. I have placed 10 consecutive shots in an inch square at 50 yards many times. I use no wadding in any of the above loads, simply placing the powder loose in the shell. One beauty about all the above loads is the fact that the sights remain the same for their respective distances, making them especially valuable loads in hunting.

I have experimented some in priming with black powder and have gotten very good results, but I find it tedious loading. With No. 2 U. P. measure it would certainly be much easier.

I work all my cartridges through my magazine without crimping, and have never had one recede into the shell.

I have used several different bullets, and find the No. 3086 best suited to my purposes. Of course this bullet will not work through the Winchester magazine if seated full depth.

I have tried many powders, black, smokeless and semi smokeless, but Dupont's leads them all. J. M. Henderson.

## SMALL BORE LOADS.

New Haven, Conn.

Editor Recreation: Being a small bore rifle crank I take great interest in the letters on the subject in Recreation. For a number of years I used a Marlin .22 rim fire repeater, with long rifle cartridges. This was accurate in calm weather up to 200 yards and sufficiently powerful to kill game up to and including deer; provided they were hit in a vital part. On one occasion I killed a full grown hog over 200 yards away. I found, however, this cartridge was not to be depended on in squally or windy weather, and that a great deal of game managed to get away even when badly hit by it. This was particularly the case with woodchucks.

I next used a Winchester single shot .22 c. f. This was accurate and a good killer, especially when loaded with smokeless powder. Yet the ball would drift in a wind, and woodchucks still managed to get down their holes unless shot through heart or brain.

Last year I had my Winchester rebored by Stevens, to the .25-25 c. f., and I now think I have the perfection of small bore rifles. For ranges up to 100 yards I use 15 grains (black powder measure) King's semi smokeless F. F. G. and a 67 grain ball. For longer range or windy weather I use 24 grains powder and an 86 grain ball. Either of these loads is extremely accurate, and 9 times out of 10 will kill woodchucks stone dead. In several instances, however, I have hit these tough little fellows with the 86 grain ball and had them run 30 or 40 yards. On one occasion a woodchuck I had hit in the head ran 50 feet and crawled over a stone wall before dying. I found on examination the bullet had entered the cheek and passing upward had torn off the whole top of the skull, leaving the brain exposed and one eye hanging out of the socket. Another one was hit in the belly and, although I found several feet of his intestines outside the hole, he managed to escape.

Partly out of humanity and partly to lose fewer woodchucks I tried mushroom and explosive bullets. I find the latter particularly good. For these I use the 75 grain hollow pointed ball, and fill cavity with explosive composed of one part sulphur flour and 2 parts chlorate of potash. A chuck hit with this bullet will never get away.

A. H. Verrill.

### THEY LIKE THE .30-40.

RECREATION'S department of Guns and Ammunition appealed forcibly to us when, in the summer of '97, we were planning our first trip to Maine in quest of deer. After arguments innumerable and careful perusal of the many articles written on this subject we decided to use the .30-40 Winchester. On the 10th of November we started on our long anticipated trip to Maine, a jolly quartet, 2 of us from Wilkesbarre and the other 2 typical Pennsylvania Dutchmen.

Three of the 4 were green, never having pulled trigger on anything larger than a rabbit or woodchuck; but one, the "Mayor" of Wilkesbarre, was an experienced hunter, it being his 3d trip to Maine, besides a deer hunt in the Northwest. He was armed with a .44 Winchester and had a notion that our "bean-poppers" were only good for chucks and squirrels. He numbers among his trophies of former hunts, a moose, a caribou, and 6 deer heads, besides any number of fox skins and smaller animals; so his opinion carried not a little weight. He had ample opportunity to change his mind during our stay in Maine.

Our scene of action lay Northward of Moosehead lake, 40 miles from the railroad and 30 miles from Ox Bow plantation. So Camp Wilkesbarre, on beautiful Munsungun, was thoroughly isolated from civilization. Joined to this was the genial host and guide, old Commodore Keating, with his 3 stalwart sons, and you have a combination hard to beat.

On taking account of stock of the work of the 3 .30-40's we found we had 6 deer and one moose. Two of the deer were shot in the head, their skulls being literally pulverized, and they dropped dead in their tracks. Two were shot through the body, one through shoulder, and one through the neck. The latter ran about 500 yards and was found dead with every drop of blood pumped out of him. The .30-40 did everything claimed for it.

H. E. C., Wilkesbarre, Pa.

### A DOUBTING THOMAS.

Some of the notes in RECREATION lead me to believe that Mr. Munchausen was not much of a liar after all. An erring brother in California told us he killed 15 to 20 geese at a shot, at 150 yards. Another brother in Texas writes of killing jack rabbits at 97 yards, and of getting a killing pattern on a goose at 127 yards with No. 2 shot.

This reminds me of a man in Minnesota, who often told me "on honor," that with his old hammer Parker he could kill a chicken, every shot, at 165 yards. I offered him $100 for his old gun if he could even hit a chicken at 165 yards, once in 25 shots. He still owns the gun. When our friend C. H. Morrill wrote that story about 51 bass in 97 minutes, I knew at once it must be true: First, because I know Charlie quite well, and second, because he said their average was 5¾ pounds. A St. Paul fishing club has offered a prize to anyone bringing in a 6 pound bass.

John H. Vernon, Le Mars, Ia.

### A PLEA FOR THE SINGLE-SHOT RIFLE.

The magazine gun was a good enough arm in days when game was plentiful. Then men did not care how many wounded animals escaped from them to die a lingering death, being sure, in any case, of getting all the game they wanted. When using a gun with which he can fire a dozen shots in as many seconds, a man is apt to be reckless in stalking game. He shoots hurriedly and takes big chances, relying more on the cartridges in the magazine than on the one he is firing. Therefore he wounds more game than he kills and misses more than he hits. The black powder magazine gun was bad enough, and the smokeless powder arms, because of their long range, are worse. When an animal is over 300 yards away not more than one man in 100 can hit it where he wants to. So I think the single shot is the proper gun to use nowadays. With it fewer animals would be killed, and more secured. Its use would discourage careless shooting and prevent much useless slaughter. Albert Collins, Jackson's Hole, Wyo.

### SMALL SHOT.

The Stevens is one of the most accurate rifles made. It will do excellent shooting up to 200 yards. I have the Beach combination front sight and midrange Vernier peep sight on my Stevens rifle. This is an excellent combination. I have Lyman's patent ivory front sight and combination rear sight on my .38-40 Winchester Model '92 repeater. I prefer these to any other sights I have used. I also have an Ithaca hammerless, 16 gauge, 7½ pounds.

C. L. Andrus, Belvidere, Ill.

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We have organized a rifle club, and called it Recreation Rifle Club, in honor of your valuable magazine.

The officers elected are: President, T. J. Buchanan; vice-president, Herbert O. Bridge; secretary and treasurer, Amos Adams; game warden, Carl Edgington.

Thomas J. Buchanan, Huntington, Ind.

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I should like to know if the German or Belgian hare will increase if liberated in the woods, and if it will run to earth, like the common gray rabbit, if hunted with dogs. I should like to get some, and let them loose around here, if they will not run to earth. Should like to hear from some of your readers who have had experience in this kind of business. The gray rabbits hole so soon there is no chance of shooting them out, and I do not fancy that much.

La Drew Sherwood, Etna, N. Y.

What rifle would be best for all-around shooting in Arizona?

H. C. D., Denver, Col.

ANSWER.

For rabbits and coyotes, which are most abundant in Arizona, I would advise a .32-20 repeater.—EDITOR.

I saw a friend of mine shoot through a stove pipe at a distance of 200 yards using a Marlin Safety rifle and a .22 short cartridge, and the pipe was stuffed full of rags, too. The same rifle and ammunition have killed several beeves and they were dead when they struck the ground. These trials in my mind prove that the .22 short will give satisfactory results if used in a good rifle.

John Combe, Mahaska, Kans.

I believe the Remington is as good a gun as any ever placed on the market. I have used several Remington guns, and have also used other makes, but like none better than the Remington for a close, hard shooting gun, strong, durable, and accurate.

H. L. Hayes, Warrenton, Va.

I should like to hear from some reader who has used a .25-36 Marlin or .25-35 Winchester smokeless, in regard to killing power, etc. Also the loads giving best results.

W. E. Nourse, Salem, Mass.

## NATURAL HISTORY.

### A KINGFISHER'S FISHING.

My home is on the banks of the Mississippi river. I spend much time in fishing and canoeing, and during some of my trips have noticed quite a number of dead fish on the shallows, with a hole in the back of their heads and both eyes out. I have studied and watched for hours, trying to find out what killed them. I finally gave up in disgust, thinking it must be done in the night by some new kind of fish hog.

But one morning I found out, quite unexpectedly, what caused the mischief.

It is my habit during the fishing season to cross the river to a small lagoon that runs through the meadows, catch a few bass or pike and store them in a small pond I built for the purpose at the mouth of a little spring brook.

One morning I was standing in front of the house enjoying the fresh air. I had my shotgun with me, intending to practice on any stray birds of prey that might be after the chickens.

I had fallen into a sort of day dream, when I was tapped on the shoulder and informed that if I wanted a fish for breakfast I would better go to get one.

Arrived at the pond, I seated myself on a log, behind some bushes, to watch for a few minutes for muskrats.

While sitting there several kingfishers flew by, one pausing to light on a limb hanging over the dam, where my fish were confined. He sat turning his head first one side, then the other, apparently looking for something, as I soon found he was.

All at once he made a dash, striking the water like a stone, pausing there for an instant, then flying back with a noisy chatter, to his perch on the limb. There he sat shaking himself and giving forth his saucy chatter.

I watched him, wondering what he had done in the water; for he brought nothing out with him, and I knew there were no fish in the pond he could lift. Just then a fish jumped in the air and fell back with a loud splash and the water boiled as other fish rushed around, seemingly trying to get out. During this time the kingfisher sat contentedly watching the fun.

I looked toward the pond and there, gently turning toward the surface, was the white belly of one of my choice fish. My companion on the limb seemed just as interested as I. He kept his head turning from one side to the other, looking at the water, but never noticing me. Finally, the fish gave up his struggles and floated against the head of the dam.

The bird flew to the head of the dam, hopped to where the fish lay, took it by the fin and by little pulls and jerks towed it to one corner of the dam where the water was shallow. Then he deftly plucked out its eyes and started to fly away, but did not go far for I dropped him with a charge of shot. On examining the fish, I found a hole in the centre of its head made when the bird plunged at it in the water. Since then I go each morning to the river bank and practice on kingfishers.

### INSTINCT OR REASON.

In July RECREATION C. M. Dickson expresses his belief that " a dog can and does reason." That proposition has been proved so often as to be beyond doubt or argument. All who have owned dogs and watched them have noticed instances wherein dogs placed under unusual conditions have overcome difficulties which they for the first time encountered, and the solution of which lay entirely outside the domain of instinct.

Take the case of Bob, a black spaniel owned by I. N. MacBride, of Port Townsend, Wash. Bob, in eager pursuit of some doves on a wharf, one day, fell overboard. It was a cold day, the tide was out, and there was neither float nor slip accessible to the poor dog. He swam frantically about in the icy water, along the sea-wall, looking in vain for a place to land. His owner seized a rope and ran to the place where Bob, chilled to the bone and nearly exhausted, was feebly swimming.

"Hold on, Bobby! I'm coming!" he cried, and the animal turned and swam toward him. Mac threw one end of the rope to him, and the dog seized it with a death grip. Carefully towing Bob along Mac got him around a turn in the wharf to a slip. There he knelt on the edge and pulled Bob up until he could reach the dog's collar, and landed him on the wharf too exhausted to stand alone. A goodly dose of hot toddy and a vigorous rubbing with hot flannels soon brought Bob around.

Some fool dogs wouldn't have reasoned about the rope nor have arrived at the conclusion Bob did. Was it instinct? No! Reason? Yes! MacCurdy.

## YELLOW FOOTED MARMOT, *ARCTOMYS FLAVIVENTIS*.*

ALLAN BROOKS.

This marmot, to which the name of "rockchuck" is singularly appropriate, is common in suitable localities in the Okanagan district, and probably over the whole of Southern British Columbia, East of the Cascades.

I have seen it in the mountains as high as 6,000 feet, but never in the same localities as its big congener, the hoary marmot, *Arctomys caligatus*, commonly called whistler.

The rockchuck is most abundant in low, rocky foothills covered with bunch grass. Where agriculture encroaches on its haunts it does much damage, in some places taking the larger portion of the crop. Its note is a sharp, ringing chirp, or whistle; quite different from that of the Eastern woodchuck, or that of the hoary marmot.

Like the woodchuck it is subject to melanism, entirely black specimens being not uncommon. In the mountains, North of Vernon, they are said to be all black and of large size.

The rockchuck has many enemies; the most important being the golden eagle and the coyote. In the summer marmots form 9/10 of the food of the golden eagle.

Many Indians have told me that when an eagle catches an unusually large marmot it ascends with it to a considerable elevation and drops it to the rocks below; repeating the performance if the animal is not dead after the first fall. I have never seen this done, though I have many times seen an eagle drop on a luckless marmot from a great height, rushing downward with closed wings, almost perpendicularly.

Like all marmots the rockchuck has a long period of hibernation—longer, in fact, than either of the other 2 species I am acquainted with. It goes into winter quarters about the end of August and reappears early in March.

The young are ridiculously easy to catch, rushing into any crack or hole in the rocks, even if not big enough to cover them entirely. In such places I have stroked them with my hand and scratched their heads, without their showing any desire to bite.

## CARING FOR A DOG.

Carson City, Nev.

Editor RECREATION: I notice in RECREATION an article by W. H. Camp which all dog fanciers should read. Most people who own dogs know little of them or how they should be fed. They feed their dogs from tin vessels and give them enough at one time to last a week. This is wrong. Food spoils quickly in tin dishes, and certain foods become poisonous if allowed to remain in such vessels for any length of time.

I remember telling a friend to use bichloride of mercury, 1/1,000 strength, for a wash for mange, and the next day found him with the mixture in a tin. I feed my dogs table scraps, and never think of putting food in vessels and allowing it to stand. Dogs fed in that way are not healthy, have no appetite and frequently vomit after a hearty meal.

My favorite dog is a cross between Llewellyn setter and cocker spaniel. I feed him from my hand. If he becomes costive I give him the injection of which Mr. Camp speaks. Sometimes I use merely warm water and castile soap. I have often cured a sick dog by such simple treatment. One should watch the dog. Notice his hair whether it be dead looking or glossy. Notice the eyes, whether bright or bloodshot, with the lower lid drooping.

It is not a good idea to give a dog a violent cathartic, as it leaves him costive. Feed your dog regularly and give him plenty of exercise and fresh air. The following is an excellent remedy for worms:

| | |
|---|---|
| Iron sulphate....... | 2/3 grain. |
| Santonin .......... | 2/3 grain. |

Mix and do not pulverize the santonin.

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* See illustration on page 326.

This will be a dose for a large dog. Give it 3 times a day for 4 days, and you will find it effective.

### CHICKEN POULTICE FOR SNAKE BITE.

Boston, Mass.

Editor RECREATION: Reading the letter of A. M. Kenney, on "snake bites," I feel called on to give information on this subject which may prove a benefit to those living where it is impossible to obtain either a hypodermic syringe or permanganate of potash. As Mr. Kenney says, sucking a snake bite is dangerous. The following story will, I hope, keep some one from following that dangerous method. We have in Virginia a poisonous snake, which we call a "highland moccasin." This snake is rarely more than 3 to 5 feet in length. Its body is large for its length and its tail is short and blunt. In color it is a light brown, striped across with a dark brown streak. When it becomes old the stripe disappears, and its skin gets dingy and rusty. One of these snakes, about 4 feet long, was coiled in the cut fodder in the feed room of our stable, when a hired man went to feed the horses. The man attempted to fill a basket with cut hay. Feeling a sting, he pulled his hand back, dragging the snake with it, for the fangs stuck fast. He shook the snake off, bound a cord around his arm and ran to the house. Father met him, ran to the hen house, caught a chicken from the roost, split it open down the back and put it over the man's fast swelling hand. Mother brought whiskey, and between that and the chicken, the man's life was saved. When this chicken was taken from the bite its flesh was green with the deadly poison drawn from the hand. Wm. A. Bruce.

### THE RUFFED GROUSE.

The haunts of the ruffed grouse are high mountainous and wooded country, and they appear to especially delight in a thick growth of young hemlock trees, where, as their manners are solitary, they are rarely found in coveys of more than 5 or 6; and more often in pairs or singly. They leave their haunts in the deepest woods early in the morning, and seek an old road or path to pick gravel and glean among the droppings of horses. Sometimes in the winter they approach the farmhouse, and I have known them to be shot, even in the autumn, in alder thickets close to a house.

They are excessively fond of the seeds of wild grapes, and often eat ants, chestnuts, blackberries, poke-berries and various vegetables. In the late fall their flesh is often delicately flavored with the little aromatic partridge berry. In midwinter their crops are found packed with laurel and alder buds, deep snow preventing their obtaining other food.

Drumming is a peculiarity of the ruffed grouse, and is performed by the male. It reminds one of distant thunder. Wilson compares it to the sound emitted by the striking together of 2 inflated bladders. Just how this sound is produced is a mystery.

When flushed the grouse rises with a loud whirring noise and flies rapidly. I have frequently, unobserved, watched them rise of their own accord, and they moved from place to place without producing this whirr, which seems to depend on their being forced to rise.

Ruffed grouse begin to pair in April, and the hen deposits her eggs in May. The nest is usually at the root of a stump or beside a fallen log, and is well surrounded by dead leaves. The eggs are from 9 to 15 in number, and are a trifle smaller than those of a pullet. The young leave the nest as soon as hatched, and accompany the mother after the manner of young chickens.

As a game bird the ruffed grouse has no superior. It is no easy target and will hold its own after many other game birds are practically exterminated.

W. D. I. Arnold, Du Bois, Pa.

### CORRECT COLORATION OF ARTIFICIAL EYES.

I have just read your kindly and generous note with regard to myself and the heretofore—so far as I was concerned—vexed question of the sale of game. You may henceforth rely on me as a co-operator with the League's platform.

I have been interested in the notes, from time to time, on the color of eyes of animals and birds. For some years I have devoted much attention to this subject, and have made a number of careful water-color drawings from the eyes of animals, birds, and fishes. From these I invariably paint the glass eyes of commerce; for nothing can be more hideous than the eyes usually sold, even those of the best makers. The more expensive, and ostensibly more perfect ones, are really the most unnatural. I believe any artistic taxidermist will bear me out on this point. The plainer and cheaper eyes are better than those in which veining has been attempted. It takes an artist to turn out a natural looking eye; especially in the *Felidae*. Unfortunately, it is often impossible to get at the natural eye before it is glazed. But anyone having access to the great zoölogical gardens could make an interesting and valuable collection of sketches. What does Mr. E. S. Thompson think of this suggestion? When I was a constant visitor to the "zoo" in London, I might easily have done this, but I neglected the chance. I never let a chance slip by, now, of making a careful study in color of eyes, beak, and legs, or any part liable to change tint. An illustrated book on this subject need not be a large one, and I am sure it would find a ready sale. I am sorry circumstances debar me from making the attempt myself; but I should be glad to give any assistance in my power toward the getting out of a book of this nature. We ought to have correct representations of the eyes of those of our fauna, or any other fauna, fast nearing extinction.

Percy Selous, Greenville, Mich.

### BAD HABITS OF SOME CROWS.

I noticed in July RECREATION the request for facts concerning the crow as a game destroyer. We all know the crow is not essentially carnivorous, but he has so much curiosity and so great an appetite, that he sometimes yields to temptations and tastes things outside of his natural bill of fare. In this way he acquires the habit of destroying eggs and young birds. I once owned a tame crow that would eat anything I gave it—meat, eggs, bread, grain or fruit. When it was grown it became such a nuisance I had to kill it. It would fight a sitting hen off of her nest and eat the eggs, if possible. Those it could not eat it would destroy. I have known it to eat young chickens, a day or 2 old. I thought this was due only to its early training and therefore blamed myself, until I saw a wild crow fly off with a small chicken in its mouth. I kept watch over the mother hen and her brood the next day, and at about the same hour as on the day before, the crow came for another chicken, but received a charge of shot instead. For several years thereafter I studied the crow and found they not only robbed nests of game and song birds, but I often saw them find our guinea nests and eat the eggs. Under some crows' nests I have found feathers of young birds or chickens, also egg shells of various sizes, shapes and colors. I have examined other crows' nests that were free from any of these tell-tale signs. I am sure the L. A. S. would gain the everlasting gratitude of farmers everywhere, if it would bring about the enactment of a law for a bounty on each crow killed.

William A. Bruce.

### CARNIVOROUS RED SQUIRRELS.

Brockport, N. Y.

Editor RECREATION: Last week I was visiting a farmer 2 miles from here. I asked his wife what success she had with her chickens. She said, "Not good, for the red squirrels have been troublesome; they took 6 of the last brood during the past week."

I asked if she was certain red squirrels were the culprits. The farmer then said, "I was born on this farm 63 years ago, and have lived on it ever since. No one knows more about squirrels and such animals than I do. Sometimes there are quite a number of squirrels around, and they don't seem to interfere with the chickens at all. At times a squirrel will take to chicken killing and then he is as bad as a weasel, perhaps worse; for squirrels hunt by day when the chicks are wandering around. I shot a female squirrel last week just as she had taken a chicken from the coop. Three days after, a male squirrel, that had been chattering around all the morning, killed another chick and began to eat it. My wife chased him away, put the partly eaten chicken in a cage rat trap and caught the squirrel within 2 hours. We left him in the trap awhile, and the little beggar ate up the chicken before we killed him. I sometimes think they take to killing birds out of pure cussedness. But it is only occasionally that squirrels are any trouble in the poultry yard. Perhaps the absence of nuts, berries or corn in the spring may force them to seek animal food. All I know is they are bold and destructive when they once acquire the carnivorous habit."

David Bruce.

### BIRD DESTRUCTION IN THE SOUTH.

Editor RECREATION: Man, in this locality, is the bird's greatest enemy. Birds are regarded, in upper South Carolina, merely as "something to shoot at." I suppose it is the same over most of the South. Boy is the bird's worst enemy. He begins his slaughter as soon as he can use a sling-shot and continues it with air-gun and parlor rifle until he reaches the shotgun stage. Each boy reasons that the few birds he kills will not perceptibly reduce the supply, and forgets there are nearly as many boys as birds. I knew one boy who in one day killed over 30 goldfinches, with an air-gun. During nesting time birds suffer greatly. They are robbed of eggs and young, and the parent birds are often shot while on the nest. A favorite method is to catch a young bird and make it cry until the parents are drawn within range. The negro and the "hunter" are great destroyers of bird life. They shoot anything from a humming bird to a buzzard. They go out to shoot, and as long as they have any ammunition, woe to everything with feathers that comes in their way. Robins and blackbirds are here considered game, and are killed whenever the chance offers. There are laws in this State to protect birds, but, with all this destruction going on, I have never known of an arrest for their violation. Unless the slaughter is soon stopped our woods and fields will lose their greatest charm.

J. R. Nowell, Postman Shoals, S. C.

### WHERE ARE THE PIGEONS?

I was much interested in Mr. Koon's article on "The Passing of the Pigeon." I never saw the wild pigeon alive but twice in my 30 years of existence. In North central Arkansas I saw flocks of 5 and 16 on consecutive days in 1889. I mounted one for a patron in Indiana in 1885 or 1886. When hearing accounts of how pigeons were formerly slaughtered, by the wagon load, I have often wondered whether this was the only cause of their disappearance. Of course it was the prime cause, but when they became scarce they were no longer trapped or hunted for market. When a boy I have seen blackbirds pass for half a day in flocks ¼ of a mile wide and as thick as they could comfortably fly. Blackbirds are still plentiful, but I have not seen such a flock in 20 years. Have they been thinned by the gun and net? Hardly! I think change of environment has lent a helping hand. Their favorite resorts being now in cultivation, they have sought other lands. Is not this the case with the pigeons? Other birds change their feeding grounds and why not the pigeon? Who knows but they have migrated into the Southern hemisphere?

C. E. Pleas, Chipley, Fla.

### PIGEONS IN MEXICO.

Some time ago a report was current that the American wild pigeon had been seen in large flocks in Mexico. I wrote several of my readers in that country inquiring if such were the case. Mr. C. W. Pritchett, Jr., a mining engineer, of the City of Mexico, answers as follows:

In reply to your favor of August 26th, I beg to say that at different times in my travels in the interior I have seen large flocks of the band tailed pigeon (Columba fasciata) but do not remember to have ever seen a specimen of the American passenger pigeon. There is such a striking difference between the 2 birds that I hardly think I could have been mistaken.

I congratulate you on your great success with Recreation. We look forward to its coming with eagerness.

Mr. Whitaker says a number of passenger pigeons are now in the possession of the Chicago Audubon Society, and that he has 7 pigeons here. One was sent him by an Indian from the North.

At Waukesha, a village 18 miles West of here, a man has a pair of wild pigeons.

Frederick Wahl, Milwaukee, Wis.

### SHEEP AND DEER IN THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

There are 25 or 30 mountain sheep on the Fall river cliffs. They may be found by following along the top of the cliffs, where their tracks can be plainly seen. Every branch of Fall river that rises in the Park has one or more falls ranging from 50 to 500 feet in height. There are several geysers at the head of the main branch, and numberless hot springs. I found a chalk lead on the same stream, as fine chalk as I ever saw. I never saw black tail deer in Yellowstone park, but any number of mule deer are there. I have seen the white tail and the fan tail, or what science calls the dwarf white tail deer. The largest bucks will weigh 60 pounds dressed. Badgers are numerous all over the Park. I have seen them on the table land between Fall river and Fire Hole basin, also on the Hoodoo mountains. Ed. Willson was the only scout who knew the Park as well as or better than I do.

M. P. Dunham, Woodworth, Mont.

### CURES FOR SNAKE BITE.

In July Recreation Mr. P. Selous gives a cure for rattlesnake bite, but it is somewhat dangerous unless a person has perfect lips and gums. I give a cure used by a United States army surgeon, of Arizona. He vouches for its efficacy, from practical experience. It can be used by all sportsmen and is at hand at any time. If bitten by a rattler, take a sharp knife and cut through the fang marks enough to cause bleeding. Then take some mud and make a dam around the wound or bite, break a cartridge, pour some powder on the wound and touch it off with a match. The poison will be killed and you are all right. If there is no mud or you have no water to make mud, put the powder on. It will have the same effect but will burn a larger spot than is necessary. Another cure is used by professional snake catchers. When bitten, they kill the snake, cut it open, take out the gall and put it on the wound.

A. B. Cooper, Colusa, Cal.

### COLOR OF SCREECH OWLS' EYES.

The note in March Recreation asking for information concerning the eyes of birds and mammals is a good idea. I have 3 live screech owls, *Megascops asio*, and give below a correct description of their eyes:

The iris around the pupil is a light green. This is but a narrow line, as you might say, surrounding the pupil. From this it gradually shades out to the margin to a more yellow color. Around the extreme margin is a dark brown ring which extends back under the lids. Over the entire surface of the iris, it is specked quite closely with light brown.

The pupil at mid-day is about 2-3 open and gradually increases toward night until the iris is invisible.

I have not been able to obtain, from any firms selling glass eyes, any of a natural color for screech owls. Most of them are straw yellow, and half of the time pupils of a pair are of different sizes. By discussion we may get the manufacturers of glass eyes to make them truer to nature.

I have observed the eyes of a great many other birds but not closely enough to give a detailed description.

A. W. Perrior, Syracuse, N. Y.

### SNAKE RATTLES.

Editor Recreation: Do you really think the 43 rattles sent you all grew on one snake? I could send you a string of them a foot long, but several snakes contributed to its make-up. It is exceedingly rare for one snake to own more than 21 rattles. If you will examine those given you I think you will find proof that they are from different snakes. There is no such thing as a button. What is called a button is only the pointed end of a rattle. Every rattle has a similar point, which extends into the rattle back of it. Snakes frequently lose a good portion of their rattles. I have killed hundreds of rattlesnakes and the largest one of all had only 3 rattles. The smallest had 4, and was only about one foot long. Its rattles were no larger around than an ordinary wheat straw.

C. E. Pleas, Chipley, Fla.

### ANOTHER DEER HEAD.

In August Recreation, Mr. Carson, of Frostproof, Fla., describes a pair of red deer antlers in his possession, which he claims are record breakers. I have a pair of the following dimensions:

Length of right beam, 30½ inches.
Number of points on right beam, 13.
Circumference, 2 inches from base, 7⅛ inches.
Length of bez-tine, 7½ inches.
Length of left beam, 29½ inches.
Points on left beam, 12.
Circumference, 2 inches from base, 7 inches.
Length of bez-tine, 8½ inches.
Spread between points, 19½ inches.
Widest spread, 28¾ inches.

R. Gilfort, Orange, N. J.

### A SQUIRREL'S STRANGE MEAL.

I recently witnessed a curious proceeding on the part of a red squirrel. It ran to the end of a branch and there tore off leaves, which it began to eat. Several of these leaves fell to the ground and on examination proved partly covered by a white mold. In this mold were certain shapes which might have been animal life. The leaves were eaten almost to the end of the mold before being thrown down. Is this habit common to both red and gray squirrels, or to red alone? What was on the leaves that afforded this squirrel a meal?

Eliot C. Brown, Burlington, Vt.

### THE REDBUG.

I saw a query in Recreation as to how to fight the redbug, or "jigger."

Procure an ounce or 2 of oil of pennyroyal, and apply it to the bump produced by the insect. In a few minutes he will curl up and die. You must, however, rub the afflicted part thoroughly, that the insect may be well bathed in the oil.

If you rub the oil on the hands, face, ankles and neck, the "chigger" will not bother you.

Fred. Nelson.

### THE BLUE JAY.

Blue jays are a pest in this region, and I shoot them at sight. I cannot raise a garden crop unless I kill as many of them as I can. Even then they get the largest share of some things. It is almost impossible to raise, peas, corn, squash or pumpkins. The jays know exactly where the seeds are and never fail to bore down and get them. They also destroy my potatoes. They are doing more to destroy our song and insectivorous birds, by stealing their eggs, than all other causes combined. They are not insectivorous. I have dissected many and found nothing in their crops but grain and seeds. Put a bounty on the blue jay and then note the increase in other birds.

Isaac Anglemyer, Buena Vista, Col.

### NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

The snake stories of Fuller and Carr, in Recreation, made me smile. They brought to mind a similar adventure of my own that occurred here on the old farm in Durham. I was "fixing fence" some years ago, when I ran on to a large striped snake, which I quickly despatched. I started to take it to the house for exhibition, when I noticed a little snake fall from its mouth. Dropping the snake I began squeezing it and—well I hesitate to tell the rest, out of regard for my own reputation as well as for the feelings of Mr. Carr.

But just as I was about to cut stick and run, for fear delirium tremens had caught me, I squeezed the last little snake out. How many? There were 44 little snakes.

Some one has mentioned woodchucks. I suppose I have been the death of hundreds. How many of your readers ever saw one climb a tree? I never did but once. He went up a hemlock, like a cat, and came down quicker, on the invitation of my old 6 shooter.

I wish the fellows would tell about their 6 shooters. What do they carry for small game? I take a target pistol, 10 inch barrel, 22 calibre.

Will it improve the 40-82 charge, for bear, to use a 330 grain bullet and less powder?

Pine Tassel, Lisbon Falls, Me.

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I want to supplement Mr. Boyd's remarks on the blue jay by relating an instance showing the jay's impudence, and pugnacity. A lover of birds discovered that a pair of these had commenced house building on a porch in front of his sitting room. Before the nest was fairly finished the birds claimed possession of the entire porch, not only scolding, but actually driving the family away from it. As building progressed their impudence increased, until it became necessary to tear down the nest to insure safety for the children and ladies of the house.

Yes, he does steal and hide, both. A lady who owned one, told me whenever the bird could escape from its cage, by cutting away the wood frame around the wires—a not uncommon occurrence—he would cunningly pick up things and carry them, sometimes to his cage, sometimes to another hiding place. Often when fed, if he had more meat than he could eat he would hide the remainder under his wing, and walk around his cage with the most innocent air. Under these conditions nothing could induce him to open his wings.

C. C. Haskins, Chicago.

The long-billed marsh wren, *Cistothorus palustris,* is one of the most interesting of the Troglodytes. It is found on the marshes about large bodies of water; generally inhabiting the same locality as the reed bird, *Dolichonyx oryzivorus.* I found quite a number of these wrens nesting on the marshes along the Delaware river, a few miles below Philadelphia. They arrive in this latitude about May 15th. On May 21st I spent the day on these marshes, and watched them closely. I noticed that when flying from one rush to another they keep their tails erect, almost perpendicular with the body; uttering a peculiar sound at the same time. When they make this sound as they rise in the air, it is safe to say there is a nest near by. I found this true in 5 cases. They are not timid, and will allow a person to approach within 3 or 4 yards. The nest is built among the rushes, 2 or 3 feet from the ground, with the opening on the side. They generally have 4 eggs of a light chocolate color.

Bradford Richmond, Philadelphia, Pa.

A curious sea monster has been seen several times in this section—a big, ugly brute, at least 40 feet long, that follows in the wake of the seals. It was pronounced by a Government expert a rare and little known mammal.

Geo. G. Cantwell, Houcan, Alaska.

This is probably the Great Killer, *Orca gladiator*, common in Bering sea and along the coast of Alaska. It follows the seals when on their way to and from the Pribilof islands, and causes considerable destruction among them.

The great killer, or killer whale, belongs to the family of marine mammals known as the *Delphinidae*, to which belong, also, the dolphins, grampuses, porpoises, and the like. The killer reaches a large size. It is pelagic in its habits and apt to occur anywhere, especially in Northern waters.—Editor.

In September Recreation you print a cut of an exceptionally fine mule deer head. We will appreciate it if you will look this matter up and give me the name and address of the owner, so we can communicate with him.

Schleyer Bros., San Antonio, Texas.

I had not the name and address of the owner of the head, or of the maker of the photograph in question, when I published it. Will either of these gentlemen kindly furnish me this information, and write Schleyer Brothers direct?—Editor.

What becomes of the rice hens during the winter? We see thousands of them in the rice beds in the fall until about the first of November, when they suddenly disappear. Now everyone knows they are slow on the wing, and seldom rise more than a few feet above the water. I have never seen or found anyone who has ever seen them flying across the country, either in the fall or in the spring. If they go South the same as other water fowl, how do they escape observation?

B. F. Hurd, Star Prairie, Wis.

You doubtless refer to the Sora rail, *Parzana carolina.* This bird migrates at night only, and usually flies at a great height. Its nocturnal migration is proven by the fact that one is occasionally killed by coming in contact with a high telegraph wire or an electric light tower.—Editor.

A few years ago I had what were considered the largest pair of mountain sheep's horns ever seen in this district. The skull was bleached and the horns were dried, but still in good condition and a perfect match. The lower jaw was missing. They weighed 31 pounds 6 ounces. Length of each horn 4 feet 3 inches. Circumference of horn, a foot from the skull, 19 inches.

S. Howarth, Florissant, Col.

With all his cunning ways and harmless airs the red squirrel is a hypocrite and a murderer. Where they are plentiful few blacks or grays will be found. Sentence of death should be passed on the little red devil. He should then be broiled, buttered, and served hot.

N. R. Hill, Corning, N. Y.

There are still some unfortunate sportsmen who are not readers of Recreation. If you know any such send in their names, and greatly oblige them and

The Editor.

Little Lillie—Don't you think, Doctor, that I look just like my mamma?

Mother—Hush, child! Don't be vain.—Tit-Bits.

Don't forget that $2 will buy a copy of that beautiful book, "Bird Neighbors" and a yearly subscription to Recreation.

**In making up** your list of Christmas presents put down a yearly subscription to Recreation, for each of your best friends.

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### HE CONVICTS HIMSELF.

J. Elmer Pratt, Chief Warden of the Michigan Division, sends me a letter from a friend of his and a copy of his reply to same, portions of which are appended. I wish I were at liberty to give the name of Mr. Pratt's friend, but I am not. He writes thus:

"I am one of the same party this year to go North and if I can kill as good a bag this year as last, I am going to do it, notwithstanding the monthly roasts I see in Recreation. I abide by the laws and never kill game out of season and when I have a chance to make a killing I am going to do it. It is not human nature not to. I am no game hog, but I'll kill birds or anything else just as long as they come my way. Take some housed-up office man that has but one chance in a season to go out shooting. He'd be a darn fool to quit on 8 or 10 birds when he could get a decent coat full by staying where they were.

"There is one thing I should like to see and that is a universal law prohibiting spring duck shooting. We have no show at them, so long as Iowa, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Minnesota are allowed to kill.

"Another thing: I should like for Mr. Osborn to refuse absolutely all 'Scientific Purposes' permits, as piles and piles of ducks were killed in that way last spring. There were 6 of these permits here that I know of; one for purposes of photographic experiments and the privilege of killing 5 ducks. Another was issued to the worst market hunter in this county, and he was allowed 4. Guess he killed his limit all right. The holders of all these permits were my friends, too, so I didn't feel quite like making a noise about it. The way quails are slaughtered in the late summer and early fall, here, is shameful and something should be done.

"As I said before, I believe in game protection, but do not agree with you and Recreation on every point; for when a man advocates a bag of 8 or 9 birds I make up my mind they are scarce in his locality; or that he can't hit a flock of barns when he does find them.

"This editor of Recreation lives where he probably does not see a patch of brush or a good duck marsh only about once in years, and goes on to roast men, gentlemen and everyone else, simply because they go out and have the ability to kill a decent mess of birds. The epithets he uses so freely are a good indication that he has sand; but I don't like his style. I should like to see him roast game hogs in a decent way, but he uses names too freely. A man shouldn't pot game in any shape, manner, or form, but when he can make clean, wing kills and do it all day, he is the man I like to go out with. Why, one of Coquina's game protective bags wouldn't stink the pan. My subscription to his magazine expires this month and I shall not renew; for I like to read something besides the roasts he gets up, of kills made by different persons.

"I see by current issue that you are State Warden of the L. A. S. Well, I am heartily in favor of game protection; that is, strict enforcement of our present laws, which are all right with one exception; that is, quail and grouse shooting opens 15 days too early —too many young birds at that time.

" I got your letter expatiating on the advantages to be derived by being an L. A. S. man; but I couldn't see where it would benefit me or the game $1 worth; so didn't join. Would work hard, personally, for universal laws and if you start anything in that line, will join and help."

Mr. Pratt replies to this letter as follows:

" I note what you say about Recreation and its editor; and, while I agree with you on most points, I cannot agree with you entirely. Mr. Shields is a thorough sportsman, and a gentleman. He is the kind of a man you would like; and, were you to come in contact with him, I haven't the slightest doubt you would soon feel just about as he does. When I was in New York I called on him, and told him the roasting which he was giving some of the hunters and sportsmen would probably have a tendency to cut down his circulation; but he convinced me in about 5 minutes that, for every subscriber he lost on account of this he got 10 new ones, by reason of the course he is pursuing. He says that even though his subscription list were reduced to 10,000, he would still continue to roast the 'game hogs,' as he calls them. I do not agree with him entirely on this subject. I do not believe in trying to pass laws to limit the bag of game or the creel of fish, but I do believe in educating and trying to influence people to be satisfied with a smaller bag of game or a smaller creel of fish than has heretofore been customary.

" Personally I think it is much more sportsmanlike for a man or a party to go into the field and spend the day for the purpose of recreation rather than working one's self to death trying to get a bag that will be a record breaker. Why can we not be satisfied with a few brace of quails or a few brace of grouse—as many as we can use within a reasonable length of time, or at least before they will spoil? If we want a few for our friends, why kill enough to give them a reasonable mess. I have seen the time when I would kill every last fish I could catch; but that day is past. I know where to go and believe I can catch more fish on any trip than I can possibly use, or have use for among my friends, but I do not take fish simply for the purpose of advertising myself as a 'great fisherman.'

" When it comes to game, I have never yet been able to kill more than a reasonable amount of it; but when I can go into the woods and kill from 50 to 75 per cent. of the birds I shoot at, and find them, as I have been finding them the last season or 2, even when I am 'still' hunting without a dog, I will quit before night. On an average, I do not kill more than one bird in 4, and even at this rate of shooting, I can get as many quails in a day without a dog, and that, too, within 25 miles of this town, as I can eat up before they will spoil. I can see no reason why I should spend my time and my money for ammunition to kill birds for those who are too lazy to go after them; but I, like you, take pleasure in killing a few birds for sick friends, or for those who, for one reason or another, are unable to go after them. But when it comes to going out and slaughtering every bird I can get a shot at, that is, when it comes to pot shooting, I am not in it any longer. There is no necessity for it, and there isn't half the pleasure in it that there is in moderate shooting for recreation's sake.

" I admit I have been as bad as most of them. I have killed birds out of season, simply because the shooting season had opened on one kind of game and hadn't on another. I was out hunting for one thing and ran across the other. For this very reason I have always been in favor of a uniform open season—open on everything from October 1st to December 15th, or shorter if necessary to save the game.

"When the season is closed, let it be closed for the balance of the year, and let all States have the same kind of laws North of an East and West line from coast to coast, cutting the United States in two at about St. Louis, or perhaps a little farther North. Let the open season North of that line begin, say, in October, and close December 1st to 15th. Have the season South of that line begin a month later, and close a month later. Or, if it be found advisable, 2 months later; but, in any event, have at least 15 days of the season on the line lap one over the other. Then watch the man who carries a gun into the woods or fields out of season.

" I do not believe in spring shooting of any kind, and you can count on me to work with this end in view. You can gamble on another thing. That is, that just so long as I am at the head of the Michigan Division of the L. A. S., the objects which this Division will have in view will be the matter of open and closed seasons, and the enforcement of the game laws as they stand.

" You join the L. A. S. and give me your assistance; not with a view to passing laws limiting the bags of game or the creels of fish; but for the purpose of bringing about uniform game laws which will protect our game. Then see that those who violate the game laws are punished. These special permits are dead wrong, and should not be issued. They could not be gotten were it not for political pulls."

Now I want to say a few words to Mr. Pratt's friend. He says he is not a game hog; yet he proceeds to outline his ethics in such a way as to prove he is one. For instance, he says:

" When I have a chance to make a killing I am going to do it."

" I am no game hog, but I will kill birds or anything else just as long as they come my way!"

"Take some housed-up office man who has but one chance in the season to go out shooting. He would be a darn fool to quit on 8 or 10 birds when he could get a decent coat full by staying where they were."

"A man should not pot game in any shape, manner, or form, but when he can make clean wing kills *and do it all day,* he is the man I like to go out with."

If such a platform as that does not make a man a game hog, then I do not know the definition of the term; yet I have been using it for 20 years. I commenced my warfare on these disreputable creatures away back in the 70's, and can show files of several different periodicals, printed during these years, containing many of my criticisms of the work of the swine.

This nameless writer says he likes to see game hogs roasted, but that I use epithets too freely. If he were a decent man he would not think I use them too freely. A criminal always considers the speech of the state's attorney at the bar abusive; yet as a rule these arguments are necessary to show the jury the enormity of the man's crime, and to secure conviction. This is exactly the position I occupy now. I am not only talking to make these game poachers ashamed of themselves, but to show the world at large the revolting nature of their work, and to induce all hunters to be decent in their pursuit of game.

Mr. Pratt's correspondent says that when his subscription to RECREATION expires, he will not renew it. Good! Don't ever think of reading another copy of RECREATION. You are doubtless beyond redemption yourself; but RECREATION will keep up the war on you and your class as long as I am at the head of it. You can write it down in your note book that for every subscription I lose among your kind, I am gaining 10 new ones among decent people because I condemn your course. My circulation is growing phenomenally all the time. This is not only because I give valuable information about the game fields and fishing waters, but because I am educating the people in favor of the preservation of game and game fishes. Now take your medicine and let your subscription lapse.

## LAW BREAKERS IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

The following correspondence explains itself and is published solely in the interest of game preservation:

Ilion, N. Y., August 9, 1898.

Mr. Geo. O. Shields, President, League of American Sportsmen, New York City.

Dear Sir: Cannot some steps be taken to check the illegal killing of deer in the vicinity of Raquette lake? I am informed on good authority, by 2 reliable parties who have just returned from there, that the guides and others have been killing deer all summer, and that the game warden is either in sympathy with them or is powerless to prevent it. I am further informed that at one of the hotels where these parties were stopping "mountain mutton" has appeared on the bill of fare the entire season. One of the gentlemen told me he saw the hind quarters of a deer, with the feet on, standing in a pack basket in front of a public house. Here is an excellent opportunity for the League to do some good work. Yours respectfully,

Wilfrid Hartley.

ANSWER.

August 10, 1898.

My dear Mr. Hartley.

Your valued favor 9th: I thank you most earnestly for the information you give regarding the killing of deer in the Adirondacks. Can you get the men you refer to to make affidavits regarding the facts stated? If so, we may proceed against these lawbreakers at once. I should like especially to have affidavits that would completely cover the case against the hotel proprietor. This should give the name of the man, the dates on which the men saw "mountain mutton" printed on the bill of fare, a statement that they had seen a quarter of venison in or near his house; that they had eaten venison at his table and that they could swear positively it was venison.

We are looking for just such cases as this and are anxious to make a few examples.

Awaiting your kind reply, I am,

Yours truly,

G. O. Shields, President.

Ilion, N. Y., August 11, 1898.

Dear Mr. Shields: Your letter of 10th is received. One of the men who gave me the information intends to return to Raquette lake and therefore would not be willing to furnish affidavits that might make his return unpleasant. The other person mentioned is a lady who most certainly could not be induced to consent to the publicity which such a course would involve. I feel sure, however, that if some properly authorized person would visit the Antlers, at Raquette lake, and stay a few days there would be no difficulty in obtaining all the evidence desired. Yours truly,

Wilfrid Hartley.

New York, August 12, '98.

My dear Mr. Hartley: Your valued favor 11th: I regret we could not obtain from your friends the affidavits necessary for prosecuting the manager of The Antlers, but I have taken the matter up in another way, which I trust may prove effective. I hand you herewith copy of a letter I have written the manager, which will undoubtedly interest him. Yours truly,

G. O. Shields, President.

New York, August 12, '98.
Manager The Antlers,
Raquette Lake, N. Y.

Dear Sir: I am informed by persons who have lately stopped at your hotel that you are serving venison on your table in close season, and in violation of law. I am astonished that the manager of a hotel which caters to sportsmen so conspicuously as you do should be guilty of thus breaking a law which is framed by and in the interests of sportsmen. I have taken measures to obtain the necessary proofs against you, and if successful shall swear out a warrant against you and have you prosecuted.

I might add that one of the men I quote says he saw a saddle of venison at your hotel, with the legs and feet on, so that he is positive it was venison.

The League of American Sportsmen is, as you will see by consulting the Constitution and By-Laws, copy of which I enclose, organized for the purpose of enforcing the game laws and of protecting the game. We intend to prosecute every man we find violating these laws and against whom we can get the necessary proofs.

I have deemed it only fair to give you this frank and candid warning. We do not wish to antagonize you or any other man, but we do insist that the laws which are made for the preservation of our game and game fishes shall be obeyed.

Yours truly,
G. O. Shields, President.

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Raquette Lake, N. Y., August 15, '98.
Mr. G. O. Shields:

Sir: I am this day in receipt of a letter signed by you, and I wish to tell you right here you are no gentleman, nor are you a sportsman in any sense. Whoever gave you such information (which I very much doubt) is a liar of the first order, and I ask you to go on with your prosecution. I also wish to say my ad. was put in your sheet contrary to my orders in August, and I take this opportunity to ask you who gave you leave to publish it. I have spent more years as a true sportsman than you can ever hope to if you live to a hundred.

Yours, etc.,
C. H. Bennett.

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New York, August 17, '98.
Mr. C. H. Bennett,
Raquette Lake, N. Y.

Dear Sir: Your letter of the 15th inst. is not in any sense an answer to my letter to you. I wrote you as a gentleman. You reply in the language of a blackguard. My informant is a man who has spent a good deal of time at your hotel, with his family, and has paid you a large amount of money. He said he did not care to figure personally in this, for the reason that he expected to return there. I have sent your letter to him and you may hear from him direct. I hope he may also consent, now, to make an affidavit in this case.

Yours truly,
G. O. Shields, President.

Thus this case, like many a similar one, fails because certain men dislike to go on the stand and testify against a game law violator. However, we shall watch The Antlers next summer, and if we again hear of game being served there in close season we shall try to find a man who will be willing to swear to the fact.—EDITOR.

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### A TIMELY WARNING.

Keene Valley, N. Y.

Editor RECREATION: I have been wondering for some time what the "League of American Sportsmen" has accomplished, beyond forming the society; whether it has taken active measures to have any changes made in the laws relative to game preservation in this or other States.

At our convention, many changes were suggested, and from the enthusiasm manifested at that meeting, it seemed as if something practical would result. I am sure some of the gentlemen who spoke were very much in earnest. I have read RECREATION thoroughly since the League was formed, but have not seen in it, any plans for the enactment of new laws, or for the enforcement of those we have, unless I except Mr. Pond's efforts for the appointment of local game constables. In that matter I may have appeared somewhat remiss myself. I promised him to look about in this section, and recommend some suitable person to act in that capacity. I have looked and have consulted with others, but have not found any one willing to serve whom I believe would act faithfully.

It is difficult to find, here in the Adirondacks, any reliable man willing to take such a position. They either have not the courage, or dislike to inform of their acquaintances.

In this section, so far as I have been able to judge, the laws relative to killing deer illegally, have been generally observed. As to the taking of small trout, I think the law is violated all the time. The State Game Warden has caught one or 2 violators, but always some one not living in this section.

There is great need that the sale of game should be prohibited. It seems rather hard to stop all sale of game in the cities, or in the country either, to people who are unable to hunt or fish for themselves, and I am not sure that such laws could be passed. But the belief that such laws are needed is entertained, much to my surprise, by a great number of people living in the country. In this town there are 4 or 5 men who never do an honest day's work, but who fish day and night, and sell all they take to the hotels, or cottages. Nearly all the money they get, goes at the nearest saloon for bad whiskey. One of the worst of these men hires by the day, another (quite as bad as himself) to fish for him, and boasts that when he visits a trout stream, he "skins" it, and that there is little use for any one to try it after he has been over it.

If there is any way to stop this sort of thing, I think nearly all people would rejoice —even those who now buy of them.

Another thing not usually thought of as necessary for the protection of game, is very important. That is the protection of the forests. We all read in the daily press of the danger of the extermination of American forests, but few really think of it as any thing but in a remote future. Come into the Adirondacks, and every day, one hears blasting at frequent intervals, and from all points of the compass. This is done by the pulp men. Everywhere the streams are being blasted for the better running of pulp wood. In the Au Sable river, below here, many dead trout have been taken out. One rainbow trout was found recently, killed by rock blasting, that measured 24 inches long. It is not only the trout that are so killed, but in many places the streams are completely ruined. One noble trout stream that empties into the Au Sable, is to be made a "public highway," by the legislature at its next session. That means, that the pulp men can have the right to blast as they please, on public or private property, through which it runs. This pulp business is doing more to destroy the woods than lumbering could do in a century. These men take nearly everything. The few hardwood trees that are spared by them, will blow down, when the protecting spruces are cut. Fires will quickly do the rest. At the rate the forests have gone in 2 or 3 years, it can scarcely take 10 years to destroy all.

This is going on more if anything inside the lines of our State park, than out. It is pleasant to read of our beautiful State park, and its wonderful scenery, and value as a health resort; but by the time it is actually a State park it will be a desolate and God forsaken region.

I did not intend writing of all this when I began, but living here in the woods, I realize that there will soon be little space left for either deer or trout. The suffering that will come to mankind when these mountains are stripped of their verdure isn't worth talking about, for man has brought the ruin and will deserve the suffering.

Roswell M. Shurtleff.

ANSWER.

Brother Shurtleff cannot have read the L. A. S. Department of RECREATION closely, or he would have seen that the League has done a great deal of important work. The first and most important victory it achieved was in securing the repeal of Section 249 of the Game Laws of New York, which allowed the sale of game in this State all the year round, on condition that the dealer would show the game came from some point outside of the State. This privilege was of course abused and game killed in this State was sold all the year round, under false representations as to where it came from. The repeal of this law is of itself glory enough for the League, for 5 years.

However, we did not rest on our laurels when we accomplished that piece of work. We have been working day and night ever since. We have built the membership to 979 and have organized 8 State divisions. The New York Division now numbers 293 members and Chief Warden Pond has appointed 26 game wardens in as many counties. Some of these men have not been so energetic or so industrious as they should have been in watching for violations of the law, but one—Mr. E. P. Dorr, of Buffalo—within 10 days after his appointment, secured the conviction of a man who was trapping song birds, and his reward for this conviction was promptly paid. We have convicted Harris Wells, a wealthy business man in Friendship, N. Y., of killing robins and have made him pay a fine of $50. We have a case pending against another man in this state for having a ruffed grouse in his possession. The money is ready for the payment of rewards for any number of convictions that local wardens or other members of the League may be able to secure in this State.

The war has retarded our work a great deal. We should have had 2,000 members by this time if this calamity had not come upon the country. But now that the trouble is over and the people have returned to their usual avocations, the work of the League is going forward and we hope to be able to make much better reports within the next 6 months than we have thus far.

Mr. Shurtleff has encountered the same difficulty that every friend of game protection encounters everywhere. That is, he finds it difficult to designate a man for the local wardenship in his county, whom he can recommend as a fearless and aggressive officer. Such men are scarce, but as fast as they can be found we are putting them on guard and we hope in time to have every state in the Union and every county in each state patrolled by vigilant and fearless game wardens.

Most of the members of the League are heartily in favor of laws to prevent the sale of game at all times, and will work for such laws when the time comes. We shall also take vigorous measures to aid in the protection of our forests, at every opportunity.

NOTES.

The L. A. S. is sure to do good work. There is one department, however, that has been ignored, and that is the dry goods department. To be sure, RECREATION has no "Woman's Page," but it seems to me the feather question ought to be discussed. Thousands of our song birds are being sacrificed every year, in order that women may walk around with sample aviaries on their heads! This is not right. If the gentle sex must let their barbarian instincts run away with them, why can't they be satisfied with ribbons, flowers, laces, etc., instead of wearing feathers that cost lives?

Cannot the L. A. S. stop narrow-minded women from destroying bird life, indirectly, to be sure, but as surely as the game hog? I know it is asking a good deal, but something ought to be done in this line.

Between bristles and hats we won't have either song or game birds after a few years.

Loomis Chipman, Burlington, Vt.

Harvey Dwight, the L. A. S. Warden at Friendship, N. Y., has just caused to be arrested one Harris Wells, a resident of that town, for shooting robins. It appears Wells is a wealthy man and openly boasted of having killed the birds. As is usual in such cases it was difficult to get witnesses to go on the stand and testify, but Warden Dwight proved equal to the occasion, and the man, after being arrested by State Game Protector Donloy, offered to settle the matter by paying $25. This was not satisfactory to Mr. Dwight, who insisted it was not enough and refused to withdraw his complaint unless Harris paid $50, which he eventually did, and the case was settled out of court.

A. E. Pond, Chief Warden, State N. Y.

The following Local Wardens have recently been appointed, and from the August reports received from them game is being better protected (and law breakers more wary) in their respective districts than ever before:

Orange Co., Wilson Crans, Middletown, N. Y., J. H. Kidd, Newburgh, N. Y.; Schenectady Co., J. W. Furnside, Schenectady, N. Y.; Allegany Co., J. D. Holden, Belmont, N. Y.; Broome Co., M. A. Baker, Whitneys Point, N. Y.; Washington Co., C. L. Allen, Sandy Hill, N. Y.; Oneida Co., E. J. Breeze, Forestport, N. Y. Quite a number of the wardens report an increase in both quail and partridge.

Yours truly,
A. E. Pond, Chief Warden, State N. Y.

I wish to make one point against your picture on page 36, August number of RECREATION. The L. A. S. should handle the game hog without gloves.

That is right. The L. A. S. intends to handle the game hogs without gloves, when it comes to real business; but it's well enough for the representative of the league to handle them with gloves in pictures. Furthermore those are hard gloves.

## EDITOR'S CORNER.

### A NOVEL RECOGNITION.

Dr. C. E. Vance, Al Rothinghouse, and George Crow, of Gas City, Indiana, have sent me a specimen of pork which I thoroughly appreciate. It is a sample of the handiwork of some one in the Gas City pottery works, and represents a fat Berkshire pig resting comfortably on a circular base. Beside the pig is a model of a human skull, which is made to serve the purpose of an inkstand.

The plate is inscribed "The Game Hog," and the emblem is construed to mean: Death to the two-legged species. The following letter accompanied the present:

Gas City, Indiana, August 29,1898.

Editor RECREATION: We, the undersigned, being regular readers of RECREATION and appreciating your efforts to bring to justice all Game Hogs, take the liberty of sending you a specimen of the species, hoping you may find a place for it on your desk and that each time you dip your pen in the remains you may be impelled to "give it to them again."

On the 1st of October we established a "Camp Recreation" in Northern Minnesota and unfurled your flag above our largest tent.

Your faithful friends,
C. E. Vance, M.D.,
Al. Rothinghouse,
George Crow.

I thoroughly appreciate this recognition of the justice of my warfare against the game and fish hogs. It is indeed gratifying to know that all the decent sportsmen in the United States approve of my course, and that they are laboring energetically to increase the circulation and hence the usefulness of this magazine.

The gift of Dr. Vance and his friends will occupy a place on my desk and when I have occasion to roast a game or fish hog I shall dip my quill in the skull, for ink and inspiration.

The next Sportsmen's Show will be held at Madison Square Garden, March 2-11, 1899, inclusive.

The managers have adopted a much broader plan for this show than ever before and are all working hard to secure some novel and attractive features that have not before been offered in the Garden. The idea of making the Sportsmen's Show a straight trade exhibit has been abandoned and it is but fair that sportsmen should now co-operate, actively and earnestly, with the management of the Sportsmen's Association in making this forthcoming show at least the equal of any that has ever been given in the world.

Further information as to the progress of the association's plans for the show will be given in RECREATION, from month to month, and we may confidently expect that the show to be held in March next will be a great one.

Some of the good stories in December RECREATION are:

"Hunting and Hunted," W. H. Hilton; "Battling with the Elements," by W. H. Hollis; "How We Saw the Park," A. B. Hood; "Flagging Antelope on the San Louis Plains," R. V. Schuyler, all illustrated; "Christmas Shadows," Capt. J. G. Leefe, U. S. A., etc.

The usual great fund of valuable information will be given in the various departments.

Hon. W. O. Owen, Auditor of the State of Wyoming, F. S. Spalding, of Erie, Pa., John Shive, of Elk, Wyo., and Frank Petersen, of Jackson, Wyo., climbed to the top of the Grand Teton mountain in August last. They are believed to be the first men who have accomplished this feat. Several other parties have tried it, but have failed.

These gentlemen built a stone monument on top of the peak and left there the metal flag of the Rocky Mountain Club with a copper box containing their names, the date of the ascent, etc.

They report the height of this peak as 13,800 feet, and on the summit found no trace of previous exploration.

Readers of RECREATION are again requested to buy the goods advertised in RECREATION in preference to those not so advertised, when they can do so consistently with their needs. There are 3 powder manufacturers and at least 2 large gun makers who persistently refuse to use this magazine, for reasons best known to themselves. Not only this, they have frequently advised the other advertisers who are in RECREATION to withdraw their business from it. In view of this fact, it would seem only fair and right that friends of the magazine should sustain it by giving their trade to the companies advertising in it.

Persons subscribing for RECREATION during November and December will get the Christmas number free. Such subscriptions will date from January, 1899.

When you write to a busy man on business, use flat letter paper and write only on one side of it.

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# PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

## PROSECUTION OF RAILROAD TICKET SCALPERS.

A new phase of the ticket scalping question has just been developed in the West. A number of cities in the Western States that aspire to be called convention cities, and whose citizens are anxious to secure meetings of large bodies of people from time to time, have undertaken to assist in protecting the railroads against the manipulations of ticket scalpers, by passing local ordinances regulating the traffic in tickets, and providing among other things that scalpers shall have a license, and that they shall not sell spurious, counterfeit or stolen tickets.

Cincinnati, which has for years been a favorite city for conventions, has such an ordinance, and has within a week convicted and fined 8 ticket scalpers, and 6 others have been arrested and are now in jail.

A number of railroads have recently made it a condition in making reduced rates for conventions, that the city where the meeting is to be held shall undertake to clear out the scalping offices, which have been proven to be "fences" for the receipt of counterfeit and stolen tickets.

If this rule is made general, ticket scalpers will be obliged to give up business, as there will be no important cities where they can ply their trade.

## A GOOD TEST OF A SLEEPING BAG.

Portland, Oregon, August 14, 1897.

F. C. Huyck & Sons, Albany, N. Y.

Dear Sirs: A few weeks since you sent me a set of Kenwood sleeping bags for my trip to Mt. Rainier. This is the highest snow-peak in the United States (14,519 ft.), and it is customary for climbers to camp, on the night before and after the ascent, at an elevation of 10,000 or 11,000 feet, several miles above the snow line, on exposed ridges of broken rock. The air is thin, the wind usually blows very cold at these camps; and it has heretofore been considered so nearly impossible to keep warm while sleeping in them, that they have been called by such names as "Camp Misery," "Camp Shivers," etc. On my ascent last month with the Mazamas, I carried a Kenwood bag and slept in it at one of these high camps in perfect comfort. The second night I loaned one of the inside bags to a destitute friend, and still slept warm. Others in our party who had Kenwood bags found them equally satisfactory, and I am sure their reputation is now established and will rapidly spread in the Northwest, especially among mountain climbers.

I regard this test as the severest a sleeping bag would be likely to be put to, short of the Arctic Regions.

Yours truly,
Earl M. Wilbur, Secretary Mazamas.

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### EXPERT TESTIMONY.

C. Carleton Smith, M.D.
875 North 20th Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

August 5, 1898.

Pleasant Valley Wine Company.

Gentlemen: I have had marked curative results in the use of "Great Western Champagne" made by your company, following the most severe attacks of "Cholera Morbus." Toning up the stomach, bringing back its vigor and promoting appetite. One of the worst cases of this disease I have ever seen was under my care a few weeks ago. Though all the symptoms had been subdued by proper treatment, yet the patient who had not partaken of food for 2 days, was fully restored as to appetite and strength in a most surprising manner by sipping small glasses of the "Great Western" made very cold by placing on ice.

Observing this, I wish to inquire if you have any literature on the subject of the manner in which your brand of champagne is made, and the particular grape used. If so, please communicate with me, as I am interested in the matter not only in this particular case, but in several others of a like character where it has been put to the test.

Very truly yours,
C. Carleton Smith.

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### NOTES.

W. W. Hart & Co., 47 East 12th Street, New York City, have devised a novel method of mounting and equipping antlered heads. This novelty consists in running electric light wires throughout the horns and attaching a small incandescent bulb to each point. These lights may all be operated from one switchboard and when a head thus equipped and hung in the hall is lighted, it presents a most beautiful and novel effect.

Messrs. Hart & Co. are enterprising people and it would be well for all sportsmen who secure good heads to write them for their catalogue, including cut of this new method of mounting heads.

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C. P. Goerz, who has a large factory in Berlin, who makes the celebrated Goerz lenses, opera glasses, and field glasses and who has an office at 52 Union Square, this city, recently gave his 1,000 workmen a holiday from September 4th to 11th, inclusive —8 days in all—with full pay.

It has been supposed that Americans were the most liberal people in the world in the treatment of their workmen, but here is a German manufacturer who teaches us a valuable lesson. It would be well for large manufacturers and contractors in this country to study this example carefully and to follow it.

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A great deal has been said in newspapers about the discontinuance of "The Lake Shore Limited," the New York Central's 24 hour train between New York and Chicago.

There is no truth in this rumor, "The Lake Shore Limited" will continue to run every day in the year over the New York Central & Hudson River, and Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railroads—the same tracks that carried the Exposition Flyer, between New York and Chicago, in 20 hours, for 175 days during the World's Fair.

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The Ideal Manufacturing Company, New Haven, Conn., manufacturer of cartridges and reloading implements for rifles, pistols, and shotguns, announces an improved shot shell loading machine.

Full information regarding this and all the other good things put out by this company will be found in the Ideal Hand-Book, 128 pages, which will be sent free to any one asking for it and mentioning RECREATION.

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Prompted by an advertisement in RECREATION I secured some of the New York Condensed Milk Co.'s "Pioneer Brand" Condensed Coffee for use on a recent hunting trip. It is not only all that is claimed for it, but more. It is compact, economical, and the quality is excellent. In fact, it is an ideal article, either for the camp, home, or while travelling.

F. S. Barnum, New York City.

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Wm. W. Hart & Co. report that fresh deer heads are coming in thick and fast—as many as 5 and 6 a day. The horns are running unusually large. Several have been received in the velvet which they seem to have retained longer this year than usual. The receipts so far have exceeded those of any previous season. Good work always tells.

# BOOK NOTICES.

## THE SPORTSMAN'S OWN BIRD BOOK.

Success requires neither explanation nor apology. Its logical sequence is repetition, with imitation trailing along behind the procession, hungrily desirous of filching some of the fruits of the triumph honestly won by another.

It is but natural and proper that the unqualified success of Neltje Blanchan's "Bird Neighbors" should have led its author and publishers to produce a companion volume on the important bird families not included in the first book. "Birds that Hunt and are Hunted" is even better than its predecessor. The arrangement is according to the standard plan of classification, which is infinitely more satisfactory than a classification by colors, or anything else. The large birds are more interesting, and better subjects for color photography than the smaller species, and it is not surprising that there is more swing and "go" to the text. Considering the degree of success attained by the volume devoted to the elusive and confusing groups of perching birds and their nearest allies, it is fair to expect that this volume, devoted to our largest and most interesting species, will have a run that for a bird book will be unprecedented.

Although the title is by no means satisfactory—it is too frivolous for a standard work of solid merit—the plan and scope of the book are admirable, and the author's work has been capitally done. Each of the 6 great avian groups is introduced by a synopsis, or bird's-eye view, as it were, setting forth the orders and families of each, so plainly and yet so concisely that even a twelve-year-old boy or girl of ordinary intelligence can obtain a perfectly clear idea of the relations of the birds to each other. These bird's-eye views constitute a good bit of work, and every reader would do well to study each with care.

Part I., devoted to "Water Birds," contains the Diving Birds (13 species described), Long-Winged Swimmers (19), Tube-nosed Swimmers (3), Fully-webbed Swimmers (1), and Plate-billed Swimmers (36). In "The Herons and their Allies," 9 species are described, and of the "Marsh Birds" (Part III., cranes, rails, etc.), 11 receive attention. Part IV., "Shore Birds," treat of 38 species. Part V. contains the "Gallinaceous Game Birds" (13 species), and the work closes with Part VI., "Birds of Prey," describing 28 species. From these 6 orders, which contain all our large and specially important birds, the rare and remote species have very properly been omitted. For a work of this character, the descriptions of species are abundantly full, and it is only fair to add that they are well written and serviceable. They cover the "length," description of "male and female," "range" and "season," in addition to which there is furnished for each species a general description of from one to 5 pages in length.

Like its predecessor, the most striking feature of this work is its really great array of large, colored plates. In spite of the fact that a few of them were produced from slightly imperfect birds, and in a few the backgrounds have not been handled quite as artistically as they might have been, the great majority are admirable, and so faithfully portray the fine details of form, plumage and color markings of the birds represented that I gratefully accept the whole series. Many of the plates are undeniably fine. It is unnecessary to designate them, for each reader will promptly choose for himself a list of favorites, and gloat over them with many and frequent gloats. The first of my "favorite" plates are those depicting the passenger pigeon, the great blue heron, red-shouldered hawk, and loon.

For the benefit of those who do not understand the process employed in the production of these plates, it should be stated that each figure is an actual photograph of a bird, and so far as the form, details of plumage, and light and dark color markings are concerned, there can be no going behind the returns. Wherever the form or the pose of a bird is not quite perfect, the fault lies with the taxidermist, not with the camera.

Viewed in its entirety, this volume is a decided success, and in cost to the purchaser it is a marvel of cheapness. It is sure to be received gratefully by those for whom it is intended, and many editions will be worn out in the service of bird lovers. I predict for it a greater degree of popularity among sportsmen than any other bird book has yet attained. Because of this expectation, I am especially gratified to find that the introduction (by G. O. Shields) is an earnest and powerful appeal for bird preservation, creditable alike to its author and the publishers, and an example well worthy to be followed by a number of persons who gain their livelihood from ornithological work, but who thus far have been either too short sighted or too indolent to lift a hand to protect the birds of North America.

"Birds that Hunt and are Hunted." By Neltje Blanchan. Pp. 352. Royal octavo. Forty-eight colored plates, each 6x8 inches. Doubleday & McClure Company, New York, 1898. Price, $2.50.

## EUROPEAN ARMIES ON PARADE.

It is highly appropriate that "Military Europe" should appear precisely coincident with the return of General Miles from Porto Rico. Whether his victorious and well-conditioned army parades on Broadway or not, this handsome volume by the Commander-in-Chief will go marching on, throughout the length and breadth of our great and growing country.

General Miles' opportunity to study European armies and navies was about the best that ever fell to the lot of an American. He witnessed great military reviews and manœuvres in Russia, Germany, France, Austria, and Italy, was with the armies of both combatants during the war between Greece and Turkey, and, as an offset, witnessed the splendid display of "the military and naval glory of England" that was made during the Queen's Jubilee. Our General was received by all the reigning sovereigns whose armies he visited a-field, and he saw the military establishments of all the great powers of Europe, at their best. The illustrations of his story were selected with great care and judgment; they have been beautifully reproduced, and are highly satisfactory.

The General's story is very interesting; but it is a story on parade. It contains no criticisms, nothing "between-you-and-me," and we would be willing to double the price of the book to know the author's private opinion of each of the great military establishments inspected by him. But we can only look at the pictures, and wonder; for the laws of international courtesy and hospitality forbid the publication of the true inwardness of things seen from such vantage ground.

Six months ago, we would have viewed these illustrations of fine soldiers and fine ships with a feeling of envy, possibly embroidered with regret. Now, how different. As we examine the details of the finest battle-ships of England, Russia, France, and Germany, we envy nobody, and we regret nothing. We say, "Very fine; very good; but there are others!" I recall that the 3 tall smoke-stacks of our Brooklyn excited much curiosity, and flippant comment, at the Jubilee Naval review; but the Cristobal Colon can tell why those stacks are tall. France was represented by the big battle-ship "Admiral Pothnau," which couldn't run from Havre to Cronstadt without getting something the matter with its insides; while the Oregon—but let us be generous, and refrain from comparisons.

Military Europe. A narrative of personal observations and personal experience. By Nelson A. Miles. 56 half-tone illustrations, pp. 112, small quarto. New York; Doubleday & McClure Co. Cloth, $1.50.

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## OUR STATE GAME AND FORESTS.

The Second Annual Report of the Commissioners of Fisheries, Game, and Forests is a document worthy of the Empire State. Instead of being a cheap and measly pamphlet, filled with stuff that no one cares to know, it is a stately quarto volume, replete with information worth having, and to the eye decidedly pleasing. It would be all the better for a good map showing the state forests; but that can come later.

Of the various reports, the one in which I take keenest interest is that of J. Warren Pond, Chief Game Protector, on "Prosecutions for violations of the Fish and Game Laws," which gives a complete list of Game Protectors and the offenders whom they have caused to be punished for violations of the game laws. Really, the showing is quite encouraging, and the total of fines paid in each county is a goodly sum. On natural history there are many valuable articles, each of which is handsomely illustrated. There are papers on the black bass, American saibling, brook trout, pike, perch, oyster, Adirondack deer, ruffed grouse, quail, and woodcock, all of which are of permanent value. Inasmuch as "the John Brown Farm" is now state property, the story of it, and the illustrations, are entirely in place in this volume, and few persons who handle this book will fail to read it.

On the whole, the Report is a good document, and reflects decided credit on the enterprise and good taste of the Commissioners, as well as on the State which pays the printer's bill. Last year no copies of the first report could be bought, but I am informed that a limited number of copies of this volume are for sale by the printers, the Wynkoop-Hallenbeck-Crawford Co., at 441 Pearl Street, New York.

Second Annual Report of the Commissioners of Fisheries, Game, and Forests of the State of New York. State document, pp. 521, quarto, cloth, 18 colored plates, 66 half-tone illustrations.

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"Bird Neighbors" is one of the best books on Ornithology published since the days of Audubon. $2 gets a copy of that book and a yearly subscription to Recreation. How can anybody afford to be without that book, when it can be had at ½ the publisher's price?

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"What did Colonel Stillwell say about the brandied peaches we sent to cheer his convalescence?"

"He said he was afraid he wasn't strong enough to eat the fruit," replied the little girl, "but he appreciated the spirit in which it was sent."—Washington Star.

**What else** can you give a man for a Holiday present that will give him so much pleasure, at so small a cost, as a yearly subscription to Recreation?

If you would live next to nature, read Recreation.

### '99 MODELS.

Bicycle manufacturers seem each year to begin designing and making their new models earlier in the fall. For the past 3 months they have been discussing the '99 models and at least a dozen firms have gotten out new ones embodying features that are expected to distinguish next year's machines from all that have gone before. The greatest departure in these machines from the bicycles of 1897 is in the use of wheels of 30 inches diameter, instead of the standard 28-inch wheels that have been in vogue for the last 4 years. The advocates of the larger wheels claim that their increased diameter causes them to roll over obstructions in rough roads with less jolting to the rider than the smaller wheels cause, and that, as the distance between the points of contact of these wheels with the ground is several inches greater than with the old style, the rider does not sit so nearly over the rear wheel as formerly, hence feels the rise and fall of the wheels less than in the present type of bicycle. By the use of 30-inch wheels the axles are raised one inch farther from the ground and this permits the crank-hanger to be dropped an additional inch, making it 4 inches lower than the wheel centres. It is not recognized by mechanics that there is any advantage in this, except that it brings the saddle closer to the ground, makes mounting and dismounting without the rear axle step more easy, and brings the centre of gravity lower. One very strong objection to the combination of 30-inch wheels with the very low 20 and 22-inch frames now in vogue is that the head of the machine is very short—often only 3 inches. This offers such a short leverage to resist the increased side strains on the larger front wheel that twisting of the frame will be a common trouble, the machine will get out of "true" and will have a strong tendency to run to one side. This is not an uncommon fault with this year's bicycles, but it is not recognized by the average rider, who, while he feels that his machine does not run so easily as formerly and cannot be ridden "hands off" any more, does not know where the trouble lies. As soon as one discovers that his bicycle has a strong tendency to run to one side and that in riding "hands off" he has to lean to one side to preserve his balance, he may be sure his machine is out of true and that the wheels do not "track." By observing other riders from the rear he will often see in other wheels the fault which he cannot see in his own. As it is a somewhat delicate and difficult job to accurately true a bicycle, the rider will in most cases save time, trouble, and expense by taking his machine to the factory or to a repair man, telling his troubles, and having the work done for him.

The tendency toward the use of 7-inch in place of the standard 6½-inch cranks is growing, and it is not impossible that longer cranks in combination with larger sprocket wheels will be a feature of next year's models. The increased size of the driving wheel will make it possible to use a larger rear sprocket without increasing the gear, because the machine will travel more than 6 inches farther with every revolution of the wheels. Aside from these, there will be few superficial changes to distinguish the '99 models from those of the present season and of '96. Whatever others there are will be mostly in improved construction in the minor but vital parts, such as the hangers and hubs and their contained ball bearings, handle-bar and seat-post fastenings, connections, etc.

### THE SCORCHER'S ADVICE.

She was a female "scorcher"
  And she scorched to beat the band,
She struck a hump and—bumpity bump!
  Of course she had to land.
She seemed to light all in a heap
  And couldn't find her "talk,"
She lay so mum nor chewed her gum,
  Nor never squeaked a squawk.

To rub her hands one said would be
  The proper thing to do.
Another said to rub her head
  Would promptly bring her to.
Another who had seen her scorch,
  Beheld the sorry wreck;
He heaved a sigh and passed her by
  And murmured "rubberneck."

—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Friendly Visitor (to little boy)—Why, Coxey, what nice looking trousers you have on!

Coxey—Yes, ma'am; I got them off a young lady friend of mine.—Life.

Sly Cupid lights a blissful flame
  On every tandem ride;
Two wheels with but a single frame,
  Two gears that coincide.

**What else** can you give a man for a Holiday present that will give him so much pleasure, at so small a cost, as a yearly subscription to RECREATION?

The boy stood on the burning deck
  And cried "Bring on your torch!
I'm what they call a 'rubber-neck'
  And think it's fun to scorch!"

# RAFTING ON THE YUKON.

H. L. SUYDAM.

Dr. Chase and I left Skaguay with a burro packed with 200 pounds of clothing and blankets. We each carried about 50 pounds, including guns, snow shoes, guitar, etc., making a very awkward pack. The trail had been abandoned for several days, for the winter trail had broken up in the canyon and on the lakes. No one could be obtained to pack our outfit to Bennet lake, and as it was imperative we should push through at all hazards, we urged the poor little burro along until he became so weak he would not try to help himself. He would sink in a deep mud hole and lie there. This meant for us to throw off our packs and unload him. His pack would be nearly covered with mud of the foulest kind, dead horses often being our only stepping stones. After pulling out the pack we had to exert our utmost strength to pull the animal out. This had to be done more than a dozen times.

At 9 p.m. we reached the Cut Off, a distance of 16 miles. We stopped at the Occidental Hotel, a large tent containing bunks. The following morning the burro was too nearly dead to be packed, so after making arrangements to have our outfit carried by a man who had Dawson city mail to pack to Bennett, we started on our journey with blankets and our original packs.

We met several large pack trains breaking the summer trail over White Pass summit. This is a most discouraging and unprofitable undertaking. At least 20 per cent. of the horses are killed, breaking through ice, falling over bowlders, etc. The horses that survive are so badly used up they often die on the return trip. No one can realize the hardships men undergo on these trips, except by experience. Streams which run swift, icy water, with high banks on either side, have to be forded. Men have to mount the horses or mules to cross. Often the poor, tired beast will fail to make the bank and fall back in the stream. Then the man has to get out of the water the best he can. Often a horse will be carried 200 feet down the stream, and frequently never get out, as the pack keeps him down. I have seen from one to 5 horses in places of this kind. Men jump right in among them and are often kicked by them in their struggles. Cold, wet clothes cling to the men during the remainder of the trip.

After leaving the last pack train, a mile over the summit, we had to break the trail through snow covered with a crust of thin ice, that would hold for several steps and then let us down with a jolt. Then for perhaps a mile we would sink at every step to our waists. We saw plenty of ptarmigan and got close to them, but we had no time to shoot, for 21 miles had to be made before we could go into camp at Log Cabin.

Just before we reached the Northwest Territory Mounted Police's summer camp, where duties are imposed on everything, we saw a man with 23 head of horses. We were the first men he had seen since his arrival, which he said was 2 days before. He and 3 other men had started from Log Cabin with 26 horses to break through the new trail to the summit. Two days of struggling had brought them to this place, where horses, as well as men, collapsed. They had one bag of oats when they reached there. When we met him he had but a few handfuls. He was feeding it to the starving horses, almost one grain at a time, and fighting the horses away from him. He had shot 3 of them that were too weak to stand. His partners had gone back to the Police Camp to try to get feed, expecting to pack it if successful.

At 11 o'clock, Doc and I reached Swanson-Peacock Camp and were not long in getting to sleep after rolling up in great fur robes.

I camped at Log Cabin 2 weeks, with swamps and dead horses on one side, and in a camp with 97 live dogs that howl with hunger all night. It being impossible to get anyone to pack several tons of machinery from there to Bennett, about 9 miles, owing to the dangerous condition of the trail, it became necessary for all of us to use every effort to get it there. From 3 a.m. to 11 or 12 p.m., we were on the trail with 4 horses. Nothing will ever induce me to go through that again. Swamps, dead horses, and hills, the whole 9 miles. I am safe in saying more than 6,000 dead and mangled horses are walked over every day. The dogs have pulled them apart and the sun and flies make them horrible. Two of the horses we used are among this conglomeration and the other 2 were brought along for the good work they have done. I often wonder if man has a right to use his best friend this way. The trail can only be likened to a battlefield. The dead and crippled animals are evidence of a terrible battle for gold. I have seen many packs thrown on the backs of horses that had running sores as big as pie plates.

Captain Jack Crawford has written a poem on the trail. He built his boat alongside of our scow. I saw him every day. He seems always in good humor. At the games on the Queen's birthday, he acted as master of ceremonies.

On the evening of June 6th we set our big, square canvas on a barge 12x40 feet, with 11 men and 20 tons of freight and a raft in tow carrying 2 horses and 2 dogs. We were in the mad race down the river. We sailed all night, but the following day we were compelled to make a landing, owing to head winds on Tagish lake.

A mounted policeman hustled everyone on shore up the hill to put out a fire that had started. These forest fires are bad for this country. They burn off the timber which is scarce anyway. They start from camp fires which are left burning. The heavy growth of moss and grass roots smothers a fire for hours. Sometimes one will break out hundreds of feet up the mountains, caused by a spark carried by the wind.

That night the wind died out and we rowed all night. The following morning we reached Tagish House, where every boat is inspected by the police.

We took several pictures of Indians there, among them 4 who had killed a white man and wounded his partner, for their outfit. The Indians were chained together and were guarded by a policeman. I have since learned 2 of the Indians were sentenced to be hanged and the other 2 to be made prisoners for life.

We poled and rowed all that night. The next day, the wind being strong against us, we anchored on Lake Marsh, where instead of getting our rest we fought mosquitoes. A strong, fair wind sprang up in the night and we sailed until morning, when we ran into 60 Mile river. This river flows from 4 to 5 miles an hour. The scenery is beautiful. Both banks were brilliant with flowers of different colors, and melodious with song birds in large variety, many of which were entirely new to me. Ducks and geese were also plentiful, but we did not shoot them, as we had no means of picking them up. The stream would soon carry them out of our reach. White fish and greylings frequently jumped out of the water. They were also out of reach, for trolling was impossible, as the boat was going nearly as fast as the current.

At noon we reached the canyon of the White Horse rapids. All boats stop there to investigate before entering. Tramway companies take part or all of an outfit on cars the other side of the rapids at 2 cents a pound a distance of 4½ miles. There are also recorded pilots who pilot small boats through for $20. They charged $75 for our scow, it being large and drawing so much water, even after we had taken out all our clothes and provisions. We were fortunate enough to go through both canyon and rapids without touching a rock or even turning around. We couldn't make a landing, however, until we were 2 miles past our cache. Three of the boys secured an abandoned boat that was half full of water, and after dipping it out, we put about 3 tons of machinery and tools in it. Two of the boys backed water while the other bailed. An undertow soon carried them far from shore and a wave struck them so as to almost fill the boat with water. It looked bad for both men and boat for a minute. Swimming against that swift current was next to impossible and none of the freight would float. One of the boys threw a line to a man on shore, but he wouldn't take hold of it for he knew he would be jerked into the water. Fortunately a group of men were standing about 100 yards farther down the river. Seeing them, the man in the boat quickly coiled up the rope and threw it to them. It was a splendid throw, for it landed close to them, and with their combined strength, after a struggle, they succeeded in holding the boat, which sank as it neared shore.

All that night and the next day we packed the cache to the scow on our backs. This was terribly hard work, but we considered ourselves lucky, for we had saved everything, while the shore of the river was strewn for more than 5 miles with parts of other outfits that had been pulled out of the water. That was a picture I shall always remember, for I realize what it costs to get things as far as this. One false sweep of the oar may lose all and no money can replace them.

From 2 to 8 lives have been lost here in a day since the rush began. We pulled out the body of a man that had been in the water for perhaps 2 weeks. After leaving it for identification for 2 hours, we buried it on the adjoining hillside where several hasty graves had been made.

That night we were all together again and cut the scow loose from the shore. We reached Lake La Barge in the morning. There was no wind and the water was too deep to pole, so we lay to and fought mosquitoes all day.

The next day we had some wind and with it came a thunder shower. We sailed and rowed until the following day, when we entered the 30 Mile river. This has a swift current and high water. Most of the rocks were covered, and we had to work hard to keep away from the ripples which marked the location of the rocks.

We ran this river without striking a rock. More than 200 boats have been wrecked here. Most of them were cut right through the middle, as if with an ax. Nothing would have saved us if we had run on a rock. Being so heavy, we would have gone to the bottom like a stone.

That night we went ashore at Police Post, on the mouth of the Hootalinqua river. At 2 a.m. we started down the Lewis river, passed Big Salmon, and stopped at Little Salmon in the evening. Over 2,000 boats lined the shores, there being excitement on the Pelly river. Indians were taking Cheechacoes 125 miles up this river, at $8 a day, where they strike the Pelly, about 250 miles from the mouth.

Starting again that night we landed above Five Fingers rapids. The next morning we ran both Five Fingers and Rink rapids. These gave us no trouble. The following day we ran on sand bars 3 times. Everybody jumped into the cold water to his waist and worked hard to get off. Once we got the scow in deep water and the current swept it from 4 of us. We got on the raft, however, and chased the scow. There being many channels and islands, we lost it for 4 hours. We were cold in our wet clothes and were without hats or coats. The scow didn't dare land lest we pass her the other side of some island. Fortune favored us again, for the scow ran on another bar and we by chance were in the same channel.

The next day we passed both the White and the Stewart rivers. There is a large settlement at the Stewart river and a great deal of building being done.

That night we went ashore on 60 Mile creek. Here we made a permanent camp.

Doc and I have been prospecting this creek and the party has started a gulch claim, where we are trying to get down to bed rock. We came across this gulch while following a moose track, so we call it Moose Gulch. Moose and bear are plentiful; also ducks and geese. We shoot all the ducks we want without leaving camp, for we have a good decoy on the water and call the birds from the Yukon.

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## THE HUNTER.

SIDNEY ARNOLD.

With eager steps of childhood borne,
He seeks the woods in early morn
  And whiles away the happy day.
Softly he treads his favorite aisles
Pursuing fancied game with smiles,
  While drest in mimic war array.

Manhood has come—
  He passes out, into the field and flood.
Forest and stream his face have seen—
  Nature has been his God.
  The brooks reflect his pliant rod;
The forest murmurs its content;
  The deer bound lightly o'er the sod
When he appears on pleasure bent.

Manhood has gone! All this is past—
Time rolls around and claims at last
  The hunter in his age.
Happy has been his quiet life
And void of that eternal strife
  Writ on life's darker page.

No more the flashing stream will yield
  The image of this kindly friend,
Nor waving branch of forest tree
  A graceful welcome e'er extend.

Close by a mossy brook,
  With whispering pines to cover,
Sadly they bury him—
  Nature's true lover.

## SEPTEMBER.

The cool September zephyr blows,
  And fleas forsake the pup,
And Summer boarding-houses close,
  And oysters open up.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

## AND SHE DIDN'T.

"I shall have to ask you for a ticket for that boy, ma'am."

"I guess not."

"He's too old to travel free. He occupies a whole seat, and the car's crowded. There are people standing up."

"That's all right."

"I haven't time to argue the matter, ma'am. You'll have to pay for that boy."

"I've never paid for him yet, and I'm not going to begin now."

"You've got to begin some time. If you haven't had to put up fare for him you're mighty lucky, or else you don't do much travelling."

"That's all right."

"You'll pay for that boy, ma'am, or I'll stop the train and put him off."

"That's all right. You put him off if you think that's the way to get anything out of me."

"You ought to know what the rules of this road are, madam. How old is that boy?"

"I don't know. I never saw him before. If you want a ticket for him you'd better ask that old gentleman down the aisle. He got on with him."—Philadelphia Press.

A recruit was brought up for medical inspection, and the doctor asked him, "Have you any defects?"

"Yes, sir; I am short sighted."

"How can you prove it?"

"Easily enough, Doctor. Do you see that nail up yonder in the wall?"

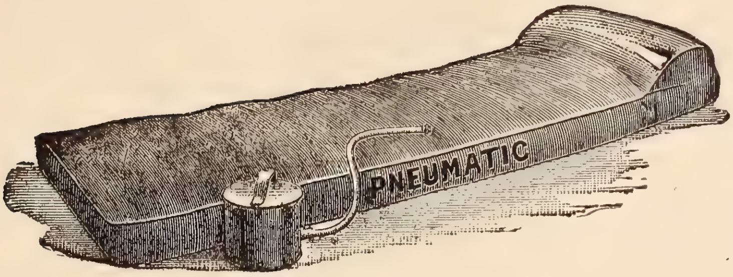
"Yes."

"Well, I don't."

Customer: "Got any mustard?"
Grocer: "We're all out to-day."
"So you're 'mustered out' too, eh?"

# "There is Nothing so Rare as Resting on Air"

## "Recreation" Camp Mattress



When rolled up makes a bundle no larger than a traveling blanket and weighs about twelve pounds.

Wherever night overtakes you, you have only to throw it on the ground or floor, inflate it, and in five minutes you have a bed as soft as down (or hard, if you choose).

As dampness cannot penetrate it, it enables you to have a refreshing night's rest on a luxurious bed, without any danger of taking cold.

No outfit is complete without one, and with ordinary care they will last a lifetime.

**Size, 6 ft. 2 in. x 2 ft. 1 in.**

**Price, with Pillow, $20.00. Without Pillow, $18.00.**

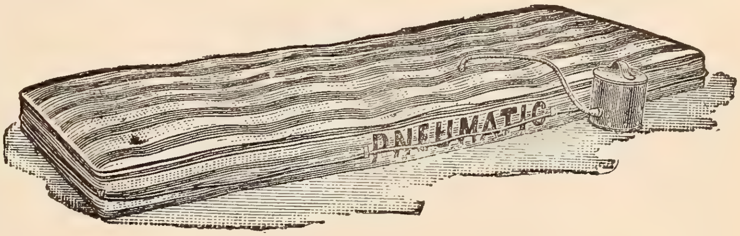
## "International" Ship or Yacht Mattress

They are light and portable and do not absorb moisture, consequently do not have that musty odor so common on board yachts.

They do not mat down, require no springs, and are always clean and sweet.

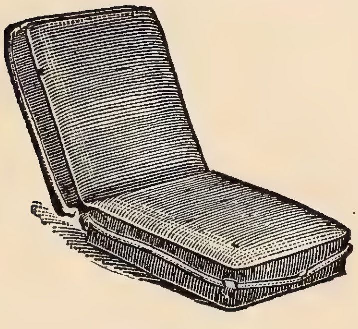
They are provided with a life-line, and will support as many as can cling to it, forming the best life-saving device ever invented, and one that is always handy.

The Steamships "St. Paul" and "St. Louis," Yachts "Nourmahal," "Saxson," "Utopian," "Royal Blue," "Shamrock," and hundreds of others, are equipped with pneumatic mattresses or cushions, made under our Mr. Young's personal supervision.



**Ship or Yacht Mattress, 6 ft. 2 in. x 2 ft. 1 in. Price, $18.00.**

## "Butler"



**Double Canoe or Boat Cushion**

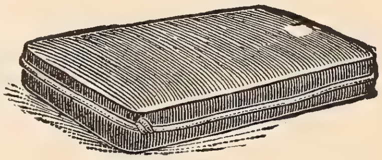
Forms a seat and back. Has life-line attached and will support two persons. Each cushion is 12 x 12 inches and covered with brown duck.

**Price, $5.00.**

## "Peerless"

**Single Boat or Canoe Cushion**

Covered with brown duck, has life-line, and will easily support two persons. This cushion is 12 x 20 inches, and one of the most popular we make.



**Price, $4.00.**

We will forward the above upon receipt of price.

**KEPT IN STOCK BY**

**DAVID T. ABERCROMBIE & CO., New York City**
**HENRY C. SQUIRES & SON, New York City**
**WRIGHT & DITSON, Boston, Mass.**
**THE SPALDING ST. LAWRENCE BOAT CO., Agents for the St. Lawrence River and Thousand Islands**

☞ We make to order Cushions of any size or shape, special size mattresses, pillows, etc. Let us know what you wish, and we will send you an estimate of the cost.

## Pneumatic Mattress and Cushion Co., Reading, Mass.

# Kodaks

make photography simple, easy. Kodaks load in daylight with non-breakable film cartridges which weigh ounces where plates weigh pounds. Kodaks are fitted with the finest lenses and shutters; are perfect in design and workmanship. Kodak purchasers make no experiment; they take no chances. Kodaks are standard the world over.

## KODAKS

**$5.00 to $35.00.**

*Catalogues free at agencies or by mail.*

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

THERE IS NO KODAK BUT
THE EASTMAN KODAK.

Rochester, N. Y.

# AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

## A POPULAR EXCHANGE.

I am glad to report that the World Wide Photo Exchange is becoming famous. Nearly 100 ladies and gentlemen—all enthusiastic amateurs—have been enrolled on its lists and the membership is growing in a satisfactory manner. A great many of the members are recruits from the ranks of RECREATION'S readers and they show by the kind of work they turn out that they have been reading good pointers in the photo department of your excellent magazine.

I notice that the Photo American attempted to start an exchange as an imitation of ours, but after a number or 2 of notices it fell into oblivion.

The W. W. P. E. is a society founded on the idea of photo print collecting by the exchange of unmounted prints between amateur photographers. Some members of this society report already from 2 to 4 or 5 albums filled with choice photographs of subjects situated in all parts of the world and that they would otherwise not have been able to secure.

Success to RECREATION;
We vote by acclamation;
'Tis the jolliest sensation
In our good old Yankee nation.

F. R. Archibald, Rock Creek, O.
Secretary W. W. P. E.

## FACTS ABOUT THE WORLD-WIDE PHOTO-EXCHANGE.

FOUNDED FEBRUARY 1, 1898.

It publishes a numbered list of new members each month, a copy of which is mailed to each member.

New members receive all the back lists.

On July 1, 1898, the club had over 50 members in United States, Canada, Jamaica, San Domingo, etc. Now it has nearly 100.

New members are being rapidly added.

You can learn more about methods, cameras, chemicals, and practical amateur photography by exchanging prints than in any other way—except by reading RECREATION.

The W. W. P. E. is the only club of the kind in the world. It aims to extend its membership around the world. Foreign members will remit the equivalent of 25 cents, in either unused postage stamps or a money order.

The secretary offers a new 4 x 5 camera to the member who sends in the largest list of new members before the issue of list No. 12.

To become a member send 25 cents for dues from list No. 1 to No. 12 inclusive. Your name will appear in the first monthly list after your application is received. Will you not become one of us?

## PLATINUM BATH.

20 ounces water
15 grains platino-potassium chloride
8 drams liquid phosphoric acid of 1,154 specific weight.

After this wash the prints quickly 3 times and then fix for about 10 minutes in

1½ ounces hyposulphite of soda
30 ounces water.

After fixing wash well for ½ an hour.

Brown-black tones are obtained by putting the prints directly into the platinum bath without any previous gold toning.

Another formula, by which the platinum tone is secured in one operation and which may be used on any and all papers, is as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Platinum chloride | 15 grains |
| Chloride of copper | 20 grains |
| Sat. solution of citric acid | 2 ounces |

This is a strong stock solution. For toning, use one dram to 15 ounces of water. Prints will give a fine platino color in 3 to 5 minutes. Then fix in hypo, one to 30, for 10 minutes and wash.

This is as nearly as possible the "Single Platino toning bath" now on the market.

---

A few days ago a young photographic artist (prospective) called on me and wanted a pound of that salt for fixing; Hydro—Hydro—Hydrophobia. Of course he meant Hypo-Soda.

Another asked for a film for "number 2 shot" which order I finally filled with a film for No. 2 Bull's Eye. Mr. Jones, who bought 2 books of instruction on photography with his camera, brings the whole outfit back after 2 weeks and says it don't work. On asking him to show me how he worked it, he put the plate holder behind the ground glass. I wonder all photo stock dealers don't fetch up in the insane asylum.

John Darkroom.

## HOW TO TONE.

Will you please give me formulas for toning and fixing aristo platino paper? Also for aristo, jr., paper?

G. H. Dormer.

ANSWER.

A formula for toning these is furnished with each package. The following is good and has been thoroughly tested. It will work effectively on all gelatine papers, such as Kloro, Solio, Maxima, and others.

For plain gold toning use the first part of the toning and fix in hypo solution, leaving out the platinum toning.

Print very deep. Wash for about 10 minutes in running water.

### FIRST TONING.

Stock solution A: 30 ounces water
5 drams borax
Stock solution B: 3½ ounces water
15 grains chloride of gold.

One hour before use take 1-3 of solution B and pour it into solution A. (This bath should be always fresh and is to be thrown away when it has become blue.)

Tone until a red-brown, but not violet tone is obtained.

Wash quickly in running water, and then put the prints for about 10 minutes into the toning solution again.

### A FINE FOCUSING SCREEN.

A capital focusing screen, so fine as to be practically devoid of grain, can be made as follows: Fix an unexposed plate, and wash it thoroughly. Then immerse it in a solution of barium chloride (strength immaterial), and then, without washing, pass it into dilute sulphuric acid. Keep the plate in motion by gentle rocking, when a fine precipitate of barium sulphate will be produced on the film and form a surface much superior to ground glass.

### NEGATIVE VARNISH.

Dissolve 8 parts of borax and 2 parts of carbonate of soda in 160 parts of hot water, and dissolve in this 32 parts of bleached shellac broken up small. When this is dissolved, add one part of glycerine dissolved in 160 parts of water. If any deposit forms after a few days, filter off.

This varnish can be run on the plate while it is wet, hence the plate dries once for all.—Dun, in Photo. News.

### BLACK STAIN FOR WOOD.

| | |
|---|---|
| Extract of logwood........ | 225 grains. |
| Chromate potass .......... | 450 grains. |
| Water .................... | 1 quart. |

### PHOTO NOTES.

Please give me a formula for a good reliable toning solution.

Roy J. Boynton, Hillsboro Bridge, N. H.

### ANSWER.

The following is good.

Print a shade deeper than required in the finished print.

Wash prints in 5 or 6 changes of water, 5 minutes apart, keeping them well separated. You cannot wash them too much.

Toning bath: Water ..........60 oz.
Chloride of gold.. 2 grs.

Neutralize with a saturated solution of acetate soda and borax equal parts. Test with litmus paper.

If cold tones are desired, the bath must be made sufficiently alkaline to turn red litmus distinctly blue. Too much alkali, however, tends to make prints appear toned. Such prints will bleach in the fixing bath.

Prints should tone in 5 to 10 minutes. Too rapid or too slow toning will result in lack of brilliancy. If water contains sediment, it is best to filter before making up the bath. When prints have reached the desired tone, place them in plenty of clear water.

Fixing bath: Water ...............40 oz.
Hyposulphite of soda.. 2 oz.

Prints should remain in this bath not less than 15 minutes.

Washing.—Directly after fixing, the prints are to be washed in 8 or 10 changes of water. For this purpose use a large tray, and be careful to separate each print, from time to time. The washing will be complete in about one hour.

When developing with the hydro-metol type of reagents, many of the terrors of "hypo" in the older developer disappear. In fact, a trace of hypo acts only as a mild, and sometimes desirable, restrainer.

I find that the sky half of a negative may be treated to a bath of hypo, when the clouds are in danger of disappearing, without leaving the lines of checked development that are so apt to follow the local use of bromide in such cases. I use a swab of cotton dipped in the regular fixing bath, wash out the sky portion of the negative as soon as it is sufficiently developed (of course holding the plate so that the hypo will not run back on to the undeveloped portion), not completely clearing the sky but thinning it down to taste; rinse under the tap and complete the development as usual. If the hypo carried back into the developer makes it work too slowly, a fresh solution is the natural remedy.

L. M. McCormick, in Camera Notes.

To prepare a negative for retouching, make the following solution: In 4 ounces of good turpentine dissolve about 15 or 20 grains (by weight) of Canada balsam. Then add from 30 to 40 grains of gum dammar. When dissolved, let it stand a few days and pour off the upper clear part into another bottle. Cover the end of the finger with 2 thicknesses of clean, soft rag; take 2 or 3 drops of the liquid and gently rub the part of the film to be retouched, in a circular direction. The negative should not feel at all sticky, but have just enough roughness or tooth to enable one to fill up the specks and defects by dotting or touching with a hard, finely-pointed lead pencil.

Editor RECREATION: Will some reader through the columns of RECREATION please give his experience with an Adlake special camera.

M. E. Daniels, Kendallville, Iowa.

I am much interested in amateur photography and should be glad to exchange 4x5 views with brother amateurs.

S. Bauer, 117 Central Ave., Owego, N. Y.

# THE TURNER-REICH

# ANASTIGMAT LENS

*Is unsurpassed by any other in the market*
*It has an aperture of F : 7 .5 . . . . . . . .*

TURNER-REICH
Anastigmat
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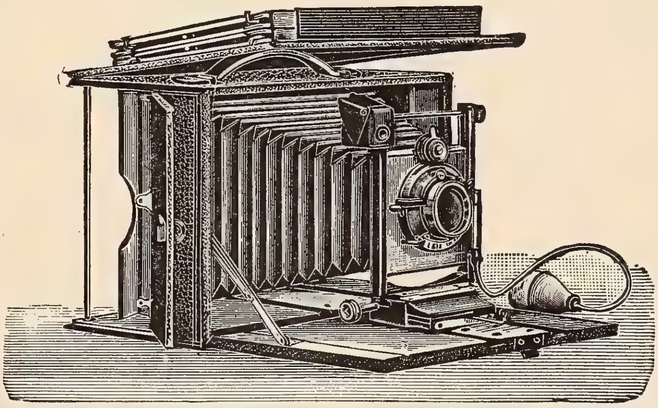
MARVELLOUS DEPTH OF FOCUS AND AN ABSOLUTELY FLAT FIELD ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

**PRICES LOWER than those of any other Anastigmat lens**

**OUR LENSES ARE WORLD-RENOWNED**
**OUR SHUTTERS LEAD**
**Our CAMERAS are UNSURPASSED in WORKMANSHIP and FINISH**

THE ONLY CONCERN IN THE UNITED STATES TURNING OUT A COMPLETE CAMERA, LENS, AND SHUTTER, ALL OF THEIR OWN MANUFACTURE ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧



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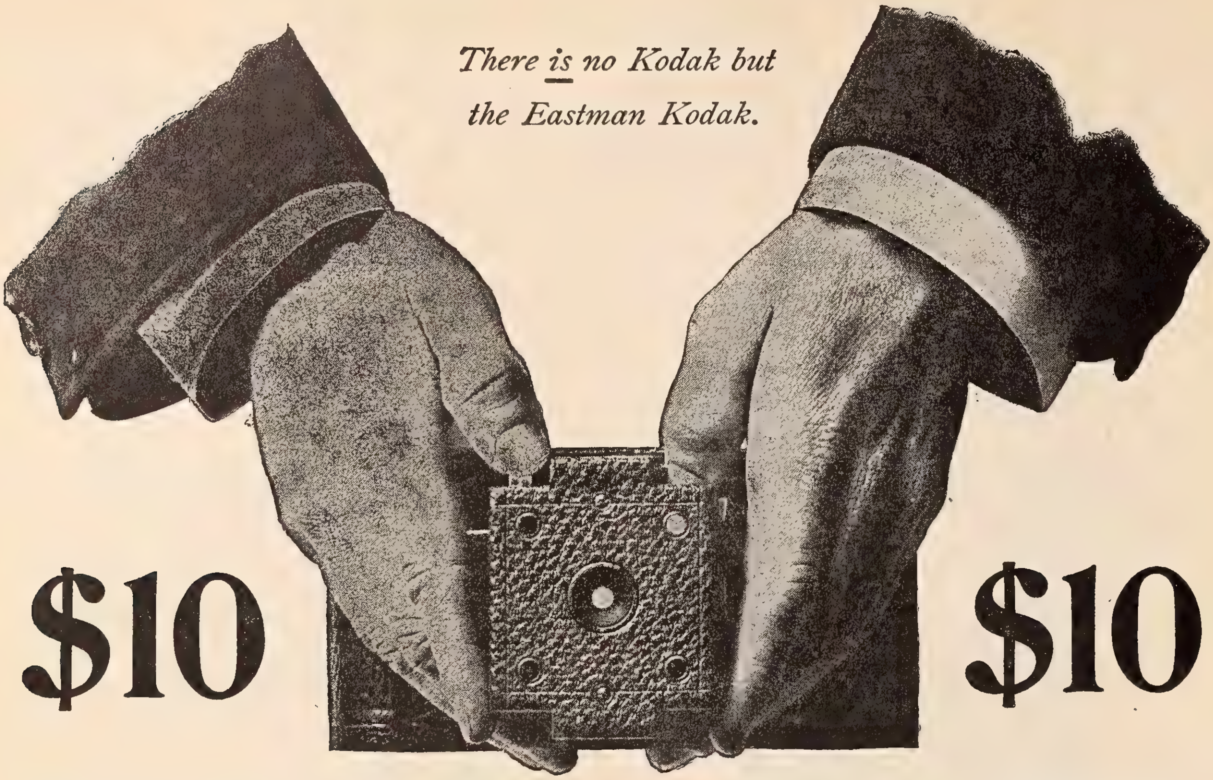
**751 to 765 South Clinton St.** ROCHESTER, N. Y.

*SEND FOR CATALOGUE*



*There is no Kodak but the Eastman Kodak.*

**$10** **$10**

**The Embodiment of Photographic Utility and Daintiness is to be found in the**

# Folding Pocket Kodak

Only 1½ inches in thickness when closed, yet takes pictures 2¼ x 3¼ inches. Fitted with the finest achromatic lens, improved self setting shutter, two finders and set of three stops.

Made of Aluminum; covered with finest grain leather. **Loads in Daylight** with our light-proof film cartridges.

**Winter Kodaking** is made doubly delightful by the pictures of the family group at the Thanksgiving table and at the Christmas tree; by flash lights of one's friends taken in the long evenings of the holiday season; pictures which have an ever increasing value to their owner as the years go by. And out of doors the amateur photographer captures Nature in her sterner moods—secures pictures that are delightfully different from those of the summer landscape, finding that the snow-clad hills and leafless trees offer as many opportunities for artistic work as do the gentler scenes of summer.

**Kodaks $5.00 to $35.00.**

EASTMAN KODAK CO.
Rochester, N. Y.

*Catalogues free of dealers or by mail.*

DIVISION OF TIME AT SEA.

Time, at sea, is verified by sextant and quadrant, at noon. As time cannot be regulated until observations have been taken, watches begin at 12.30 p.m.

Eight bells are struck every 4 hours ; at 12.30, 4, 8 and 12. Other bells are struck as follows:

First watch, larboard.—One bell, 12.30; 2 bells, 1; 3 bells, 1.30; 4 bells, 2; 5 bells, 2.30; 6 bells, 3; 7 bells, 3.30; 8 bells, 4.

Then the watch changes to starboard and goes on as before. One bell more is struck every half hour from 4.30 to 8.

The " dog watches ' run from 4 a.m. to 8 a.m., and are of 2 hours each.

The maiden may not go to war,
  That boon is not allowed her,
But oft at home she's seen and faced
  A puff of smokeless powder.

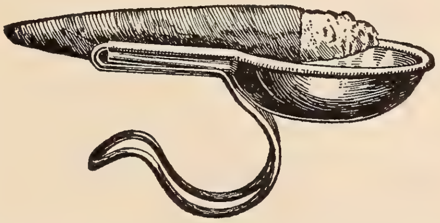
" What a fine erect carriage Colonel Banager has."

" Yes. I'm told he was an advertising sandwich man in his early youth."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Boston, having seen Cervera,
  Harmless 'mid her peaceful scenes,
Like a well conducted person
  Went on eating cold baked beans.
—Chicago Record.

Smokers' Friend

**H & M Cigar and Ash Holder**



The greatest convenience for smokers either at home, at the club or in the office. Fastens on edge of card table, smoking table or desk. Handsomely nickel-plated.

**By mail 20 cents, stamps taken**

*Booklet Free* *Agents Wanted*

HUEBEL & MANGER
**291 Graham Street**
**Brooklyn, N. Y.**

A Perfect Breakfast

Breakfast has to supply the brain and muscle for the husband's daily battle. It must contain brain and nerve food. It must be a tissue builder. It must be easy to cook and easy to digest. To be just right it must include Quaker Oats.

THE EASY FOOD
Quaker Oats
THE WORLD'S BREAKFAST
ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE

QUAKER OATS
2 POUNDS
ROLLED
WHITE O
PURE
SINDELAR
PAUL E. DERRICK ADV'G AGENCY

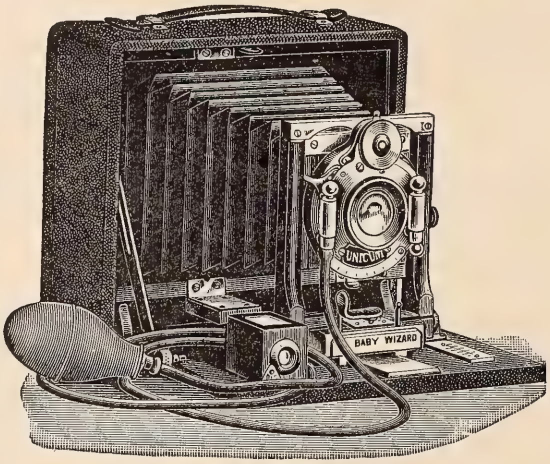
# The Vital Points

To be Considered by the Sportsman
or Tourist in Selecting a Camera

ARE { Compactness
Durability
Lightness

## OUR BABY WIZARD

We believe embodies these requisites to a greater degree than any other.



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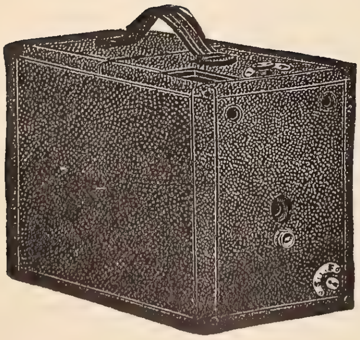
## THE "BOSS DANDY"

Is a King Among Cheap Cameras



**Price, $5.00**

Makes a perfect picture 4x5 inches. Handsomely covered with Black Grain Leather, fitted with our Rapid Achromatic Lens, Improved Safety Shutter, two Tripod Plates and two square Finders.

* * *

## Manhattan Optical Co.

OF N. Y.

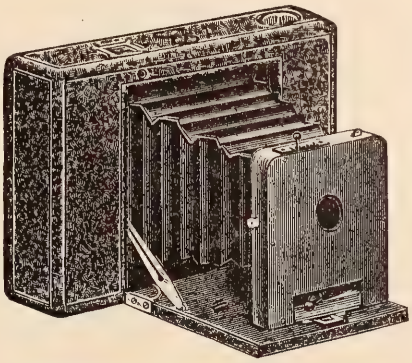
**Our handsome new Catalogue fully describes these and many other Cameras. Send two-cent stamp for Catalogue.**

Works and Executive Offices
CRESSKILL, N. J.

**Something You Can Carry in Your Pocket**

will be found the most desirable outfit for making "snap shots" during the wintry weather now at hand.

**The Tourist Hawk-Eye**



is the smallest Camera in existence that loads in daylight, and has a capacity for twelve exposures, making a photo 3½ x 3½ in.

Glass Plates or Roll Film can be used with all of the late model Hawk-Eyes, which advantage should be considered before purchasing.

Dimensions, 1⅝ x 4½ x 6½ inches

**PRICE, $9.00**

Catalogue free to any address

**The Blair Camera Company, Mfrs., 22 Randolph Street, Boston**

**Do you read or write?**
**If so, do your eyes ever get tired?**

Then you need the services of an **Oculist**

**GALL & LEMBKE** 21 Union Square
New York

will fit you with a pair of glasses so perfectly that you will scarcely know you have them on.

Mention RECREATION.

PRESERVING LABELS.

Although there are many complicated methods of preserving labels on bottles containing chemicals, there is nothing to beat the following simple method: Warm the bottle with label attached and smear the label with paraffin wax (the end of a candle will do). Every worker has at some time or other been annoyed at the aggravating way labels have of getting dirty or washed off; the above will be found an excellent remedy.

**In making up** your list of Christmas presents put down a yearly subscription to RECREATION, for each of your best friends.

(Taken on a Carbutt Orthochromatic Plate.)
By ALOIS BEER, Photographer to Emperor of Austria.

**To Obtain Artistic Results**

as much care must be used in the selection of the Plates or Films as the Camera.

**CARBUTT'S PLATES AND FILMS**

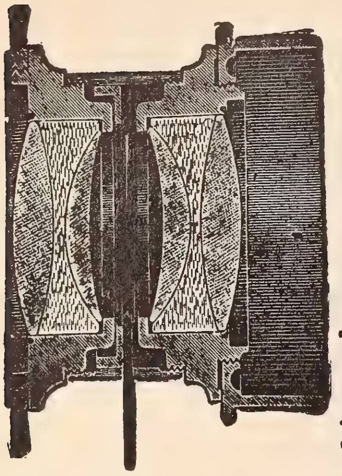
(STANDARD FOR 20 YEARS)

**Give Universal Satisfaction**

**Also J. C. DEVELOPING TABLETS, put up in 3 sizes, price 25c., 40c., 75c.**

If you intend competing for prizes let us assist you in winning by the aid of our Plates, Films, and Developer. For sale by all dealers. Catalogue free.

**JOHN CARBUTT,** WAYNE JUNCTION **Philadelphia, Pa.**



The Genuine Double Anastigmat

**Lenses**

Made by C. P. GOERZ
in Berlin

Surpass all others for

**Speed and Definition**

Price-list and Test-chart free on application to

**C. P. GOERZ,** 52 Union Square, E.
New York

## THE RED MAN'S WATERLOO.

NIXON WATERMAN, IN L. A. W. BULLETIN.

Then the verdant Hiawatha
Sought to give the gleeful ha-ha!
To the people of his wigwam,
To the red men of his village,
So a shining cycle bought he
Of the pale-face, Ananias,
Which he, smiling, hurried homeward
On his faithful Indian pony.

Called he then the braves together,
Told them they were "dead slow," "N. G.,"
That the ancient Indian equine
Was a woozy, wamp back-number!
Brought he forth his wheel and mounted;
Came the sounds of distant thunder,
Shook the mighty oaks in wonder:
Stars of many colors mingled.

On the neck of Hiawatha
Jumped the steed of steel and rubber,
Plowed its hoofs into his stomach,
Kicked him first on this side, that side,
Turned him inside out and churned him,
While the tribe looked on and ha-ha'd,
Till the weary Hiawatha
Seized his "bike" and tomahawked it.

**In making up** your list of Christmas presents put down a yearly subscription to RECREATION, for each of your best friends.

**Site for Fish and Game Preserve:** 1,000 acres; part woodland and part open; being old abandoned farms, in foothills of Green mountains in Connecticut, 100 miles from New York City. Natural home of ruffed grouse, woodcock, and brook trout. One large trout stream, and several small ones on the land. Two old milldam sites, suitable for ponds where fly fishing and boating could be had. Two old houses, suitable for keeper, clubhouse, or summer house.

Pure healthy air; ice-cold spring water; wild fruits and nuts of many kinds. Oak, chestnut, birch, maple, hickory, and pine abound.

Good shelter, feed, and water for deer, wild turkeys, quails, English pheasants, ruffed grouse, speckled trout and black bass.

Land can be bought for 2 or 3 dollars an acre, and a reliable man employed to look after property at small expense. Address,

Game Preserve,
110 Meadow Street, New Haven, Conn.

**To Sportsmen:** There are many sportsmen who would like to find a place in a good game country where they can enjoy the privileges of country life, while boarding at reasonable rates.

To these I can offer the following inducements:

My home is in the County of Goochland, Virginia, about 2 miles from the James river, near Irwin Station, James River Division C. & O. Ry., and about 35 miles above Richmond.

The country within a radius of 12 miles is full of game. Quail are exceptionally numerous this season, while wild turkeys are fairly plentiful. We have also deer, ruffed grouse, geese, ducks, squirrels, hares, and a few woodcock. Hunting season opens on October 15th and closes January 1st. Board at reasonable rates. Correspondence is solicited.

Mrs. C. L. Leake,
Licking P. O., Goochland Co., Va.

**For Sale:** Winchester .30-40 special target rifle, reloading tools, shells, etc., as described in their catalogue No. 61, page 61, price $25.

Winchester .38-55 fancy stock, repeater, model '94, Lyman sights, etc., as described on page 38, catalogue No. 61, price $25.

Both rifles guaranteed perfect in every respect.

F. E. Watkins, So. Manchester, Conn.

**What else** can you give a man for a Holiday present that will give him so much pleasure, at so small a cost, as a yearly subscription to RECREATION?

**Would Like to Correspond** with persons interested in collecting Indian relics—curios, etc.; especially those of the far West and Alaska. Persons who can furnish such please write,

G. E. Wells,
Manhattan, Kans.

**Your Mouth**

you have always with you. Keep it sweet by using delicious

**Arnica Tooth Soap**

Preserves and whitens the teeth, strengthens the gums, sweetens the breath. Is antiseptic, cooling, refreshing. The standard dentifrice for 30 years.

**25c at all druggists, or by mail.**

**C. H. STRONG & CO., Chicago U. S. A.**

**Ladies' or Gent's Size**

Having recently purchased the entire stock of watches from a bankrupt firm, consisting of solid gold, silver and gold-filled cases, we shall offer a portion of the entire lot at prices never before heard of in the Watch trade. Among the stock are 8,780 AMERICAN STYLE WATCES, in SOLID GOLD-FILLED CASES, which we shall sell singly or by the dozen to private parties or the trade, at the unheard-of LOW PRICE of $3.98 EACH. Each and every watch is guaranteed a perfect timekeeper, and each watch is accompanied with our guarantee for 20 years. Think of it! A genuine American Style Movement watch, in solid gold-filled case, and guaranteed 20 YEARS for $3.98. Those wanting a first-class, reliable time-keeper at about one-third retail price, should order at once. Watch speculators can make money by buying by the dozen to sell. CUT THIS OUT and send to us and we will send a watch to you C. O. D., subject to examination, by express, upon approval. If found perfectly satisfactory, and exactly as represented, pay $3.98 and express charges, and it is yours, otherwise you do not pay one cent. Can we make a fairer offer? Be sure to mention whether you want ladies's or gents' size. Price per dozen, 42.00. If full amount, $3.98 is sent with the order, we will include one of our special heavy GOLD FILLED CHAINS, which retails the world over, for $1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address at once,

**SAFE WATCH CO., 19 Warren St., NEW YORK.**

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for Recreation

During NOVEMBER or DECEMBER

you will get the

**Christmas Number**

**FREE**

And your Subscription will begin with January '99

**PLAYS**

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For Home and School.
New Catalogues FREE.
DE WITT, 34 W. 30 St, N. Y.
—DIALOGUES—

Upon the decks the sailors love
The stoker may not go;
The Jack-tar has to keep above,
The " coal tar " down below.

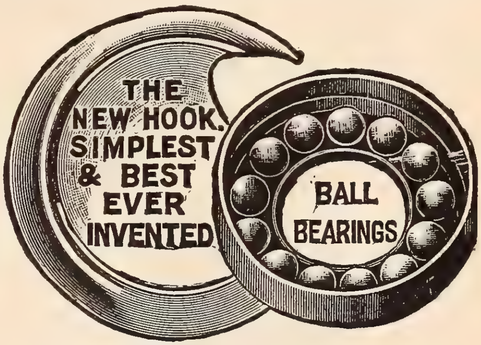
Boys used to study by the light of a pine knot. Now they pine not for study and study by a pine knot—nit.

L. A. W. Bulletin.

There's this about a boarding-house
We ought not to forget,
Come weal or woe, each meal we know
Just what we're going to get.

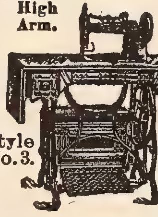
**Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine.**

**Rotary Motion and Ball Bearings.**


THE NEW HOOK. SIMPLEST & BEST EVER INVENTED
BALL BEARINGS

WHEELER & WILSON MFG. CO.,
MAKERS OF SEWING MACHINES,
ALL STYLES AND SIZES, FOR CLOTH AND LEATHER.
FACTORY AND HEAD OFFICE,
BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT, U. S. A.

High Arm.



Style No. 3.

**ACME SEWING MACHINES**

**Simple, Durable, Reliable, Light Running, Noiseless, Speedy, Strong, Handsome.**

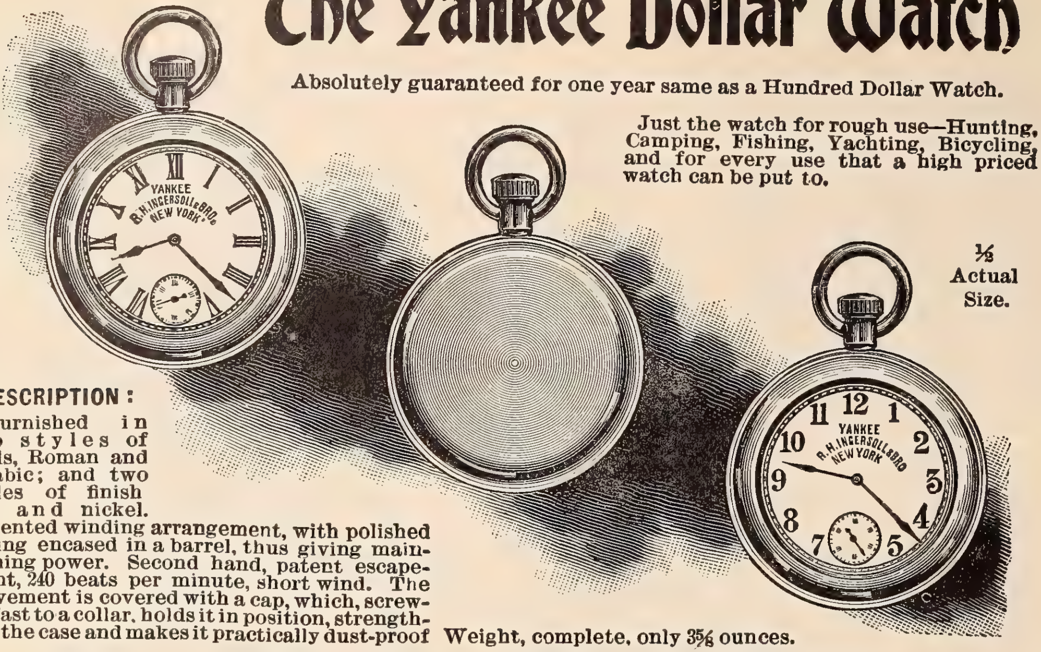
We guarantee them for ten years. Mechanically perfect, best materials and workmanship, no better at any price. Style No.3, with 3 drawers (as shown), freight charges prepaid to any station....... **$18**

Our booklet shows the other styles we make and tells the prices, explains how you can try these machines in your own home without a cent in advance—FREE for the asking.

**Acme Sewing Machine Co.,** **429 43d Street, Chicago, Ill.**

If you would live next to nature, read RECREATION.

IN ANSWERING ADS, IF YOU WILL KINDLY MENTION RECREATION YOU WILL GREATLY OBLIGE THE EDITOR



**The Yankee Dollar Watch**

Absolutely guaranteed for one year same as a Hundred Dollar Watch.

Just the watch for rough use—Hunting, Camping, Fishing, Yachting, Bicycling, and for every use that a high priced watch can be put to.

½ Actual Size.

**DESCRIPTION:**
Furnished in two styles of dials, Roman and Arabic; and two styles of finish gilt and nickel. Patented winding arrangement, with polished spring encased in a barrel, thus giving maintaining power. Second hand, patent escapement, 240 beats per minute, short wind. The movement is covered with a cap, which, screwed fast to a collar, holds it in position, strengthens the case and makes it practically dust-proof Weight, complete, only 3⅝ ounces.

*READ OUR ABSOLUTE GUARANTEE.*

GUARANTEE
SOLD
BY
R.H. Ingersoll & Bro.
MAKERS
65 COURTLANDT STREET, NEW YORK CITY
AGREE THAT IF WITHOUT ABUSE, THIS WATCH FAILS TO KEEP GOOD TIME, THEY WILL UPON ITS RETURN TO THEM, DIRECT OR THROUGH AGENT NAMED ABOVE WITHIN ONE YEAR FROM ABOVE DATE, REPAIR OR REPLACE IT WITH A NEW ONE

MADE IN AMERICA BY AMERICANS.

PRICE, $1.00 EACH, PREPAID.

Your money back if you are not satisfied.

Large catalogue of interesting specialties free for the asking.

**ROBERT H. INGERSOLL & BRO.,**

"Watchmakers to the American People." 65 Cortlandt St., Dept. 77, N. Y.

## JUST FROM DAWSON.

[Deadwood Pioneer.]

A Dawson City mining man lay dying on the ice,
He didn't have a woman nurse—he didn't have the price;
But a comrade kneeled beside him, as the sun sank in repose,
To listen to his dying words and watch him while he froze.
The dying man propped up his head above four rods of snow,
And said, "I never saw it thaw at ninety-eight below.
Send this little pin-head nugget that I swiped from Jason Dills
To my home, you know, at Deadwood, at Deadwood on the hills.

"Tell my friends and tell my en'mies if you ever reach the East,
That this Dawson City region is no place for man or beast;
That the land's too elevated and the wind too awful cold,
And the hills of South Dakota yield as good a grade of gold;
Tell my sweetheart not to worry with a sorrow too intense,
For I'm going to a warmer and a far more cheery hence.
Oh! the air is growing thicker, and those breezes give me chills,
Gee, I wish I was in Deadwood, in Deadwood on the hills.

"Tell the fellows in the homeland to remain and have a cinch,
That the price of patent porkchops here is eighty cents an inch.
That I speak as one who's been here scratching 'round to find the gold
And at 10 per cent. of discount I could not buy up a cold.
Now, so long," he faintly whispered, "I have told you what to do."
And he closed his weary eyelids and froze solid p. d. q.
His friends procured an organ box and c. o. d'd the bills,
And sent the miner home that night to Deadwood on the hills.

A Great Hit
PARKER
LUCKY CURVE
SPRING LOCK DEVICE

The "Lucky Curve" and Spring Lock Device of the

**JOINTLESS**

**Geo. S. Parker Fountain Pen**

springs into the end of the pen barrel as a projectile fits a rapid-fire gun. Although a peace-victory it is the greatest hit recorded among fountain pens. **No Nozzle, Screw nor Joints.** The screw-joint that leaked or broke is done away with in our latest Perfect Parker (the pen without a joint). The Spring Lock Device makes it clean in use; the "Lucky Curve" drains and keeps it clean when carried in the pocket. It is always clean, always ready, always reliable.

For sale by bright dealers everywhere. If the dealer of whom you inquire does not keep the PARKER, and tries to sell you a "just as good," he is either honest in his ignorance, or trying to deceive you. If he will not supply you we will.

*Interesting Booklet Free.*

**THE PARKER PEN COMPANY,**
**9 Mill Street, Janesville, Wis.**
*The largest bona fide manufacturers of Fountain Pens in the world.*

***Indigestion Has No Terrors For Him***

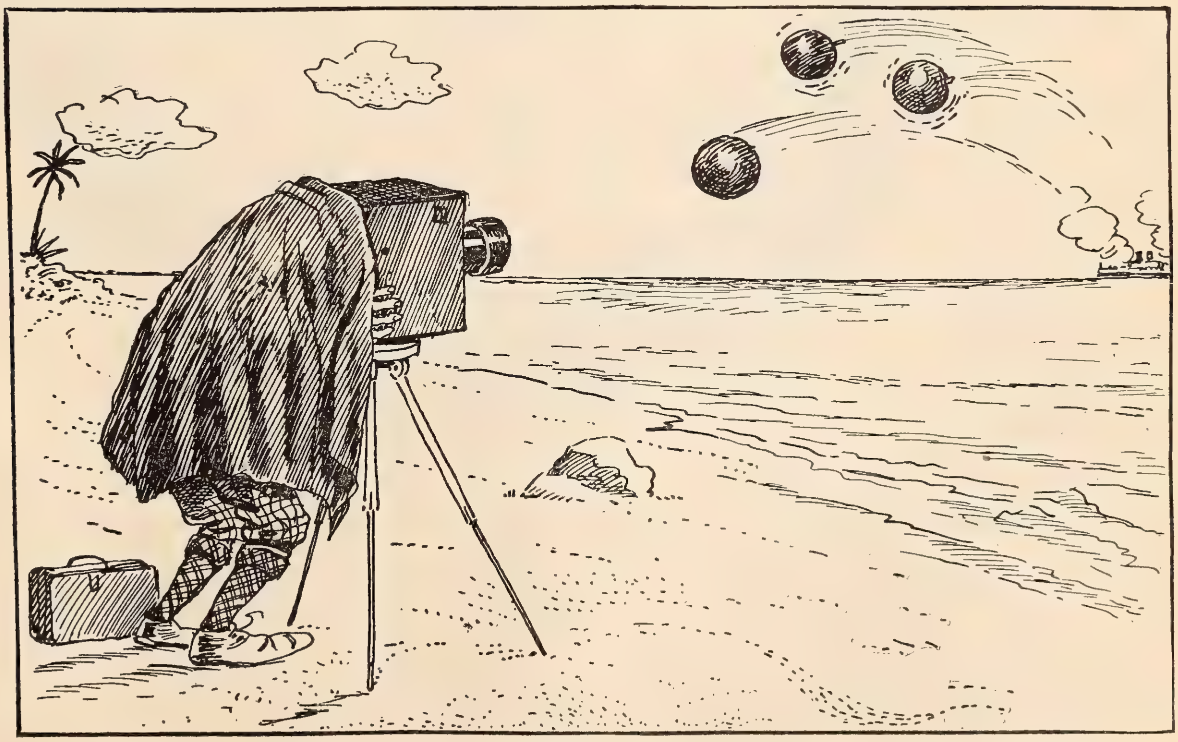
That salt-shaker is filled with **Pepsalt.**
It cures and prevents indigestion.

***PEPSALT*** is the best of table salt, into every grain of which is incorporated digestive substances natural to the stomach. Fill your salt-cellar with ***Pepsalt*** and use it in place of salt at your meals. If you have indigestion your stomach does not supply the necessary amount of the dissolving or digestive juices. ***Pepsalt*** taken in place of salt at your meals makes good this deficiency, as you take with every mouthful of your food a similar substance to that which is required and at the right time, and your indigestion is a thing of the past. Send for sample in salt-shaker bottle and try it. Price 25 cents, postpaid.

THE VAUPEL SAMARITAN CO. (Permanent Bldg.),
19 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

***PEPSALT CURES AND PREVENTS INDIGESTION***

## THE BIOGRAPH AT THE FRONT.



"GEE WHIZ! NOW I'LL GET A PICTURE THAT WILL CATCH THE GALLERIES."

# Genuine Barrios Diamonds $1.00 each

(TRADE MARK.)

ARE EQUAL TO REAL DIAMONDS AS TO LOOKS AND WEAR.

We are the sole agents in the United States for these marvellous semi-precious stones, which are the nearest approach to Genuine Diamonds ever discovered. For the purpose of introducing them quickly to the public we will forward either

Ring, Pin or Stud $1.00 EACH. Earrings are $2 per pair.

MAIL ORDERS.

A BEAUTIFUL, BRILLIANT, GENUINE BARRIOS DIAMOND MOUNTED IN A HEAVY RING, PIN, OR STUD WILL BE SENT TO ANY ADDRESS UPON RECEIPT OF

$1.00 EACH EARRINGS $2. PAIR

IF GOODS ARE NOT AS REPRESENTED, MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED.

IN ORDERING, STATE WHETHER SMALL, MEDIUM OR LARGE STONE IS DESIRED.

WE WILL FORFEIT $1000.00 IF IT CAN BE SHOWN THAT WE HAVE EVER REFUSED TO REPLACE A STONE THAT DID NOT GIVE SATISFACTION.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Do Not Confound Genuine Barrios Diamonds with so-called Rhinestones, White Topaz, and other imitations, regardless of what the name may be. The Genuine Barrios Diamond is the only stone ever discovered that will retain its brilliancy and has no artificial backing. It is the Rich Man's Substitute and the Poor Man's Diamond All others are simply manufactured from chemicals. Genuine Barrios Diamonds are equal to real diamonds as to looks and wear, and will cut glass.

**OUR GUARANTEE.**—Genuine Barrios Diamonds are guaranteed to retain their brilliancy forever; th mountings are heavy rolled plate and are warranted for five years.

What the Great Sarah Bernhardt says:
"*I have used Barrios Diamonds for stage purposes and have found them the equal of real stones.*"
Sarah Bernhardt.

Carrie Gay, of George Edwardes's Co., writes:
"*While playing on the road I found Barrios Diamonds objects of great beauty and usefulness.*"
Carrie Gay.

☞ Beware of feeble imitators. This offer will last for a short time only. Do not delay. Order at once

Address Mail Orders to **BARRIOS DIAMOND CO.,**
**42 AND 44 BROAD STREET, NEW YORK.**

*Mention this publication when you write.*

**TROPHIES**

**Medals, Badges, Individual and Club Prizes, etc.**

Particular attention given to fine enamel work on Silver and Gold.

**Sterling Silver and Rich Cut Glass.**

We manufacture goods to order at the same price you would have to pay elsewhere for articles from stock.

Your choice is not, therefore, confined to conventional designs and shapes, and have an opportunity of obtaining original designs of which there are no duplicates.

We have just completed a few very attractive drawings that can be sent you for inspection.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED

**Mauser Mfg. Co.**

SILVERSMITHS

14 East 15th Street West of B'way New York

Send 25 cents in stamps to-day

*if it is more convenient* for you — than to try to remember to ask your dealer: — and you will receive by return mail — wherever you live — 10 little cigars *in souvenir pocket pouch.* They are the popular

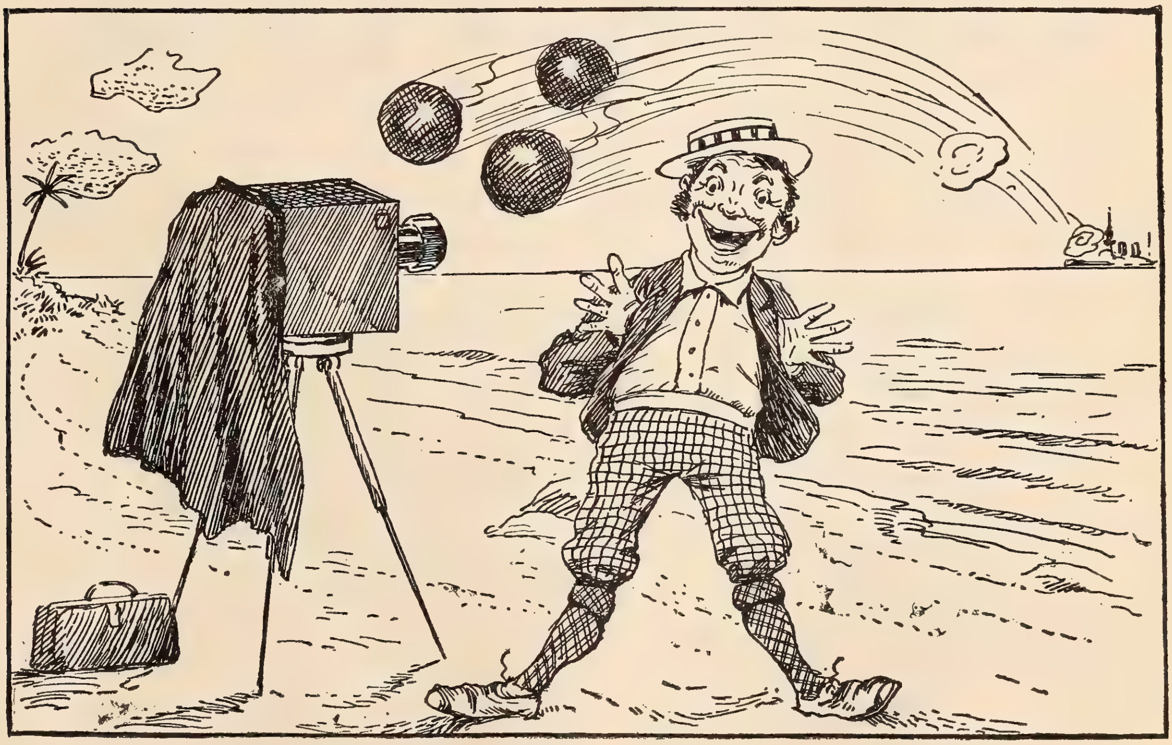
**Van Bibber Little Cigars**

made of the finest quality whole leaf imported tobacco.

Don't hesitate to try them because they are small. You want a *short* smoke oftener than a long one.

H. ELLIS & Co., Baltimore, Md.

The American Tobacco Co., Successor



"HULLY GEE! THE COMPANY WILL DOUBLE MY SALARY."

The Club
TRADE MARK
MANHATTAN
Cocktails
Prepared & Bottled by
G. F. Heublein & Bro.
NEW YORK HARTFORD LONDON

Why THE CLUB COCKTAILS Are Best

*From "Town Topics," Nov. 25th*

In a great laboratory where quantities like the Club Cocktails are made at a mixing each article is accurately weighed or measured, and the compound is following an exact formula. This insures that each and every cocktail or bottle of cocktails put up shall be precisely correct in its composition. Again recalling the fact that age is necessary to the proper blending of all liquors, it occurred to me that these bottled cocktails, by the time they are used by the consumer, may have already been months or even years in bottle, hence that the blending must be perfect. Reasoning thus, I feel constrained to tell my readers about it, as I know a goodly number of them enjoy a perfect cocktail. I have found the several brands prepared by the Heublein Brothers — Manhattan, Martini, whiskey, gin, vermouth, and York—all excellent.

For the Yacht, Camping Party, Summer Hotel, Fishing Party, Mountains, Sea-Shore, or the Picnic.

These Cocktails are aged, are ready for use, and require only to be POURED OVER CRACKED ICE and strained off to be in perfect condition.

**AVOID IMITATIONS**
Sold by Dealers generally, and on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal railroads.

**G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors**
**39 Broadway, New York**
**Hartford, Conn. 20 Piccadilly, W., London, Eng.**

CLIPPER BEVEL GEARED BUSINESS BICYCLES

1898 PRICES

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| Bevel Gear Clipper | $125.00 | Model 40 | $ 60.00 |
| Clipper Specials | 80.00 | Combination Tandem | 125.00 |

Send stamp for late-in-the-season prices
'99 models ready November 1st

GRAND RAPIDS CYCLE CO.

IF YOU SUBSCRIBE
for Recreation
During NOVEMBER or DECEMBER
you will get the
Christmas Number
FREE
And your Subscription will begin with
January '99

The season for taking deer is at hand and I would like to say, through the columns of RECREATION, to all sportsmen lucky enough to get a nice head, to salt it as thoroughly as possible or put it in a brine of salt and alum.

I have many heads come in every year entirely spoiled, when a little salt would have saved them.

C. S. Phillips, Taxidermist, Glover, Vt.

---

"Now children," said the teacher, "what is the principal product of the Sandwich Islands?"

"Sandwiches," replied the small boy with the red nose.

**ACME HYGIENIC COUCHES**
**"MADE TO LAST."**

Patented.

**No. 52½, 25 in. wide, 6 feet long, full spring edge, seat and head.** 36 springs in plain view from bottom, Price in best Corduroy or Acme Velours—any color—freight prepaid.................... **$8.00**

Spring section composed of oil tempered steel springs, intercoiled into steel woven wire fabrics, steel wire holding steel springs in place; no twine or webbing to wear out or break down. If dealer cannot show you an **"ACME" Hygienic Couch,** we will ship direct on receipt of price.

Identify **Acme Couches** by our printed **guarantee cards,** patented **construction** (as shown,) great **durability, comfort** and **cleanliness** in use.

**FREE**—Samples of covers and catalogue showing other styles at other prices.

ACME HYGIENIC COUCH

**Acme Couch**—Sectional view—upholstering cut away to show construction.

**ACME SPRING BED CO., 429 43d St., Chicago.**

A carrier pigeon with silver ring on left leg, on which was stamped ⊣ 4,772, came to Emanuel Wholover's house, near here, August 31st last, at 4 p.m., exhausted. To whom does it belong? Let us hear from you.

Dr. Thomas Blackstone,
Circleville, O.

**The Merit**

of absolute **PURITY,** fine **BOUQUET** and moderate **PRICE** has brought

**Great Western**

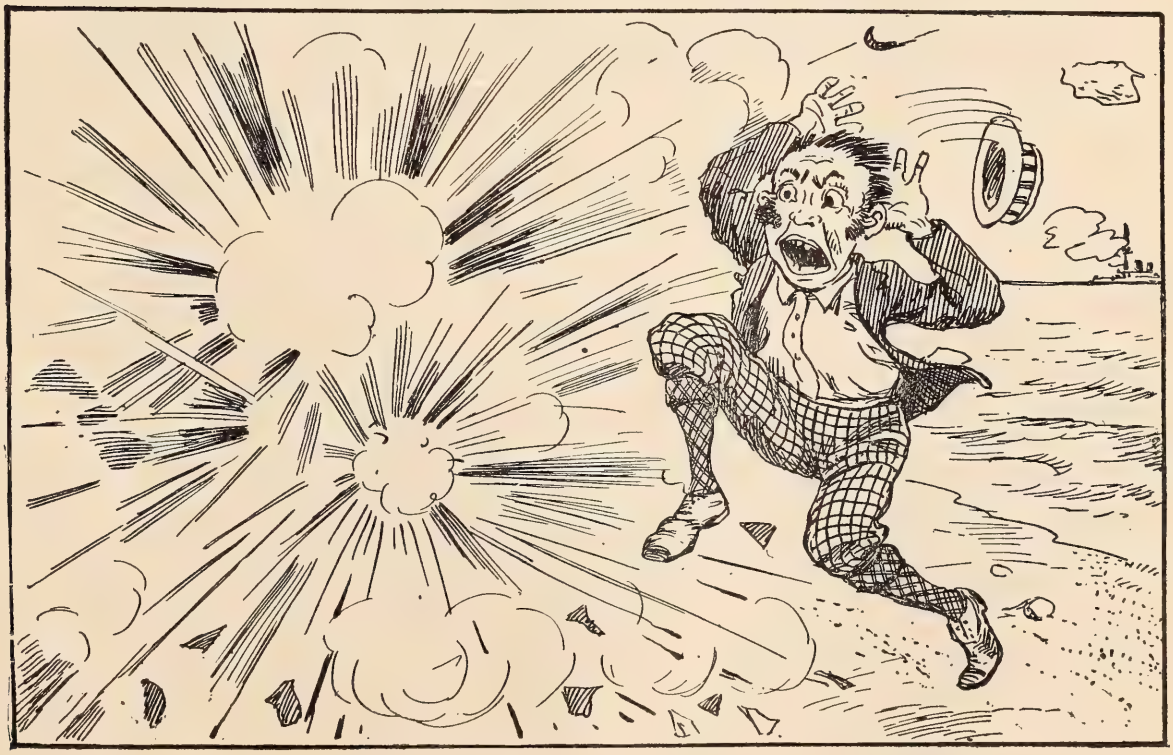
to the first place in American Champagnes, and enabled it to displace the high-priced foreign wines in many homes, clubs and cafes.

The vintage offered this season is especially dry and pleasing.

Great Western
EXTRA DRY
VIENNA 1873 FIRST PRIZE
Pleasant Valley Wine Co. Rheims, N.Y.

**Pleasant Valley Wine Co.,**
SOLE MAKERS,
**Rheims, - N. Y.**

**Sold by Wine Dealers Everywhere.**

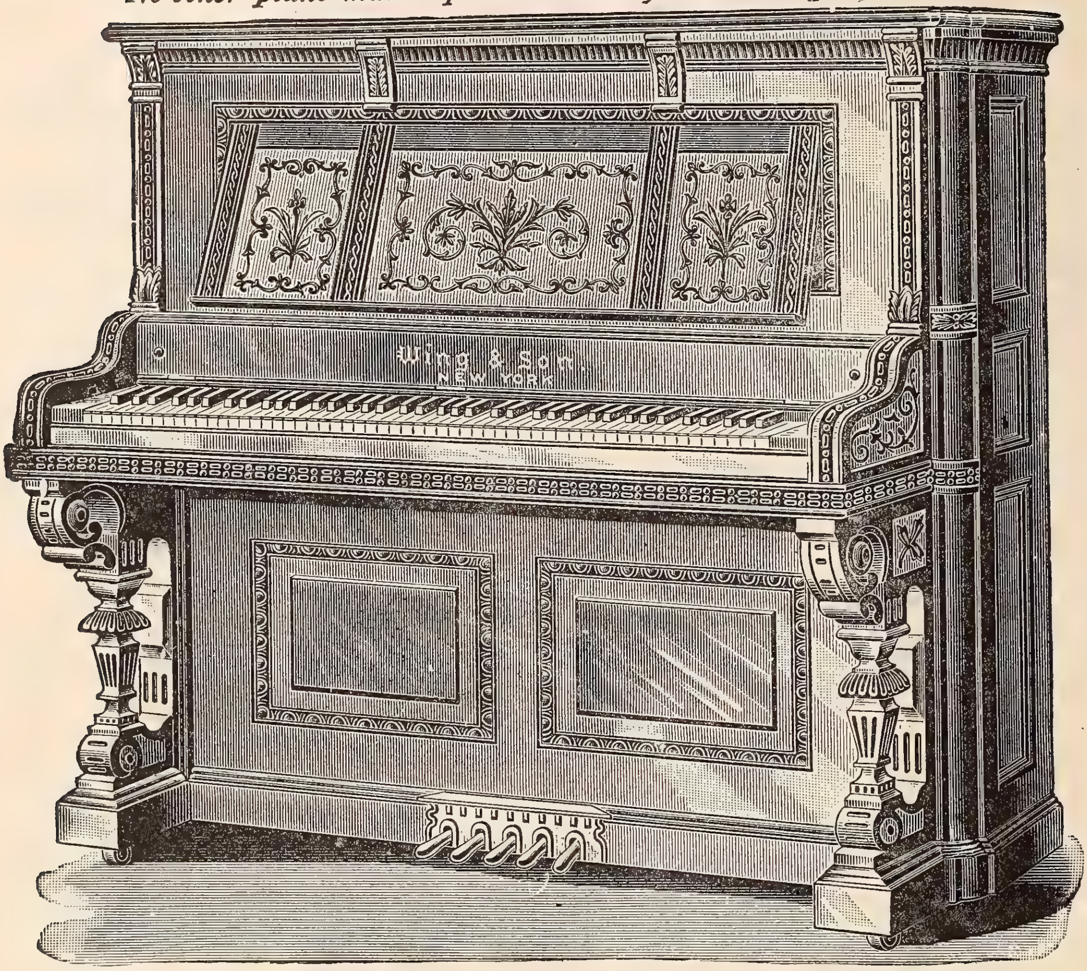


! ! ! !

# The Wing Piano

**STYLE 7. CONCERT GRAND UPRIGHT.**

*No other piano made equals this in style and design of case.*



*You do not have to pay an extravagant price for a first-class piano. Write for prices of the Wing Piano before you buy.*

## THE INSTRUMENTAL ATTACHMENT

imitates perfectly the tone of the Mandolin, Guitar, Harp, Zither and Banjo. The sounds of these different instruments may be heard alone or in concert with the piano.

**Every Wing Piano is guaranteed for TWELVE YEARS against any defect in tone, action, workmanship or material :: :: ::**

**SENT ON TRIAL** We will send this piano, or your choice of four other styles, to any part of the United States on trial (all freights paid by us), allow ample time for a thorough examination and trial in the home, and, if the instrument is in any particular unsatisfactory, we will take it back at our own expense. No conditions are attached to this trial. We ask for no advance payment; no deposit. We pay all freights in advance.

**Over 18,000 Wing Pianos manufactured and sold in 29 years (since 1868).**

**OLD INSTRUMENTS EXCHANGED**
**EASY PAYMENTS**

*Our beautiful, handsomely illustrated catalogue, and a book of information about pianos sent free on request.*

**Wing & Son**

443 and 445 West 13th Street, New York
ESTABLISHED 1868

CAUTION
HAYNER'S
SEVEN YEAR OLD
RYE
CAUTION!! None Genuine
THE HAYNER DISTILLING CO.,
DISTILLERS AND IMPORTERS
DAYTON, OHIO. U.S.A.

DIRECT FROM DISTILLER TO CONSUMER

$3.20 FOUR FULL QUARTS
Express Prepaid.

*Saving Middlemen's Profits,*
*Preventing Possibility of Adulteration.*

We are distillers with a wide reputation of 30 years' standing. We sell to consumers direct, so that our whiskey may be pure when it reaches you. It is almost impossible to get pure whiskey from dealers. We have tens of thousands of customers who never buy elsewhere. We want more of them and we make this offer to get them:

**We will send four full quart bottles of Hayner's Seven Year Old Double Copper Distilled Rye for $3.20, Express Prepaid. We ship in plain packages—no marks to indicate contents. When you get it and test it, if it isn't satisfactory return it at our expense and we will return your $3.20. Such whiskey cannot be purchased elsewhere for less than $5.00.**

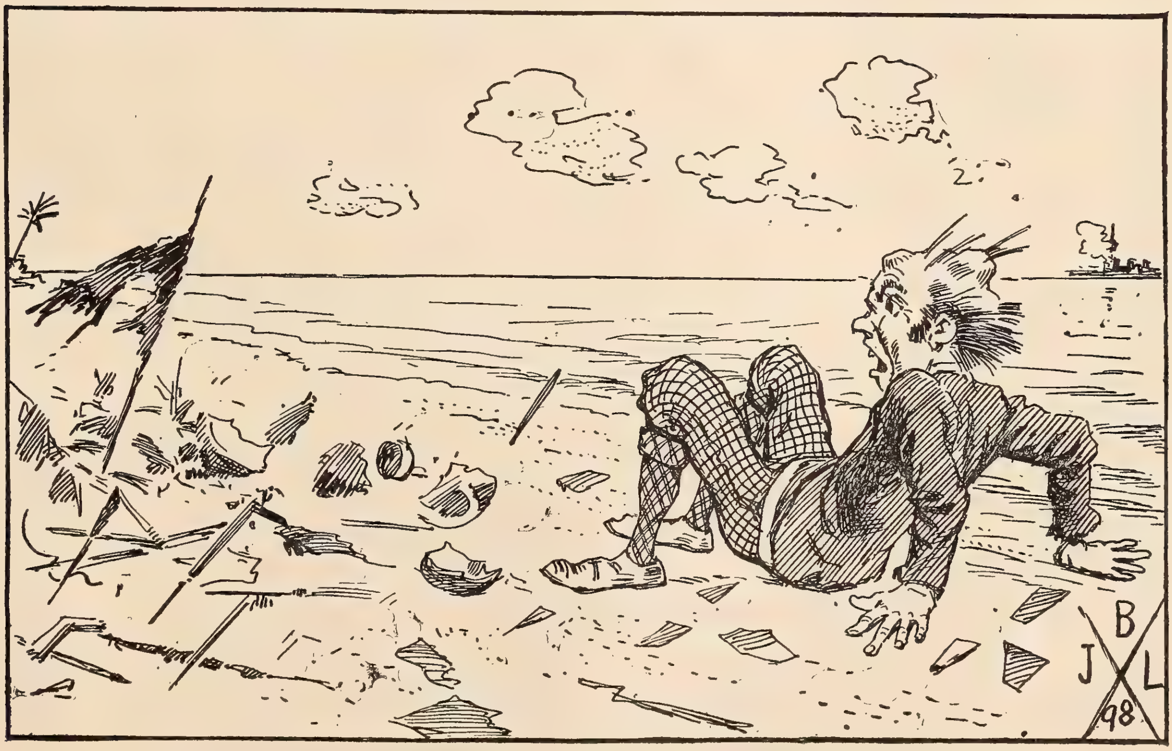
We are the only distillers selling to consumers direct. Others who claim to be are only dealers. Our whiskey has our reputation behind it.

**Hayner Distilling Co., 267 to 273 W. Fifth St., Dayton, O.**

**References—Third Nat'l Bank, any business house in Dayton or Com'l Agencies.**

P. S.—Orders for Ariz., Colo., Cal., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash., Wyo., must call for 20 quarts, by freight, prepaid.

[The above offer is genuine. We guarantee the above firm will do as they agree.—EDITOR.]

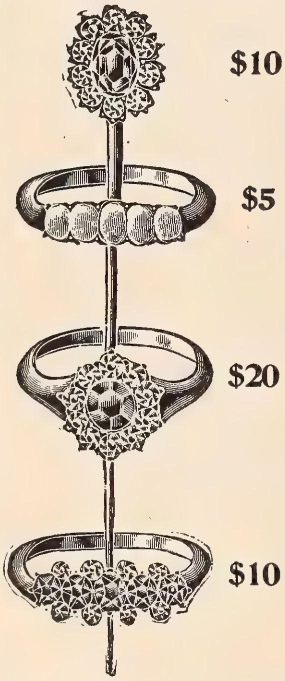


"HOLY SMOKE! I DIDN'T KNOW THOSE THINGS WERE LOADED."

# MRS. T. LYNCH

1 and 3 Union Square ❦ NEW YORK

## Diamond Importer and Cutter



**These Goods are Fine White Diamonds and Real Opal Sapphire Pearl or Turquois center**

**The $20 Ring is worth $30**

Seeing is believing

Send for inspection

DIAMONDS bought of us may be returned, at full price paid, within

**One year**

Jewelry or watches within

**30 days**

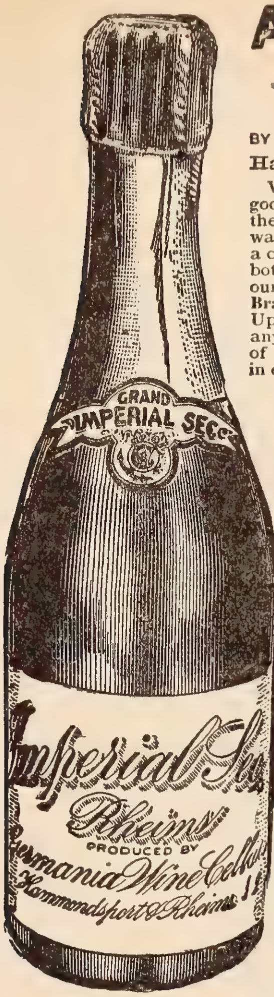
thus you are bound to be satisfied.

WRITE
FOR CATALOGUE
MAILED FREE

GOODS SENT BY MAIL OR EXPRESS MONEY BACK IF YOU MAIL IT AND ARE NOT SATISFIED

**E. Howard, Waltham, and Elgin Watches**

**20** per cent. less than Wholesale List Price



# A GREAT OFFER

**BY GERMANIA WINE CELLARS**

**Hammondsport and Rheims, N.Y.**

We are determined to introduce our goods among the very best people in the country, and we can see no better way of doing this than by selling them a case of our goods, containing eleven bottles of wine and one bottle of our extra fine, double-distilled **Grape Brandy**, at one-half its actual cost. Upon receipt of **$5.00**, we will send, to any reader of RECRATION, one case of our goods, all first class, and put up in elegant style, assorted, as follows:

**1 Quart Bottle Grand Imperial Sec Champagne**
**1 Quart Bottle Delawaro**
**1 “ “ Riesling**
**1 “ “ Tokay**
**1 “ “ Sweet Catawba**
**1 “ “ Sherry**
**1 “ “ Elvira**
**1 “ “ Niagara**
**1 “ “ Angelica**
**1 “ “ Port**
**1 “ “ Sweet Isabella**
**1 “ “ Imperial Grape Brandy**

This offer is made mainly to introduce our **Grand Imperial Sec Champagne** and our fine double-distilled **Grape Brandy**, without which no Sportsman or Hunter should start on an expedition, as it is very necessary where such exercise is taken. This case of goods is offered at about one-half its actual cost and it will please us if our friends and patrons will take advantage of this and help us introduce our goods.

**Mention RECREATION**

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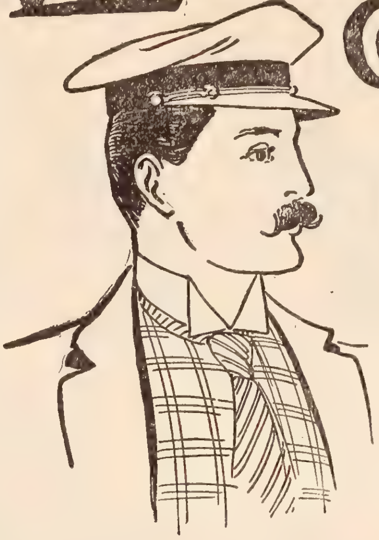
# LINENE COLLARS AND CUFFS

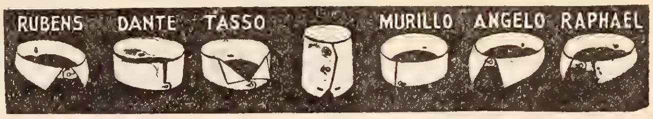


Stylish, convenient, economical, made of fine cloth and finished alike on both sides. The turn-down collars are reversible and give double service.

## NO LAUNDRY WORK

When soiled, discard. **Ten Collars or five pairs of Cuffs, 25c.** Send 6c. in stamps for sample collar and pair of cuffs. Name size and style.

**REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO. Dept. L, BOSTON**



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# SANDFORD AND SANDFORD

## Merchant Tailors and Importers

176 FIFTH AVENUE
Bet. 22d and 23d Sts.
NEW YORK

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Our importations from Europe, for Fall and Winter, have arrived, and are ready for inspection.

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**Two Fine Bargains:** .22 calibre repeater, 17 shot, in good condition. Lyman combination rear sight, ivory bead front. Sell for $9. With open sights, $6.

Frank Wesson pocket rifle, .32 calibre, Lyman combination front sight, 15 inch barrel. Good as new and fine shooter. Cost, $17.50; sell for $6.

Harry G. Higbee, 13 Austin Street,
Hyde Park, Mass.

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**California Wine Delivered Free.**—California claret is recommended by physicians all over the United States to those who are weak and in need of a tonic. Contains least amount of alcohol of any wine, and makes the healthiest table beverage. Will ship a sample 10 gallons, transportation charges paid anywhere in the United States, for $7.50.

W. M. Dalton,
264 Marengo Place, Pasadena, Cal.

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**For Sale or Exchange:** A Great Dane, 2½ years old, imported from Europe. Exchange for hammerless gun, camera, Zeiss field glass, or anything useful to a sportsman. Address,

H. N. Wayne, Watertown, Mass.

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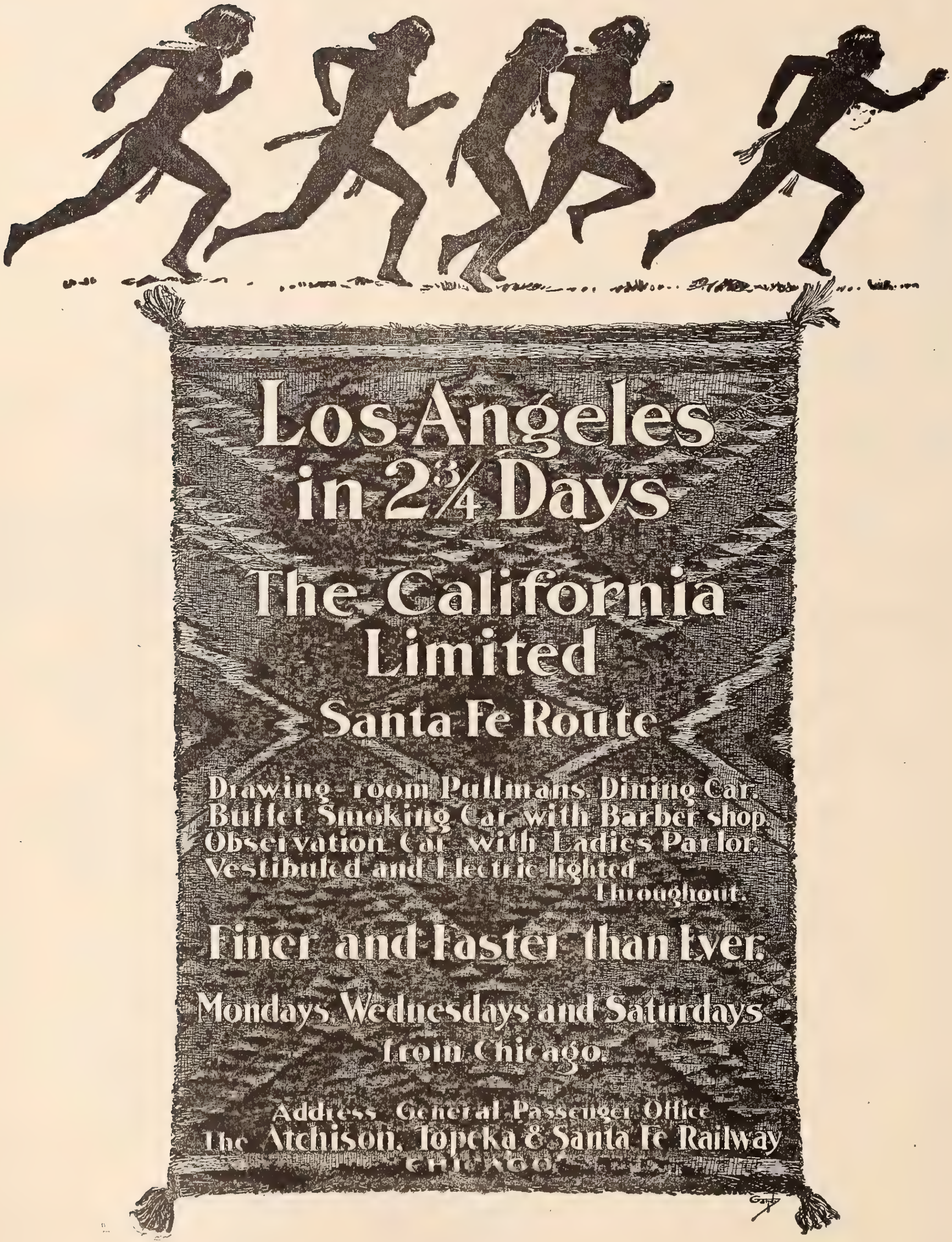
**What else** can you give a man for a Christmas present that will give him so much pleasure, at so small a cost, as a yearly subscription to RECREATION?



Los Angeles in 2¾ Days

The California Limited

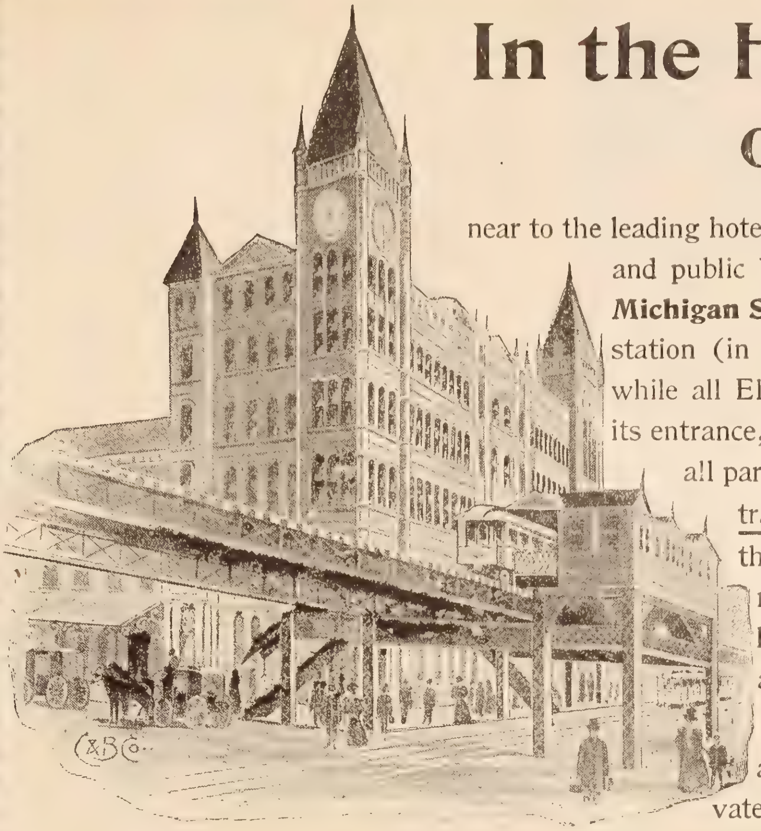
Santa Fe Route

Drawing-room Pullmans, Dining Car.
Buffet Smoking Car with Barber shop.
Observation Car with Ladies Parlor.
Vestibuled and Electric lighted throughout.

Finer and Faster than Ever.

Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays from Chicago.

Address General Passenger Office
The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway
CHICAGO.



# In the Heart of Chicago,

near to the leading hotels, great stores, banks, theatres and public buildings, the **Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway's** passenger station (in Van Buren street) is located, while all Elevated Railway trains stop at its entrance, giving quick service to nearly all parts of the city. Convenience in traveling is best assured by using the great through trains over this route between Chicago, Cleveland, Buffalo, New York, Boston and the eastern country.

Copies of "Book of Trains" also book entitled "Union Elevated Loop," sent free by writing to

**A. J. SMITH, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent, Cleveland, O.**

## Of Interest to Fishermen and Canoeists

An unequalled array of pleasant retreats for the sportsman, where fish in greatest variety abound, are to be found along the line of the

## Lehigh Valley Railroad

All interested should send four cents in stamps for copy of "Hunting and Fishing on the Lehigh Valley," to

**CHAS. S. LEE**
**General Passenger Agent**
**NEW YORK**

## UNEQUALED ATTRACTIONS

ON THE LINE OF THE

## Union Pacific

### FOR TOURISTS

It traverses the Grandest Scenery of the Rocky Mountains, and reaches all the Health and Pleasure Resorts of the Mid-Continent.

* * *

**Sportsmen** will find in scores of localities along this line game worthy of their skill, such as **Bear, Mountain Lion, Coyotes, Elk, Deer, Antelope, Mountain Sheep, Feathered Game of all kinds.** And everywhere are **Beautiful Streams** well stocked with **Trout.**

*For Gun Club Rules, Game Laws, and any information relative to localities for Hunting, or for information in regard to the UNION PACIFIC R. R., call on or address any General or Traveling Agent of this Company.*

**R. TENBROECK, Gen'l Eastern Agent,**
**287 Broadway, New York City**

E. DICKINSON, General Manager
S. A. HUTCHISON, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agt.
E. L. LOMAX, Gen'l Pass. and Tkt. Agt.
**OMAHA, NEB.**

THE GENUINE GUYOT SUSPENDERS

Prevent THE Trousers FROM Bagging

The only Suspenders constructed on **hygienic** principles, combining **comfort** and **durability**

GUYOT Suspenders Will out-wear any other make

IMITATION — GENUINE

Over 2,000 000 Sold Annually

**Absolutely indestructible buttonholes**

For sale everywhere. If your dealer does not have the genuine we will send postpaid (***together with a handsome necktie holder***), on receipt of price, 50c.

**OSTHEIMER BROS., 623 Broadway, New York**

**For that Tired Feeling take**

**RECREATION**

**Made from the Roots, Herbs, and Leaves of the World of Sport** — **12 doses for $1**

**Prepared Especially for Game Hogs**

**By Dr. COQUINA**

**A SURE CURE**

C. P. CHRISTIANSEN
Late Company A, First Washington Vols.
General Agent
SPOKANE, WASH.

## HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS.

To many it may seem somewhat odd to find a great government acting as conservator of the public health; but why should it not do so? If in any part of a country is found a great natural remedial agent, whose efficacy in many of the most serious diseases is beyond question, it should be carefully preserved and looked after, that the public may have the benefit of it without hindrance.

This is exactly what our Uncle Samuel has done in preserving the Hot Springs of Arkansas as a government property, and protecting the visitors from extortionate prices that would preclude their obtaining benefit from the waters. There are other thermal springs in the country, but when "Hot Springs" is mentioned it is understood to mean *the* Hot Springs, of Arkansas, the original "Carlsbad of America."

It is not as a health resort merely that Hot Springs is now thought of, though such was its original fame. Folks have learned that it is an unsurpassed retreat in winter and summer, and pure air and just-about-right altitude contributing no little to the general salubrity. In this connection, it may be remarked that the springs are in the most healthful position imaginable. All that human ingenuity can devise has been furnished to render a visit comfortable; no, not comfortable merely, but an ecstatic pleasure that seems all too short when the time comes to leave; all that caprice can wish in the way of climate and scenic beauties has been provided by nature, and especially in April is it delightful here. The various paths around the mountains are in their best condition, and the enjoyments of a horseback ride are more fully appreciated. The finest of saddle horses and vehicles are kept here, and riding is a pleasure. A fine golf course has also been provided.

Butler said:

> "He who complies against his will
> Is of his own opinion still."

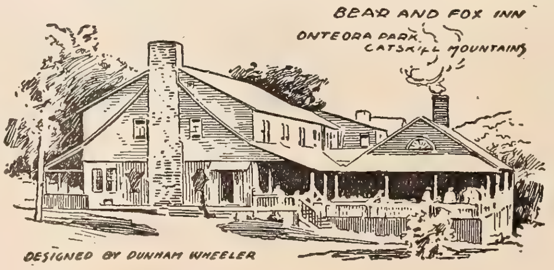
But if you don't think Hot Springs will benefit you, go there, and you will be convinced. Any kind of a question you can ask will be answered by the Iron Mountain Route people, who run luxurious through cars to the Springs.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

**Seashore and Country Houses**

harmonize with their surroundings and melt into the landscape when colored with the soft, velvety moss-green, rock-gray, and bark-brown shades of

**Cabot's Creosote Shingle Stains**

The hard glaze that paint forms is not in tune with nature, and paint costs twice as much as our Stains, and requires twice the time and labor to apply.



*"Wood treated with (Creosote) is not subject to dry rot or other decay."*—Century Dictionary.

23 Stained Cedar Samples, with Color Studies of Stained Houses, sent on request.

**SAMUEL CABOT, Sole Manufacturer, 70 Kilby Street, Boston, Mass.**

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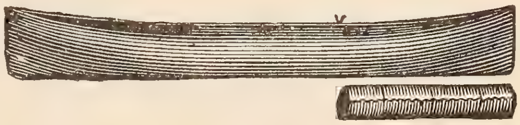

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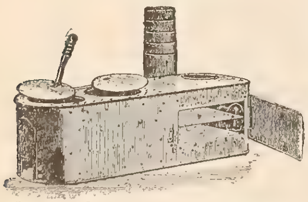

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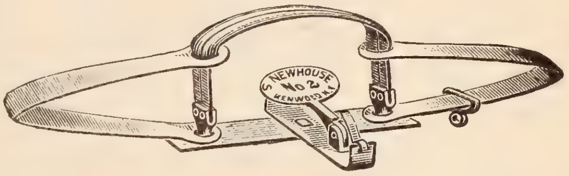

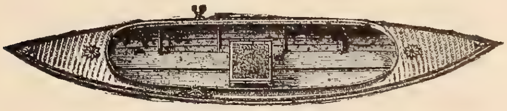

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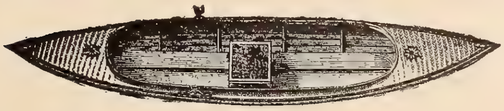

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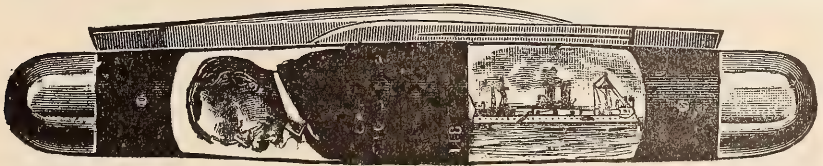

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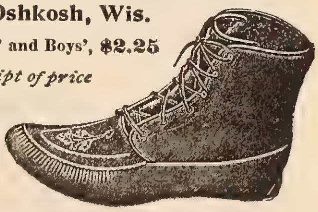

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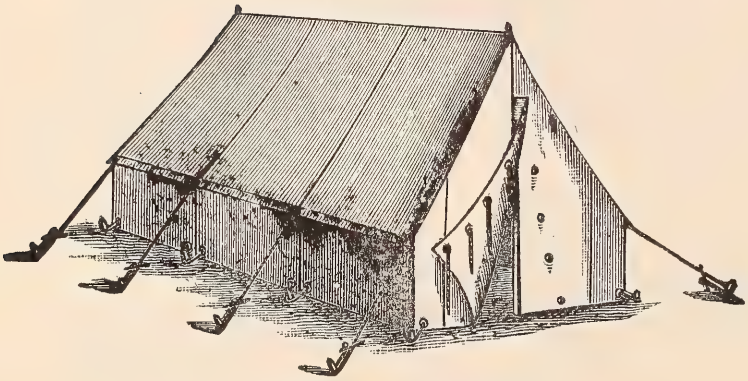
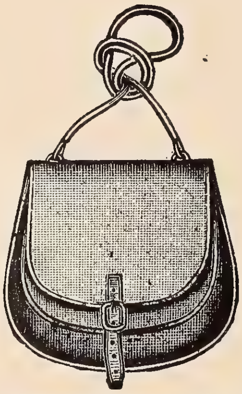
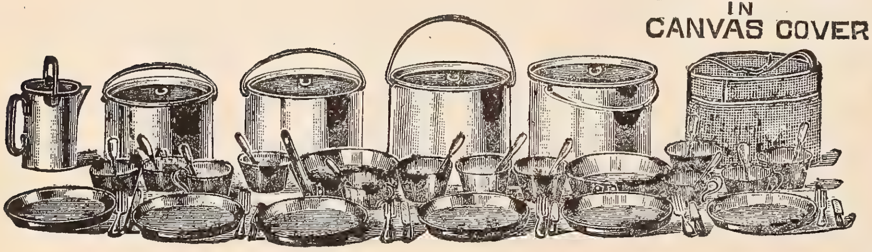


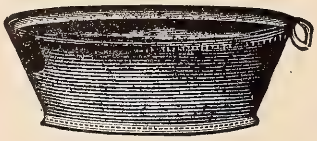
WATERPROOF TENT



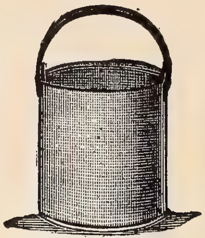
AMMUNITION BAG


KIT NESTED IN CANVAS COVER

WASH BASIN



## Aluminum Cooking Outfits



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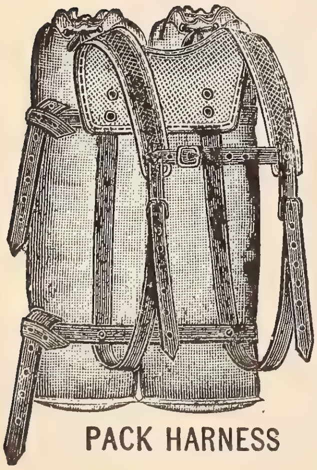

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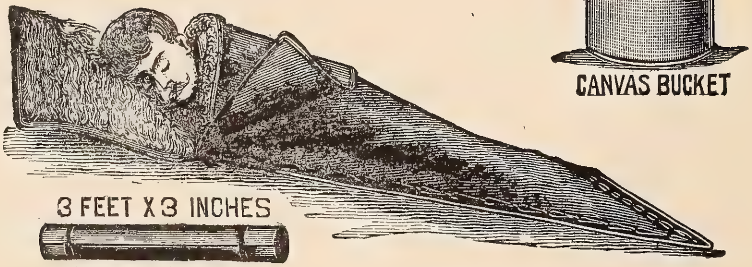
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Henry Lehman, Grand Lake, “
Charles Allen, Gypsum, “
J. M. Campbell, Buford, “
R. W. McGhee, De Beque, “
W. L. Pattison, Buford, elk, deer, bear, grouse and trout.

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### IDAHO.

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R. W. Rock, Lake, Fremont Co., “
Ed. Stailey, Lake, Fremont Co., “
Ed. Blair, Victor, Fremont Co., “
Clay Vance, Houston, Custer Co., “

### MAINE.

E. J. Page, Burlington, moose, caribou, deer, grouse and trout.
I. O. Hunt, Norcross, ditto
P. E. Young, Sherman Mills, “
Geo. C. Jones, Carritunk, “
Martin Fuller, Rangely, “
Henry Gantnier, Benedicta, “
George Gantnier, Benedicta, “
James A. Duff, Kineo, Moosehead Lake, “
Henry D. Lowell, West Ripley, “

### MINNESOTA.

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W. B. Croff, Young America, moose, bear, deer, ducks, geese, prairie chickens, etc.

### MONTANA.

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Quincy Myers, Columbia Falls, ditto
Theodore Christiansen, Columbia Falls, “
W. A. Hague, Fridley, “
Vic. Smith, Anaconda, “
M. P. Dunham, Woodworth, “
William Jackson, Browning, “
E. E. Van Dyke, Red Lodge, “
James Blair, Lakeview, “
George Whitaker, Gardiner, “
Edward Olcott, Red Lodge, “
W. Jackson, Browning. “

### NEW YORK.

H. M. Tacey, White Lake, Sullivan Co., deer, grouse, rabbits, squirrels and trout.
Eugene M. House, Glendale, ditto
C. E. Newkirk, Mountain Dale, “
Buel Girard, Moriches, ducks, geese, grouse, quails snipe and salt water fishing.
Willie E. Ross, Moriches, ditto

### NORTH CAROLINA.

Fred. Latham, Haslin, deer, quails, ducks, salt-water fishing.
F. S. Jarvis, Haslin, ditto
W. B. Tooley, Haslin, “
F. P. Latham, Haslin, “

### OREGON.

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Henry Bowen, Camas Valley, ditto
E. L. Howe, Creswell, “

### OHIO.

Ugh F. Catanach, Kelley's Island, ducks, geese, grouse, quail, black bass, and muskalonge.

### PENNSYLVANIA.

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Len Champion, Carney, Wyoming Co., grouse, quail, black bass, pike and pickerel

### WYOMING.

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Mark H. Warner, Ten Sleep, ditto
Milo Burke, Ten Sleep, “
Nelson Yarnall, Dubois, “
S. A. Lawson, Laramie, “
H. M. Coulter, Lander, “
H. D. DeKalb, Big Piney, “
Ira Dodge, Cora, “
Wm. Wells, Cora, “
A. S. Marshall, Cora, “
F. Allston, Basin, “
N. E. Brown, Ishawood, “
George N. Madison, Jackson, “
John Tate, Wise P. O., “

### CANADA.

Dell Thomas, Lumby P. O., B. C., elk, deer, bear, sheep, goats, grouse and trout.
Henry McDougal, Kelowna P. O., B. C. ditto.
Geo. Gillard, Little Bay, Notre Dame Bay, Newfoundland, caribou, trout and salmon.

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**For Exchange:** A high grade, concert size Washburn guitar, sole leather case, perfect condition, for 4x5 camera or .22 calibre Marlin rifle. Address,
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OFFERS his services as guide for hunting parties in Washington and British Columbia. He has lived in that region many years, has traveled many thousands of miles; has hunted and trapped all the species of game found there, and knows where to find them now.

REFERENCES
Lieut. G. T. EMMONS, U. S. Navy, Naval Dept., Washington, D. C.
WILL D. JENKINS, Secretary of State, Olympia, Wash.
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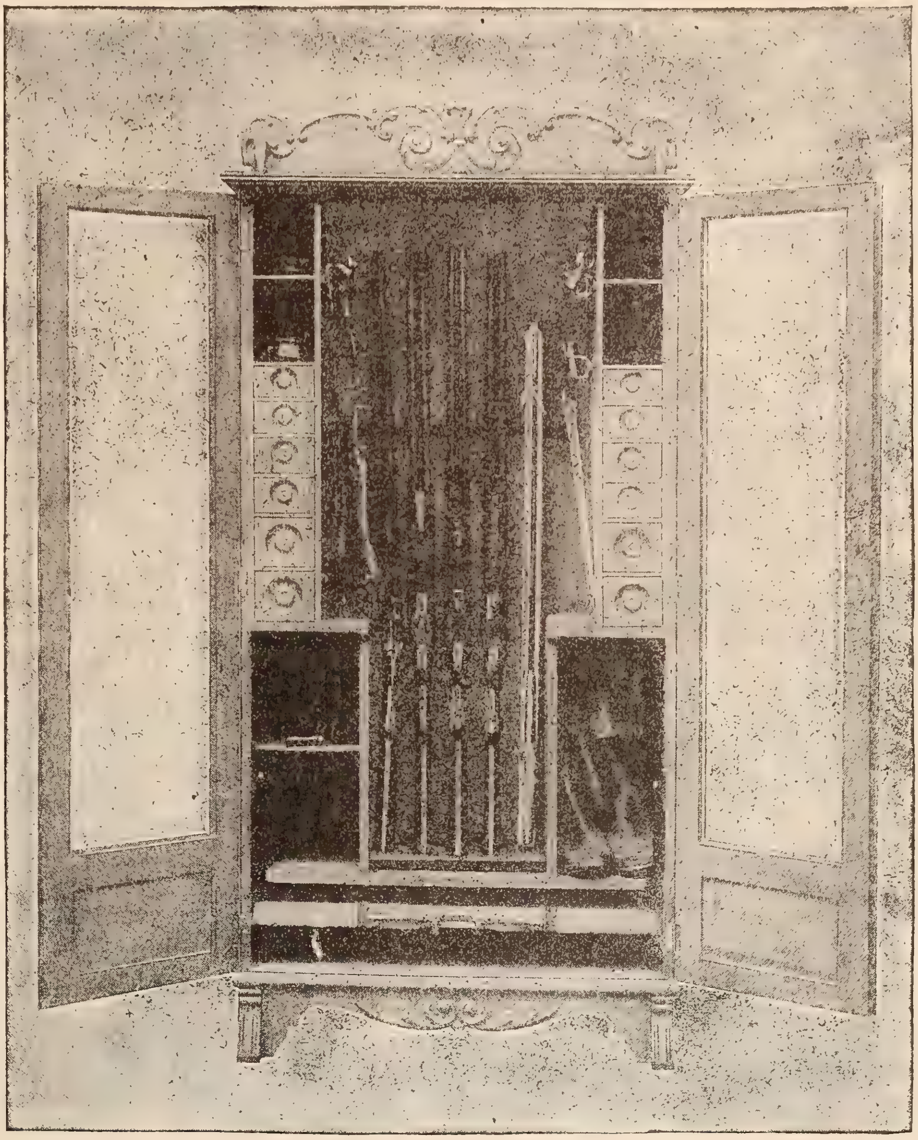
“Bird Neighbors” is one of the best books on Ornithology published since the days of Audubon. $2 gets a copy of that book and a yearly subscription to RECREATION. How can anybody afford to be without that book, when it can be had at ½ the publisher's price?

# Sportsmen's Cabinets for Holiday Presents



**A MOST USEFUL ARTICLE FOR ANY SPORTSMEN**
**A REALLY BEAUTIFUL PIECE OF FURNITURE**

**Last year at this season we sold more of them than we could make. This year we can supply all orders promptly.**

These elegant cabinets are made of quarter-sawed antique oak, top and bottom handsomely carved, all parts hand-polished—double thick glass doors.

A special feature is a strong folding table, which locks automatically when raised, and can be used as loading-table or writing-desk.

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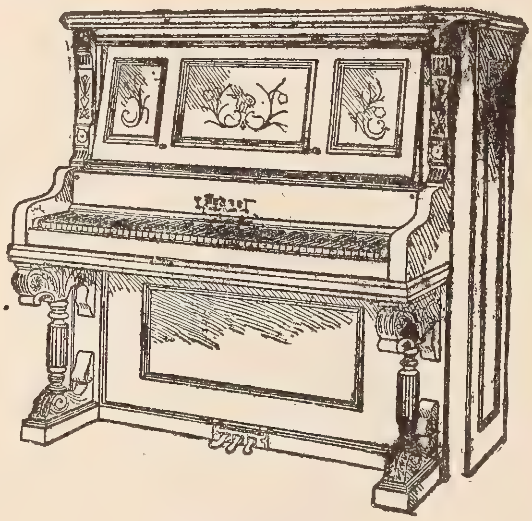

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STATEMENT

OF

THE TRAVELERS

Life and Accident Insurance Company

OF HARTFORD, CONN.

*Chartered* 1863. [*Stock.*] *Life and Accident Insurance.*

JAMES G. BATTERSON, Pres't

*Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1898*

| | |
|---|---|
| PAID-UP CAPITAL, . | $1,000,000.00 |
| Assets (Accident Premiums in the hands of agents not included) | $22,868,994.16 |
| Liabilities . . . . . . . | 19,146,359.04 |
| Excess Security to Policy-holders | $3,722,635.12 |

*July, 1 1898*

| | |
|---|---|
| Total Assets (Accident Premiums in the hands of agents not included) | $24,103,986.67 |
| Total Liabilities . . . . . | 19,859,291.43 |
| Excess Security to Policy-holders | $4,244,695.24 |

| | |
|---|---|
| Paid to Policy-holders since 1864 | $35,660,940.19 |
| Paid to Policy-holders January-July, '98 . . . . . . . | 1,300,493.68 |
| Loaned to Policy-holders on Policies (Life) . . . . . | 1,161,705.00 |
| Life Insurance in Force . . | 94,646,669.00 |

GAINS

*6 Months—January to July, 1898*

| | |
|---|---|
| In Assets . . . . . . . | $1,234,992.51 |
| In Surplus (to Policy-holders) . | 522,060.12 |
| In Insurance in Force (Life Department only) . . . . | 2,764,459.00 |
| Increase in Reserves . . . | 705,642.18 |
| Premiums Received, 6 Months . | 2,937,432.77 |

JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary
EDWARD V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies
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It's a long way to the Klondike, where the air is full of freeze,
Where the summer's full of 'skeeters as a kitten is of fleas;
You're winner if you strike it, but if you don't you're stuck,
And tough luck in the Klondike is the toughest kind of luck.
And it's well this to remember, ere you start out on the track,
That when you're broke in Klondike, why,
You can't
Walk
Back.

—Cincinnati Commercial.

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to all parasites, germs, bacteria, etc., healing to the skin and beautifying the coat.

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Pointers and setters may be said to represent aristocracy in the dog world. They have gentlemanly qualities and grand airs. To the accomplished hunter they give their unwavering allegiance. In health they are vigorous of muscle, a veritable counterpart of the human athlete, and their power of thought and discrimination is little short of wonderful.

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There really isn't much difference between a sick man and a sick dog, except that the latter can't talk. If he could, he would say he was tired—that his head ached—that there were ringing noises in his ears—that his mouth had a bad taste. Not having the power of speech, he simply bears his troubles in silence.

**Sergeant's Condition Pills** brace up a dog like a good tonic braces up a man. They stimulate the bowels, and rid the stomach of impurities. They are quick to act, and their beneficial effect can be noticed at once.

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**Sure Shot** has saved many a puppy's life, and in most of the large kennels no other worm remedy is ever used.

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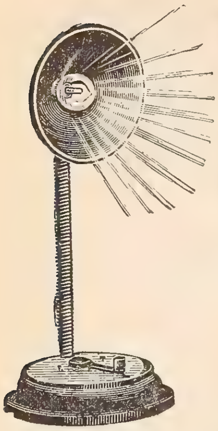
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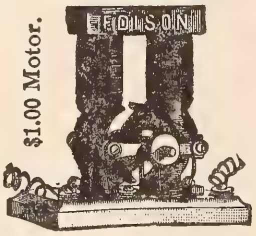

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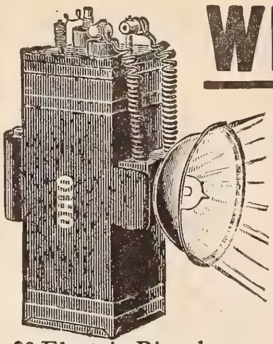

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Comfortable quarters for party of 10. In charge of an experienced man thoroughly familiar with all waters in which game can be found.

Best to secure dates for yacht now, before her time is all engaged.

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William T. Hornaday,
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"Bridget, does your mistress assist you in cooking?"

"Yis, very much."

"How does she do it?"

"By kapin' out of the kitchen."—What to Eat.

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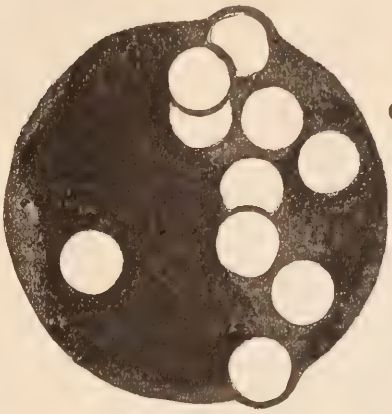

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**A few of the other Principal Resorts.**—Androscoggin Lakes, the White Mountains, the salmon resorts of Quebec, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, Lake of St. John region, the River St. Lawrence, the Thousand Islands.

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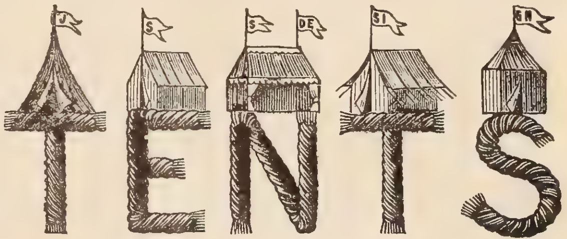

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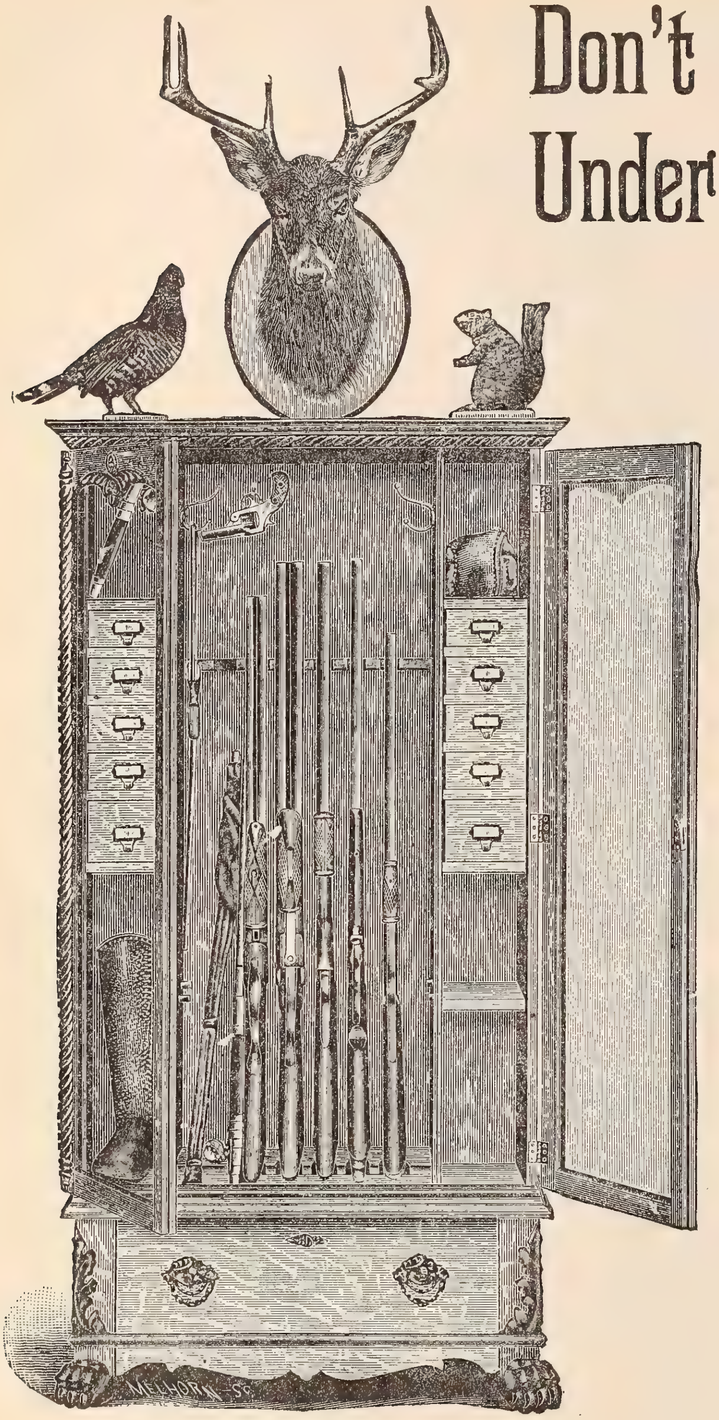
# Don't Hide Your Light Under a Bushel



Size—72 in. high, 38 in. wide, 16 in. deep

Why not keep your guns and fishing tackle in a first-class Sportsman's Cabinet, where they will show off to good advantage, and are always neat, clean, and handy, as well as ornamental? What more could be desired than to have your shooting irons, ammunition, fishing tackle, etc., all in one cabinet of perfect construction, combined with grace, beauty, and a superb finish? Our new cabinet is a *fine* piece of furniture for any sportsman, and is admired by all.

It is a very substantial affair—will last a lifetime—and can be handed down to the next generation. Almost any sportsman can afford to invest in one of these cabinets at the low price, as there is a great saving in time, ammunition, etc., besides being a "thing of beauty and a joy forever." When you have a little time to take a jaunt, you simply unlock the glass door and take out what you want, without trying your patience rummaging from cellar to garret for various articles you cannot find and finally are compelled to go shopping to replenish. No true sportsman can afford to do without this cabinet.

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**Double Thick Glass Doors**

PORTABLE WRITING
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Large Enough for Eight Guns

Size of Glass, 28 x 50

Well crated for shipment to all parts of the country.

Cheap enough at 40 or 50 dollars, but we put the price low and within the reach of all, and ask but $25 cash from everbody alike.

Imitation mahogany at same price. Taxidermist ornaments are not included.

**WEST END FURNITURE CO., Manufacturers**
**WILLIAMSPORT, PA.**

## BIT OFF MORE THAN HE COULD CHEW.

Burlington, Vt.

Editor Recreation: One day last summer I was trolling for pickerel, over a sandy bottom. I got a strike, and commenced drawing in a large pickerel, judging from the fight he put up. I brought him alongside and was just swinging him in, when the swivel snap broke, and we went on our way minus a fine spoon and a good fish. We had hardly taken 10 strokes when a metallic rattle was heard about 20 yards inshore, and turning I saw a fish falling to the water—as though after jumping. A moment later the same thing occurred again. We rowed slowly toward the spot. The strange metallic ring might come from our lost spoon, and we decided to hit its possible captor on the head with a paddle if he kept on jumping in his glee at having escaped. He rose about 8 feet from us next time and I distinctly saw him shake his head from side to side in an endeavor to get rid of the hook. He did not jump, but merely wriggled out of the water until one-half of his body was exposed, then shook his head and sank back. The next (fourth) time he rose was in about 10 feet of water, and on rowing to the spot and looking down we saw him lying on his side on the sandy bottom; the spoon glittering in his mouth. He began to rise again, and we were ready with the net, but when near the surface he stopped and sank to the bottom. There he lay, feebly waving his tail. In a moment my clothes were off and I dived for him, but he slipped through my fingers, and swam a short distance. I got in the boat and as soon as we located him, tried again. This time I managed to get him into the boat. After one convulsive gasp he expired.

The spoon was all right, and—as I remember—one of the hooks at least was in his gills. The whole thing, from breaking of swivel to getting the fish did not take more than 4 or 5 minutes at the outside. This pickerel weighed, undressed, 3¾ pounds. Why did he act that way, and what killed him? Elliot C. Brown.

---

"Might I ask who lives here?" asked a polite gentleman of a stranger he met in front of a handsome mansion.

"Certainly, sir?"

"Who is it, sir?"

"I'm sure I don't know," replied the stranger.—Tit-Bits.

---

Little Sister—What's the diff'rence 'tween 'lectricity and lightnin'?

Little Brother—You don't have to pay nuthin' for lightnin'.—Tit-Bits.

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It surely is an awful nuis—
  Ance to have to stop and clamp
On nearly everything we use
  An infernal revenue stamp.

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If you would live next to nature, read Recreation.

*"An art worthy the knowledge and practice of a wise man."*—Walton.

**When you smoke a pipe, you smoke economically! When you smoke a pipe: —smoke**

**Yale Mixture**

**A Gentleman's Smoke**

**in it and you will have a cool, sweet, wholesome smoke.**

***For Sale Everywhere.***

San Antonio, Texas.

Editor Recreation: We walked out over a portion of our game preserve, a few days ago, and in the space of 2 miles, saw 13 deer. The Mexican blue quail are as plentiful as the bob white in some localities. Peccaries are also numerous in some parts, but I would not hunt them on foot. They are so abundant that when you wound one, you must kill the whole drove. They ran my secretary up a tree, and kept him there several hours. Some watched him while others went for food and water.

My right of way man saw 12 rabbits playing in the front yard.

I dropped my robe out of my buggy, and sent back for it. When the men returned they said it was torn into shreds by the wolves.

No one can exaggerate as to deer in this region. They are too numerous to mention. We do not use hounds for hunting, except for wildcats, lynxes, coons and possums. D. Griffin Gunn.

---

"The human frame," said the Professor, lecturing at the high school for girls, "changes completely once in 7 years. You, for instance, Miss Budde," he continued, turning to a pretty girl of 17, "when you are 24 will virtually be Miss Budde no longer."

"Indeed, Professor, I hope not," she said, with a pretty blush.

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NO ODOR
21 1-3 IN. HIGH
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COMFORT FOR COLD DAYS.

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NO CHIMNEY TO BREAK

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**Wanted to Exchange:** A .25-36 high grade repeating rifle, for a .30-30 repeater. Also a .22 Marlin repeater for a .30-30. Address, J. W. Griffiths, Randolph, Wis.

Mr. Warren Miller and I recently made a fishing trip to Piseco lake, Hamilton county, N. Y., where we fished 4 days. The first forenoon we caught 42½ pounds of landlocked salmon. One fish weighed 26¾ pounds. We believe this the largest fish of the kind ever caught in the Adirondacks, except one said to have been taken some years ago in Saranac lake, which weighed 27 pounds.

We caught altogether 94 pounds. Piseco lake is 40 miles North of this city, has a good hotel and is supplied with daily mail.

J. J. Yost, Johnstown, N. Y.

---

Last summer 7 of us spent our fourth summer at Bass Rock, on the shore of Lake Hopatcong, N. J. We named our summer home "Camp Recreation." The fishing was excellent, perch and pickerel being abundant.

George Davis, New York City.

## APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP IN THE L. A. S.

**ARTHUR F. RICE, Secretary L. A. S., 19 W. 24th St., New York.**

DEAR SIR: Enclosed ONE DOLLAR for membership fee for one year.

I certify that I am eligible to membership in the L. A. S. under the provisions of the constitution, and refer to 2 League members (or to 3 other reputable citizens) named hereon.

**Name**..............................................................

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**Detach this, fill out, and send in with your dollar, AT ONCE**

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A complete directory of the best locations, giving kinds of game and fish, distances from St. Paul, lakes, names of guides, hotels, character of country, etc.

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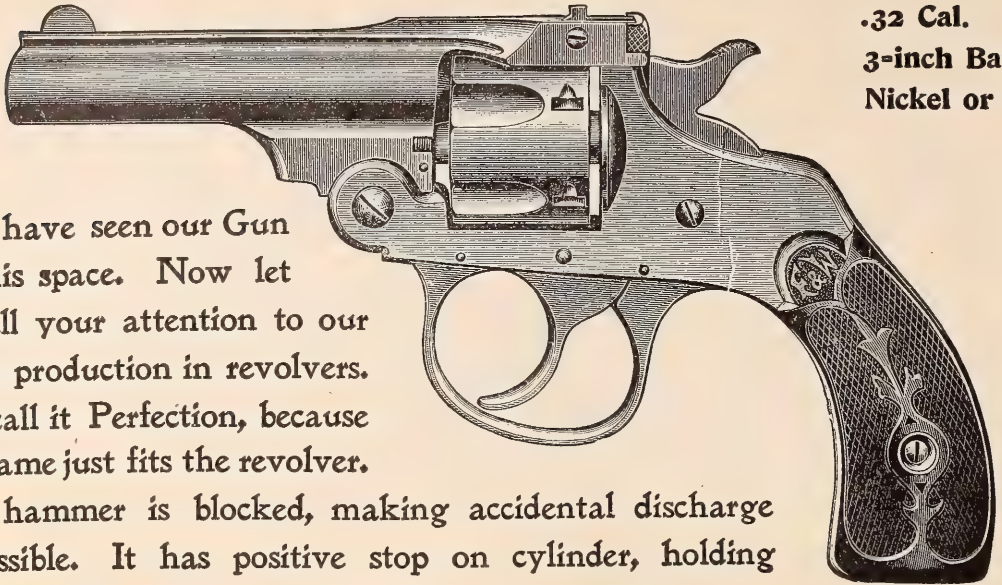
It is estimated that every person who travels by this train brings at least a dozen new patrons.

"The Lake Shore Limited" leaves Grand Central Station, New York, every afternoon at 5.00, and arrives Chicago via Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway the next afternoon at 4.00.

Returning, leaves Chicago 5.30 P. M. each day, arrives New York 6.30 next afternoon.

The New York Central has issued a booklet descriptive of "The Lake Shore Limited," which also contains an epitome of what may be seen from the Observation Car as the train progresses on its daily run between New York and Chicago. Send for copy to George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

# "PERFECTION AUTOMATIC"



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**Nickel or Blue**

You have seen our Gun in this space. Now let us call your attention to our latest production in revolvers. We call it Perfection, because the name just fits the revolver. The hammer is blocked, making accidental discharge impossible. It has positive stop on cylinder, holding the same firmly in position when in pocket. Weight only 12 ozs., and 10 ozs. in bicycle size.

No better pistol at any price. This retails at $4.00.

**Forehand Arms Co.** WORCESTER MASS.

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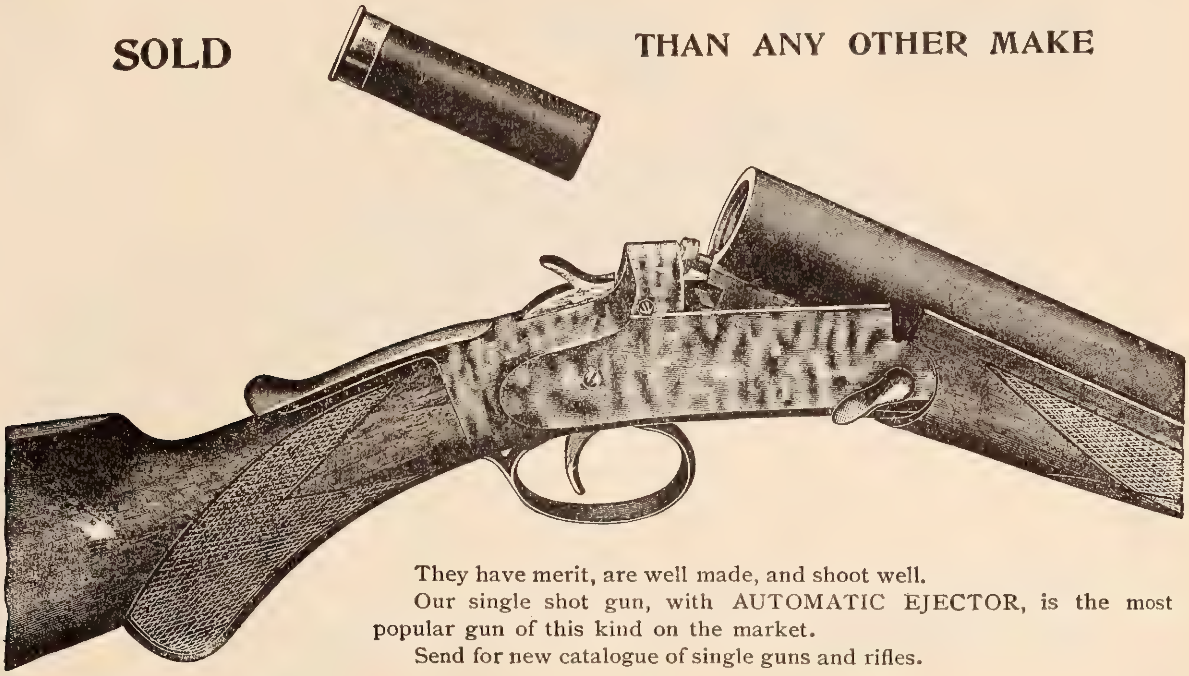

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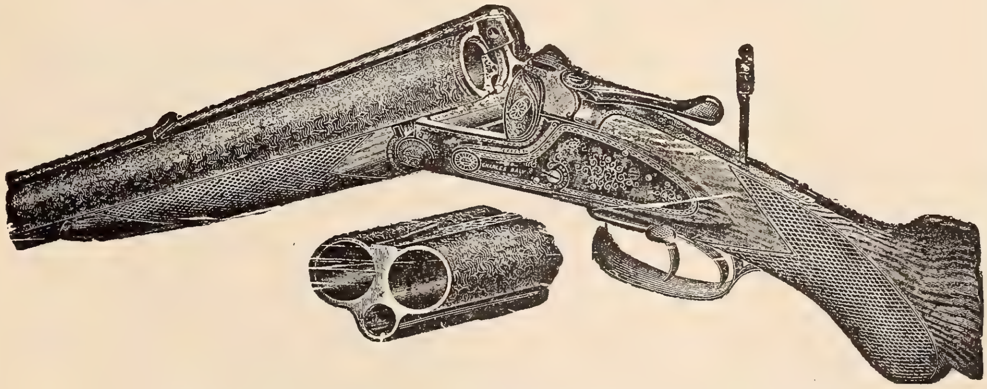

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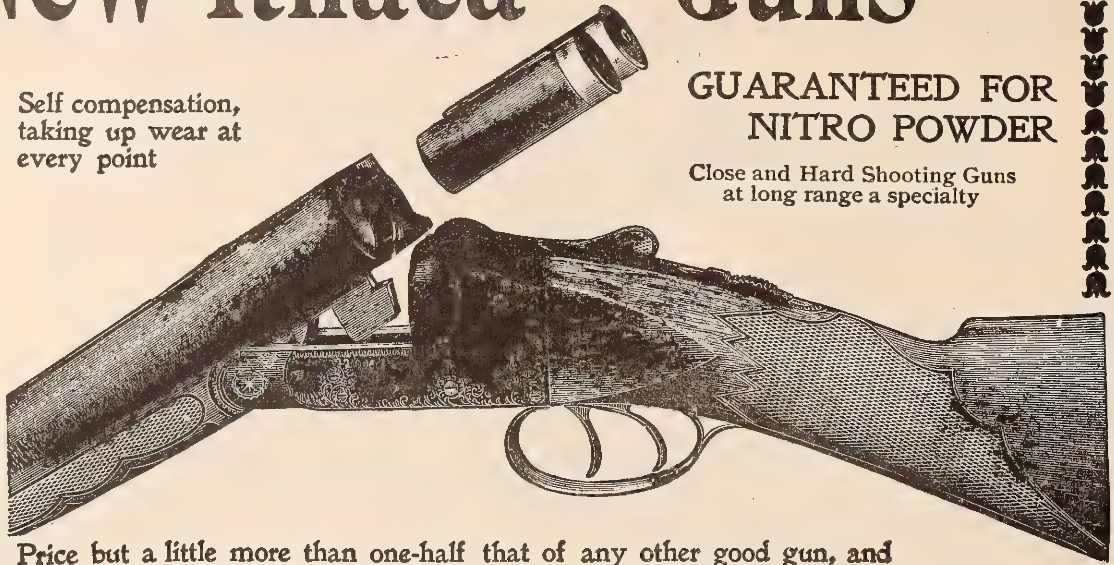

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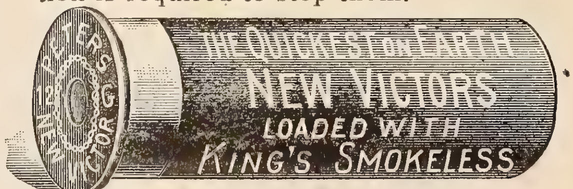

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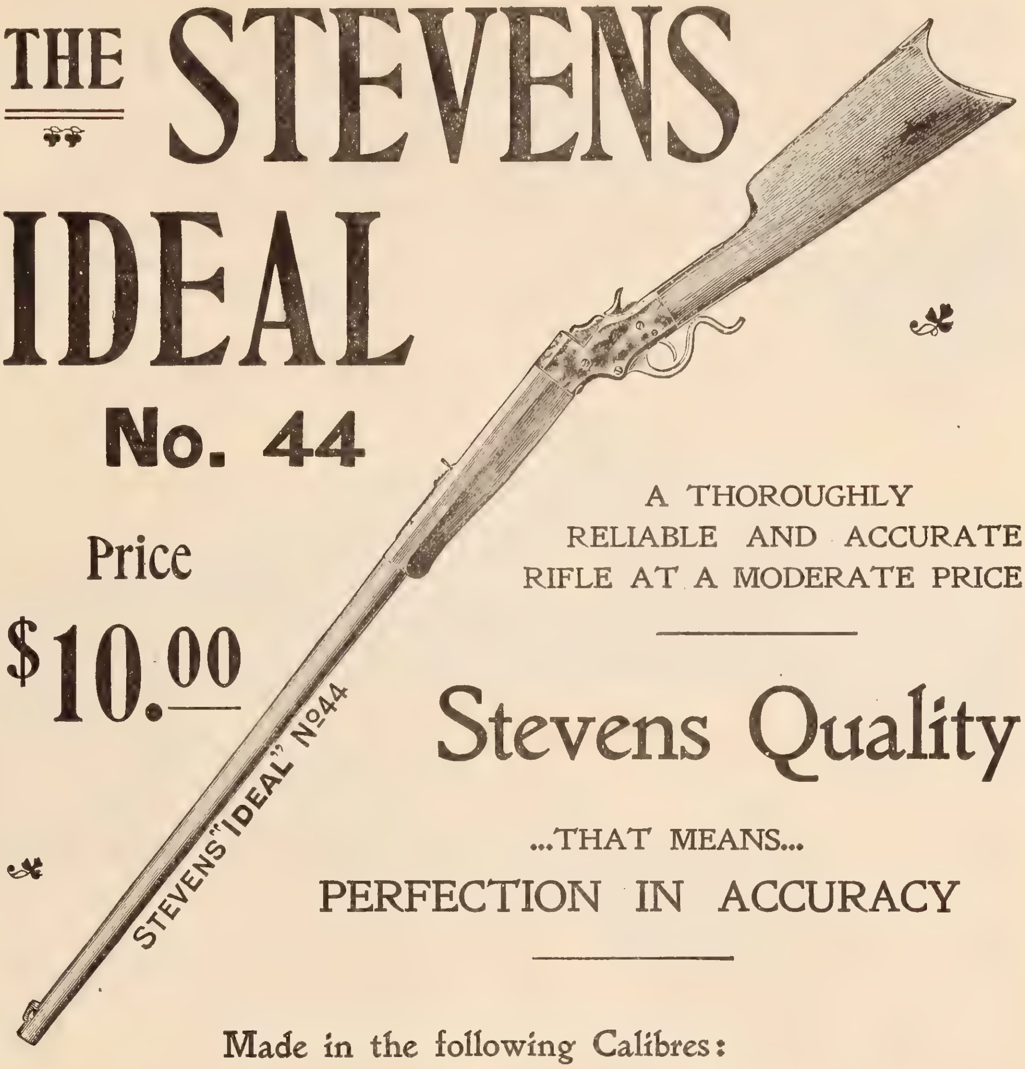

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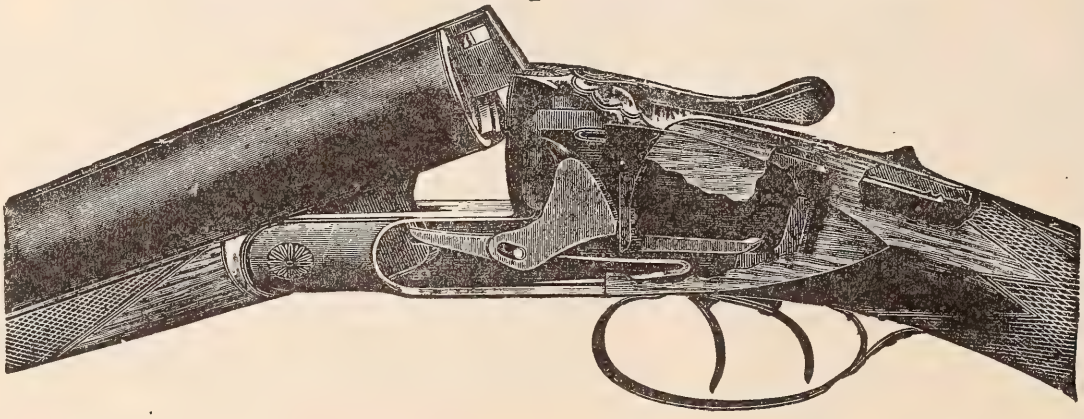

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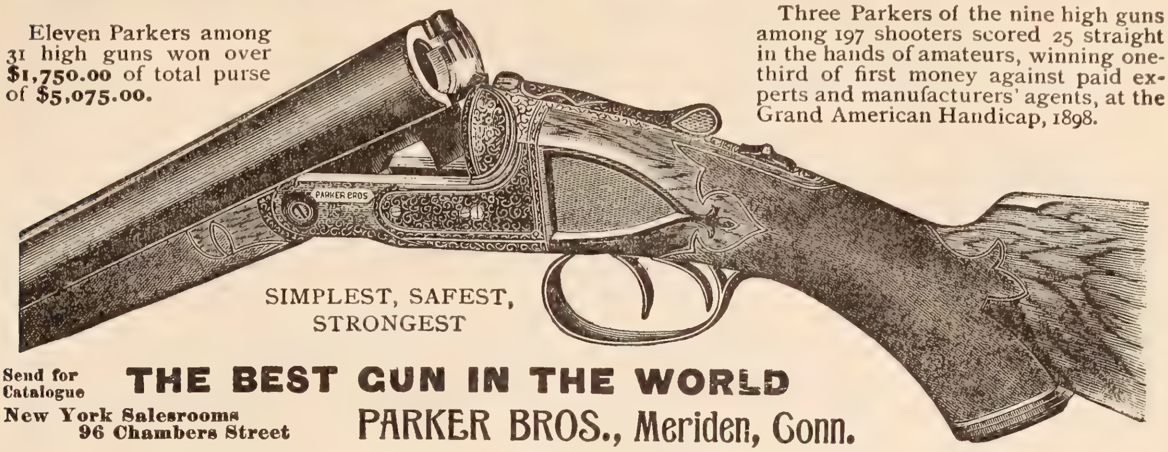

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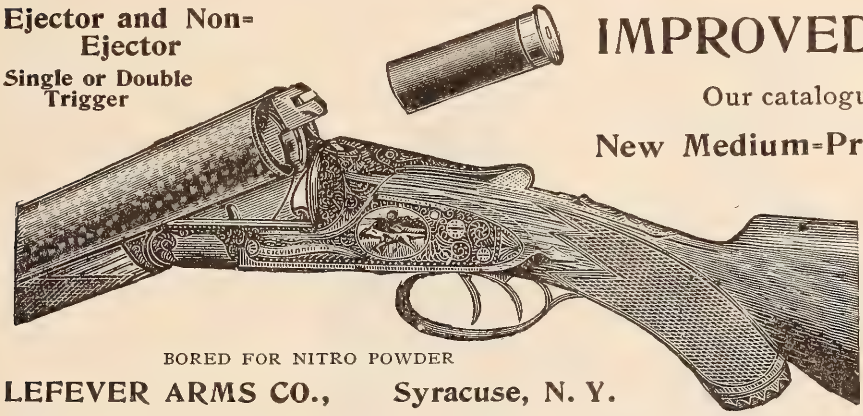

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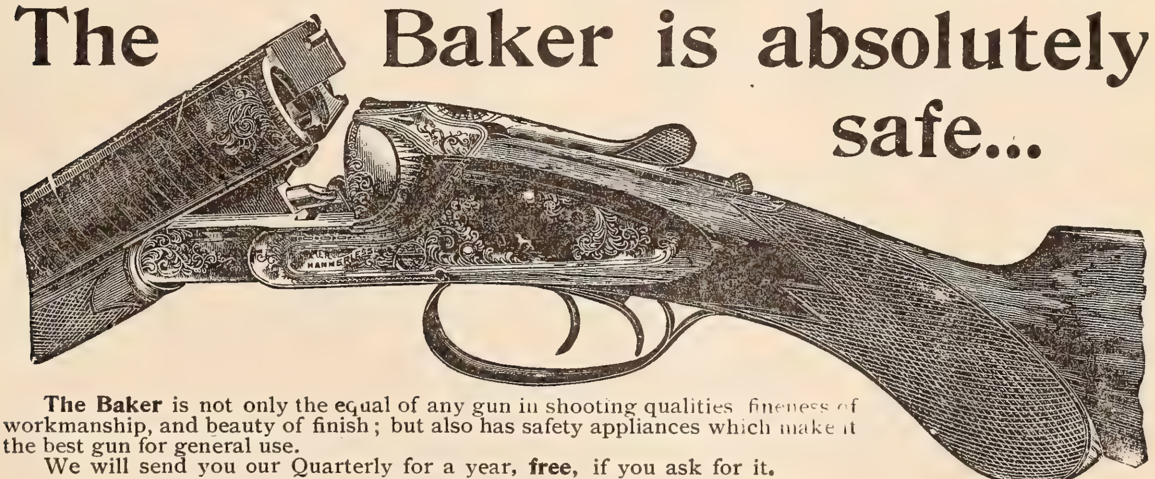

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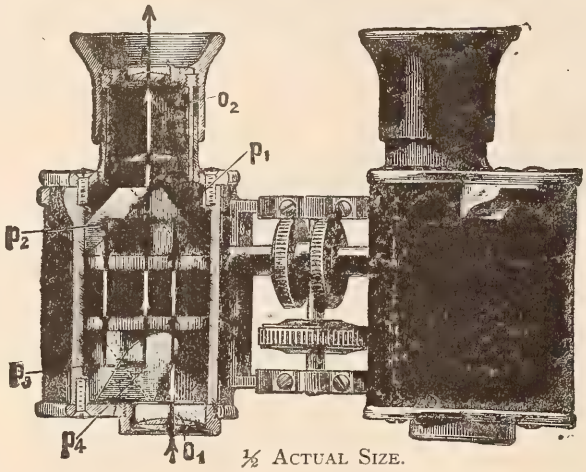

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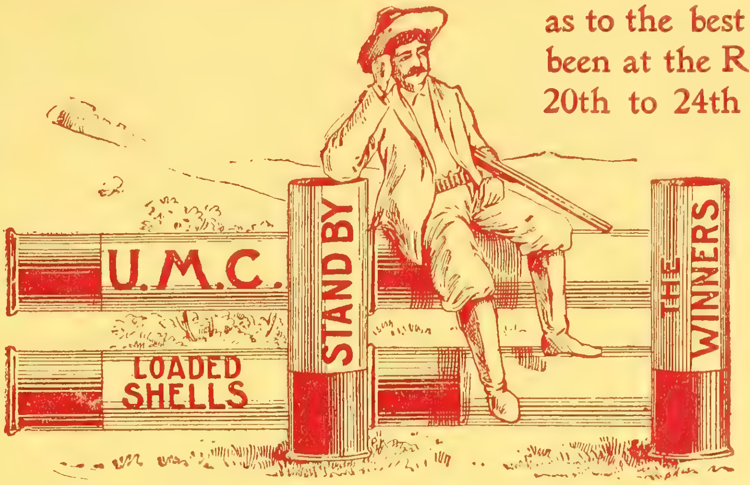

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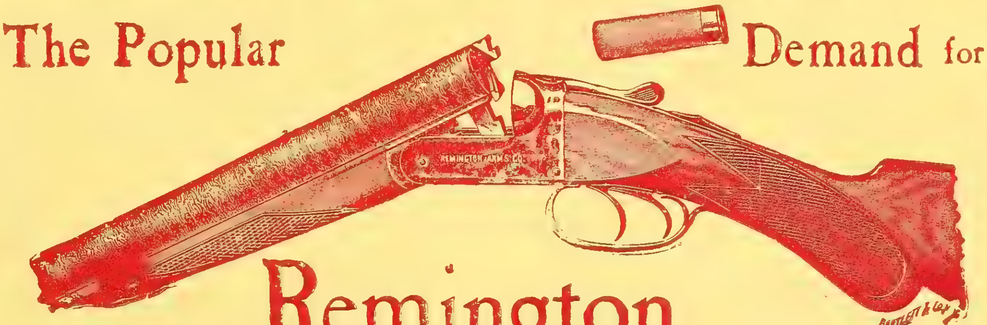
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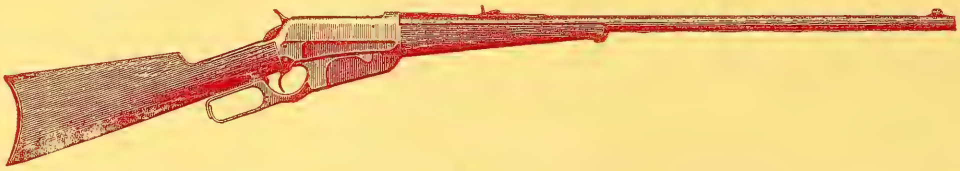

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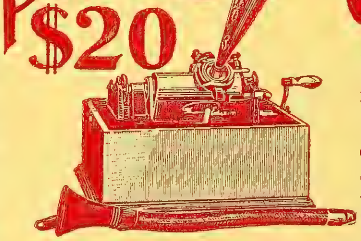

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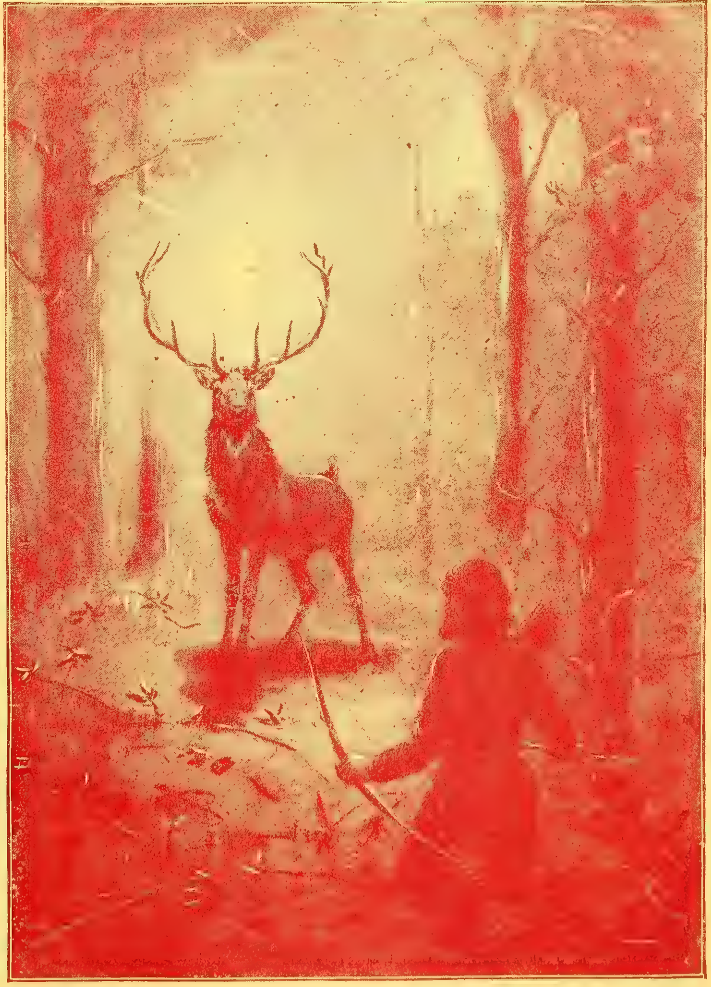

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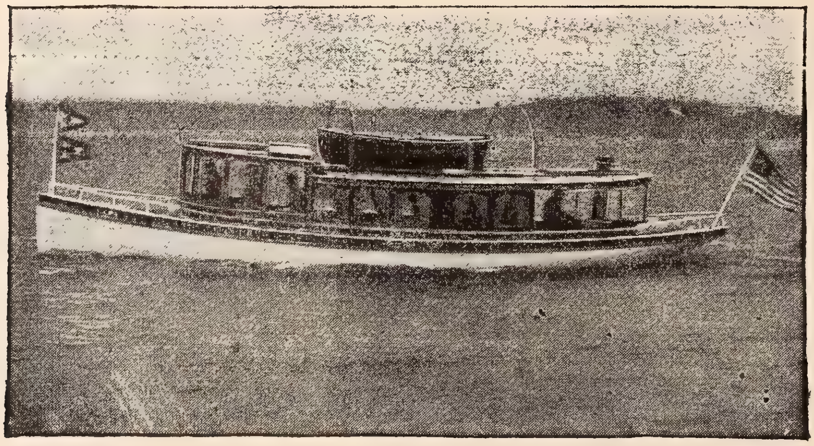

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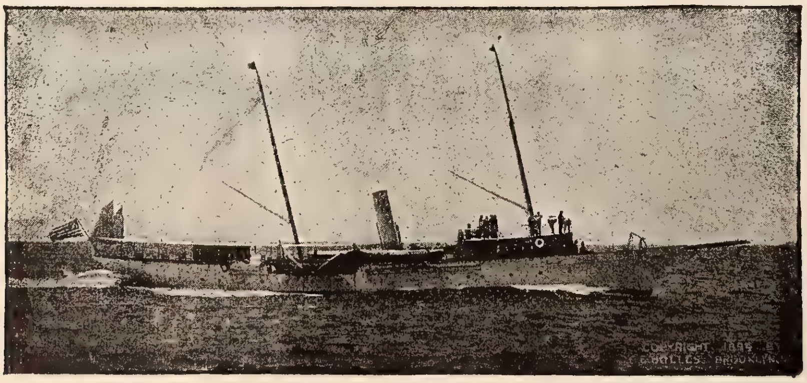

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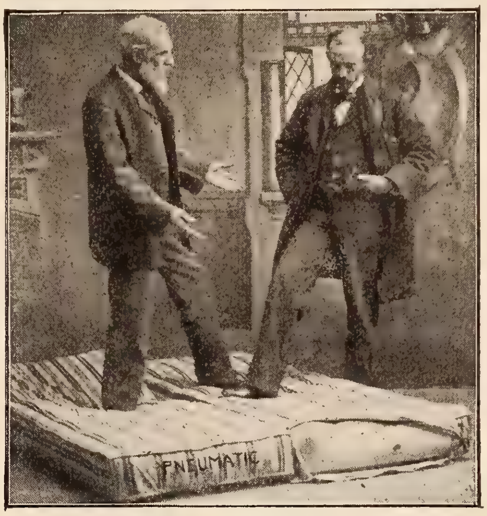
CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE

The fact that we are now equipping the American Line Steamships "Paris" and "New York" (late the "Yale" and "Harvard") throughout, with Pneumatic Mattresses proves their worth and the quality of our goods.

The inventor, Mr. Young, explaining that when two occupy the same bed, each may have his side hard or soft, as he prefers.



**Our Two-Part Pneumatic Mattress.**

The above photograph was taken *six years ago* and the mattress shown has been in *constant use ever since;* not one cent has been expended on it and it is just as perfect to-day as when made.

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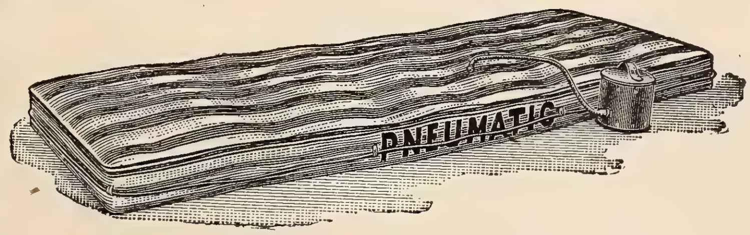

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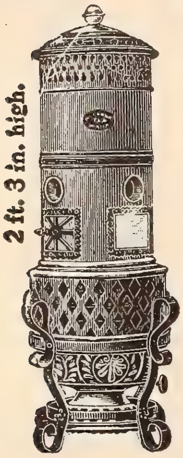
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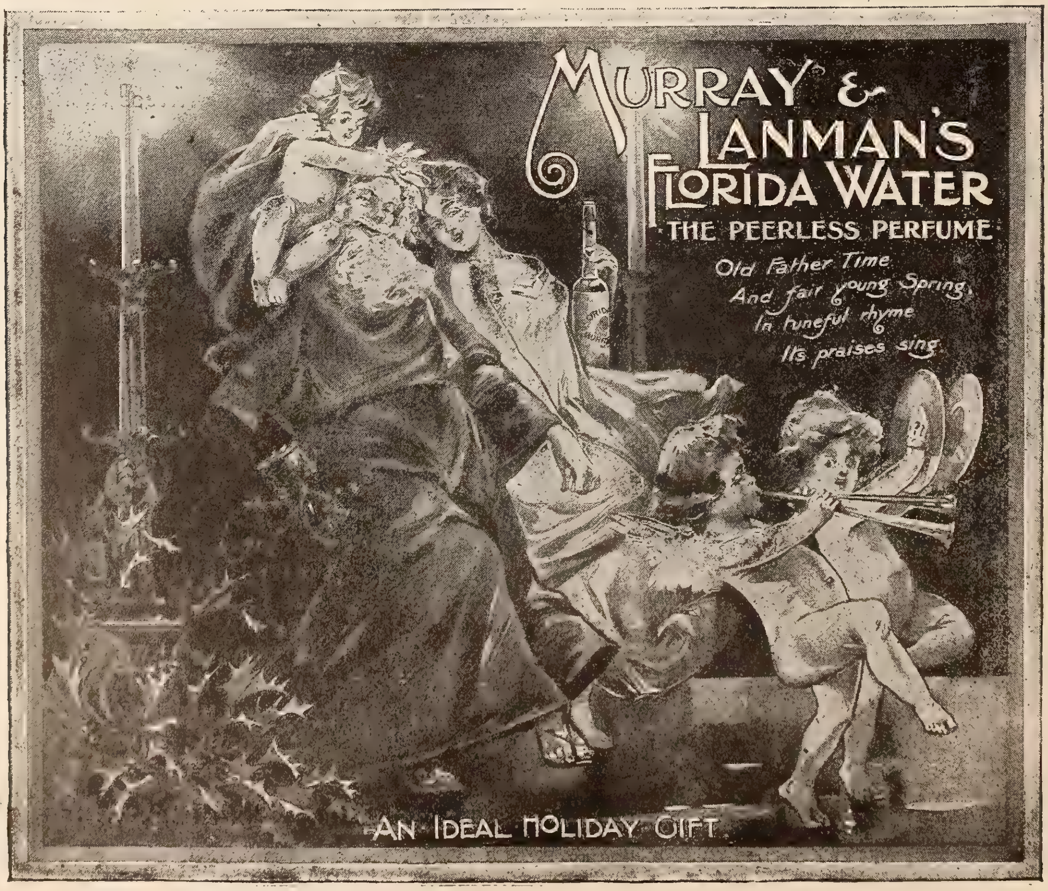
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Old Father Time
And fair young Spring,
In tuneful rhyme
Its praises sing.
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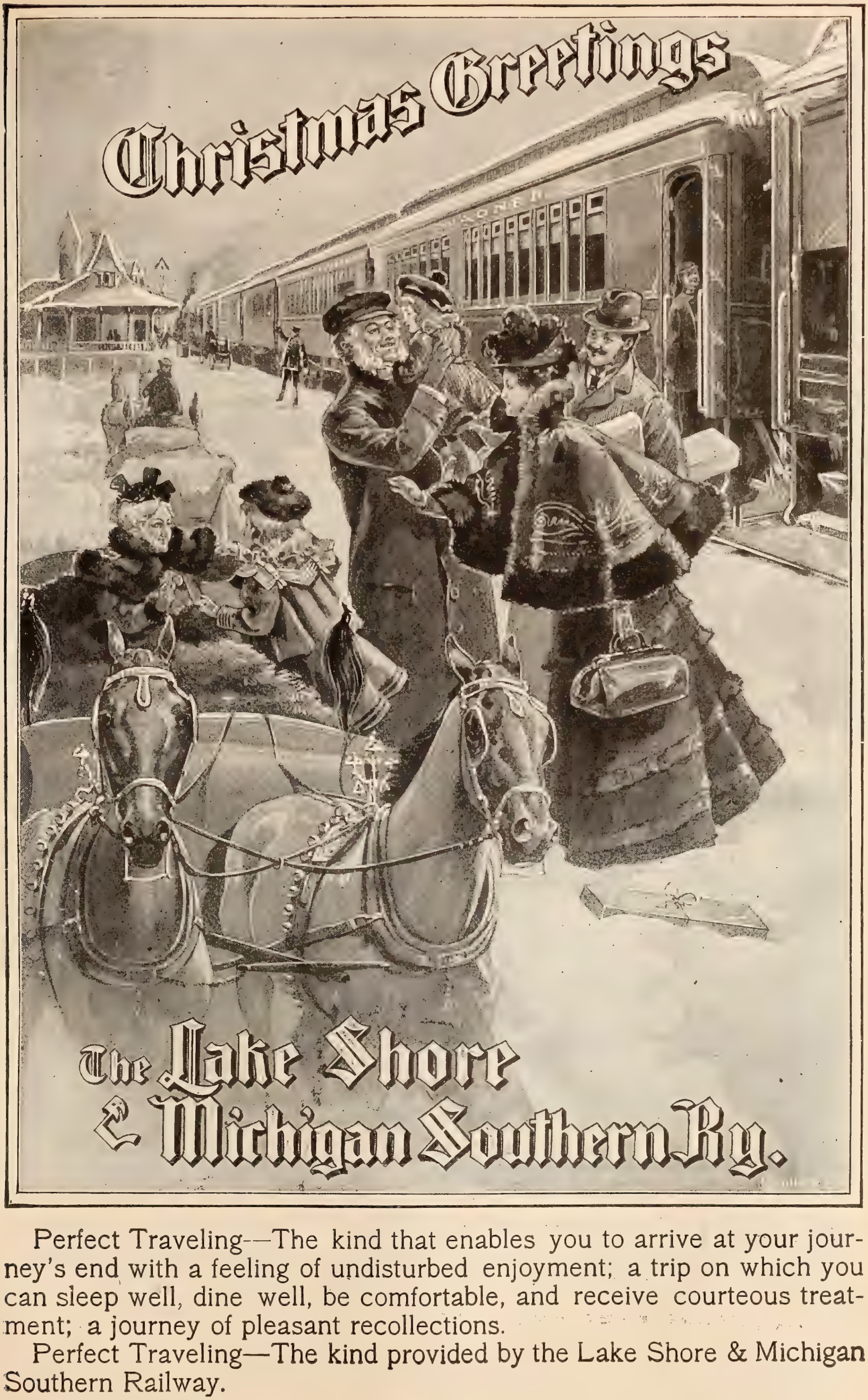
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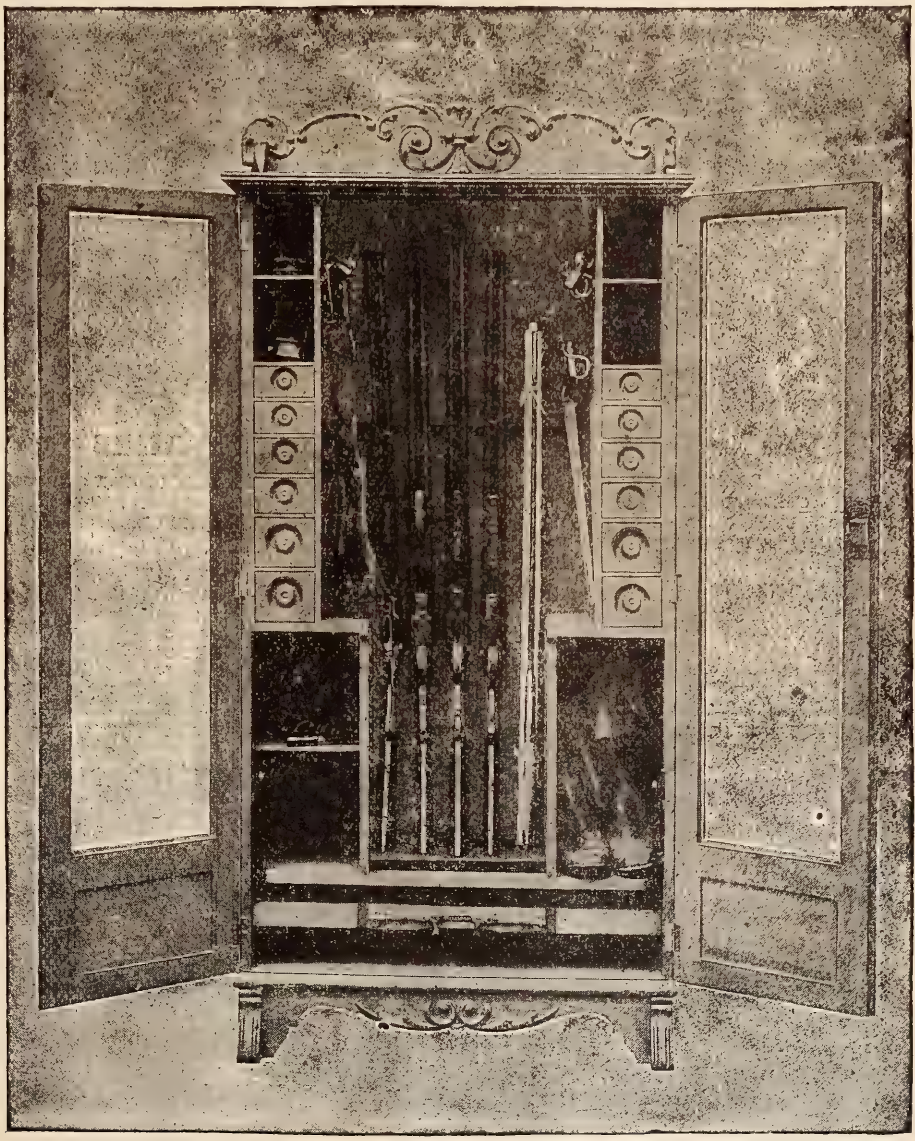

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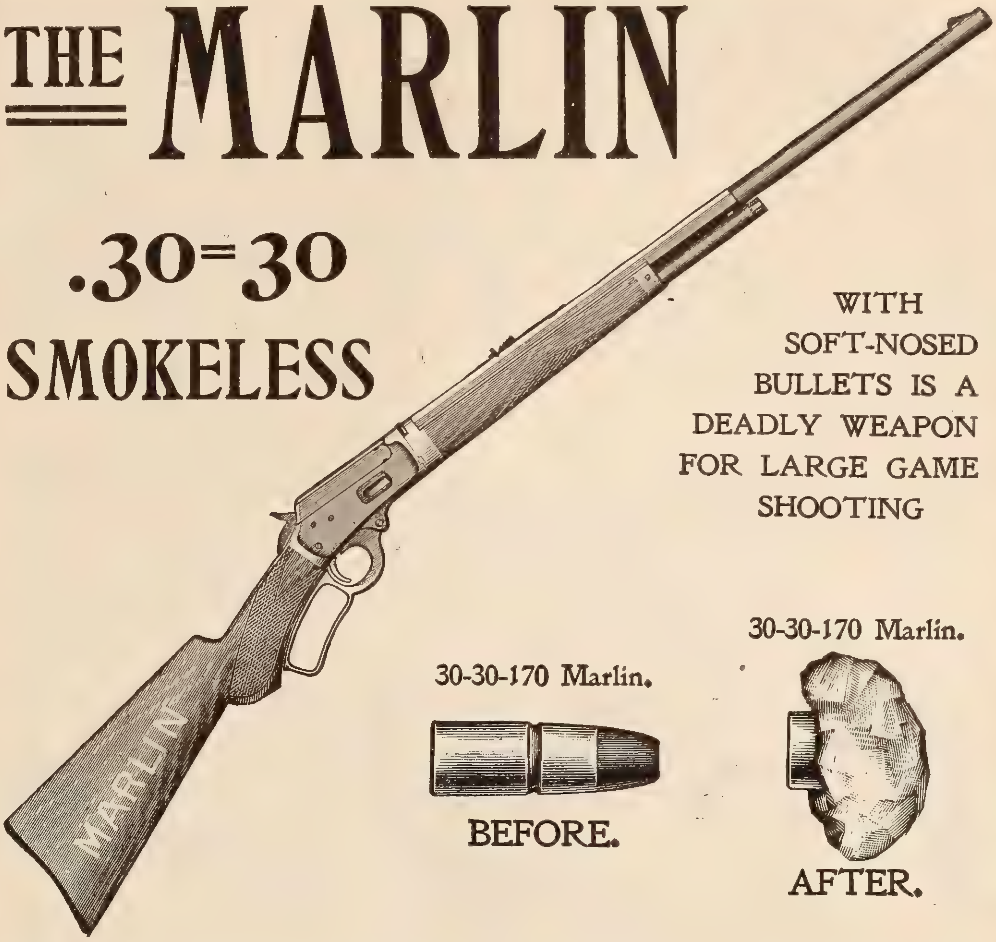

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AFTER.

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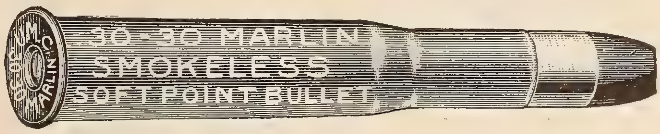
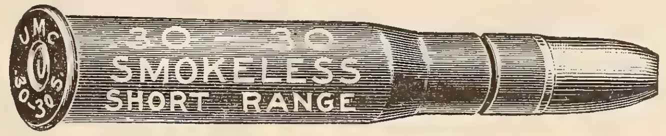

U.M.C.
30-30 MARLIN
.30-30 MARLIN
SMOKELESS
SOFT POINT BULLET


U.M.C.
30-30
.30-30
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"The Little Finger Did It"
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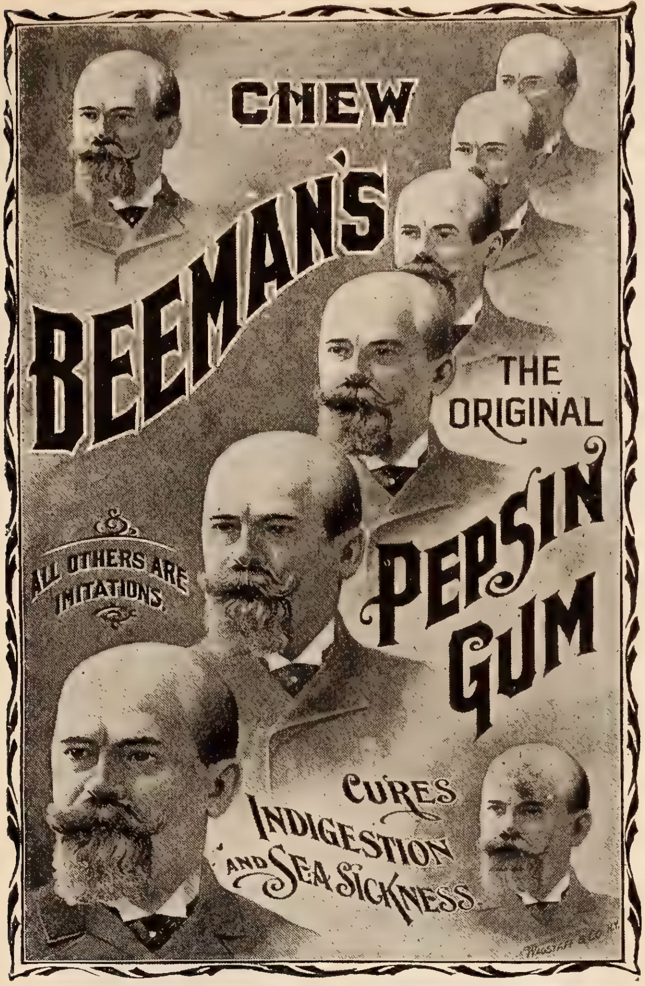
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THE ORIGINAL
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ALL OTHERS ARE IMITATIONS.
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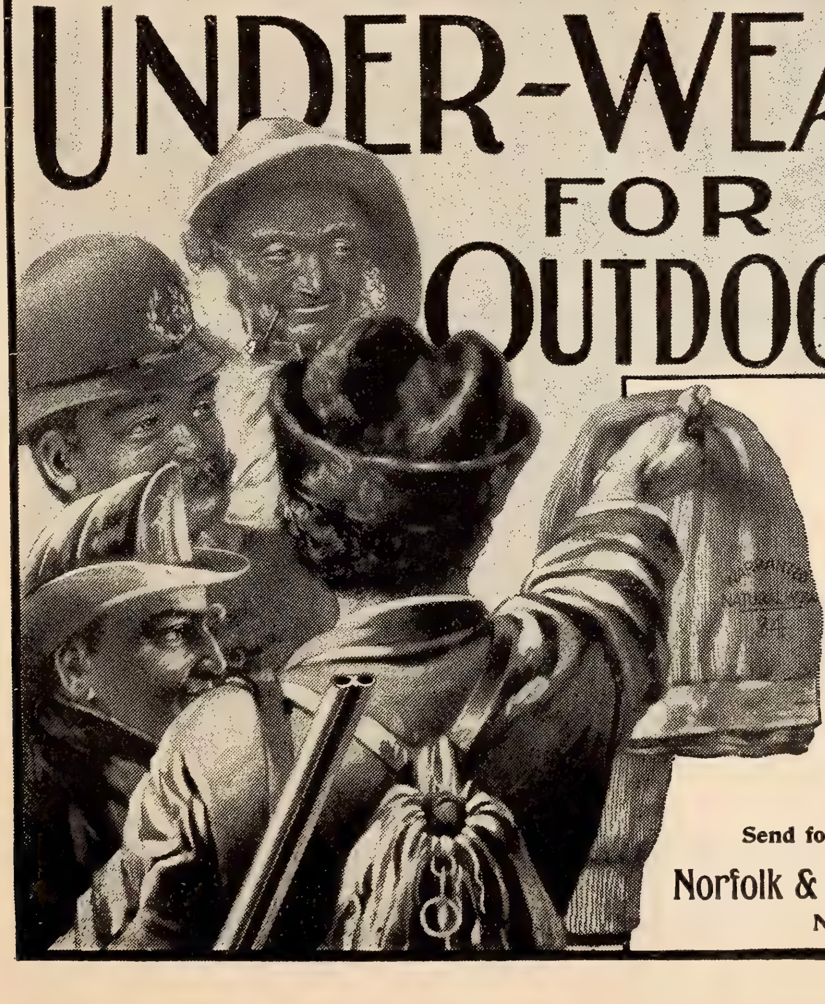

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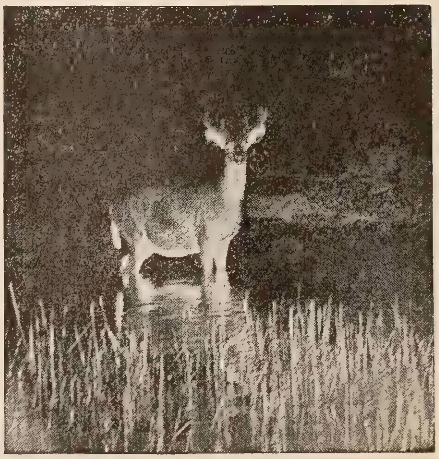

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Better, ten times over, than a banjo, a cornet, a violin or trombone, for it is all these and many more, as played by their respective masters.

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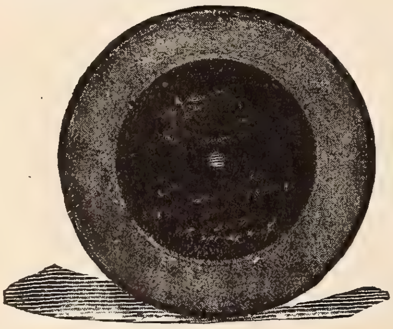
writes the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew. Its reputation is already world-wide. One was recently ordered for the Imperial Palace in Constantinople; even the Sultan apparently recognizing the fact that for Making Home Attractive, there's nothing like the Gram-o-phone.



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Do not confound it with instruments using wax records that are ruined by a touch, or with those that have been discredited by using records that are fraudulent. Our records are all

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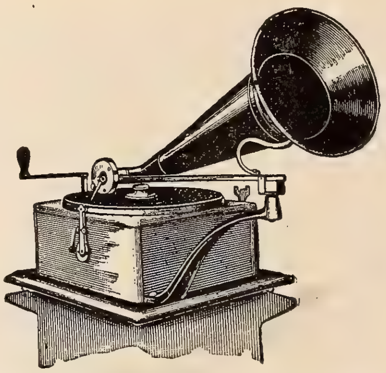

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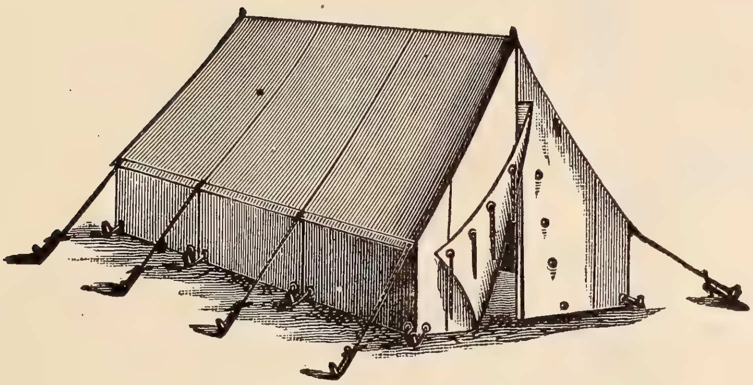

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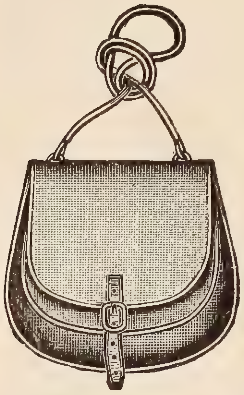
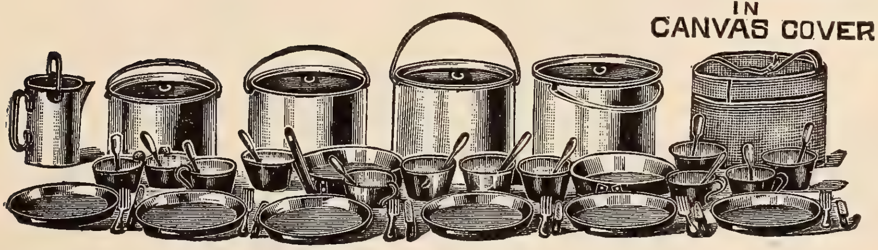
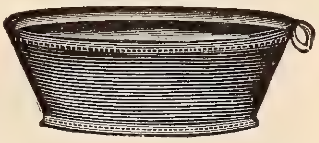


AMMUNITION BAG

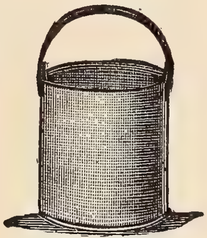


KIT NESTED IN CANVAS COVER

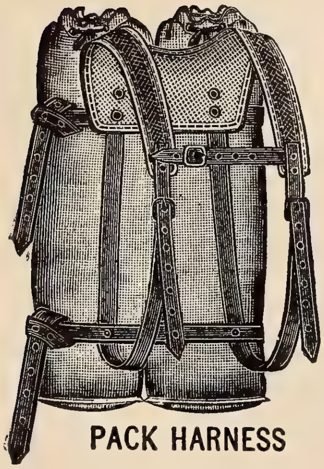


WASH BASIN

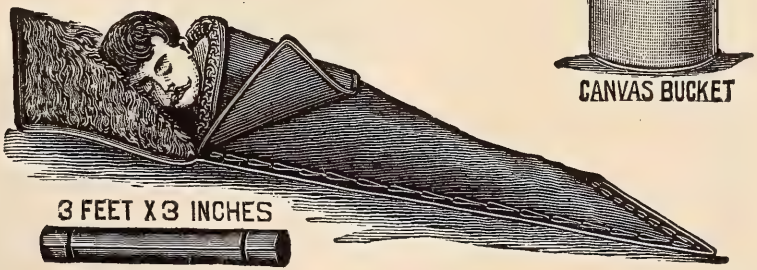
## Aluminum Cooking Outfits



CANVAS BUCKET



PACK HARNESS



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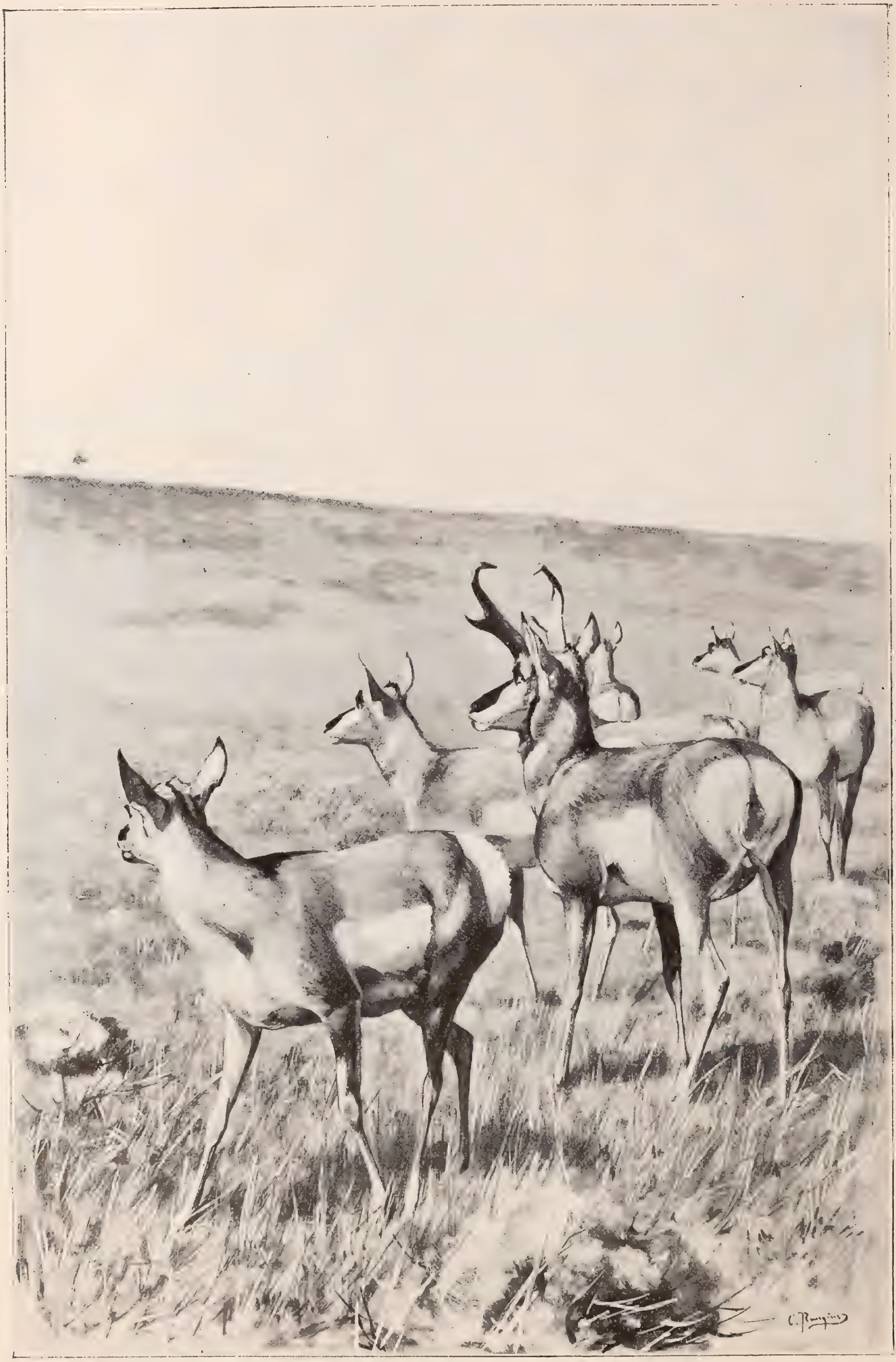


"AFTER RUNNING ABOUT 200 YARDS, THEY STOPPED AND AGAIN FACED ME."

RECREATION.

Volume IX. DECEMBER, 1898. Number 6.

G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA), Editor and Manager.

# FLAGGING ANTELOPE ON THE SAN LUIS.

R. V. R. SCHUYLER.

In the summer of 1886, I was induced to invest in a small ranch on the Rio Grande river, in Colorado. It was located in the beautiful San Luis valley, about half way between the towns of Monte Vista and Del Norte. I bought it really for the good trout fishing which the river afforded at the point where my land lay; and many a string of fish have I taken almost in front of my door.

At that time there were a number of small bands of antelope in the San Luis. They ranged along the lower part of the valley toward Taos, a small Mexican town at its Southern end. These bands had been hunted persistently and were extremely wild. The sight of a man would stampede them in a moment. I had heard old hunters say that antelope could be decoyed by means of a small red rag and made up my mind to try it the first chance I got. As I had nothing to do but fish and shoot, the opportunity soon offered. My wife, who is as fond of shooting and fishing as I, went with me. We rode South from the ranch, keeping a close watch ahead of us with a pair of field glasses. After we had ridden 20 miles, I spotted a band of 9 antelope. They were fully a mile away and had not noticed our approach. The wind was blowing from their direction so there was no danger of their scenting us.

Dismounting and telling my wife to take the horses around behind a bluff, I proceeded to put my scheme into execution. I crawled along behind big bunches of sage brush, keeping well out of sight of the game. When I reached a point about 500 yards distant from the band I saw I could go no farther without being discovered, as beyond that point the ground was bare. I might, perhaps, have killed one of the antelope at that distance, but preferred trying to draw them nearer with the flag. I lay down behind one of the largest bunches of sage brush and rigged up my decoy by tying a large red silk handkerchief to the end of a branch of sage.

After getting myself into position, with my .45-60 Winchester, cocked and ready for action, across my knees, I raised my flag over the brush and waved it backward and forward 3 times, then suddenly dropped it out of sight. When the band first discovered the waving object, they whirled in their tracks and started off with the speed of the wind. I was prepared for this move, however, and watching from my cover I waited for them to stop. After running about 200 yards they stopped and again faced me. The moment they halted I waved twice, dropping my flag as before. This time their curiosity overcame their fear and the whole bunch, headed by a big prong horn buck, came toward me, making short zigzag runs and stopping every few seconds. At every pause I waved my flag, taking the utmost care to keep out of sight myself, as I knew perfectly well that the first false move would send the antelope out of sight in a jiffy.

They kept advancing until their leader was within 100 yards of me. I had waved my flag for the last time and lay perfectly quiet, waiting to see how close the band would come. I was prepared, however, to fire the instant they showed any sign of breaking away. As I watched the leader through the bunch of sage brush, I could see him straining his eyes in a vain endeavor to catch a glimpse of anything wrong. His ears were thrown forward to take in the slightest sound, and his nostrils distended to discover some taint in the air which would disclose the presence of an enemy. He stood in this position for a few moments and then, impelled by his curiosity, again moved toward my hiding place. He came within 50 yards and stopped once more.

His broad chest offered a beautiful mark. I did not wait for him to give me a side shot, but, sighting my rifle across my knees, fired. Without waiting to note the effect of my shot I threw down the lever of my Winchester and brought it back with a snap, at the same time springing to my feet. The buck had received a mortal wound but was making off slowly in the direction the rest of the bunch had taken. A second time I fired, the ball striking him just back of the shoulder and knocking him down. As he lay dying, with his big black eyes looking up into mine, I felt almost as if I had committed murder. My wife, hearing the shots, came out to meet me. After skinning my prong horn I packed the head and as much meat as we could carry on our horses and turned homeward.

I have hunted all over the United States and have killed a great many deer. Of course I had heard of buck ague or buck fever, but I never contracted the disease until I lay under the sage brush watching those antelope. As they came closer and closer to me, symptoms of that distressing malady made themselves evident, and it was with the greatest difficulty I could steady my nerves enough to make a reasonably sure shot. Flagging or decoying antelope is the finest sport in the West, and if those who are fortunate enough to get into an antelope country will try the flag I am sure they will agree with me.

PHOTO BY L. A. HUFFMAN, MILES CITY, MONT.

CUTTING OUT THE BEEF CATTLE; OLD BUFFALO WALLOW IN THE FOREGROUND.

# HUNTING AND HUNTED.

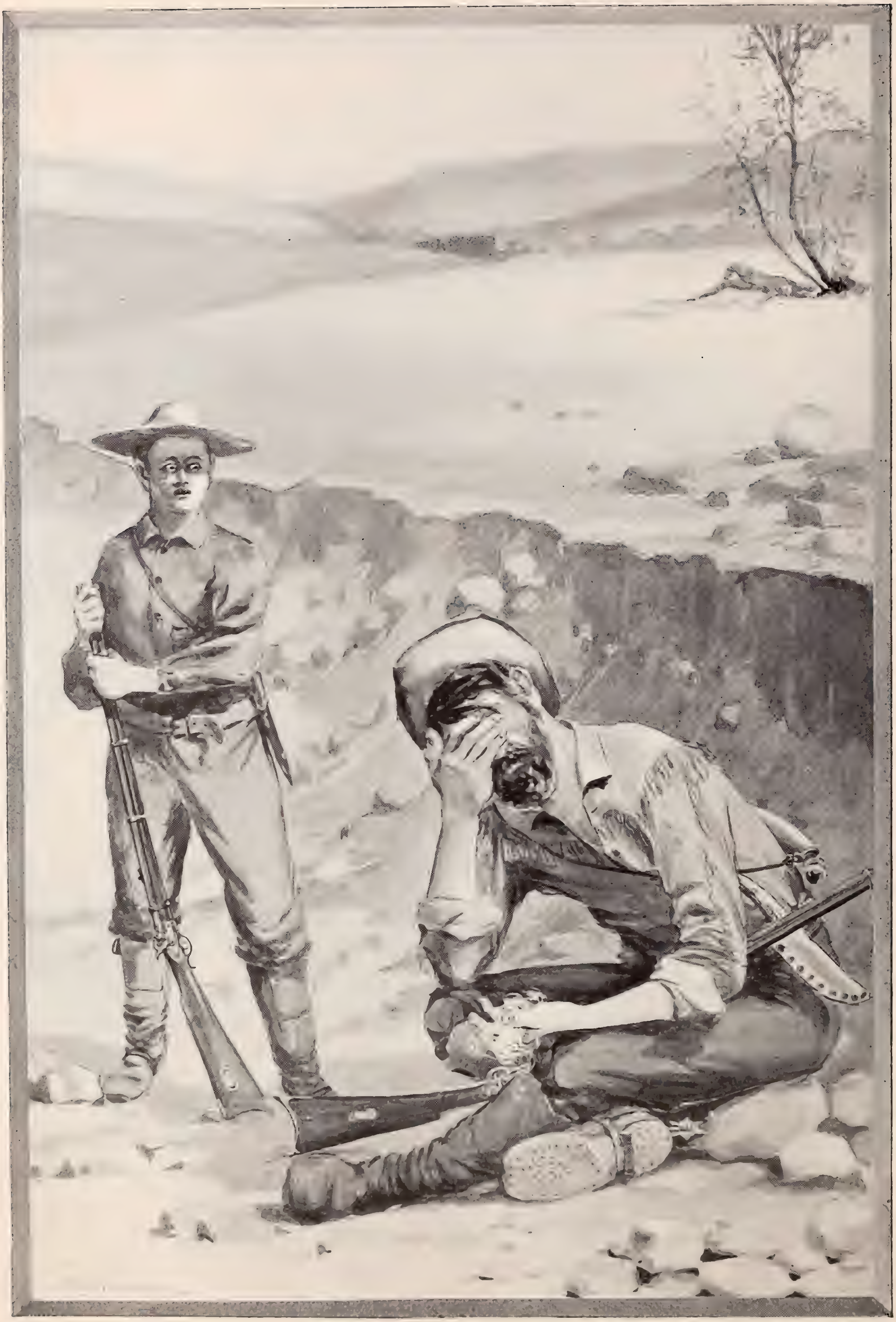
W. H. HILTON.

In '46, just before the war broke out with Mexico, a party was made up near San Antonio, to hunt buffalo in Northwest Texas, where they yet ranged. At the request of an old frontiersman, who had taken a great liking to me, I joined. He was a singular character, tall, slim, nervous—his hands would shake as if he had the palsy—yet he was a dead shot. He was known as "The Scalper," owing to the number of Indian scalps he carried. He was exceedingly reticent and no one knew his name or past life. His only occupation was to hunt Indians—and other big game. Once, on the trip, his old heart opened to me, and he told me why he led such a life. He was the son of a well-to-do sugar planter; had been well educated, and was studying law when his father died, leaving him all his property. He married and was blessed in every way, till one day, while he was absent on business, the Comanches made a raid and killed and scalped his wife and year old boy. "When I returned and learned it all," said the old man, "I must have been crazy. Alone, I started after the Indians and was finally picked up, exhausted, by a party who had been following the hellions. I resolved then to hunt Indians until I got my poor wife's and boy's scalps back again. My wife's I have, soaked in the blood of her destroyer; but my boy's I have yet to find. There are 17 notches on my rifle. I know I shall make it 23. That was the age of my wife when murdered." Once he showed me her scalp, sewed inside his hunting shirt, over his heart. No wonder such a bitter experience should wreck the career of a man with strong, noble feelings, who loved wife and child better than his own life. Some would condemn this man for his revengeful feelings. I did not.

It will surprise many who cannot go on a hunt without taking with them samples of nearly everything to be found in a grocery to know that our grub consisted of bacon, corn meal, coffee, sugar, salt, and pepper, only. We all had Kentucky rifles, ammunition, and bowie knives, and there were 2 old-fashioned horse pistols in the crowd. It was before the day of revolvers.

"The Scalper" was appointed leader, and we left San Antonio and crossed the Colorado above Austin, then over to the Brazos river and up its Northerly bank. We killed all the deer and wild turkeys we needed; cutting off strips of flesh to hang to our saddles to dry. On reaching the Salt fork of the Brazos, we left it for the Big Wi-che-ta. Here we met our first buffalo. The reserve horses were saddled up, and we started in for buffalo meat. We hunted for about a week, changing our camp from day to day, and soon had quite an amount of "jerky" drying in the hot sun. We had got into the Comanche range and had to keep a sharp look out. Finally, it was decided to go over to the South fork of Red river. There we saw small bands of buffalo, and commenced hunting again. When a band was discovered, some of the party would make a detour and get some distance to the leeward of the game; then the rest of us would get as near as possible and go for them. It was wild riding over the uneven ground and some tumbles were had. After getting as close as possible, we would try to get a shot into some vital spot; but the exceedingly small ball the Kentucky rifle then carried did not make quick work of it, and as it took long to reload, few shots were fired. When the game reached the party who had gone ahead, they took a hand, and we got our share of the game. As we expected to see Indians, it was understood there should not be too much scattering, and if redskins were discovered, the signal was to be given, if necessary, by waving a coat or blanket. One day, about the middle of the morning, the signal came. We retreated to our camp, which had been located in the bed of a dry creek. On arrival there we found the Indians had outwitted us. Spare horses, jerky and all, were gone; but the trail was hot, and after a chase of 3 hours, we caught up. There were only 6 of the devils, and we soon had our plunder back again. Fearing the Indians would return with reinforcements, we returned to our camp. There had been some hot work during the day, and all felt tired. Four of the Indians had been wiped out, and 2 got away. One of our men had a flesh wound, and one horse was killed; but we got 3 Indian ponies.

Guards were stationed, and told to be ready for a call. Just at daybreak it seemed as if all hell had broken loose. It was the first time I had heard the Indian warwhoop, and it was blood curdling. I had heard "painters" and they sound ugly; but their music is heavenly compared with the warwhoop of these hell hounds. The shots came pouring in, but we returned them with deadlier effect, and drove the foe back. We had no timber for cover nearer than 100 yards, and that only on the Northerly bank. After driving the Comanches back we found none of us had been killed, but there were a few wounds. In those days the Indians had old shotguns, flint lock muskets, and Mexican *escopetas*. Their powder was poor

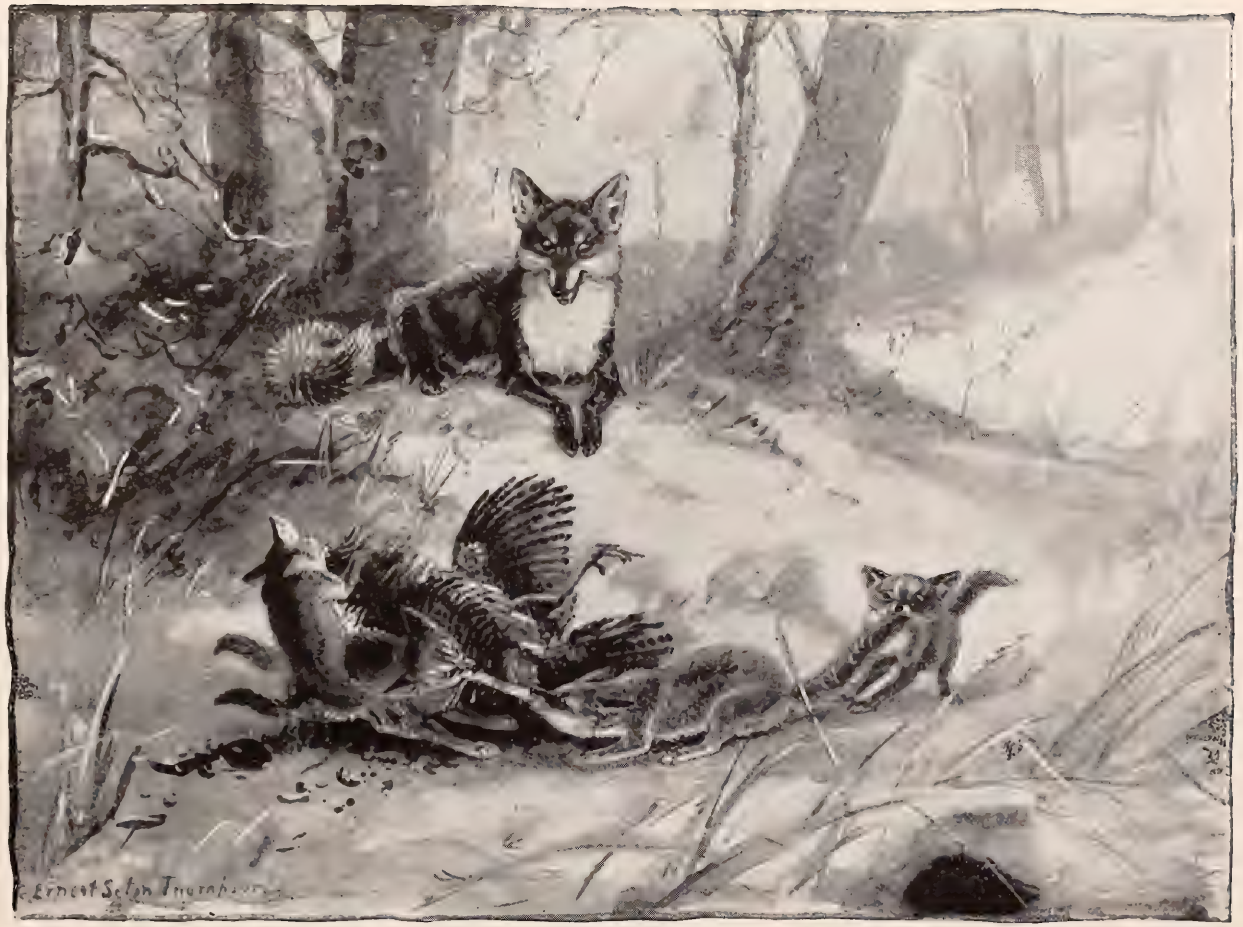


"HE TOOK THE SCALPS, LOOKED AT THE CHILD'S, AND THEN SAT DOWN AND CRIED."

Mexican stuff, and their guns went off when they got ready.

Therefore, though the Indians outnumbered us many to one, they had a wholesome dread of the deadly American rifle. They would charge on us, whooping and yelling, as they rode past, generally to lost one or 2 of their number. Finally, one of the chiefs, who had been rather unseemly in his actions, spanking significantly certain portions of his hinder person, came charging up. "The Scalper" said to me, "you try to kill the horse, and I'll fix the man." This I did, and before his comrades could help him to get away, the chief went his long journey. Then they drew off; as "The Scalper" said, "concocting some deviltry." We were given our stations to carefully watch. I had got into a small gully, and watching through a bush, saw something move behind a tree 80 or 100 yards away. I carefully poked my rifle through the bush, and was sighting it, when I heard a shot. Blood spattered in my face, and I knew I was hit but felt no pain. I wiped the blood out of my eyes, and just then I caught sight and fired. The Indian jumped up and fell like a log. All at once it came to me that I had killed a human being, and a sad feeling of regret and remorse swept over me. Then I thought it was his life or mine, yet I felt sad. I soon realized that the end of my right thumb had been hit, and was bleeding freely. I tied it up, and reloaded my rifle left handed. I watched for a time, and then carefully made my way up the gully to see what I had killed. There lay a dead Indian, and tied to his belt were the scalps of 2 white men and the long, nearly white locks of a child. Then all feeling of remorse left me, and it seemed as if I could have exterminated the whole Indian nation. I took the scalps and returned to our party. I showed "The Scalper" the scalps. He took them, looked at the child's, and then sat down and cried. Never do I want to see such bitter agony again. A whole life had been risked and wasted to recover that; there was no doubt it was his own child's scalp. When we afterward went back to the Indian, there, tied to the string around his neck that held his ornaments, was the wedding ring of "The Scalper's" wife and the little child's locket. The old man wanted me to take the redskin's scalp, but I could not do it. I had not graduated then; so he took it. When he gave up to his great grief, I sat down by him and tried to console him; but there is sorrow no words can assuage. Wife, boy, all the regrets of the past years, came up before him, as he afterward told me, and there was but one cure—death. After a time some of the men came up and he said, "We have work to do. Two of you remain here until everything is packed; the rest come with me." We saddled up and packed our jerky on the led horses, taking the best horses for our mounts, and then we were given our orders. It was to be a running fight to a camp where we could have a better chance against night attacks. No sooner did we leave the creek bed than there came a big crowd of red devils after us, firing and yelling as only Indians can. Occasionally we would stop, dismount, and empty a few saddles. Then load, mount, and ride as if the devil was after us. The Indians' shooting at long range was ineffective. Only one pack-horse was disabled before we got safe to our new camp. There we remained that afternoon and night. We expected trouble before morning, but nothing came, and about sun up, we were again in the saddle. We saw no Indian signs, and some of us thought they had left us, but the wiser ones said, "No; we will hear from them again." We traveled on till noon, and had grown a little careless. All at once, on nearing a small, timbered gully, a number of shots were fired at us, and just below us came riding out a gang of the painted devils. Our leader was ready for the emergency, and ordered us to charge on the gully and clean it out, which we did. On the first fire one of our comrades had been killed and 2 wounded. The dead man we picked up and took with us; the wounded one managed to follow. We found the gully a splendid place for a stand, and soon drove the Indians back, with some loss on their side. They would charge, shoot, and retreat; but we kept well under cover and made each shot count. When night came the Indians disappeared. Guards were placed, and the wounded carefully cared for. "The Scalper" had become an excellent surgeon, and he bandaged and examined the wounded. One died that night. The other got better and was able to go on the next day. Before starting, we dug graves as best we could, using sharp sticks and our hands, and there buried the bodies of our friends. To cover up all signs we made the horses tramp over the ground. This was to save the bodies from being scalped and maltreated. After reconnoitering the next morning we broke camp. Instead of returning on our trail, our leader deemed it best to strike off Westerly. The wisdom of this we found later, as the Indians prepared another surprise for us, but we did not walk into it. About the middle of the afternoon we saw them coming, but had ample time to get into a good position. Seeing we were prepared for them, they concluded they had had enough and retired. This was the last we saw of them.

We arrived at San Antonio, and soon after I joined a company of Texas Rangers and went to Mexico. Our leader joined the same company, and served till the taking of the Bishop's Palace, where he was killed. We found him and gave him a fitting burial. Peace to his ashes.


Ernest Seton Thompson

From "WILD ANIMALS I HAVE KNOWN."

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# A GREAT BATTLE BETWEEN THE ELEMENTS.

W. H. HOLLIS.

Mt. Tacoma, the great white mountain of the Northwest, whose snow capped summit is crowned with a corona of the clouds, and whose foot is bathed in the waters of the inland sea, is more than an immense pyramid of rock and clay and snow and ice. Many rivers and springs, that flow through the land to enrich and fructify the soil, give life to vegetation and quench the thirst of man and beast, find their sources about its base. The Nesqually is one of the most important of these.

It is related in Grecian mythology that Athene, the goddess of wisdom and power, sprang from the brain of Zeus, the father of gods and men, full armed and with a mighty war shout. So the Nesqually river rushes from beneath a glacier, on the side of Mt. Tacoma, with tremendous force, and with a shout, as if for joy, it kisses the light and swiftly pursues its way through mountain defile, valley, and pass until it reaches its home in the placid waters of Puget sound.

The glacier which is the source of this stream takes its name from the river and is about 3,000 feet above the level of the sea. After the Nesqually reaches the light it goes bounding over bowlder and rock, laughing at all such impediments, until it reaches the upper end of Suc-ho-tash valley, through which it winds its serpentine course with gentler force for about 20 miles. This valley is of varying width and is covered with as fine a body of fir, cedar and spruce timber as can be found anywhere in this great timbered state. The name Suc-ho-tash was given it by the Indian tribes who used to make long journeys there, annually, to gather berries, on account of the abundance and variety of small fruit which it produced. Suc-ho-tash means juicy fruit.

After leaving this beautiful and interesting valley of excellent soil, snugly set in the midst of grand mountain scenery, and in which many fine homes and farms are being made, the river reaches the upper end of a pass in the Mashell mountains, a spur of the Cascade range. This pass forms the canyon through which the Nesqually flows and is usually referred to as the Nesqually falls, but should be called the grand canyon of the Nesqually.

PHOTO BY LYNN, TACOMA, WASH.

NESQUALLY GLACIER, SOURCE OF NESQUALLY RIVER.

PHOTO BY LYNN, TACOMA, WASH.

NESQUALLY GLACIER, SHOWING 2 ARCHES.

You enter the canyon from above on almost a level with the valley, but after passing farther into it you observe mountains all around you, and on your left the river is coming rapidly down as if eager to meet and overcome the barrier placed there by the plastic hand of nature thousands of years ago. As it enters this great defile the stream begins to fall into what appears to be a crevice in the rocks. This, however, is a channel which has been cut there by the onflow of the rushing waters during past ages.

Passing on we soon reach a point that gives us a view for some distance down the stream and we observe a rustic foot bridge, reaching from the rocks on one side to the rocks on the other. On approaching this we find it to be of recent construction and made of 2 fir poles laid parallel to each other. These are 8 to 10 feet in length and about 4 inches in diameter. Across them cedar shakes, of sufficient width and thickness to carry the weight of a man, are nailed, about 6 inches apart. A hand rail is placed over and along one side of the bridge for the protection of those who desire to cross and who are inclined to dizziness.

On one occasion J. C. Dillon, lawyer, Professor Ole Bull, J. T. Mitchell, county surveyor, and T. C. van Eaton crossed over while I stood on this improvised structure for a short time and in mute contemplation observed the surroundings. On either side of the stream were narrow benches of stony land covered with grand and majestic fir, cedar and spruce trees, intermixed with alder, vine maple, and yew, with more or less underbrush fringing the edge of the timber. The fir, spruce, and cedar, constantly overshadowing us, lifted their tops well toward the sky, and had been standing there for perhaps 100 years or more, mute sentinels at their post of duty. On our right and left the towering and awe-inspiring mountains reared their summits far above us, often beyond the reach of our vision, and crowding down on the canyon, were silent witnesses of the conflict between the elements going on below. The stream had been sinking between the rocks until at this point it was below the surface some 40 to 50 feet and was forcing its way through a narrow space not more than 5 feet in width.

This river is on an average 200 feet wide and 3 to 4 feet deep, but here instead of flowing in a broad, flat surface it was forced to turn itself on edge in order to make the passage. Conversation at this point must be dispensed with, or else the full force and volume of your vocal powers must be brought into action. Rarely, however, does one desire to speak, so impressive is the scene, and so weak our words appear. I stood there in speechless wonder and amazement.

Milton, in his description of the battle between the Deity and Satan before the foundation of the world, when his satanic majesty was cast out over the battlements

PHOTO BY LYNN, TACOMA, WASH.

GETTING AROUND GIBRALTAR ROCK, AT HEAD OF NESQUALLY GLACIER.

of heaven, tells of a fierce conflict that was waged in the spirit world. The memorable battle of the pass of Thermopylæ was perhaps as valiantly fought as any that ever took place between human beings. These conflicts and all others like them, though fierce in their nature, have always been of short duration. But here is a battle royal that has been waged for centuries past and will be for centuries more to come. Looking up the stream you see massed in 2 solid walls the rock ribbed battalions of the earth, defiantly standing there, in mute and sullen silence, reinforced on either side by gigantic mountains of stone, earth and timber, sufficient to defy the armies and navies of the world that might thunder their artillery against them for all time and yet produce little effect. Looking again you see the enemy coming in a long column of milky, muddy, glacial water, frothing and foaming and leaping at its foe, with a determination born of frenzy; and rushing at the only weak spot in their line, the opening between the walls.

The struggle now begins. As the water demons forge their way along, the basaltic stone walls recede on the right and advance on the left, then recede on the left and advance on the right; but the onward rush of the milky colored demons, led by Neptune, the god of the sea, with a great force and with the noise of thunder, dash themselves against their antagonist and succeed in running the gauntlet between these columns, until at length, as if in one final effort, the 2 gray phalanxes attempt to close in on their liquid enemy, and nearly succeed, leaving only a narrow space, not more than 3½ feet in width. At this point the water sprites seem to halt for an instant, but only to gather additional power, for with an angry plunge they dash through and with a whirl and a swirl, a leaping and plashing, and with the voice of many waters this barrier is left behind, and a shout seems to go up in encouragement of the long line of comrades following, conveying the intelligence to them that the way is open, to follow their leader and they also will be victorious.

Thus the conflict continues for a distance of 3 to 4 miles, during which cascade after cascade is passed, precipice after precipice, 30 to 50 feet in height, is tumbled over with a mighty plunge, the stream being often compelled to press between great bowlders that have been thrown from the side of the canyon, in their course, by the relentless hand of time. As one stands far above on the top of the wall, looks down on the boiling waters and hears the rumbling he is reminded of Southey's pen picture of how the water came down at Lodore.

Neptune's forces are finally victorious, but not until they reach a level more than 500 feet lower than where the battle first began. With what a feeling of relief and security one is possessed after passing some trying ordeal. And so it seems in this case with the watery elements, as they go quietly along, some with gentle murmurs, while others are singing merrily their song of triumph to their companions, happily greeting their neighbors, the forest and hills, passing on to the great, broad bosom of Puget sound. Here they are promoted to the rank of their companions and the color of the uniform given them under the glacier, when they were sent forth into the sunlight, changed from a milky, muddy color to that of the standard blue of the grandest inland sea of the world, Puget sound, where they lose their identity among a great company of troopers like unto themselves. As you see them leaving the shores of the sound on a peaceful, quiet afternoon in the summer, you would scarcely think any of them had ever engaged in a fierce conflict in their effort to reach their home.

Referring back to the grand canyon and the turmoil of the waters to get through it, in my opinion this deep, narrow channel that appears so much like a crack or crevice in the rocks was not there at one time but has been cut into the solid rock by the running water. It is said the constant dripping of water will wear away a stone, and in the same way will the constant running of water cut a channel in the hardest of rock, as it has done in this case. The nature of the formation also aids one in reaching this conclusion. The rock is dark in color, somewhat hard in formation and has seams running through it which are hard as flint. In the softer portions on the side of the perpendicular walls could be seen many semicircular cavities worn by the whirling motion of the water in its wild plunge through the rapids and over the falls and cascades.

I might continue indefinitely, so numerous are the interesting things to be found there.

Deer and black bear are numerous in this vicinity, and many of the tributary streams abound with fine mountain trout.

Should some of the many readers of RECREATION desire to spend a week among the finest of mountain scenery I am sure they will feel well repaid if they choose some shady nook by the side of a babbling brook in the vicinity of Mount Tacoma. There are hundreds of interesting points and as many lakes and streams full of the gamy mountain trout.

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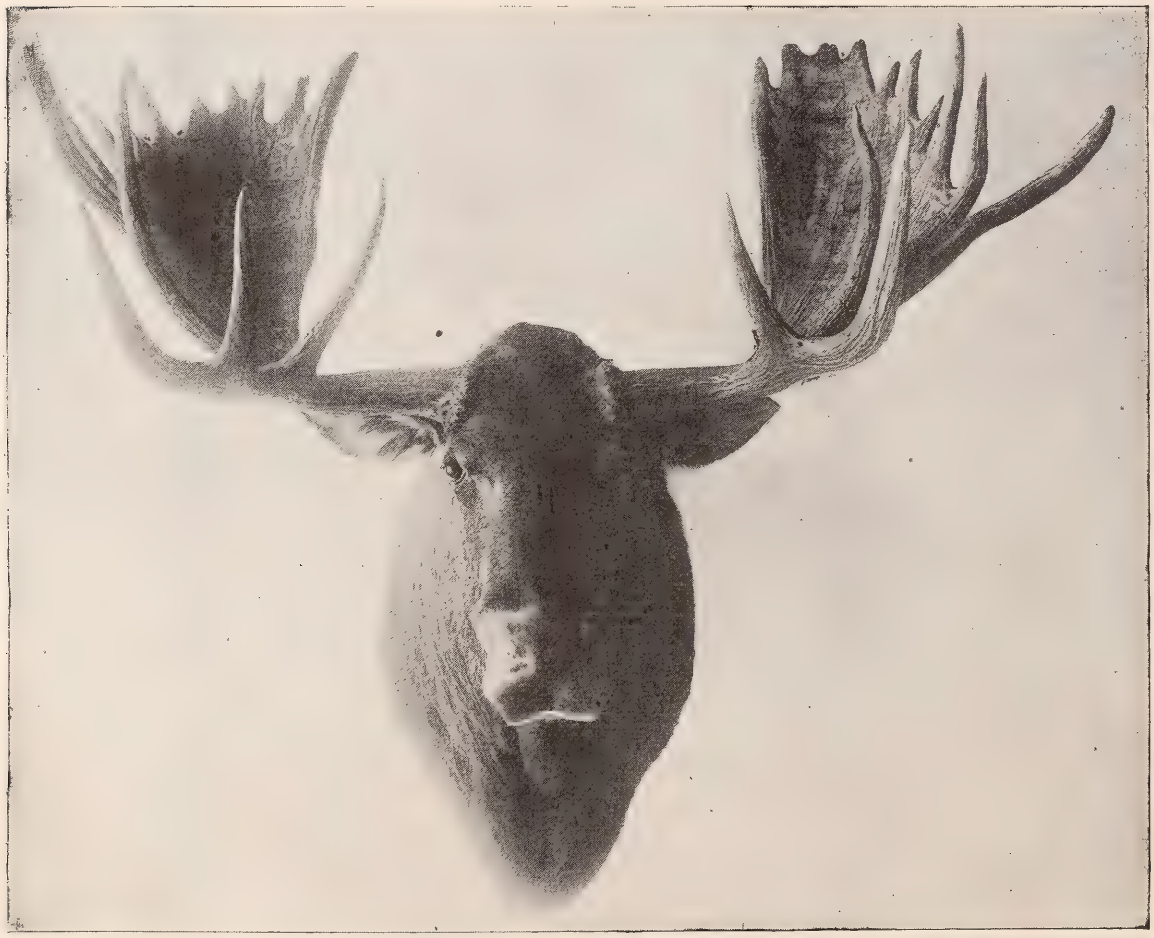

AN ALASKAN MOOSE HEAD.

Owned by Doll Dewees, Cañon City, Col. Mounted by Prof. G. Stainsky, Colorado Springs, Col.

# ST. HUBERT, THE FIRST GAME PROTECTOR.

MARGUERITE TRACY.

St. Hubert, as he is still called, although he has been banished from the English reformed calendar of saints, was for years one of the most riotously worldly and sinful of those noblemen who hung about the court of Pepin d'Heristal in France, in a century when goodness was at such a premium that any noble act was canonized as soon as possible. Goodness has become so common nowadays that we have fallen out of the way of canonizing it. The idea of making the founder of the L. A. S. Saint So and So!

There were no game laws in Hubert's time, but there were Church laws which answered the same purpose, and one of them forbade all hunting during Holy Week. Hubert, being no respecter of laws, and being an enthusiast about stag hunting, cheerfully and defiantly started out one Good Friday, when not even the wickedest of his companions dared leave their prayers. While he was moving stealthily about through the giant forest, his quiver at his back and his bow in hand, a great brightness suddenly flooded the path before him and a stag appeared, bearing a shining cross between its horns.* The hunter dropped his bow, fell on his knees and then and there dedicated himself to holy deeds. He renounced his life at court and became a hermit of the forest, where he dwelt among the robbers and marauders and idolaters who at that time haunted the gloomy fastnesses of Ardennes. He devoted himself to protecting the game, advancing civilization and establishing the laws he had so long openly defied. He was ordained priest and finally became Bishop of Liége. It is part of the legend that when he was consecrated bishop an angel brought down from heaven the stole with which he was consecrated. This is the scene which has been most often represented in paintings, *bas relievos* and tapestries. Finer than these is the print by Albert Durer in which Hubert is represented in hunting costume, his horse beside him, surrounded by his hounds, his horn and hunting knife slung at his side.

At his death he was buried in the church of St. Peter at Liége, and when, 13 years after, his body was disinterred in the presence of the king of the Franks it was found unchanged, even his robes, in which he had been buried, being without spot or stain. His tomb from that time became famous for the miracles and cures which were performed there. Chapels were erected to him in the forests, where the hunters would gather for a brief service before the hunt, to invoke the blessing of their patron on the day. Hubert was the patron saint of all animals, but especially of dogs, and bread which had been blessed at his shrine was considered a charm against hydrophobia.

It became a custom, on St. Hubert's Day, for hunters to bring up their horses and dogs to receive the blessing which the priest, standing at the door of the castle from which the hunting party started, pronounced on all alike.

We still gather with horses and hounds and whip and spur on the hunting morning, to follow Brer Fox across the Virginia hills. Who knows but it would be better for our bones—a charm as it were against fences and ditches and things—if while we sit our eager, fretting hunters we should each give a thought to the little old Gentleman of the Chase who has been so unfairly deposed from his niche among the saints; and then we might overcome that moment of trepidation which the most fearless rider confesses to, when we catch the baying of the hounds and the M. F. H. turns in his saddle and waves to us,

"Yoic——— Gone away!"

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* See first page of cover.

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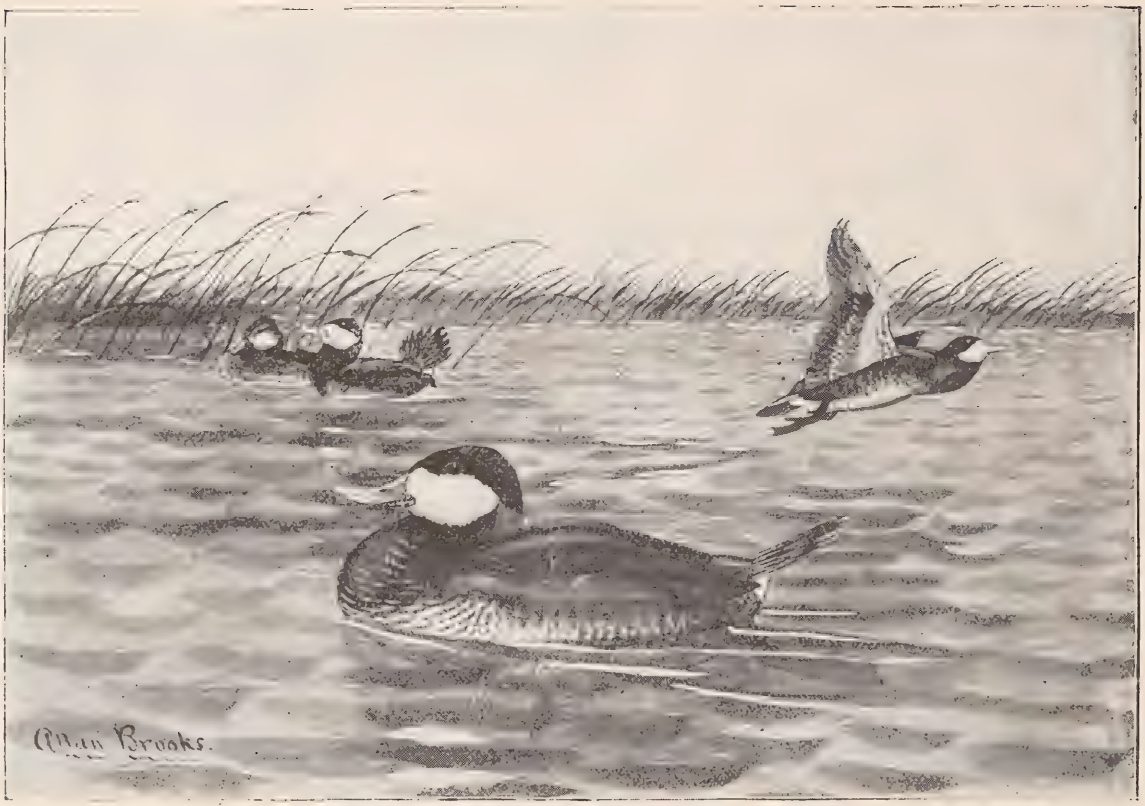
Jaggs—"Who is this old Pan, of whom they have been making the big statue?"

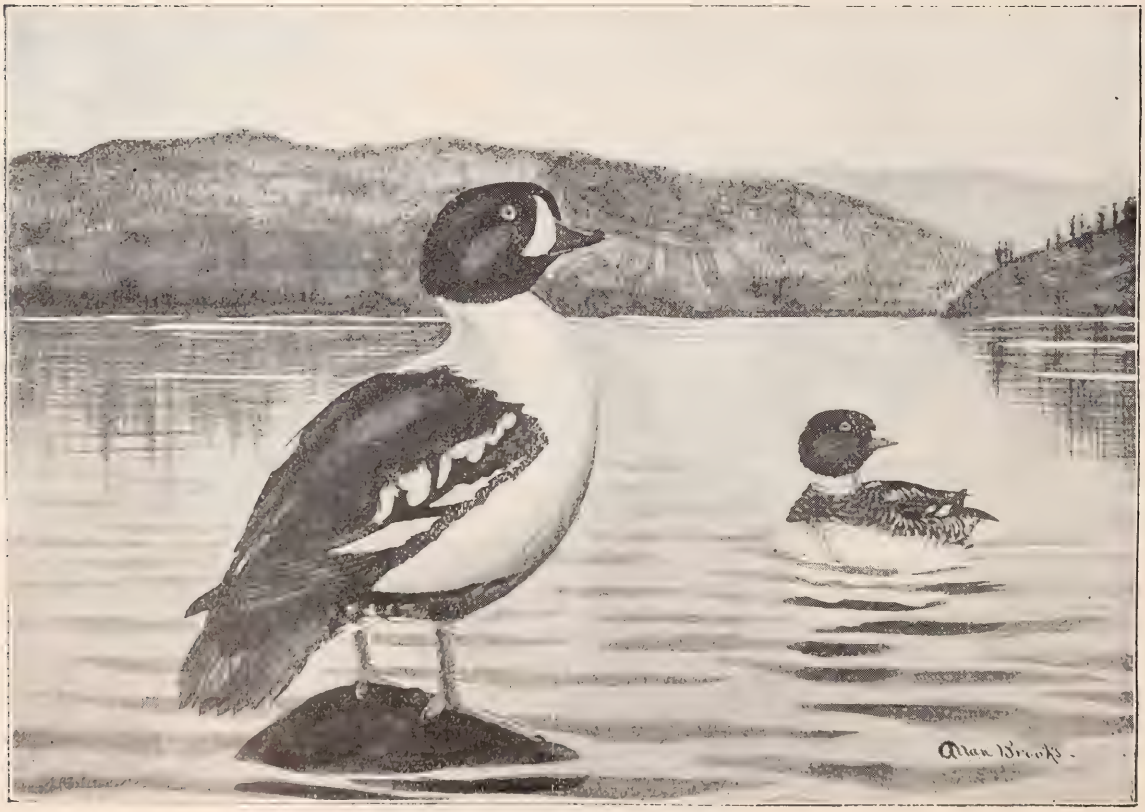
Scroggs—"Why he's the man who invented pan cakes. I supposed everyone knew that."

The sea is getting dusty—
"What a crazy claim!" you say?
Well, our sailors, with their glasses,
Aren't sweeping it to-day.
—Cleveland Leader.


Allan Brooks.

THE RUDDY DUCK, *ERISMATURA RUBIDA.*

See description on page 255 October RECREATION.


Allan Brooks.

BARROW'S GOLDEN EYE.

See page 460 of this issue.

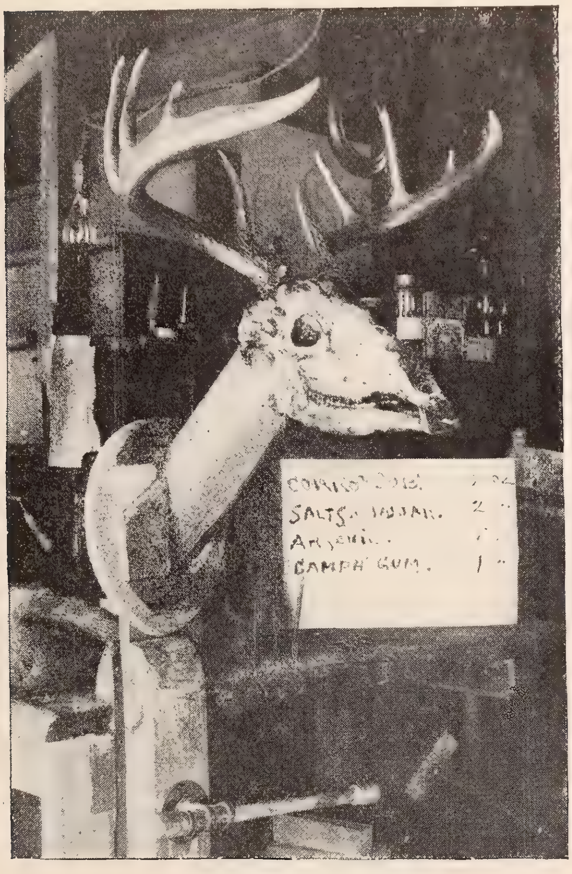
# HOW TO MOUNT A DEER HEAD.

C. A. DAMON.

Nearly every sportsman would like to have his best trophies mounted, so as to have them constantly before him, as adornments for his home or office; but the expense of having a head mounted is, to many of us, quite an item. Moreover, the results are not always satisfactory.

Too often the taxidermist is not a sportsman, and is ignorant of the habits and poses which are natural to the animal under treatment; and therefore he is obliged to mount the specimen according to his own notion of how it should look.

There are a few taxidermists who are really artists in their line, and if you can afford it by all means send your specimens to one of them. If that is impossible, you would better mount it yourself than lose your specimen, or send it to a bungler.



1. THE NECK BOARDS.

Let us suppose you have a deer head to mount, and that it is in the condition in which such specimens usually reach the taxidermist. The skin has been cut off at the shoulders, the neck skinned out to the base of the skull, and there cut off with a dull axe.

The first thing to do is to cut the hide down the back of the neck, from the centre of the shoulders to a point between the antlers. Then make a T cut running to the base of each antler.

After cutting the hide away from around the burr of each antler, skin the head out. Avoid cutting holes in the skin at the corners of the eyes. Leave a good depth of skin in each nostril, and detach the lips close to the skull.

Before removing the flesh from the skull you should notice just where clay filling will be required to restore the skull to its former shape. By making a rough sketch of the skull with all the flesh on it, and marking down measurements at different points, you will save yourself considerable trouble and avoid making your form too full or too scant in different places.

Remove all flesh from both skull and hide. With care and patience the skin of the ear can be turned wrong side out, over the ear cartilage, and the entire cartilage removed, so it can be replaced with sheet lead. Split the lips open from the inside, and remove all the flesh.

Turn the hide wrong side out, find the exact centre of each lip, and sew into it a tow-wrapped wire, to give the natural form to the lips when they are closed together, filled within with clay (or putty) and modeled into shape.

The poison formula which appears below is the best I know of, and has kept birds and heads in perfect condition for 50 years. An old taxidermist, who gave it to me, said he never had the hair or feathers slip, or get moth eaten, on any specimen on which it had been used.

| | |
|---|---|
| Corrosive sublimate | 2 oz. |
| Salts of tartar | 2 oz. |
| Arsenic | 8 oz. |
| Camphor gum | 1 oz. |

Pulverize, and mix well.

Rub this powder on the skin, using plenty of it; then roll the hide up and keep it in a moist place until ready to put it on the form.

Enlarge the opening in the base of the skull by sawing two cuts, one on each side, and cutting out the bone with a chisel. This cut should be about one inch wide and 3 inches long.

Remove the brain and eyes and clean the skull of all flesh.

Fit an inch board, 4 inches wide, into this cut by notching it in such a manner that the end will rest against the top of the skull between the antlers.

When you have secured the right angle

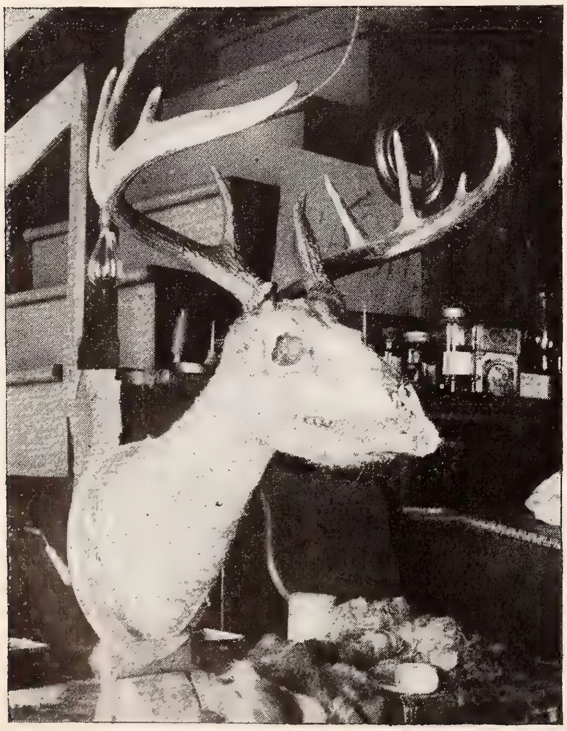
for the neck board, fasten it by driving nails down through the top of the skull.

The size of the head determines the length of the neck and size of the base boards.

In the small head shown in cut No. 3, the neck board is 12 inches long and the base board 10 x 7¼ inches, while the large head has a neck board 14 inches long and a base board 12 x 9 inches. The neck board is measured from the base of the horns to the top of the base board. The base board is egg shaped, with the small end at the bottom.

After deciding on the proper length for the neck board, which, if the neck skin is all there, is really a matter of taste, decide on the angle at which the skull should be fixed. Then nail on the base board, and put a block on each side to make the frame rigid, (cut No. 1). Then put the jaw in place, wire it securely at the nose, block it up at the back, and nail it securely to the neck board.

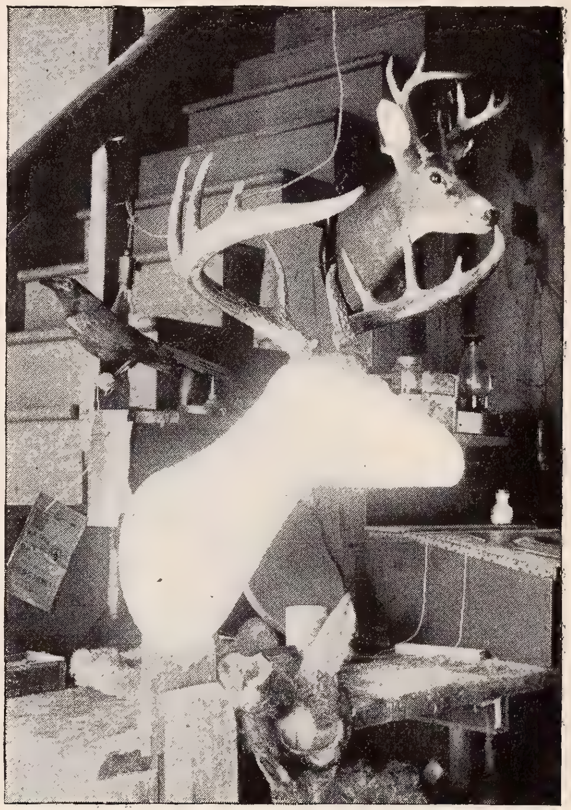
At this stage of the work you must decide exactly the position the head should have when completed, as it will be impossible to change it later. Some taxidermists make the neck board in 2 pieces which lap over each other and are fastened together with a bolt, which allows of an adjustment or change of the angle of the skull. While this arrangement is well enough to experiment with, the writer prefers a solid frame.



2. THE NECK PARTLY FORMED.

The best results will be obtained by dropping the end of the jaw about one inch below a horizontal line drawn forward from the angle, or corner, of the jaw.

The skull, neck, and base boards should be fastened solidly, so as to avoid any possibility of getting loose. All the cavities of the skull should be thoroughly poisoned, and filled with excelsior or coarse tow. Now build up the neck by putting on small quantities of excelsior (or coarse tow if you have not the former) and winding it down on the neck with soft cotton twine. Do not use too much material at once; but build the neck up gradually, making your work firm and smooth with plenty of twine, until you get the neck within an inch of the required size (cut No. 2). Then take some clean clay—that is, clay free from gravel or loam—work it up by beating it with a hammer or iron bar, and mix water with it until it forms a rather stiff paste. It is a good plan to mix with it a little clean tow, chopped fine. It should be just soft enough so it can be easily spread with the hand, and made smooth.



3. COMPLETE FORM READY FOR THE SKIN.

Try the skin on the head and neck to see if it will fit properly, when finally adjusted. Remember it is not necessary that the neck should be large enough to completely fill the stretched skin, but it should be just large enough to give the right size and shape when the skin is smoothed down on it. If you have no clay, and are quite certain the neck is just right as to size and shape, you can use about 2 quarts of plaster of paris—as I did in the preparation of the heads shown herewith—smearing it on with the hand. But plaster of paris sets quickly, can not be changed when it has once set, and is much more difficult for a beginner to handle successfully than clay is. Should it set rough and uneven, it can be pared down with a knife before it becomes dry and hard.

Build out the end of the nose with stiff clay or a little plaster, but be careful not to make it too long.

Fill the space between the teeth and under the jaws with clay and fill the eye sockets nearly full. Build out the cheeks, the jaws, the base of the skull, and the chin.

The advantages of using a clay or plaster covered form over the old way of ramming tow or straw up the neck with a stick, are many, but the principal ones are that the correct shape is much more easily obtained, the neck is not made too large, and the hide dries down on a smooth surface, and cannot draw out of shape. With the old process you are likely to get the filling uneven and to stretch the hide out of proportion while packing the filling as hard as it should be.

Another advantage of the new method is that the skin may be tried on as often as you wish, and any changes made in the form up to the time the skin is put on to stay.

Do not try to get the head in any " fancy " position, such as a curved or crooked neck; but try to get a natural, graceful, " straight ahead " position. Later you may experiment with such positions, but not at the first attempt. When you are ready to put the skin on the form and leave it there, replace the cartilage of the ears with sheet lead hammered into the shape of the ear cartilage, place the skin in position, adjust it carefully, catch it together at several points to see that it fits nicely, and sew it together with strong linen twine, just as you would lace a shoe with one string. Then fasten the skin around the base of each antler by driving about 6 wire nails through the edges of the hide and into the horn, where you cut it loose when skinning it.

If this is neglected the skin will draw away from the antlers as soon as it begins to dry, leaving a bare place at the base of each burr. These nails should be cut off below the hair, when the head is dry, say about 2 weeks later. Next draw the skin back to the base board, tack it every half inch, and trim off the surplus skin. Should you draw the hide back too tight, you will have the ears 2 or 3 inches down the neck, when they should be close up to the antlers. Fill out the base of each ear with clay, and imbed in it the sheet-lead support. A good plan is to place the ears where they belong and then drive a nail down the centre of each one into the form.

If you have no sheet lead, and cannot procure any, use strong pasteboard instead. After the ear has been supported and properly shaped and set, cut 2 pieces of cardboard the size of the ears and sew them fast on the inside of each ear, sewing through and through all around the edges. These ear forms should remain in place a month or 2. Some taxidermists do not remove the ear cartilage at all, but if left in, within a year or 2 the ears will curl and crinkle, and always get out of shape while drying if they are not supported.

When skinning out the skull you will find that the skin grows fast to the bottom of 2 small cavities immediately in front of the eyes. Fasten this bare spot back where it came from, with 2 black-headed tacks.

Finish filling the eye sockets with clay or putty, if you have no clay, and place the eyes in position. Your own judgment and correctness of eye must tell you when you have given the eyes the proper position without bulging, or sticking out too far.

4. DRYING.

Care must be taken to have both eyes set exactly alike, and not to have one out of focus, or looking cross-eyed.

Introduce clay or putty through the nostrils, and fill out the nose and lips to their proper size and shape.

When you have the right quantity of clay in the end of the nose, the chin, and under the lips, it is a pleasure, not labor, to model the muzzle into the exquisite shape it possessed in life. A little surplus of clay is easily removed. You should keep watch of the head for a week, to see that all its parts dry in good shape and to correct errors that may have been overlooked at first.

In 3 or 4 days the clay will dry sufficiently so there will be no danger of the nose getting crooked, or the eyes awry.

Should the hair be inclined to roughen in drying, it can be made smooth by wetting it with a little water, and rubbing it down with the hand.

When the head is mounted, you can either put a hook in the base board to hang it up by, or screw a shield on to the back of the base board, which will give a more finished appearance to the job.

The photographs submitted are not offered as works of art or as specimens of photography, but merely to illustrate the process better than could be done by description alone.

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PHOTO BY W. E. CARLIN.

MOCCASIN SNAKE COILED READY FOR STRIKING.

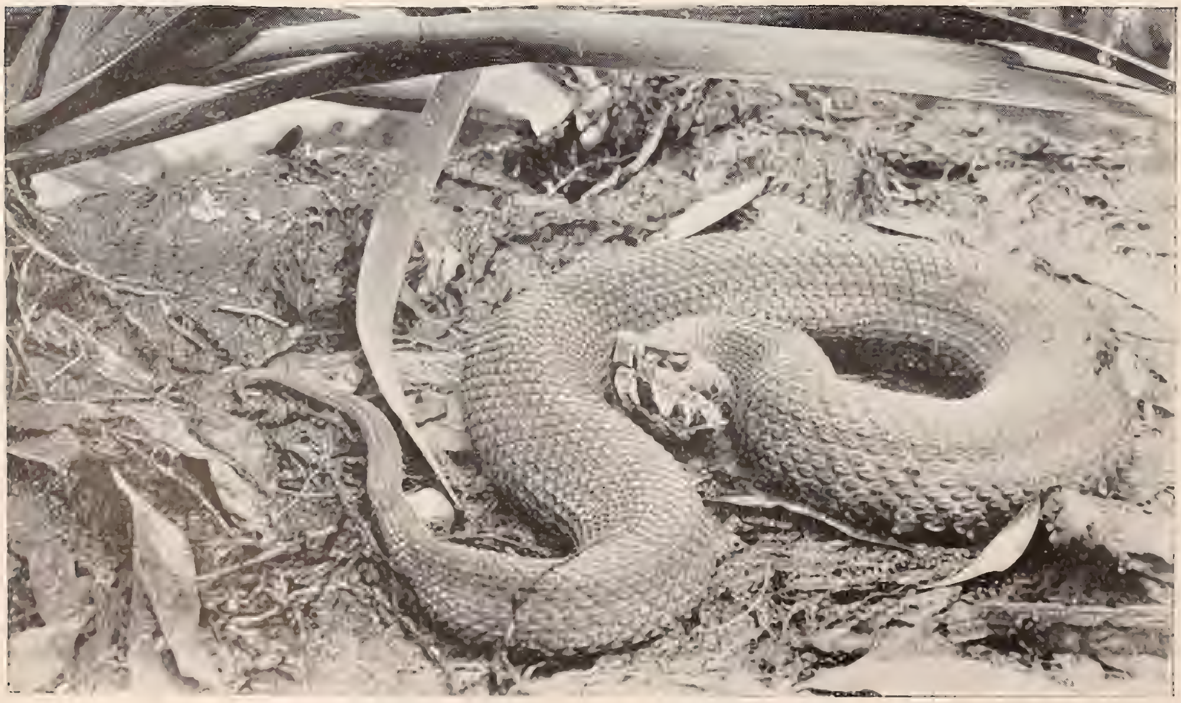


PHOTO BY W. E. CARLIN.

MOCCASIN SNAKE IN ITS FLORIDA HOME.

# ELK HUNTING.

A. M. STROPE.

Never do I expect to have another hunt with so much sport mingled with such hard work, as on a trip to the North Platte, in Wyoming, several years ago. It was the custom then for the settlers to lay in a supply of winter's meat while the game was fat. A large amount of game was often killed, but of the elk gotten on the trip I am going to tell of, not a pound was wasted. It was distributed among several families, for their winter supply.

It was in December when we started, from North Park, to drive down the North Platte river, about 20 miles, for a 2 weeks' hunt. We had a 4-horse wagon, besides saddle-horses. The next morning we saddled the horses for a trip over the hills, to see what the chances were for game.

Cross, one of my companions, carried a 45-70 Winchester; Davis had a 40-90 single-shot; while I put my faith in a 45-70 Marlin, all good killers for big game.

We rode through deep snow until past noon, without seeing either elk or fresh sign. As it was cold and had begun to snow, a fire was built; for we wanted the warmth, and our horses needed a rest. A saddle-horse cannot be put to harder work than to hunt elk in deep snow, in a timbered country.

How easy it is to get lost, on a stormy day, may be illustrated by our experience. As we sat around the fire, Davis chanced to point out the direction of camp.

" No," said Cross, " that isn't right; it lies off there," pointing in the opposite direction.

" Not much," said I. " You are both rattled," and I gave them my idea of the direction of the place where we hoped to dine. Now the question arose as to how to decide. My companions did not feel positive, so they left it to me, saying I would be held responsible for loss of supper and bed. As it proved, I was right. I had kept track of the quarter from which the wind came.

The second morning we headed up a draw that appeared to lead to some bare ridges and hills, where we thought there might be elk. I was in the lead, following an old trail, but fresh snow had fallen.

Suddenly my horse dropped down, over his back, into water. He had walked into a bog, covered with moss and weeds which held up the snow.

A man never stood up in his saddle and sprang to solid ground quicker than I did. The only wetting I got was one boot full of water. Two of us got the horse by the tail, and with the other man at the rope, we managed to get him out.

After cleaning the slush and mud off the horse, we went on up the draw. Two animals were soon sighted, in a draw that branched from ours. To approach them we went farther up, then turned to the right to a point we judged nearly opposite the game, then climbed the intervening ridge, leaving the horses at its foot.

We had calculated rightly, for just across the draw, in the edge of some green timber, about 400 yards distant, were 3 bull elk; 2 standing, the other lying down. There was no chance to get closer, so we raised the sights and fired. Davis took the elk lying down, and killed it instantly.

At the crack of the rifles, the others came toward us, into the draw. We opened a vigorous fire, but the 2 bulls kept trotting on down the gulch. As they rounded a point, out of sight, I arose and made a dash, expecting to head them off. Luck was against me, for I had not gone 10 steps when my foot caught under a root and I went sprawling into a snow-drift.

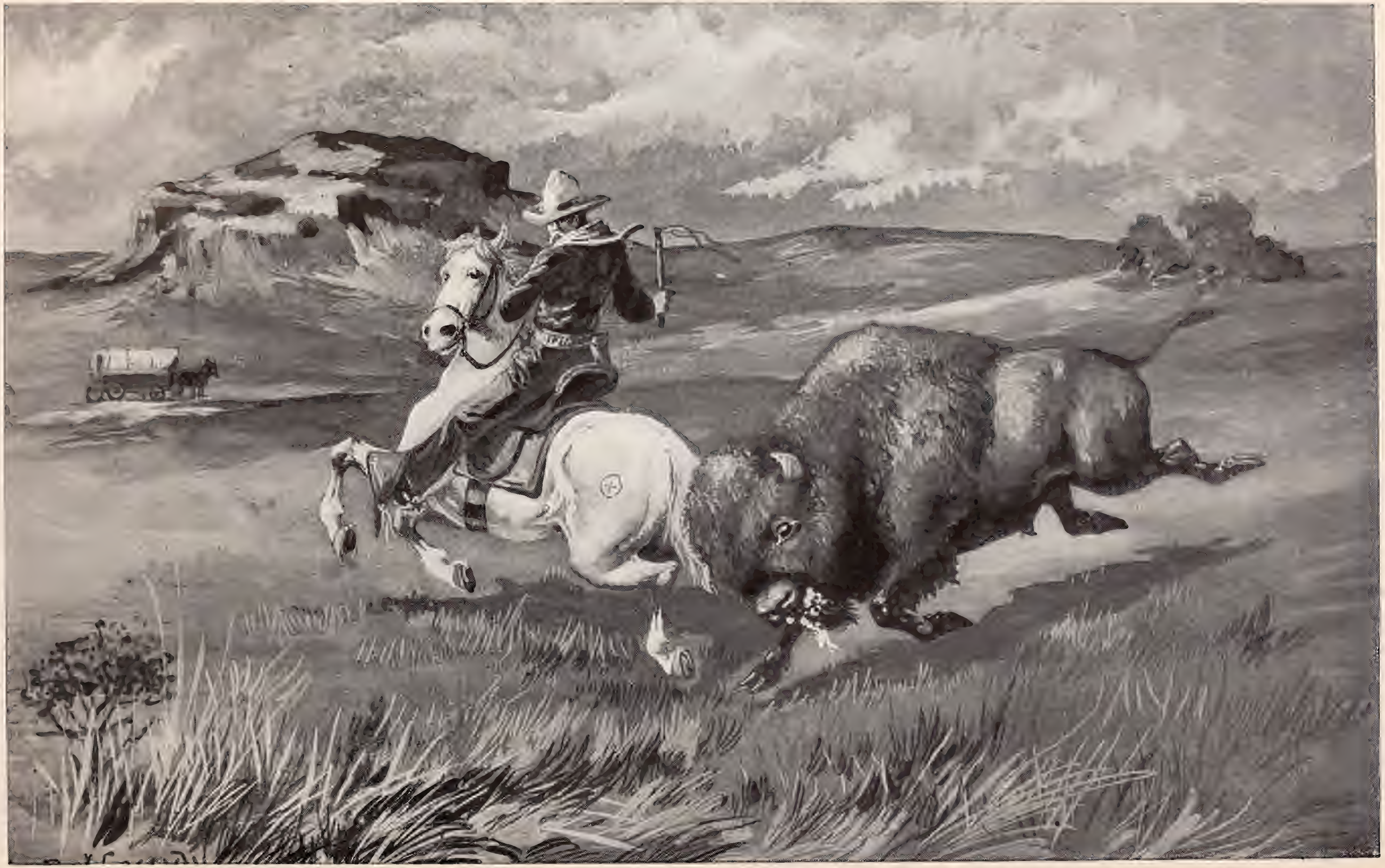
By the time I had gathered myself up, cleared the snow from my eyes and ears, and found the rifle, the elk were leisurely climbing a ridge, out of range. Not until then was it noticed that our sights were still at the 400-yard notch. As the bulls had come closer, and were below us, we had overshot them.

Bringing up the horses, a rope was tied to the elk's neck—after dressing him—a a hitch taken to a saddle-horn, and we set out for camp. It was hard work, through the deep snow. Horses and hunters were pretty well tired out that night.

Making an early start, we had not gone more than 2 miles, the morning of the third day, when a bunch of elk were sighted. They were a mile away, and there were probably 50 in the herd. The ground was favorable for stalking.

Davis and I approached from one side, while Cross worked around opposite. When we were within range, Cross had not come up, so we took a shot. Davis downed a cow, but I missed a big bull, standing broadside, not 8 rods away.

The bunch ran up the ridge, about a quarter of a mile, and turned into a deep gulch, where there was thick timber. Here we found them, and when we opened fire, instead of making off in a body, they scattered through among the trees. Leaving the horses, we wallowed on through 3 feet of snow. Getting within range of the elk again, I downed 3 inside of 15 minutes. Cross had now come up, and he and Davis killed as many more. Instead of following the bunch farther, we all set about dressing the elk we had down, leaving them in good shape to freeze.



"THE OLD MONARCH TURNED, MADE A PLUNGE AND CAUGHT HIS HORSE ON THE HIP."

# A BOY'S FIRST BUFFALO.

R. J. WILLIAMS.

The sketch entitled " My First Buffalo," by Conrad Haney, reminds me of how I killed mine.

It was in the spring of 1872, while living in Washington county, Kansas, that I obtained leave to accompany 5 of our neighbors on a trip to the Western part of the State. They intended to catch buffalo calves, which they could sell at home for $40 a pair. The trip out, of something like 150 miles, was delightful, and an altogether new experience to me, a boy of 16. Our guns consisted of muzzle loading muskets, cap and ball revolvers and one 16 shot Henry rifle, somewhat out of repair; but as we were not strictly a hunting outfit, our lack of arms was a small affair. Our main dependence was on 3 fine running horses with their reckless riders. They proved as good as they looked, capturing altogether 15 calves; though we failed, from lack of cows' milk, to get them all home.

We reached a small stream up the South fork of the Salmon, one Saturday night; and having seen a few buffalo during the day, concluded to camp there. The next morning I appropriated the Henry, and got away without any questions being asked. Though I knew nothing of stalking big game, I determined to kill the first buffalo and had every confidence in my ability to do so. After a 3 mile walk, through hollows and draws, I came suddenly on the game I was after. Six or 7 buffaloes were standing and lying within a stone's throw of me as I climbed out of a wash at the head of a gulch. This was a little more than my nerves could stand. The nearness of their great bodies, magnified by the heat mirage and my imagination, made them look like monsters. I was inclined to retire and not disturb their peace and quiet.

I had begun my retreat when suddenly they became buffaloes again, and their size was considerably reduced as I noted what a snug hiding place I had in the washout. So, with lips firmly closed to keep my heart from jumping out, I crawled up, took aim, and pulled the trigger. I shall always believe I hit one of them, though I am unable to prove it. I remembered afterward that I heard one grunt as they all sprang away and left me working the lever till I had pumped the old Henry dry, without pulling the trigger once, after that first spasmodic yank. Sitting there alone with nature, I speedily came to the conclusion that something besides the game had been scared, and that my chance of killing a buffalo was down about zero.

While making a bee line for camp, I caught sight of 3 buffaloes about a mile off, but coming in my direction. I remembered then that I had not counted the other bunch, probably because they were too close.

A short run put me within easy range as the 3 passed, and, as luck would have it, after firing 3 shots at a running buffalo I saw him slow down to a walk. He turned into a gulch, and by running across a bend I got on the side hill ahead of him. As I fired, he saw me, but too late. I had somehow pulled myself together. That shot scored me the first buffalo and $1 the boys gave me for killing it.

One of the cowboys in the outfit had a mighty interesting interview with a big buffalo bull that same day. He sneaked up on a bunch in a coulee, made a dash at them and emptied his revolver into 2 of the largest. One old giant was badly hit and dropped out of the bunch. The cowboy was riding one of our running horses and felt perfectly safe in going into close quarters with the bull. He loaded his revolver and carelessly rode within a few feet of the animal to give him a finishing shot when, quick as lightning, the old monarch turned on him, made a plunge and caught his horse on the hip. The horse sprang forward at the same instant, but the bull gave him such a lift that he turned end over end, and horse and rider were badly mixed for a few seconds. " Scotty " got on his feet just in time to dodge another charge from the bull and as he went by gave him 3 shots in rapid succession, which finished him. Thus he avoided being finished himself.

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" So you are engaged to the man I rejected 3 times? "

" Yes, he mentioned it; he said the luck of odd numbers was really wonderful."—Truth.

# HOW WE SAW THE PARK.

A. B. HOOD.

With 3 companions, James L. Ming, A. L. Holter, C. L. Dahler, Jr., and a colored cook, I left Helena, Mont., September 6, 1896, with the intention of seeing the National Park, and as much other country as time, provisions and satiety of camp life would permit. The "outfit" consisted of what is termed a "dead-ex" wagon, drawn by 4 horses, carrying the tents, camping utensils and other necessaries, and a light surrey wagon, drawn by 2 horses, in which to make short excursions to points of interest.

Leaving Helena at noon we drove to Beaver creek, 18 miles distant, where we soon had things in good shape for the night, though the chilly air was far from pleasant.

An early start next day, and the drive to Radersburg was made, a distance of 30 miles, over a very hilly country. At this place we were overtaken by a light fall of snow, and decided to remain over a day to allow the roads to dry a little. On resuming our journey, we drove 26 miles to the town of Three Forks, so called from the junction of 3 rivers at that point, the Madison, Jefferson and Gallatin, with the Missouri river. Here is situated one of the large ranches of Marcus Daly, the copper king, and owner of many thoroughbred horses, and through the courtesy of the foreman of the ranch we saw a fine lot of stock.

From Three Forks we made a tedious drive of 35 miles to Bozeman, arriving in a drenching rain storm. Owing to the difficulty of obtaining a suitable camping place, and on account of the rain, we put our teams in a stable, and slept at the hotel. The following day was passed in and around Bozeman, looking over the town, the roads being very bad. On the morning of the 12th we left Bozeman for Maxey's ranch, a distance of 25 miles, which was traveled in a drizzling rain over the hardest piece of road encountered in the entire trip. A few miles out from Bozeman we first made acquaintance with what is termed by old-timers, "gumbo," a sort of clayey mud, of affectionate and clinging disposition. The way was enlivened by the remarks of the man who occasionally climbed out of the wagon to scrape off the mud so the wheels could turn around. A 5 mile up-hill pull through this stuff brought us to our destination about 7 o'clock, thoroughly worn out, and wondering if life is a continual round of pleasure. Next day we stayed at Maxey's to hunt grouse, and allow the teams to rest.

Early Monday morning we pulled out with the intention of reaching Cinnabar but stopped on the way to shoot a few teal and mallard ducks, and halted for the night at Yankee Jim's. Everyone who has been in that section of country has heard of Yankee Jim, and a volume might be filled with his "bar" stories, interspersed with hair-raising adventures with Indians. It was with regret that we left the cabin of this pioneer, who received us with a hearty welcome, and started on the last stage for the land of hot water and unsurpassed scenery. We reached Cinnabar, the terminus of the Park branch of the N. P. R. R., at noon, and Mammoth Hot Springs, the starting and finishing point of the regular Park tour, at 3 o'clock.

At this point we were obliged to report to the military authorities, who took a complete description of our party and the outfit, sealed our firearms, and gave us a permit to proceed through the Park. In order to find suitable pasturage for our horses we drove 2 miles beyond the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel before pitching camp. We camped here 2 days to see the sights, and get photographs of the different formations, meantime making short excursions to the hotel, and other points of interest. Before leaving here we were joined by George D. Hood of Helena, who remained with us on the trip to the Norris Geyser Basin, and the Grand Canyon.

The regular Park tour is so arranged that each day brings some surprise greater than the day before. Thus the stages branch off at Norris, going via the geyser basins and the lake, and taking the Grand canyon last; but as we desired to return home by a different route, we reversed the order of things, and took the canyon first.

Our sight seeing has now commenced, and we think we can realize the wonders ahead of us. We have seen and photographed the terraces, Liberty Cap and Cupid's Cave, but the tourist does not think he is well and safely into Wonderland until he has passed through Golden Gate, about 4 miles from the Hot Springs. We passed this point early in the day, and after stopping to admire and make photographs we proceeded on to Norris, passing on the way Obsidian Cliff, a solid mountain of glass, and Apollinaris Spring, reaching our destination early in the afternoon.

After pitching camp we made a short excursion to the Geysers, but as it was getting dark, we postponed a more thorough inspection until the following day, when we arose early and again visited the scene of hot water and steam. We were fortunate enough to catch one or 2 of the geysers in action and secured some very fine views of them. After a very enjoyable forenoon we left for the Grand canyon, which we reached in time for an early supper. In the evening we went to the hotel, where we were courteously allowed to use the dark room to refill our plate holders, in anticipation of some fine views next day.

We spent a day visiting points of interest and in climbing the rocky sides of the canyon. A week can be profitably spent at this stage of the park tour, as there are many places to be seen, well worthy of seeing, which are not included in the regular park trip.

We followed the road along the banks of the Yellowstone the entire distance to the Yellowstone lake. At noon we lunched near the Mud Geyser, which is probably the most repulsive phenomenon within the confines of the park, and although it is perfectly safe to stand on the extreme edge of the crater there are very few footprints nearer than 3 feet from the brink. Shortly after resuming our journey, we saw a herd of elk, within 100 yards of the road. They apparently took no notice of us, but on our stopping the carriage, with the intention of obtaining a picture, they were away like a flash. Ducks and geese are very plentiful in the sloughs and creeks along the river, but as the penalty for shooting in the Park is very heavy, we were satisfied (?) with looking at them, and reflecting that probably after all, they might be old birds, and very tough.

We camped that afternoon in a beautiful grove on the shore of Yellowstone lake, and as we did not care to take the customary steamboat excursion to the islands, we made an early start next day on the 45 mile drive over the Continental Divide to the Upper Geyser basin.

We reached the Thumb Hotel on the other side of the lake, and stopped only long enough for lunch and to see the "Paint Pots" before starting on our 10 mile pull to the top of the divide. We arrived at the Geysers about sundown and camped midway between the Upper and Fountain Geyser Basins, on the banks of the Firehole river. We stayed at this place 4 days and saw the eruptions of some of the famous geysers, among others the Giant, Giantess, Beehive, Great Fountain, Splendid and Old Faithful; some of those named only playing at long intervals.

On the morning of the 26th we struck camp, and bade adieu to the land of wonders, reaching the Western boundary of the Park, at Riverside, about 3 o'clock, and camping for the night at a place about 12 miles outside the Park. Just before reaching our camping grounds we flushed a covey of grouse. To unseal our guns was the work of an instant. In a few minutes we had birds for a pot-pie, and never have I eaten a dinner that I relished more, we having been without game of any kind for more than 2 weeks.

Our next stop was at Henry's lake in Idaho, where we remained for a day's duck shooting, but being unable to procure boats in which to reach the best hunting ground our success was not as great as expected, and we had to content ourselves with a total of 7 ducks and one goose.

Next day we crossed into Montana and camped near Lyon, on the Madison river. Finding the fishing excellent at this place we all turned out and before dark had caught whitefish, grayling and trout enough to last, when cured, until we reached home. We had no difficulty in getting all the fish required for our table during the trip.

The remainder of the trip from Lyon is through the beautiful Madison valley, along which numerous sheep camps and fine ranches are located. Reaching the town of Ennis early in the day we pitched camp for a 2 days' stay, making a side trip to Virginia City, 15 miles distant. This town was one of the first mining camps located in Montana, and was at one time the Capital of the State. Here is situated the great placer mining camp of Alder Gulch, which is said to have produced more gold than any

NORRIS GEYSER BASIN.

other placer claim in the world. Virginia City will also be remembered by many as one of the headquarters of the Vigilantes in the '60s and early '70s, and many of the places famous in those days were pointed out to us by one of the old timers. Many stories were related to us of the swift punishment meted out to evil-doers, principally horse-thieves.

From Ennis the route runs over the same ground covered in going to the Park. We reached Helena shortly after noon on October 7th, bringing with us the memory of uniform and unfailing kindnesses extended by the Sergeants of the military camps, and the officers of the various hotels in the Park, which smoothed over what might have been rough spots on the excursion

TRAMMING.
HAM TUNNEL,
PLE-CREEK,
OTO, NO.199.

FLASH-LIGHT PHOTO BY E. A. YELTON.

DOWN IN A GOLD MINE.

Ingham Tunnel, Cripple Creek, Col.

# CHRISTMAS SHADOWS.

CAPT. J. G. LEEFE, U. S. A.

Christmas, 1868, found me at Fort Cobb, Indian Territory. This forlorn post, which was established before the war, was within hailing distance of the Wichita river and midway between the 98th and 99th meridians, if the directions given to the people who were obliged to go there were correct. After a soldier found the place all he had to do was to wait a few years for some other man, who was not on speaking terms with the War Department, to come and relieve him.

In the stirring days of 1861 the post was abandoned and was not reoccupied by our people until 1867, and, in 1868, there remained of its former grandeur only a few cottonwood huts with mud roofs, yet the place was somewhat livelier than it had been in the old days "befo' the wah," for General Sheridan, with Custer's cavalry, which had just polished off Black Kettle's band of Cheyennes, were in bivouac close by.

While waiting in an aimless, military way for something to appear above the line of duty, a chance presented itself. I was to carry a dispatch to Fort Gibson, in the Cherokee Nation, a ride of 250 miles across country. The route was along the remains of a trail made 3 years before, and as the country it traversed had no inhabitants of whom one might ask the way, I sought information from the Chief of Scouts, Jacob Jones, a semi-aboriginal person of Indian-mealy complexion.

I resist the temptation to reproduce the words with which he tried to make me understand the devious meanderings of the almost obliterated trail that would lead me across the Wichita, and beyond the Canadian to Choteau creek, where dwelt one Dave Ballou, an obliging Cherokee, of whom I was to obtain shelter and food and a knowledge of the remainder of the road.

On the morning of December 30th, 1868, off I rode on the route laid out for me by Mr. Jones, escorted by one Murphy, a silent soldier who obligingly fell into my wake, and lent an air of dignity to the procession. It was late in the day when we forded the Wichita and made camp beneath a bluff. It had rained a good deal and no dry wood could be found. No fire, no coffee. We made our horses comfortable, having packed a feed of oats on our saddles, and then partook of a collation of soggy bread, damp meat and cold water. Murphy then suggested going to bed, and at once coiled up in a buffalo robe. I sat up with a cigar, and watched the river. If it should betray any sign of a rise, we were to saddle quickly and make for the Canadian, an inconstant stream, dry to-day, and a raging flood to-morrow. But the water got no higher, and while Murphy, in dreams, revisited his native bogs I puffed the cigar and listened to the querulous cackling of a million or so of geese who, notwithstanding they had retired to the bed of the stream, wouldn't go to sleep.

At 4 o'clock Murphy, who had been induced to get up, fed the horses. Then we saddled and resumed our journey. The wind, which had risen about midnight, was blowing a gale and the cold was so intense that I shook in the saddle and I fancied I could hear the chattering of Murphy's teeth. But it was only the clattering of the horses' hoofs on the frozen ground. It was so dark that I was obliged to bend low over the pommel to see the trail, which now took us into a depression that looked as if the surface had sunk suddenly—not a bad sort of crater, for in it was good, green grass, heavy timber and an ice fringed stream of brightly flowing water. Things were so inviting, the cold so intense, that we were impelled to halt. I sat down against the bluff with my back to the wind, a huge pecan tree in front. It seemed warm, a delightful sensation of comfort floated over me, and I stretched forth my shaking hands toward the cheerful fire which I fancied was blazing at my feet. Then I seemed to emerge from my dream, and things were disagreeably real. Again came upon me the soothing, balmy warmth of a fire, the roaring of which was musical in my ears, and again I came to myself, this time to rise with an effort, remount my horse, and get away from a spot, the hallucination of which might have been fatal. Murphy was asleep, of course! It took a few kicks to make him sufficiently awake to understand that if he didn't get up and come along, he would soon freeze to death. As it was, he was too benumbed to evince any feeling at this rude treatment, but followed silently.

At about noon, the trail crossed the "divide" and we were now on the watershed of the Canadian, which treacherous stream I was anxious to reach before dark, for the volume of water which was flowing that way was portentous of flood, washed-out fords, and all sorts of uncomfortable things. For many a weary mile, for many a dreary hour, the silence was unbroken save by the splash, splash of our horses' hoofs, and the boom and whirr of the myriads of quail that rose out of the grass as we plodded along.

Almost in our path, a graceful group of deer halted and with mildly wondering eyes gazed upon us. A flock of turkeys crossed the trail, picking their way in stately style. In a swaying tree-top on the edge of a water course rocked an eager hawk watching for his prey. Wild cattle, "glowered, amazed and curious," then stamped the earth and disappeared.

But I was not looking for game. The burden of my serious thought was the probability that the Canadian would be "bank full" before we could reach the ford. I began to worry, and grew less cheerful after swimming the Walnut, ordinarily a sandy bed with a silver thread winding through it, but now an icy torrent which evoked a spasmodic gasp from Murphy as he followed me into its whirling eddies.

As the day was about to close we reached the river and the trees on the opposite bank, about 400 yards away, were shadowy and dim in the waning light. Necessity compelled us to attempt a crossing and we plunged into the stream. At once our horses were carried off their feet, but after a tussle with the ruddy current for about 40 yards we struck a succession of sand bars and soon safely reached the left bank of the river, wet, shivering and thankful.

It was dark and we had missed the outcome of the ford, to the right of which emptied Choteau creek where we were to find Ballou's shack. Being disinclined to risk getting farther away from it by searching in a dark night and unknown country for a path that was probably hidden beneath the overflow of the river, I decided to make camp and await the return of day. There seemed to be high ground just in front, and so I led the way thither through a swampy grove of sumac. Our horses' hoofs sank silently in the spongy soil, the cold rain still fell, and

"In the gloaming, oh, my gracious!"

the dark trunks and boughs of the sumacs showed darker still. Close at my side, looking straight to the front, rode a horseman. At first I thought it was Murphy, but inspection told me this man sat higher in the saddle, and was armed and equipped as a cavalryman. I looked behind to see what had become of Murphy, and beheld, following the first and similarly accoutred, a troop of cavalrymen in column en route. Murphy was in his usual place too. After a moment spent in regarding these silent riders, there was none of the clank and clatter that heralds the march of a troop of horsemen, I was impelled to put forth my right hand to touch the man who rode at my side. It seemed to pass through the form which still rode silently on. Then, in spite of myself, I attempted to seize the bridle-rein and grasped—nothing. Turning again to Murphy, I asked him if he saw those men. What he thought I only guessed, but he said half resentfully, "It's mesilf that ud be glad of a chance to see double in this haythenish counthry." And still the shadowy escort silently rode on until, as we emerged from the timber and into the open they melted suddenly away. I had seen a phantasy resulting from worry and fatigue.

We drew rein at a spot that seemed to be less sloppy than the rest of the country and went into camp. No fire, of course, everything soaked. Wet bread and waterlogged meat could not tempt me, but the faithful Murphy did his duty and with a contented shiver retired for the night. I managed to patch up some sort of a bed with steaming saddle blankets and a buffalo robe, and then lay down, but not to sleep. I was so anxious over the possibility of not being able to get through with the dispatch, that rest was as far off as appetite. Looking toward where the animals had been hitched to a small tree, I saw a man standing by my horse's head. I sprang at the fellow, and as I reached the spot, he faded into thin air.

With a weak attempt at a laugh, I returned to my dewy couch, whence I not only saw the old year out, but watched the shadowy forms that came and went in our little camp, till a dull, bleary, tottering sort of sunrise permitted me to arouse Murphy, and wish him the compliments of the season. After that we deployed as skirmishers over the flooded country near the river and soon found the lost trail which led to the shack of Dave Ballou.

With this gentleman marriage had not been a failure, for he had 5 squaws. One fair Odalisque took our horses, another comforted us with hot coffee, and the rest made themselves social successes in the gentle accomplishments of chopping wood and building fires, while their lazy lord stared at us through clouds of smoke from an unpleasant pipe.

Next morning we pushed on for another 50 mile heat, making Little river, a scraggly settlement of sad Seminoles who were dismally failing in their endeavors to live like white men without the aid of the saloon and the meeting-house. Here Murphy gave out. The poor fellow had frozen both feet during our long, wet ride to the Canadian, and, knowing no better, had held them close to the fire at Ballou's. I was obliged to leave him with some of the Indians, but he turned up all right soon afterward.

Three days later the dispatch was in the hands of the commanding officer of Fort Gibson.

A TAME LYNX.

Chicago, September 6, 1898.

Editor Shields,

"Friend of the game."

Dear sir: I send you herewith a photograph of my lynx which I hope you will be able to use.

I got this noble fellow last November, in Northern Minnesota, at a homesteader's camp on Sturgeon lake, about 120 miles Northwest of Duluth. I was on a hunting trip for deer and moose, and bought him from a trapper named James Wilson, who caught him before he had his eyes open. When I bought the cat he was about 9 months old, and now you will see he is about 20 months old. He runs around my office with the same freedom as a domestic tabby. He is as affectionate as a dog, and will come up to any one whom he knows, rub his face against theirs and purr so loud the sound is like that of a sewing machine. A stranger's first impulse is to get out, but in a few minutes he wants to pet the cat and soon learns to like him.

Geo. W. Mathison.

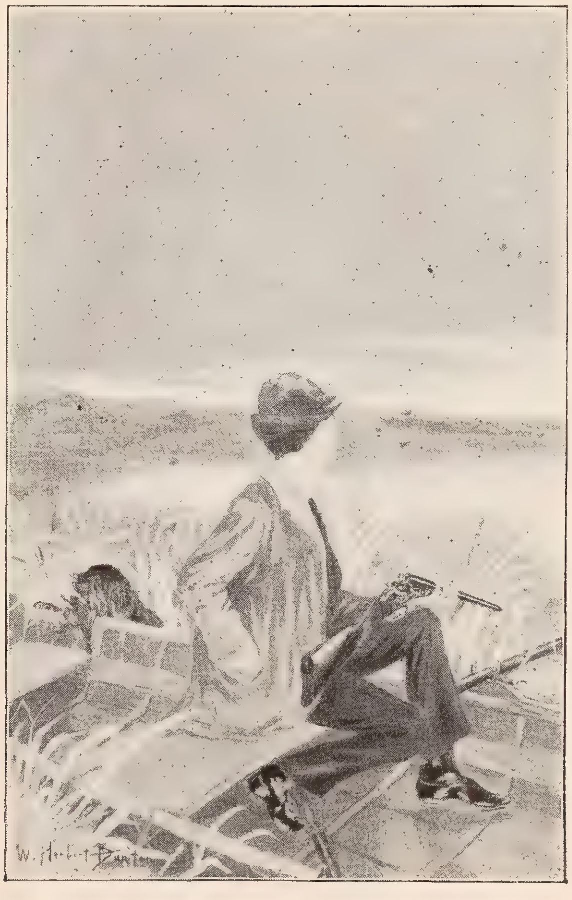
## WHAT SHE HEARD.

She put her ear to the keyhole,
  By motherly instinct spurred.
She listened long and patiently,
  And these are the words she heard:—

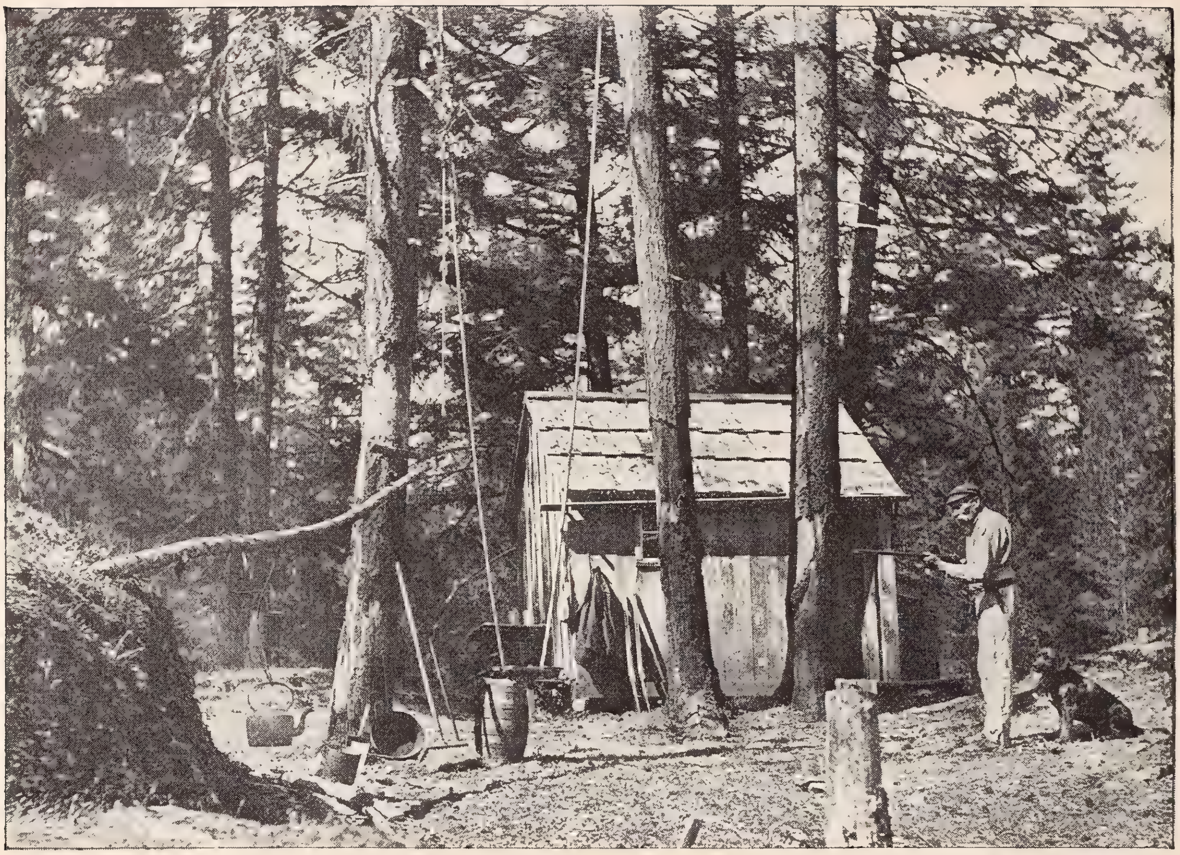
"Now, George, you dreadful creature, quit!
  Or I'll hit your ears a cuff!
You're mussing up my hair! Besides,
  Your beard is awfully rough!"

—Chicago Tribune.

Most all our islands rise or sink,
  Or somehow shift around,
But if you want firm land, I think,
  You'll find Long Island sound.



"I WISH THEY WOULD COME MY WAY."



AMATEUR PHOTO BY N. B. GRESLEY.

AN OLD-TIMER AT HOME.

I enclose, as a contribution to your valuable magazine, a photograph of an aged sportsman, and his cabin, situated in the woods about 8 miles from here. This old man, who is commonly called "Old man Phillips," was one of the pioneers of this part of the country and 25 years ago built this cabin on the spot where a noble buck fell a victim to his deadly aim. To-day, in spite of the fact that Phillips is 67 years old, he can tramp through the woods all day, with his gun and his dog "Judge" (a cross between a bloodhound and a retriever), and keep up with the best of the younger sportsmen, who take delight in shooting in his company.

He has many friends, for which of us does not enjoy listening to the experiences so graphically narrated by such a true sportsman as this old man? He quotes from Byron, Tennyson, Shakespeare, and Milton, with the same ease with which he bowls over the grouse that takes wing.

N. B. Gresley, Victoria, B. C.

"How do you pronounce s-t-i-n-g-y?"

"Please, sir, does it refer to a man or a bee?"—World's Comic.

He—One swallow doesn't make a summer.

She—But it sometimes is responsible for a fall.

# SPORT IN CUBAN HILLS.

A. AGRAMONTE, M.D.,
Acting Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A.

After the surrender of Santiago, my duties in the army at the front were of such a nature that they permitted me some recreation now and then, and certainly an early morning hunting trip never interfered with them. My laboratory was located at Firmeza, a town of perhaps 60 houses, about 4 miles from Siboney, Santiago Province, in the depths of the Juraguá mountains, a chain of hills extending 30 or 40 miles East of Santiago City.

When I had barely got settled in my temporary quarters, I was informed that guinea-hens were running wild through the cocoa-nut groves, in flocks of 100 or 200 sometimes; and that a peculiar kind of snipe was plentiful along the river Carpintero, especially near its mouth, although many had been frightened away since the arrival of the Americans, who shot all the time and at everything that looked like fresh meat.

At Siboney, or in fact, all along the coast for miles in either direction, wild doves, a grayish brown species, are found in flocks of 8 or 10. They feed on coast-grapes and seeds, which grow in great profusion on the coral rocks. There is another common species which the Cubans call *ali blanca,* white winged, but this is found more often in the valleys away from the sea and in small numbers. Deer are to be found in the higher mountains in the interior of Cuba, and have increased in numbers during the 3 years of war. It appears that the insurgents have not hunted them for fear of attracting attention, or for want of ammunition.

Several times, during my stay of 6 weeks, I saw deer browsing on short grass near the mountain tops. On one occasion, through a field glass, I saw 3 deer less than 2 miles away, quietly feeding along the side of a mountain. Unfortunately for me and fortunately for the deer, my duties prevented a protracted stay away from headquarters, or I should have endeavored to study the effect of Mauser or Krag-Jorgensen bullets on their bodies. I nevertheless shot small game, and several times went into the woods in the early morning, searching for guinea-hens or doves with varying success. I particularly remember a day in August.

We started, my orderly and I, when the sun had barely kissed the summit of *La Gran Piedra* (Great Rock), the highest mountain in that part of the country. I had procured an old La Fouchet shot gun, from a dealer in Santiago, and my companion had borrowed one of English make from a native in the neighborhood. The foliage was wet with the heavy dew of the night and every contact was extremely disagreeable. We went down the mountain along the tracks of the Juraguá Iron Company's Railroad, selecting this route as the most convenient one by which to reach the hunting grounds about a mile from camp. It was half an hour before we saw or heard anything worth shooting at; then, to our left at a distance we reckoned 100 or 150 yards from us, we heard the cackling of guinea-hens.

We were then following a narrow trail through a field of high grass, principally guinea and parana grass, which almost enveloped us. No sooner did we hear the hens than we bravely pushed forward in the direction of the sound. I say " bravely," for, with the thick and thorny weeds entangling our feet and the tall grass wetting us through, it required much fortitude, and more than usual enthusiasm for sport, to enable us to plod for any length of time in that Cuban field. The cackling stopped as soon as we started into the grass, but we had already located our covey, and continued to advance as cautiously as possible.

Suddenly with a whirring noise, not unlike the flight of grouse, directly before us, almost under our feet, there raised a flock of as plump and fine feathered game as I ever expect to see. There must have been 20 hens in the flock, most of them young ones. We managed to take a shot each just as they were again disappearing into the grass, for their flight is short and they do not rise very high. Only 2 hens fell under our fire, or at least they were the only ones we found after a diligent search which made us so wet and tired that we decided to return to camp.

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Employer—" I see you have a glass eye, Pat."

" Yes, yer 'anner; but it's a swindle, sir. I can't see nothin' out of it."—Tid-Bits.

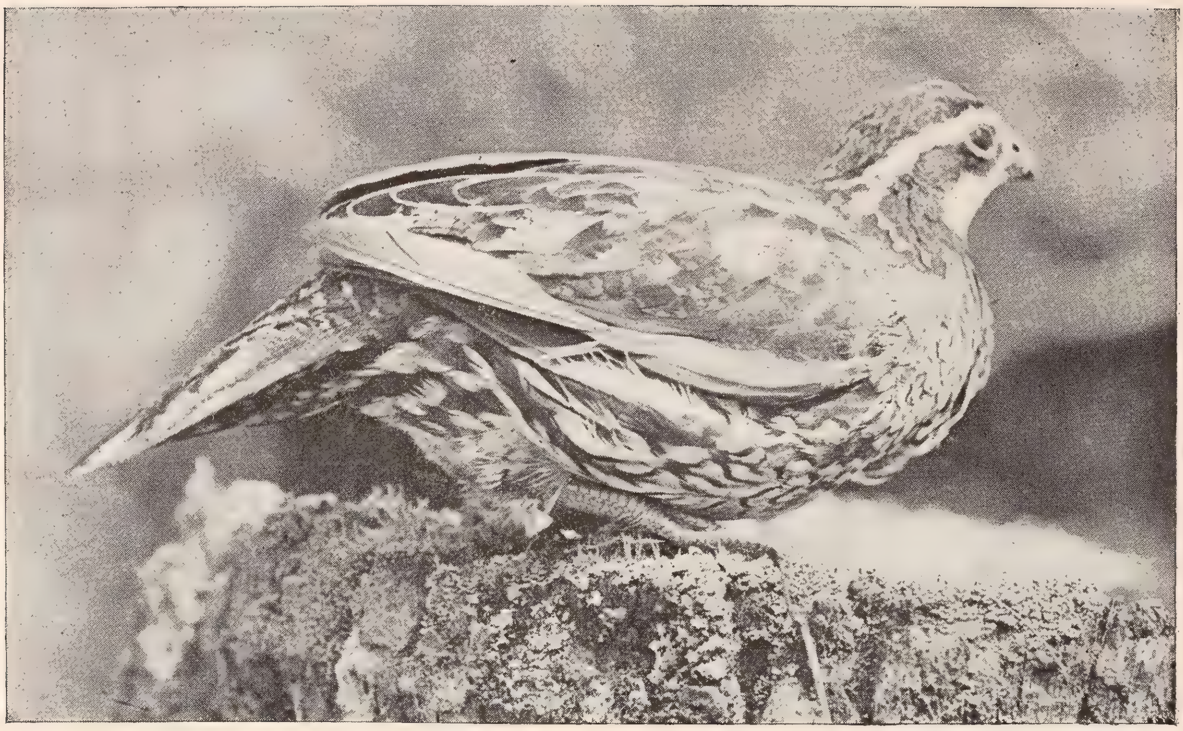

PHOTO BY W. E. CARLIN.

A FLORIDA QUAIL.

# TWO HOURS WITH QUAIL.

MARTHA CONNELLY.

My husband had often promised to take me with him on a shooting trip, but the day of fulfilment was a long time in arriving. At last I determined to force matters, and on a pleasant autumn afternoon presented myself to him as he sat in his smoking room after luncheon, clad in short skirts, heavy shoes and a tight fitting jacket.

As soon as I told him the object of my dress he laid aside his pipe and patting the reclining head of the handsome pointer at his side looked meaningly at the shot gun hanging above him. The eager dog was immediately all attention and ready for the fields. An hour later we were on the shooting grounds where my husband on other days had found numerous flocks of quail.

From a ridge we together watched Jack as he crossed the small stream and worked up the ridge beyond. Suddenly he came to a beautiful point and remained rigid.

"There they are!" I cried, and followed my husband as he ran down the ridge.

Across the stream we panted and up the other side. Whir-r-r! A score of birds rose in easy range. Bang! bang! Two shots almost like one, and 3 birds fell while the rest of the flock sank into a patch of brown stubble in the distance.

Jack was a well trained dog and soon retrieved the fallen birds. We then pushed on after the flock. Again Jack stopped, and in a close bunch we saw the quail. Up they rose, and again the double barrel claimed a score. Twice more they were followed and flushed and then they scattered and took to the woods for shelter.

"The fun is over," said my husband as he handed his sixth bird to me.

"Yes, let the birds have a rest," I replied. "We will gather wild flowers and take them home to make our rooms look 'woodsy.'"

When we proudly made our way through the village with our trophies it was well toward the dusk of evening. We had broiled quail on toast for supper, and it was a feast not soon to be forgotten.

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# DAY DREAMS IN CAMP.

A. W. CONNOR.

Our camp names were Jakie, Ikie, Butter and Jimmie. It was when summer was holding full sway, that we began to have visions of shady woods, and clear running streams in which lurked gamy trout, and of lily bordered lakes, the home of the sportive black bass. We had camped in the Allegheny mountains at different times, but had never been North. Jakie thought Northern Michigan would give us a realization of our dreams.

After much planning, preparation, and many days of waiting, the time for our start rolled around. Our good-byes were said with happy hearts and we steamed out of the Union station. This was our first vacation and camping trip after 4 years of hard work and close confinement. Arriving at our destination, 2 days later, we bought our supplies, got our camping outfit together, and embarked in 3 row boats for a 12 mile pull to camp. Our course lay through a chain of small lakes and rivers. It was yet early morning when we made the start. Birds were singing in the trees; wild ducks would rise as we rounded every turn; the air was filled with perfume. Over us towered the majestic forest, outlined against the azure blue of the morning sky. We passed into a narrow, swift running rivulet with water clear as crystal, wending its way through a grand old forest of pines and hemlocks. On we went into another lake, then into another rivulet, each offering new attractions and new beauty. All went merrily until we were about 3 miles out, when we discovered we had left the centre pole of our tent behind. This meant, of course, a 6 mile row to get it. Jakie, who is always an obliging soul, volunteered to go back for it. We lightened his boat of its freight, and he returned while we proceeded leisurely onward.

At last, when he had overtaken us, we sighted a small promontory, jutting out into the lake, which showed cleared space enough for our tent, and an ice cold spring of water near by. So we hoisted our flag and christened the place Kamp Kolumbian.

Before sunset we had our tent pitched and soon after supper were in bed and asleep.

Next morning we were up early and ready for the sport.. Ikie and I could not wait for breakfast, but gulping down a cup of coffee, we went to try for bass. We had made about 3 casts when Ikie hooked a bass which tore through the water like mad. Before he had his fish landed, I had hooked another. When I struck he made a wild rush for a bunch of lilies, bending my pole almost double. He ran out half my line before I could stop him, then made for the centre of the lake, jumping clear out of the water. By this time he had nearly all my line and almost before I could realize it, he was coming back toward me. Then my hopes sank. I thought I would lose him, but my reel took in my line at a surprising rate of speed that left no slack. Then he rested a few seconds and was off again. He ran my line out 6 or 8 times before I could land him. He weighed 4¼ pounds, while Ikie's went a half better. We hooked one, turn about, until we had 3 apiece, which we concluded was enough for camp use, also sport enough for one morning. We returned to camp after only one hour's absence.

The day was a perfect one, bright and sunshiny and the night was warm. After supper we took our mandolins and guitars, sat on the grass in the moonlight and played and sang. Next morning we were out again, exploring, hunting and fishing and when we returned to camp we all had our share of game. Jakie and Butter brought in a brace of plump canvasbacks which made our dinner all that could be desired. At night we again enjoyed the moonlight. All the rest of our stay was only a repetition of these first days and nights. We had but one slight sprinkle of rain all the time we were out. We had splendid trout fishing. There wasn't a trout stream within 5 miles of camp that Ikie didn't know all about and if there was one place better than another in the stream, he could pilot you direct to the spot. On bass fishing Jakie was authority. He would tell you where the gamiest bass lurked. Butter and I were supposed to know all about the feathered tribe. With this strong combination we never wanted for sport or an abundance to eat. When we wanted a duck there was always one ready; when we wanted a bass there were always 3 or 4 tied to our boat landing.

The time soon rolled around for us to return home. We did no hunting or fishing that day, as we had plenty to eat until our departure. We all stayed close to camp and were loth to leave the place. It was like parting with an old friend.

After dinner we packed up and loaded everything into our little boats and as we drifted out from our landing into the lake, we took a last look and bid farewell to Kamp Kolumbian. The happy days and nights spent there will long be remembered by all of us. Our trip down was delightful. The evening was clear. The water was smooth as glass. The afternoon passed all too quickly. The sun had sunk to rest when our boats grated on the sands of the landing, recalling the fact that we were still on earth and must again take up the burden of life.

# MY PETS.

E. A. KEMP.

Zip! Splash! "Well done, Mamma! That was a pretty rise." And Mamma, my pet brook trout, settled back in her private corner, and mouthed a big blue bottle which she had just captured by an 8-inch leap from the aquarium, where she had grown to weigh a pound, from ¼ that she weighed a year ago.

This aquarium is in my office window. It contains 10 brook trout, a pair of rainbow trout, and, by way of contrast, a pair of sun fish.

The bottom is white sand and gravel, the sides plate glass (extra thick) 30x48x30 inches. The water used is from city supply, pumped from drive wells; in fact, is cold and clear well water. Up the corner of the aquarium comes a ¾-inch pipe to a T. From one side of the T runs a half-inch lead tube and copper nozzle. Through this a fine jet of water is directed into and toward the opposite corner of the aquarium. The water, thus entering, forces a continual supply of air with it, which bubbles prettily to the surface. By directing the stream diagonally toward opposite corners, the water is kept moving. For shade, I have built up large stones through centre of aquarium, with runways, or swimways, through and under.

What more could fontanalis want but food? This, in winter, is liver and minnows. I put in 40 or 50 minnows at a time, and it is surprising how the trout make the water boil in their mad chase for their breakfast. After satisfying their hunger, their nature shows up, for they kill many of the minnows just for deviltry. Never will they touch a dead minnow. I believe they would starve rather than break this rule. In summer, common angle worms fill the bill, garnished with flies and grasshoppers. So tame have these trout become that they eat from the hand; leap nearly a foot for a worm, or piece of liver held over the water, each one eager to get it first.

Having these trout pets makes me tender toward the whole trout family. A few days ago I went to a neighboring stream, and succeeded in landing a handsome 12-inch trout. I could not bear to see him die and fade, so tied a fine line through his mouth, and to a limber willow that hung over the creek, put him back into the stream, and continued my fishing. I caught 4 more, and served them in the same manner. Putting some grass into my creel, I hurriedly gathered up my trout and put them in, gave them a dip in the creek, and ran for a barn, where I had left my horse. Here I borrowed a pail, pumped some cold water, and after a time succeeded in reviving my all but dead fish. I then brought them safe to the office, and, as I write, they are jumping and playing before me.

What did I use the T in my water pipe for? I hoped I could save and propagate the eggs. I took it for granted that part of my trout were male, and part female. I will wager that few trout fishers can tell the difference, yet it is easy to distinguish. When November came, there was no questioning the fact that I had 2 of the crossest, most warlike fish in existence. The females, heavy with eggs, would lie on the gravel bottom nearly all the time. The males, now brilliantly red below, with back a bright golden yellow—their brilliancy fading to a dull hue, then flaming yellow in less than 2 minutes—would fly at, snap and bite any other fish that might come in sight, returning immediately to their mates. That was the time to take the eggs, which was easily accomplished. I had previously constructed a hatching stream out of a piece of eave trough, nicely enameled. I filled the trough half full of fine gravel, and, by means of a bit of rubber tubing, let in water from the T at one end, which flowed over the gravel, and out at the other end of the trough.

After the eggs had been properly fertilized, I scattered them on the gravel; and then came the interesting part—watching the development. In 60 days they commenced to pop out: queer little fellows with big black eyes, big transparent sack, and little wiggling tail. Helpless little things, with too large head and body to be navigated by the small tail; all they could do was to lie on their sides on the gravel and grow. A month later the contents of the sack had been absorbed, and the fish, then able to swim, began looking for food, which I supplied for a few days, and then planted them in my favorite stream. These operations were repeated in April, when my single female rainbow gave me about 1,500 eggs.

It was interesting to watch the development of the fish. Holding the egg to the light, one could plainly see the crescent-shaped embryo, then the eyes, and later the squirming if egg was kept too long from the water. Hundreds of people came to see them; hundreds more, as they pass my office window, stop and look at them. Why shouldn't they? What could be prettier, or more interesting? I enjoy it. It is not expensive, and takes little of my time.

I have to keep Father Rainbow penned off by himself. He is an ugly fellow, and seems to have a particular grudge against Mrs. Rainbow. They would fight fiercely, and keep the water continually roily. Not only would he fight her, but any of them, or all. No wonder it is claimed that these rainbow trout will drive other fish from the streams. The rainbow takes his food like the crack of the whip-lash, and the moment the food is struck, returns to where he started from; the whole movement being almost too quick for the eye to follow. To be sure, the brook trout is quick, and a fighter, but the rainbow discounts him on both scores.

My poor sunfish are always obliged to eat at the second table. Never can they get a morsel until the trout have their fill. It is surprising how much quicker they are since their association with the trout. They are getting so they occasionally make a rise that would be a credit to a trout ; far different from their former custom of a slow, careful advance until within an inch of the food, then a grab and suction that is wonderfully quick. It is only recently that they would take their food on the sprint.

Although the sunfish are handsome, still in company with the trout they are seldom noticed. Even the rainbow, with their brilliant stripes, have to be contented with second place, as nearly every visitor is taken with the beauty and graceful movements of the brook trout.

Take one more look at them as I see them now : all in a bunch, heads just where the bubbles rise from the swift jet, slowly and gracefully swaying tails and fins—every movement causing their prismatic colors to glisten—drinking in the pure water with its abundance of oxygen. With full stomachs, they seem to say, " Life is worth living, even in an aquarium."

# THE ASSOCIATED PIRATES.

E. T. KEYSER.

## IV.

" Now will you be good? " yelled the Microbe as Paresis Rafferty shot past him with the Latona's sails wing-and-wing.

They were just below Piermont and the wind was blowing stiffly from the South while the tide rushing down the river was piling up the white-caps in a way that promised a free bath should either canoe jibe.

The Microbe was lying at full length as low down in the Flirt as he could get, while that amiable craft rolled from side to side and occasionally ran her nose into a comber.

Paresis lighted his pipe with a wind match and wished the Microbe would strike his mainsail first; while the Microbe swore at his waterproof match box, which resembled a miniature aquarium and waited for Paresis to reef.

The wind freshened and the rows of shad stakes shot past like trolley cars.

More and more water washed over the low gunwales of the Flirt while Paresis could hear the Hudson slopping around in the Latona's water tight stowage where it had no right to be.

Then a wave came along and sat in the Microbe's lap and he wilted.

" Say! Paresis, going to reef? "

" Hay, Microbe! let's drop mainsails." And they scudded under dandies, and gradually sidled close enough together for a little conversation.

" Well, Microbe, is your keel hot? "

" Too much water aboard for that," said the Microbe, thinking of a dry pair of knickers forward and regretting the time which must elapse before he could wear them.

The long dock was passed, the sun went down, and the breeze dropped.

Paresis also took a drop, and as he screwed on the lid of the prescription department pointed to the lights of Nyack and remarked, " Behind those gleams, methinks lies a supper."

The Microbe said nothing but took in 2 holes of his belt and hoped they would make it soon.

As the canoes ran alongside the Nyack boat club's float, some of the members came down and helped haul out the craft. Then the Microbe, going up to the Flirt's bow, lifted a canvas shooting coat, and said, " Hop out, Baby," and out jumped his Irish setter to the amusement and admiration of a select audience.

Not knowing what the local sentiment might be regarding canines, the Microbe sent Paresis in advance into the first restaurant. Finding the coast clear, he gave the word and the Microbe and Nell followed.

With a charming modesty, contracted through many years' companionship with the Microbe, Nell took an unostentatious seat where the table cloth shielded her from casual observation.

" That dear doggie grows more and more

like you every day," said Paresis fondly, as Nell made two gulps of the fat and swallowed the steak bone whole.

The Microbe's appreciative reply was deferred as the waiter came forward to remove the debris.

Discovering that there was none, he glanced at the Microbe and then, with fell suspicion, at Paresis, whom he carefully avoided for the balance of the meal.

The Microbe takes his coffee black, and so, on returning from the bar with the cigars, Paresis proceeded, with a happy smile, to pour the contents of the milk pitcher into his glass.

The smile changed to an expression of disgust, and he looked under the table, where, wiggling her caudal appendage apologetically, Nell was eating bread and milk out of the empty sugar bowl.

"See here, my Christian friend," he observed wrathfully, "are you aware what sort of a climate you're leaving behind for the next canoeist who patronizes this hostelry?"

"After me the deluge," said the Microbe, biting off the end of his cigar, and leaving the reckoning to be settled by Paresis, who rejoined him later on the float.

The wind had moderated considerably and, hoisting all canvas, the canoes sailed Northward, past Rockland and then out Eastward of the light, keeping West of the tide rip that troubles the water South of Croton Point. It was late in the night when they ran ashore on the sands of the Horseshoe Beach.

"Although usually energetic," said Paresis, "I feel somewhat averse to the labor of pitching the tent this evening."

So unfolding the cots and placing them above high water mark, they covered them with blankets and the tent canvas and crept into them, Nell, as usual, occupying the best part of the Microbe's couch.

"I have learned at last," said Paresis, "how you acquired that beautiful semicircular attitude which makes you such a delightful bed-fellow."

"How?" queried the Microbe, sleepily.

"Curling around that dog," explained Paresis. But the Microbe was asleep.

# HIS VERSION OF IT.

S. H. GRAY.

In those old days when Spanish dons were noted o'er the world,
When gallant knights in many fights the flag of Spain unfurled,
Great scholars saw, and with éclat, proclaimed the world was flat;
And gloried o'er the precious lore they carried 'neath their hat.
'Twas then Columbus proved to them they did not know it all,
And that instead of being flat, the world was like a ball.

Then William Shakespeare wrote his plays, and acted in 'em, too,
Or, maybe Bacon wrote 'em up,—but either one will do;
The question of the authorship has not been settled yet,
Has caused pugnacious pigmies to snap and bite, and fret;
But while those doughty bookish men in acrimony rage,
We know some mind proclaimed the truth, that "All the world's a stage."

In fact, in these enlightened days we aim to know it all,
We know beyond all bounds of doubt the world is like a ball;
Without the least contention, too, philosophers engage,
That he was right, whoever wrote, that "All the world's a stage";
And yet one truth is paramount, a truth we can't conceal,
That in this great, progressive age, the world is all awheel.

# FROM THE GAME FIELDS.

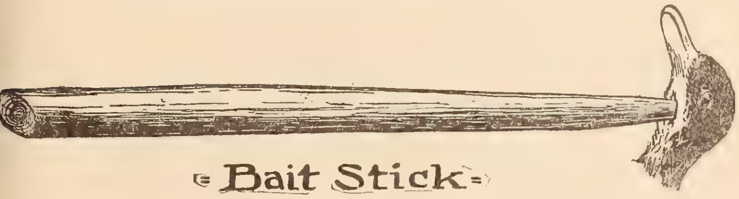
## HOW TO TRAP SMALL ANIMALS.

S. O. SCOTT.

You ask what traps I used and how to fix the skins so they will keep.

1st. The traps I used were of 2 kinds; namely, a No. 2½ steel fox trap and a deadfall, as it is called by the trappers.

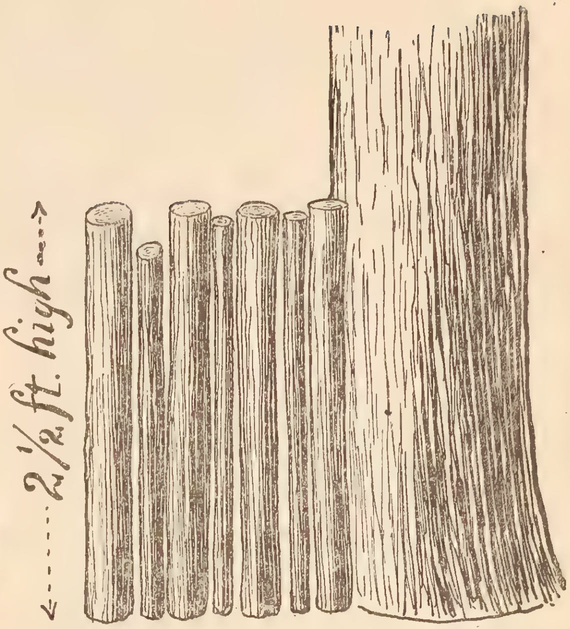
You should start out to set your traps before the frost sets in the ground. The tools you need in setting them are simple—just a hatchet and a clasp knife. I will tell you what I do when starting out. I first make bait sticks. They are about 7 inches long, for mink, about 8 inches for martin and 9 inches for fisher. They are this shape.

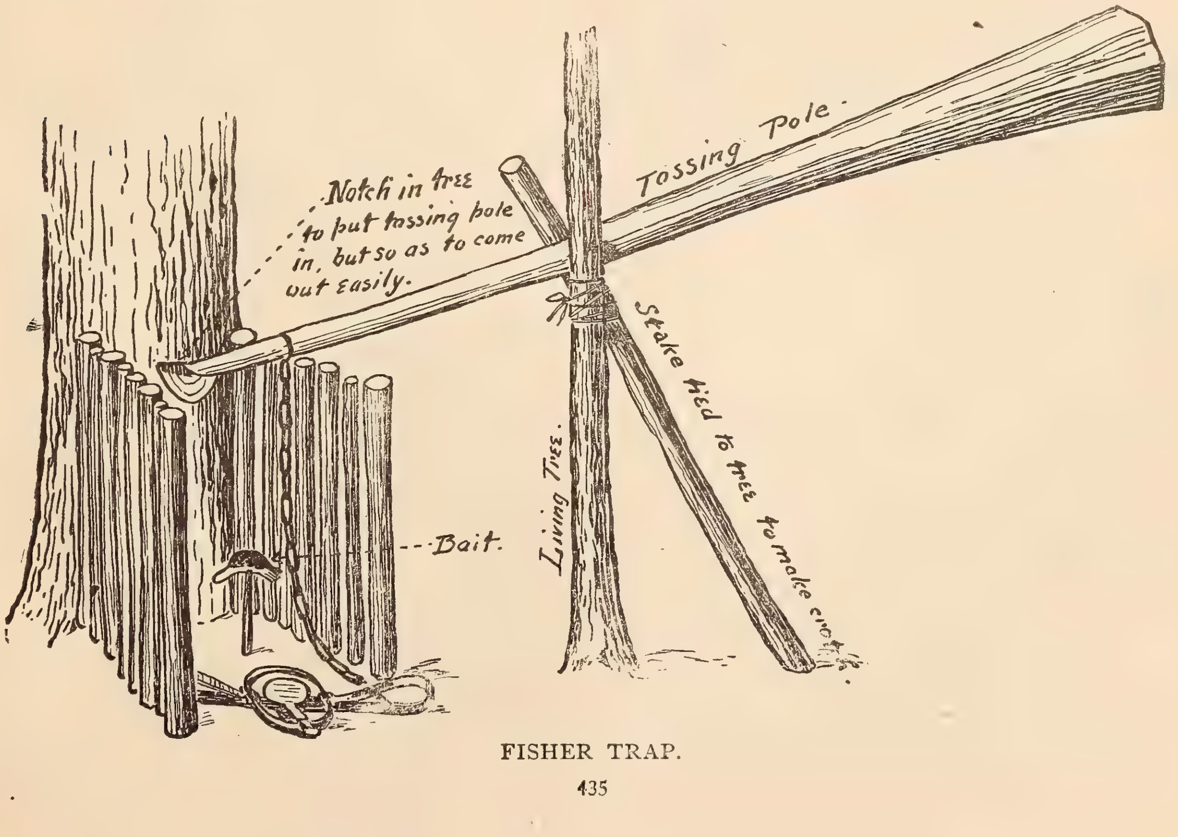


Bait Stick

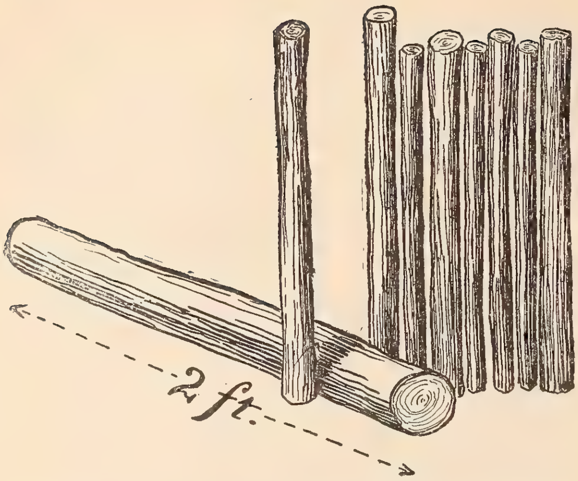
They are oval and perfectly smooth. Never make them of a green piece of wood. Make of dry gray willow, about ¼ inch thick. I took 8 of these with me and a little piece of round stick about 4½ or 5 inches long and about ½ inch thick. I then started with 8 duck heads for bait. You see on the bait-stick what is supposed to be one. Trappers always save the duck heads from their fall shooting. The heads are all the better if they decay a little. They can then be smelt by the animals farther away.

Now I am started. When I got about 3 miles from the settlement I came on the track of a fisher and set my first trap in a clump of fir-trees. I cut about 6 or 7 small fir-trees down to make the trap of. I selected a big fir at the bottom, of which I made the trap. Each side of the house of the trap is made as shown in the sketch.

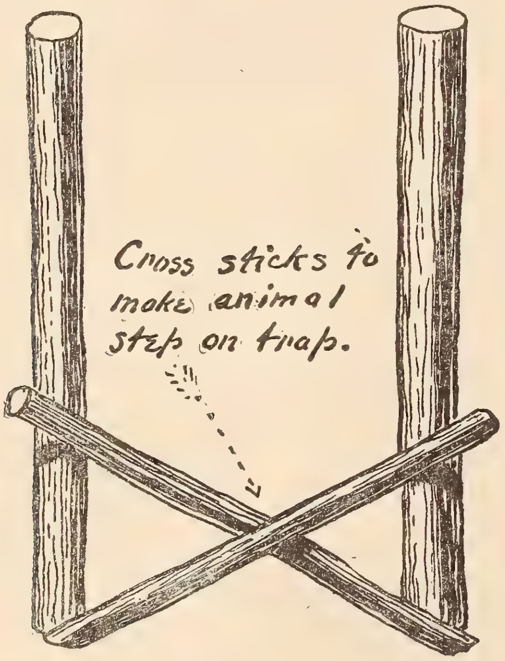


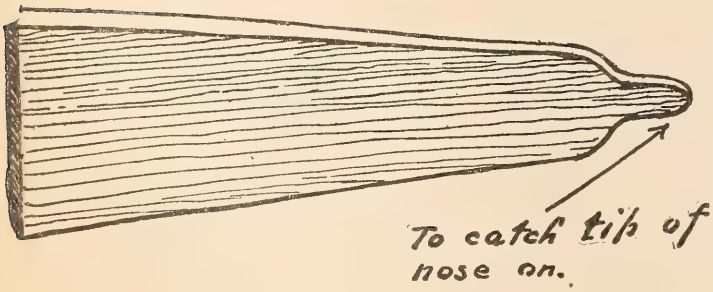

Notch in tree to put tossing pole in, but so as to come out easily.
Tossing Pole.
Stake tied to tree to make cross.
Living Tree.
Bait.

FISHER TRAP.



The sides are about 13 inches apart and the stem of the big fir is used as the back. Then I cut a stick about 4 inches thick and about 2½ feet long and laid directly in front of the trap. Then I drive a stake about 2 feet high on the outer side of the 2 foot stake, laying on the ground, and just far enough away from the last stake of the side so the dead fall can fall this way.





This sketch shows one side. The other side is identical. Then comes a stick about 10 feet long, laid on top of the stick on the ground in between the stakes.

The top of the trap you cover with pine branches and sticks so the animals cannot get in at the top. You then put your bait stick in and go. You lay your bait stick on the stick on the ground, so the big end of the bait stick just comes to the middle of the ground stick and then put the 4 inch upright in and let the dead fall down on it easily. See that it does not slip. Then the animal comes and pulls at the duck head, loosens the upright and down comes the dead fall in the middle of his back.

That is the way to set a dead fall.

The way to set a steel trap is different.

You make the house, the same way; but put the steel trap in place of the dead-fall.

The chain of the trap is attached to the end of the dead fall and the trap is set, 2 sticks being put crosswise so the animal will have to step over them into the open trap.

The bait is put about 6 inches in the house, stuck straight down in the ground. When the animal gets in he pulls the tossing pole out of the notch in the tree and is consequently thrown up.

As to the skins: Just skin the animals without cutting up the belly. Skin them the same as you would pull a sweater off a man, and stretch them on a board of this shape.

To catch the tip of the nose pull it down this board, the fur inside, and tack the tip of legs so they will not slip. Dry gradually and they will keep any length of time. This is the way the Hudson Bay Co. treat all their furs.

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## "McCOLLOM'S."

ARTHUR F. RICE.

The sportsman who desires to take his family to the woods is confronted with the problem of finding a place where good hunting and fishing and the "comforts of home" are coexistent; where one may sleep in a good bed at a hotel, or in a balsam-lined bunk at camp, according as his inclinations or the weather dictate; where a few minutes' walk may take him from the porch of the house to the threshold of the forest, and where the presence of friends is not far removed from the presence of deer and trout. Such places are not very numerous or easy to find; and so, for the benefit of those who, like myself, can spend but a few short weeks in the woods, but who want their families to enjoy a long and pleasant outing, I will say the nearest approach to this ideal spot that I have found is "McCollom's," 7 miles Northwest of Paul Smith's, in Franklin County, N. Y.

I went there almost by accident, because the place where I had been going for 5 years—the Blue Mountain House at Spring Cove, N. Y.—I found to be no longer desirable or endurable (another fact which my sportsmen friends are entitled to know), and I am very glad I made the change. McCollom's is easily reached by good and picturesque roads from Paul Smith's Station, on the A. & St. L., or from Brandon, on the Northern N. Y. R. R. It is really a big and well-tilled farm in the midst of the forest, and the neat and thoroughly comfortable house is presided over by C. A. McArthur, who knows what his guests want and sees that they have it. The site of the house and the territory immediately surrounding it was once a great pine plain, whose magnificent forest was destroyed by fire years ago, when the Provincial Government located and completed what was known as the Crown Point Road, which extended from Massachusetts to Canada. Traces of this old military road are still to be seen here, and the charred stumps of giant pines are all that is left of a forest the like of which exists nowhere to-day in the Adirondacks. A large portion of this old "burnt ground" is covered with scattered bunches of small poplars and a carpet of gray moss, which, with the numerous hard wood ridges and tamarack swamps, make an ideal still-hunting country. Deer are very plenty and the man who knows anything about hunting them can be pretty sure of getting shots, particularly if he is fortunate enough to have Warren Sprague for a guide. How this 6 foot 4 inch giant can steal through the woods so quietly is a marvel. He is a still-hunter in real sense of the word, and possesses the various qualifications which are requisite in a guide, but which are seldom found together in one man.

The scenery round about McCollom's is grand. There are 47 peaks visible from the house and they form a mighty wall of mountains extending entirely around the horizon. I looked from the summits of 2 or 3 of these mountains and the views I had are not to be described on paper. There are numerous lakes and streams near by which furnish the angler with all the sport he wants. The Osgood river which constitutes the head waters of the East branch of the St. Regis river, is within 10 minutes' walk of the house, and Rice pond is but half that distance. Meacham lake is 5 miles away, and Chain pond and several minor sheets of water are in close proximity to the house. Just over the mountain, to the West, lies Lake Madewaska, where Warden Joe Alfred's well known resort is located.

Therefore if a man desires to hunt, fish and camp, he can do so profitably and successfully at McCollom's; and if he is looking for pleasant and wholesome surroundings for his family he may still go to McCollom's. If he is addicted to golf he will find there 9 excellent links, and perhaps it will detract nothing from the interest of the game if he finds deer tracks while looking for his ball. This is where wildness and civilization meet on the same ground.

### PRACTICAL *VS.* FOOLISH GAME LAWS.

Utica, N. Y.

Editor RECREATION: As your magazine has great influence, and is devoted to the preservation of game, I beg to call attention to the law regarding ruffed grouse and woodcock. (Game laws of New York, sections 74 and 76.) The statute provides that no person or persons shall kill more than 36 of the above named birds in any one year. What is meant by the words "or persons" is not clear. According to the wording of the law when 36 of "the above named birds" shall have been killed within the state by any one or more persons, then all other persons are denied the privilege of killing any. Or, to view it in another form, when a party of 12 persons, kill 3 each, then neither of the 12 shall kill any more during the year.

Again: When one person shall have killed 36, "of the above named birds," it follows that if he kills 35 woodcock he can only kill one ruffed grouse: i.e., 36 of both, not 36 of each, for so it is written.

Again in section 76 confusion is worse confounded. Transportation is absolutely prohibited unless when accompanied by the actual owner other than an employee. "Provided, however, that no person, association, or company, shall transport or accompany more than 36 of such birds in any one year, nor more than 12 at any one time."

By this wording, when a railroad has carried passengers having 36 birds, then no more can be carried. Or, a passenger train at station A is boarded by a party of 4, each having 3 birds; on reaching station B it is boarded by another party having 12 more, making 24 in all. Query: What must the conductor do to save the company from a penalty obviously aimed only at the carrier?

Undoubtedly this law was intended for the protection and preservation of the game, but a critical reading only shows the incompetency of the men who made it. Sportsmen will observe the spirit of the law and stop at 36 birds; but the market hunter will utterly disregard it by secretly killing, carrying, or shipping game. What then is such a law good for, except to benefit the game hog to the detriment of law abiding sportsmen? Our laws have not been sufficient to prevent the rapid decrease of game, and such foolish and impractical laws fail to provide any remedy because they can not be enforced.

There is but one way to meet the difficulty; namely, to shorten the open season by limiting it to the months of September and October for killing, sale or possession. Then violations could be readily detected and punished.

Such a law would be observed and approved by all true sportsmen, while an impractical law only meets with ridicule and contempt.

The 4½ months open seasons, during the past few years have so far cleaned out grouse and woodcock that only a scattered few are left over to breed. The effect of last year's too long open season has left in this section only a scanty picking for the game hogs. One of them has had sense enough to realize the situation, and has retired from the business. He has been out and only found a few old cock birds, and no young. He says it is now time to call a halt. Amen!

John D. Collins,
Secretary Utica Fish and Game Protective Association.

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### THIS GAME HOG SQUEALS.

No. 17 Treasury Department.
Vancouver, B. C.

Editor RECREATION: I have been reading RECREATION a year or 2 and must admit you make me awfully tired with your constant digging about game hogs. You Eastern city dudes who never get a chance to shoot nothing larger than chippy birds, no wonder you make a big howl at people who live where there is game and know how to kill it.

Game was made to kill. We have good game laws out here and when the season opens we go out for sport and game, and I for one will kill all I can. The more I kill the more I have to eat and give to my friends. All you goody, goody little meadow lark hunters had better save your pennies and come out here in God's country, and when you go for a hunt do it, and not sit on a log or a rail fence, and kick at people who can kill a jack snipe or teal duck as it flies by when you can't. No! this game hog howl of yours is getting sickening.

I have hunted big and little game in all the states West of the Rockies and when I go for a hunt or fish I go to kill and enjoy the day, and a big bag or a big string of trout is much better and satisfactory than a chippy bird or 2 and then kick at your brother hunters because they live in a game country and can shoot well enough to get it.

You may call us game hogs, Western toughs or anything you wish. I consider from which it came. There are many good honest sportsmen here and over on Puget Sound who think as I do, but they haven't got the grit to come out and say to you and other Eastern dudes what I have said. You have, I understand, paid this section of the country a visit and no doubt have killed plenty of game here, and you are the last one who should talk of game hogs. I was out yesterday morning and from 6 until 10 killed 8 mallards and 4 ruffled grouse, and the only kick I had, was that the score was not 80 mallards and 40 grouse.

Now if this letter was from one of your pea-shooter friends in the East, no doubt you would publish it; but this is one of too much truth; but if you wish to know the sentiments of most of our hunters here, you can publish this and answer it as you see fit. I know the style and tone of such an answer, but fire away. Geo. H. Webber,

Deputy Collector U. S. Customs.

This squeal requires no comment. All the 300,000 readers of RECREATION will place their own estimate on it. Mr. Webber writes on an official letterhead of the Treasury Department and signs himself as an officer of the U. S. Has it occurred to him that the Government which pays his salary is strongly and publicly committed to game protection, and that by thus officially insulting and abusing all friends of game protection he is jeopardizing his position?—EDITOR.

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### WHAT CONSTITUTES A GAME HOG?

I wish to know your definition of "game hog." Is it one who goes out once or twice a season and returns with 15 or 20 birds, or is it one who goes 10 or 15 times and shoots 3 or 4 birds each time?

I claim the latter is as much a game hog as the first and that both of them try to kill all they see or hear.

The result merely shows one of 2 things: that the first is a better shot than the latter, or else is more fortunate.

It is the same with fishing. As long as they bite we will catch fish and keep all of standard size, for the sake of making string look large or from pride in catching the most.

I do not go fishing nor hunting, except for foxes, more than once in 2 years; but I would like to see the game preserved. I would suggest that all who go gunning should bring in as a trophy a fox, hawk, skunk, weasel or some other game destroyer.

Of course it would not be as much to tell about but it would be preserving the game.

A. R. Cader, Nichols, N. Y.

#### ANSWER.

(Reprinted from RECREATION for June, 1898.)

The term "Game Hog," means a man who kills more than a reasonable bag of game in a day, or on a single hunting trip.

Now comes the question, what is a reasonable bag? Of course this varies somewhat according to circumstances. There is an unwritten law, however, among all high minded sportsmen of the present day, that a reasonable bag of game, for any one season would be: One moose, one deer, one mountain sheep, one white goat, one bear, one antelope.

For a single day's shooting: Two wild turkeys, 3 wild geese, 10 ducks, 10 grouse of any species, 10 squirrels, 12 quails or other small birds.

If a man makes a trip to a ducking country, a grouse country or a quail country, it is generally agreed that he may kill the number of birds specified above, on each consecutive day for, say a week, provided the weather and other conditions are such that he can save all the game.

Several states have enacted laws placing limits on the bag for each man, for a season or a day, on about the basis of the schedule above. All the other states should follow their example at once.

### A LAND OF PLENTY.

Fresno, Cal.

Editor RECREATION: The sportsmen of this vicinity had the best shooting last fall they have had for many years. The open season for doves began August 1st, and the fields around this city were alive with the birds. This sport lasted over 2 months. Then the water was let out of the irrigating ditches, and the doves withdrew from the neighborhood and could be found only along the 2 rivers, 10 to 20 miles distant. The open season for quails began October 1st. Never before since the settlement of the country were these birds so plentiful. The vineyards and orchards afford them fine cover, and the wheat fields furnish excellent feeding grounds. The preceding spring and summer were exceptionally dry, and there was little loss of young birds by inclement weather. As a consequence the birds were plentiful and large. Frequently we found coveys—"bands," the natives call them—numbering from 100 to 150 birds. Farmers prophecy that within 3 or 4 years these birds will be a nuisance to the vineyardists, by reason of their rapid increase and of their appetite for grapes.

The slough of King's river and the swampy lands about Tulare lake, from 20 to 40 miles above here, abound in ducks and geese of every variety. So numerous are they that they devastate large areas of wheat land lying along the borders of their swampy resorts.

Forty miles East, in the Sierras, one can get all the deer shooting he wants, with an occasional chance at a bear or a mountain lion. All around us are tule ponds, formed in hollows of the plains, from subirrigation by the ditches, and these furnish feeding grounds for ducks, snipe, and plover. Quails and cottontail rabbits also hide in their brushy margins.

We have a stringent game law, and each county has its salaried game warden to enforce it. The market hunter does more to deplete the county of game birds than all the sportsmen together do.

Recently our game warden put out a few pairs of Mongolian pheasants near here. I see no reason why these birds should not do well in this region, and hope within the next decade our foothill valleys will be as full of them as Oregon is at present.

MacCurdy.

### SOME KANSAS NOTES.

Much rain fell in Kansas last spring, and all the waterways were full, enabling the fish to go far up the streams to spawn. For years past the Arkansas river has been obstructed by a dam at Arkansas City, and as there was no fish-way, fish could not pass the dam. The fish commissioners heretofore had failed to compel the builders of the dam to put in a fish-way. Finally the present warden—Dr. Shults—was appointed, and he notified the owners to put a suitable fish-way in the dam. The owners said there were no fish to go over as the river was then dry, and they did not propose to construct a fish-way in a dry river.

This aroused the Doctor's ire, and he told them to construct a first-class fish-way within a reasonable length of time, or he would use enough dynamite on their dam obstruction to make a passage way for fish. It is needless to say that a fish-way was put in by the owners, and fish are quite numerous again.

The Doctor, who acts as game warden also, receives no compensation for his work. He has good judgment and back-bone, and in few of his cases does he fail to secure a conviction. As a result there are now more quail in Kansas than for many years past and fish also are on the increase.

Grass or upland plover were plentiful last spring, and during 6 weeks in March and April at least 5,000 were killed in this country, most of them near this city.* The Northern flight of water fowl was above the average in number.

My wild mallards are hatching out nicely. My herd of 50 white tail deer dropped a large number of fawns, and it is a beautiful sight to see them playing together. My 2 buffalo bulls, Major McKinley, who tips the beam at more than a ton, and Dewey who weighs nearly 1,900, have shed off, are as black as coal, and in fighting trim. These bulls are the pure wild stock, and about the last.

Chas. Payne, Wichita, Kan.

### SOME GOOD BEAR DOGS.

Though the grizzly is supposed to have become rare, yet in some of the bad lands and lower mountain ranges they kill many cattle. These bad land grizzlies differ from those found in the higher mountains. Living in a country destitute of timber, and being compelled to travel long distances for food and water, they have become slim bodied, long legged brutes, with enormous heads and feet, and a rough and thin coat. It is hard work to get them, as they keep well under cover during the day; and as they prefer to kill their own food, they are hard to bait.

These bears kill such quantities of cattle, that the stockmen, in some sections, pay a large bounty on them. The only way to successfully hunt them is with dogs.

It takes strong, fast and savage dogs to handle a grizzly, and few packs exist that can do it. We have been working for years to build up such a pack, and are beginning to succeed.

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* There must have been a whole army of sportsmen after them or else a big herd of game hogs.—EDITOR.

We use foxhounds to get the bear up, and a mixed strain of foxhound, bloodhound, mastiff, and plain dog to do the fighting. These dogs are large, with good feet and legs, a fair nose, and plenty of speed and endurance. They are savage, fight hard and take lots of punishment, yet are cunning and know which is the business end of a bear. Six of them will kill a full grown mountain lion in fair fight, hardly getting a scratch themselves.

As for the coyote question, while coyotes kill some game, and a few calves, they do an equal amount of good by keeping down rabbits, moles, and other pests.

Still, if wolves are to be made the subject of a bounty, a small bounty on coyotes would do no harm.

The annual loss of stock from wolves is at least 2 per cent., perhaps 4 or 5 in some districts. The States interested could well afford to pay bounties to the amount of $250,000 yearly, if by so doing the wolves could be kept down.

Wm. Wells, Cora, Wyo.

### A STRANGE PROPOSITION.

New Whatcom, Wash.

Editor RECREATION: Replying to your favor of the 26th ult., inquiring if members of Sportsmen's Clubs or Leagues are required to pay a license fee of $5 in order to hunt in this State:

Our legislature in 1897, passed an act providing for the protection of certain animals and birds, section 25 of which provides that: "All professional sportsmen, or members of a sportsmen's club who desire to hunt under the provisions of this act, shall first obtain an annual license from the Auditor of the county in which he proposes to hunt, and shall pay for the same the sum of $5."

This act was presented to the Governor for his approval, and he made thereon the following endorsement: "Section twenty-five (25) of this bill is objected to for the reason that it appears to be an attempt to fine members of sporting clubs for belonging to the same. With this exception the bill is approved this 11th day of March, 1897."

Under section 12 of article 3 of the Constitution of this State the Governor may veto one or more sections or items, and approve the other portions of a bill.

The legislature, at its next session, may take up this act and pass the section over the Governor's veto by a 2-3 vote of the members present in each house.

It follows, from the foregoing, that until the veto of section 25 is set aside no license fee of the character indicated in section 25 is required by law in this State.

J. S. Stangroom,
Chief Warden L. A. S., State of Wash.

### RESTRICT THE SHOOTING.

We are pleased to see you hammer the game hogs. Years ago we had good deer hunting in Pennsylvania, but deer were not protected until almost the last one was hounded out of the woods. You are doing the same thing in New York. I have just returned from a trip to the Adirondacks, where I went to fish, and finding the deer hunting season opened on August 15th I waited a few days longer to take a hunt. I started into the woods alone, on the morning of the 15th, and by 9 o'clock a.m. had killed and hung up 2 deer. Great sport, of course, but it's all wrong to kill deer at this season of the year while they are yet in the red coat and rather thin. It is like knocking the green fruit off the fruit trees.

An open season of 3 months for deer hunting, with lamp hunting and hounding will soon exterminate the deer in the Adirondacks as they did in Pennsylvania. There is only one way for a true sportsman to hunt deer and that is to stalk them. Night hunting is a foul way to take them and hounding them is barbarous at this age.

I would go a step farther and say birds should never be hunted with dogs. Give the birds a chance and the true sportsman will always have a chance to hunt and find birds. For my part I am too fond of shooting to divide the sport with a dog. I am not a dog hater by any means. I soon become attached to a faithful dog, but it is not necessary to cultivate the attachment.

J. L. H., Williamsport, Pa.

### KILLING THE MOTHER TO GET THE CALF.

Several moose calves have been brought to this city recently. Report says permits have been given to some parties to capture and keep ½ dozen young moose. Now while I approve of private parks, I cannot approve of the method of catching the calves which prevails here. It is done mostly by half breeds and worthless white men. The mother moose drops her young near some marshy stream, keeping them hidden nearby while she feeds in the stream. At the first warning of danger she will take her young back into some almost impregnable swamp. The hunter goes up and down the stream carefully in his canoe until he spies the mother moose. Then if possible he creeps up to within shooting distance and kills her. Then the calf or calves (there are often 2 of these latter), will not leave the neighborhood where their mother left them. The Indian calf hunter goes along the stream, and manages to drive the calf into the water, when he will swim across to the opposite shore. Some one is in the river in a canoe waiting for him, paddles up to him and catches him in the water. Or if he fails at first, he then crosses to the other side and drives him back. You can no more catch a young moose on land than you can a full grown deer, for at any time after it becomes a few weeks old it can run as fast as its dam.

Therefore, each moose calf caught means the death of one cow moose—perhaps 2 or 3, for you cannot always catch the calf. The game wardens should know this; therefore I write it to RECREATION, for that is the best way to enlighten them.

E. A. White, Ely, Minn.

### SIX DEER AT THREE SHOTS.

Ten years ago I was a gamekeeper in Germany. I was ordered to kill a spike buck. I still-hunted the edge of the forest until I saw, outside in the open, a band of 7 deer, does, fawns and a buck. I crept within 100 yards and was ready to shoot. The buck was in the centre of the bunch, and I waited for the deer to scatter. At last only one doe stood between me and the buck. When she threw up her head I had a clear view of his shoulder. Watching my chance, I fired as she raised her head, and the buck dropped with a bullet through his heart. The rest of the band ran a little way and turned into the wood.

A few days after, I passed the place where the deer entered the forest. About 10 steps from the edge lay a dead doe. The bullet that killed the buck had first cut her throat. I dug a hole and buried her, without telling my employer, as the accident would have cost me my position.

A year later I was told to kill a yearling doe. It was nearly dusk before I found 2 deer feeding, a yearling and an old doe. It was almost too dark for fine shooting, but I had to take home a deer. I pulled the trigger. The yearling dropped dead with a broken neck and the old doe ran into a thicket. There I found her afterward; the bullet that killed the yearling also killed her.

Since coming to this country I killed a doe, running just below the brow of a hill, and with the same shot killed a fawn at her side which I had not seen.

In Germany, of course, I could often have killed 2 or 3 deer at a shot, and had to be careful to avoid doing so. Here in Montana I have twice had opportunities for double shots, once at antelope and once at sheep, but in neither case did I fire.

N. Prehm, Bannock City, Mont.

### WITH THE DEER.

Fordyce, Ark.

Editor RECREATION: "Everybody ready? Then get up, Pete," and we started on our annual hunting trip. Our destination was the big woods up on Sabine river. We jogged leisurely along and late in the afternoon reached the home of Mr. Hudson, in the centre of the woods. We drove into his wood lot, unhitched the tired horses and prepared supper.

At daybreak next morning we were eating breakfast, and soon after were ready for the chase.

In the "drive" it fell to my lot to take the first "stand." I waited and listened, but the dogs did not come my way. Bang! roared a breechloader, in the distance. I was not long in reaching the fellow who fired. He said he had crippled a small deer. I at once blew my horn for the dogs. When they came I put them on the trail, and they soon had the deer up and going. It wasn't long before it attempted to run over one of our "sure" men and was promptly filled with buck-shot. It proved to be a large doe, in good condition. I took the deer to camp on my horse and soon had steak enough cooked for us all.

After dinner 2 men took the dogs and began another drive. They ended an exciting chase, and more or less shooting, by killing a fawn about as large as a rabbit. It was then getting late and we put in the rest of the afternoon eating watermelons.

Early next morning we made a drive and killed a big buck. He weighed 162 pounds net. We got in about 1 p.m., cooked and ate dinner and struck camp, as that finished our hunt.

Harry Atkinson.

### THERE THE MOOSE ARE, ALSO.

Warren, Minn.

Editor RECREATION: Game was never more plentiful in this vicinity than this season. Last winter the snow came too late, and it was hard to get a shot, so not much was killed. The wolves did little damage, owing to the light fall of snow.

I came down Red Lake river early in July, in a skiff. We ran 100 miles in 2 nights and a day. We saw 3 families of moose in the river, driven in by mosquitoes at night. The only moose we saw by daylight was a calf. It stood on the shore, and made no move as we passed.

Prairie chickens and grouse are more plentiful than for several years. Geese and ducks have hatched better than last year and as feed is more abundant we expect them to stay here until it freezes up. Last year there was little feed for them and they left early.

There are a few elk, but this is a moose country, being rather marshy, interspersed with spruce groves, affording good range for moose. They have been protected by law for a number of years and have increased so much that it is no trick at all to get what the law allows, one bull to each hunter. Bear are also fairly numerous.

If you are going for a hunt and want to find a guide, go to Thief River Falls, Polk County, Minn. The Great Northern railway runs to the falls, 300 miles North of St. Paul.

E. Slee.

### DISAPPOINTED HUNTERS.

I accepted an invitation last fall to join friends in the opening day's shooting at black and wood ducks, at the inlet of Canandaigua lake, which affords abundant cover and feed. We camped out, in order to be on the ground by day break. So did 75 others of our kind. Almost every 50 yards along the streams and bayous one or 2 men could be seen. Daylight came and the sun rose, but only one duck was seen and killed, to prove that this was a feeding ground.

"How do you account for this farce?" I asked of my companion who is a true sportsman of the English type. He was silent for a time and then replied:

"You men down in New York are largely responsible for it. You insist on a law which allows ducks to be shot on Long Island Sound in the spring. This is a general state law which allows ducks to be shot everywhere and is off at the time when the black and the wood ducks (which principally inhabit the lake regions) are nesting and raising their young. Consequently they are all killed off, and this fall we have no shooting in this section, nor shall we have until the law is changed to prohibit shooting ducks in the spring except along the coast."

It seems to me there is a chance here for the L. A. S. to do some more good work.

G. Lenox Curtis, M.D., New York City.

### ELK HUNTING IN WYOMING.

In October, 1896, S., R., C. and I went to the Wind river country to hunt elk. We were no sooner on the game range, than Mr. S. shot an antelope. At noon we stopped at a small stream called Cottonwood—noted for its fine trout fishing. There we fished 2 hours and caught 37 trout, running from ¾ to 2½ pounds. Then we went on toward our old camp on Horse creek. Before reaching it I shot a large buck deer. Next morning we pulled out for Rock creek, in the heart of the elk country. While at supper in camp, that evening, we heard the bugling of elk from all directions. In 2 days we secured 9 elk. One of the 2 which fell to my lot had magnificent antlers. They spread 52 inches, and had 12 symmetrical points. In addition, we killed another deer, caught more trout and bagged 24 grouse. Next day we started home, by easy stages, with our load of elk. On the way we shot 7 antelope and one more deer.

.45-90, Big Piney, Wyo.

Why did you kill so much game? Were you trying to make a record to boast of? Or were you trying to exterminate it, so that others could not kill any? On the face of this story it looks as if you and S. R. C. were entitled to a corner in the pig pen.—Editor.

### WHERE TO FIND GAME.

This county is one of the best in the State for fishing and hunting.

Deer were plentiful last season, and were slaughtered by hundreds. One party of 7 or 8 men were out 3 days and got 15 deer. Another of 3 men got 9 in one week.

I killed my first deer in November. Resident hunters are required to pay $1 for a license, and outsiders are supposed to pay $30. Our county clerk issued over 500 licenses.

Half of the rifles used in this part of the country are .38-40 Marlins. I use a .38-40 Winchester.

A large buck was killed 6 or 7 miles from town. Besides a pair of horns, it had over its right eye a small horn, about 1½ inches long. I think a deer with 3 horns is not often seen.

Grouse were thick last summer and fishing was good. A muskalonge was caught in Elk lake, weighing 27 pounds.

A black bear was killed here which weighed 300 pounds. Six or 7 black bears were killed in this vicinity. I have seen bear tracks often, but never had the luck to see a bear. I am only 15 years old, and didn't get "the buck-fever" when I shot that deer.

Spencer T. Murphy, Phillips, Wis.

### GROUSE AND FOXES.

The scarcity of ruffed grouse in this vicinity is a consequence of the abundance of foxes. One has only to follow the track of a fox to be led through the best grouse cover in the region. And if the fox is 10 years old, he has traveled that same route 3,650 times. While still hunting foxes, last winter, I saw 3 asleep during a day's hunt in which I did not see one grouse. I have tried many ways of fox hunting. Have followed the hounds and been nearly frozen waiting, on a runway, for the fox that never came. The most sport with the least labor is to still-hunt them as you would deer. The fox is far more wary than a deer, is 20 times smaller and can move 1,000 times more quietly. If a twig strikes his side while running, his fur deadens the sound; while he can hear a twig strike a canvas coat 100 yards away. When you still hunt the fox you are on the track of the most wily animal on earth, and every faculty you possess will be taxed to its utmost to bring him to bag.

Geo. O. Greene, Princeton, Ill.

### TEN SLEEP GUIDES.

The most widely known and prosperous of Ten Sleep guides is Milo A. Burke, whose ranch is beautifully located at the mouth of Ten Sleep canyon. Mr. Burke employs many guides. Only the best of tourists can expect personal attention at his hands, although he will furnish all with capable guides and proper outfits for mountain scrambling. He is a cultured gentlemen as well as an all around Western man.

Mark H. Warner is one of the best men I met on my year's outing in the Big Horns. His home is on Nowood river, just above the mouth of Ten Sleep. He is a companionable man, a master of the rifle and of the mysteries of packing. The mountains which overhang his home are an open book to him.

James Fullerton is too well known to sportsmen to require attention at my hands. I did not meet him, but he is everywhere praised.

Geo. McClellen is a gentleman whom to know is a pleasure.

Dr. A. J. Woodcock, Byron, Ill.

### HUNTING AND FISHING IN FLORIDA.

I went to the West coast of Florida last winter. Bear and deer are scarce, but turkeys still abound ; and in an experience of 15 years I have failed to find finer country for quails. It is open, free from underbrush and dotted with hundreds of small clear lakes. These afford excellent duck shooting and, in the spring, fine trout fishing.

Lake Jackson, in the Northwestern part of the State, is especially famed for the number of wildfowl that congregate on it.

We spent several days in that neighborhood, making Tallahassee our headquarters. From there we went to St. Marks for a few days' fishing. No finer salt water fishing exists than is to be found all the way from St. Marks to Pensacola.

On our way up we stopped at St. Andrews bay, a beautiful sheet of water as clear as a crystal. We secured a few ducks here and saw several geese, but the latter were wild.

Charles S. Brown, Cleveland, O.

### A CAMP HUNT AT GRAND RAPIDS.

Four of us, J. E. Dougherty, Samuel Rogers, W. C. McKnight and I, started for Grand Rapids, Minn., to hunt deer and moose. On the train we met O. H. Gill, of Crawfordsville, Ind., Frank Dunkle and O. B. Shobe, of Linden, Ind., who were bound for the same place, and we joined forces. We put up at the Gladstone House, and the landlord, Mr. John Doran, agreed to guide us to our hunting ground, 50 miles North of Grand Rapids. We left for the woods Wednesday morning and arrived at our destination Thursday noon.

We were in camp nearly 3 weeks, during which time we killed 13 deer, 2 moose, one fox and many grouse and squirrels. Mr. Dougherty was the first to get a moose. Its antlers spread 48 inches. Sam Rogers and Mr. McKnight were the next lucky ones. Together they secured a large moose.

The rest of us had to be content with smaller game, but all greatly enjoyed the trip.

C. S. Day.

### AN ILLINOIS SIDE HUNT.

We do not have much game here, nor is it a wonder, considering the way our game is slaughtered. One of those infernal side hunts took place here lately. The leaders in it were H. C. Richardson and C. L. Wilson. Some of the participants were Clem Smith, Gerome Smith, Charles Vandere, Walter Hicks, George Wolfe, Ed. Barbre, Bill Riddle, Dr. Eaton, George Walker and Bob Best.

Clem Smith obtained the largest number of points—510. It is said he killed yellow hammers, or flickers as they are sometimes called, and after pulling off their heads and tails passed them in for quails! This was in the close season, too, but that doesn't make much difference here. Almost everyone kills quails in the close season if he gets the chance. We need just such an organization as the L. A. S.

Chester R. Logan, Edinburg, Ill.

### GAME NOTES.

A reader of Recreation in Aurora, Ill., sent me a newspaper clipping, stating that one Isaac Martin, of that place, was boasting of having killed 65 prairie chickens in one day. My correspondent asked me to place this man where he belongs, but I thought it best first to ask him whether the report were true. I did so, and under date of September 29th he writes me as follows:

> "It is a fact that I killed 65 prairie chickens on the 15th of this month, the day the season opened. They were killed within 30 miles of Aurora. Yours truly,
>
> "Isaac Martin."

It is strange that at this late day a man can be found anywhere who will unblushingly assert that he has made a beast of himself as Mr. Martin does. Thousands of men have learned, within the past few years, that a man who kills such a bag of game as this disgraces himself; but Mr. Martin seems not to have learned it yet. It is hoped this will enlighten him as to what the public thinks of him, and that he may never again be guilty of such slaughter.—Editor.

Being a sportsman, I am naturally interested in laws for the protection of game. I am much dissatisfied with the game law as it now stands, and think I voice the sentiment of the better class of sportsmen of this county. As the law now is, we have an open season on woodcock during the month of July. This gives unprincipled men the chance to shoot all kinds of game. I saw where a number of grouse had been shot last July. I have heard several sportsmen say that many more grouse were killed in that month than during the legal open season. It would be much better to have the season open the first of September. This would give us some woodcock shooting, and if we saw a man afield with dog and gun, in July, we would know he was violating the law. I am much pleased with Recreation and the way it shows up the game hogs. Uno, Ansonia, Pa.

On the 3d of last November, accompanied by 2 friends and taking with us my staghound, a greyhound and a plain "dog," we started for coyotes. We caught and killed our first about 400 yards from home. Then we rode 3 or 4 miles and saw another. I fancy he had been hunted before, for he never stopped to argue the question but left the country. A little later I saw another, in a bunch of horses on top of a butte. While chasing it at top speed, my horse stumbled or put his foot in a hole and rolled over. I don't remember the rest of the run, but have heard about it since. For 48 hours I did not know B from a bull's foot. Now, however, barring a badly sprained wrist and a marked "tired feeling," I'm none the worse for my spill. My staghound and my neighbor's "dog" accounted for 20 or 25 coyotes last fall. We only go out for an hour or so once or twice a week.

Percy H. Mugford, Rosebud, S. D.

Thanks to our new game law, the game is doing well. Many deer wintered here, and a small bunch of elk were in the vicinity of the lake for some time. Dusky and gray ruffed grouse appear as plentiful as ever, while sage grouse are increasing in numbers.

A few ducks remained through the winter, principally mallards, with now and then a few of Barrow's golden eye. In early spring we have Wilson's snipe and teal, bufflehead, canvasback and pintail ducks.

The new game law is rather obnoxious to a certain class. State Warden Swan is carrying it out to the letter and treating all alike. Let the laws be enforced. What we need is not more law, but a better enforcement of that we now have. Mr. Swan is doing his duty ; let other State game wardens follow his example.

L. D. Gilmore, Dotsero, Cal.

Our county abounds with game of all descriptions, deer, bear, elk, mountain lions, sheep, turkeys, grouse and prairie chickens. At the time I came here, in '85, it was not uncommon to see 100 to 150 deer in one day's hunt. With 2 Indian reservations bordering on us, our game supply has been reduced, but still there is plenty. Last fall bear were numerous. One hunter succeeded in killing 11 during the fall. I killed several deer and turkeys.

Our game law is strict, but as the wardens are stationed far apart, it is not always observed, especially in regard to our fish. In our county are several streams filled with mountain trout, and many men use giant powder or dynamite to kill them. It seems impossible to secure evidence to convict the guilty ones.

James W. Melrose, Pagosa Springs, Col.

A year ago I asked advice on loading shells for an old style gun, and did not receive much help from your contributors, but last fall I solved the problem satisfactorily by selling the gun and buying a modern hammerless. With the new gun and a new dog I went afield with some doubts as to the result. I had no practice and the pup no training on quails, but gun and pup worked exceedingly well, the latter making as pretty a point as one could wish to see and that at the first opportunity. He made a draw on a covey of quails a distance of over 300 yards. I was proud of Mack, and when I scored a neat double my satisfaction was not diminished.

I had never trained or handled a bird dog before, yet, with Mack, I shot 94 quails and 30 rabbits during the season.

G. E. Starner, M.D., Dunkirk, O.

The fish and game laws recently enacted by the Parliament of New Brunswick will certainly be the means of bringing many American sportsmen there. They are extremely liberal, both as to open seasons and allowance of game. I have just returned from a hunting and fishing trip there and was delighted with the country, which is one vast game preserve. It is difficult to name the best places for fishing or hunting, but most of them are accessible by the Canadian Pacific R. R. Both moose and caribou are plentiful and he must indeed be a poor shot who returns without a trophy. The people, too, seem to appreciate a good thing, for I found RECREATION at some of the more remote points, as well as in the larger towns and cities.

F. S. Barnum, New York City.

RECREATION is the best magazine of its class, and in its specialty of "hog killin'" is immense. The game hog deserves no mercy; but perhaps the poor pot hunter has his uses. Were it not for him gentlemen sportsmen would often return from the cover with empty game pockets. This vicinity, with its perfect breeding and feeding grounds, was once the home of numerous woodcock. They have been almost exterminated, and now we have few except flight birds. The photo, in April RECREATION, of "Mrs. Woodcock at home" reminds me of the days when she, her husband and all the children were at home here. Then a good shot could kill a dozen birds in a day. Now he is fortunate if he gets 2 or 3.

George H. Bent, Milton, Mass.

One morning in November last, with the Syracuse gun you sent me as a premium, and my setter Dick, I started to look for some birds I knew were in the vicinity of Westfield.

When I arrived at the place where I expected to find them, the weather had changed, getting colder and commencing to snow. I found the birds had been disturbed, and were wild.

However, Dick soon started one, which I killed. My next shot was a clean miss, but after that Dick and I got down to business. Of course, that was not the only miss of the day, but we did well and had it not been for fear of being called a game hog, I could have secured a few more. Dick is the best bird dog in this part of the State.

O. J. Marsh, Westfield, N. Y.

Have enjoyed some fine quail shooting in Tonto basin. The birds are there by thousands. At Armer I had 2 good coon hunts and added a coon hide to my collection ; also 2 silver tip fox skins, which I got on Sycamore creek. Recently I shot a large wildcat ; but thought I was playing in hard luck as I saw 4 and only got one. At Livingstone I secured a coyote.

We fished in Salt river but met with small success; catching mostly " bony tails " as the natives call them.

Mr. A. A. Pachards, of Tonto Basin, has a son who within 6 months has killed 14 mountain lions. He uses nothing but a Winchester repeater, .22 extra long. How is that for the small bore?

A. C. Fayrer-Hickey, Globe, A. T.

I am fond of squirrel hunting. I do not keep a horse, and as the hunting grounds are 10 or 12 miles from the city, I have rigged up my bicycle to carry my shooting duffle. On the handle bars I have hung a carrier in which my fox terrier—the best squirrel dog in these parts—rides with comfort to himself and no inconvenience to me.

I strap my .32 calibre Marlin to the upper bar, and carry the cartridges in my pockets. My squirrels, when I get them, I tie beneath the saddle.

I usually start at 7, reach the woods in 2 hours, and hunt until noon. Squirrels are scarce, but with the aid of my dog I always manage to find some; though I never shoot more than 4 in a day.

G. C. Deuschle, Racine, Wis.

Madera county has its share of game. In the mountains are bears, deer, mountain lions, wild pigeons, mountain quails, grouse and trout. In the foot hills can be found valley quails, rabbits and other small game; on the plains, ducks and geese. The geese are generally hunted with a trained ox. Jack rabbits are so plentiful as to be a nuisance. Nearly all the ranches keep hounds to kill them. In the streams we have salmon, salmon trout, carp, and cat fish. Climate we have lots of; from 120 degrees in the shade on the plains, to snow and ice in the high Sierras. Snow is almost unknown on the plains here.

Chespa, Madera, Cal.

The fishing season ended here in November and the sportsmen devoted their time to duck shooting for the next 2 months. The different clubs had excellent sport on their preserves, near the coast. Many fine bags were made, mostly consisting of widgeon, sprig and teal. The season was a dry one, which had the effect of keeping the ducks confined to the marshes, and to fresh water ponds formed by artesian wells. Many of the crack shots made bags of 30 to 50 during the morning and evening shooting. A party of 4 game hogs slaughtered 4,000 quails recently, in lower California, near Ensenada, in 3 days. I am sorry I have not the names of these butchers to send you.

B. C. Hinman, Los Angeles, Cal.

The Catskill Fish and Game Club is doing its share in restocking the country with game. In 1897, we liberated 100 ringneck pheasants, 102 Western quails, 15 Belgian hares and one pair of Canadian hares. We also planted, in suitable waters, 300 brown trout and 3,000 land locked salmon, all yearlings.

We now have a breeding pen of Mongolian pheasants, 9 hens and 6 cocks. We hope to be able to put out 300 young birds next season. We have had restored the bounty of $1 a head on foxes. Our membership is 100, and still growing. We hope to accomplish much good for a future generation, if not for this.

Wm. Mattice, Sec., Catskill, N. Y.

Many men, in this State, violate the laws by killing more than their share of deer and selling them. A guide will go into the woods with a party of 3 or 4 and kill deer enough to equal the legal allowance of the whole crowd, while his employers are unable to kill anything. If city hunters cannot kill their own game, let the game live and increase.

I went up last fall and, with my one hand, killed 2 deer. The guide I had, Dell Durgin, of Kennebec Forks, told me that in the winter woodchoppers make a business of hunting up yards where deer are, driving them into deep snow and killing them.

Geo. H. Rock, New Auburn, Me.

I do not know why J. K. L. asks that you let up on game hogs, but I am ashamed that such a request should come from Rochester. We have a splendid lot of sportsmen here, law abiding and fair minded. You have evidently discovered some game hogs also. Our county game and fish association is doing good work. Success to the L. A. S.

J. B. Warren, Rochester, N. Y.

Recreation is the first periodical I ever saw that gave a game hog his due, and I hope it will be the means of clearing the country of such pests.

Thomas Mickle, New Orleans, La.

On December 27th, I was one of a party bound on a hunting trip to O. K. Landing, Miss. A 7 hours' sail, by steamer from Memphis, brought us to our destination. There were 4 of us. We each killed a few quails and rabbits. Later we tried the lake for ducks and secured 4.

W. P. McCadden, Memphis, Tenn.

Game is not plentiful here. There are a few red and gray squirrels and more grouse than I have seen for the last 3 years. RECREATION is all right in regard to game hogs and law breakers. Give it to 'em.

W. A. Percival, Clinton, N. Y.

I had a serious accident while out after birds last fall. A friend of mine, while getting over a rail fence, lost his balance and discharged his gun full in the calf of my right leg. The hardest part to bear was that we had just found a large covey of quail.

W. F. Stevens, Grand Rapids, Mich.

I am camping out in the far away West; not exactly tenting, but living in a cabin on an orange ranch. I am delighted with the climate. This part of Southern California is the Palestine of the Western hemisphere. Occident, Del Rosa, Cal.

This region is fairly alive with game, large and small. In the first 6 weeks of the past season 16 deer were shot within the borders of this town. Many ruffed grouse, rabbits and gray squirrels have been killed.

L. L. Jones, Weld, Me.

On April 5th, the North bound passenger train killed a doe and 2 fawns 4 miles South of here. Will some old hunter please explain, or did you ever know of a doe leaving the forest when breeding?

E. Wilson, Tompsonville, Mich.

Squirrels, rabbits, and quail are abundant in this vicinity. Occasionally a few prairie chickens and ducks are killed. I do most of my hunting with a .22 calibre, 12 inch, Stevens' pocket rifle.

C. W. Hamshaw, Gallatin, Mo.

Quails and rabbits are plentiful; skunks and opossums seem to be increasing. Last winter I caught 25 opossums, 15 skunks, 6 coons and 3 rabbits and killed about 50 squirrels. Ed. Hanking, Enochsburg, Ind.

Howard Smith, of Hawk Point, N. S., is said to have killed 2,245 ducks in 1897, and over 1,200 in '98.

No question about the length of that fellow's bristles.

There will be more quails and rabbits near here this fall than for several previous seasons. J. E. Lackey, Indianapolis, Ind.

A few ruffed grouse, plenty of rabbits and a few squirrels are here. It is hard to kill all the grouse here, as they have an excellent place to stay along the bluffs by the river.

Chas. Ruppert, Oakmont, Pa.

Large herds of antelope can be seen every day, within 10 miles of this station, but owing to the level ground and lack of cover, it is difficult to kill them.

J. T. Brackley, Rock Creek, Wyo.

Quails and ruffed grouse were plentiful near Grand Rapids last fall. There was no duck shooting. The ducks seem to have left us.

Blue Wing, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Last winter I got several dozen quails and turned them loose here. They have paired off and are doing nicely.

H. P. Kennett, Victor, Mont.

I have been doing all I could for the protection of our game. Have broken up 5 quail traps this season.

W. L. S., Vancouver, Wash.

This is a great country for small game. Ducks, geese, chickens, quails, snipe, but no pigeons of late years.

T. J. McDonald, Lake Geneva, Wis.

Grouse are the only game, except a few woodcock, and in the winter some large white rabbits.

H. Cruickshank, Big Indian, N. Y.

There is no big game here; just squirrels, rabbits, grouse and quails.

Leon La Turgey, Cascade, Mich.

We have a few deer, turkeys, grouse and squirrels. S. C. G., Altoona, Pa.

Grouse and quails are plentiful this year.

E. A. Kemp, Greenville, Mich.

Quails and rabbits are plentiful here.

A. T. Crow, Lima, O.

Duck shooting is excellent here.

A. H. Hawkins, Berthond, Col.

"Birds that Hunt and are Hunted"; Publisher's price, $2. With RECREATION 1 year, $2.50. "Bird Neighbors"; Publisher's price, $2. With RECREATION 1 year, $2. Both books and RECREATION, $4.

Renewals and new subscriptions taken on this offer.

**What else** can you give a man for a Christmas present that will give him so much pleasure, at so small a cost, as a yearly subscription to RECREATION?

# FISH AND FISHING.

## THE PASSING OF A MUSKALONGE.

W. T. DAVIS.

A great many people have vainly sought for years to capture a "musky," known as the king of fresh water fishes, because of its size, and of the gamy fight with which it resists a close acquaintance with the angler. To capture a single specimen is sufficient reward for many days of hard work, poor food, nights filled with the hideous noises and sharp practices of the pestiferous mosquito, miles of travel, and a degree of patience and persistence, which would make the fortune of an advertising agent.

The particular "musky," whose passing gave our party so much pleasure, was caught in the Wisconsin river, July 7th, 1898, by my son. In the early morning of July 6th we left Tomahawk lake, on the Ashland division of the North Western railroad, with an experienced guide, a boat, tent, food supplies, and fishing tackle, in a wagon, for a portage of 14 miles to Little St. Germain lake, where we unloaded our outfit, and took to water.

Notwithstanding some large muskalonge have been taken from those waters, we were unsuccessful. We loaded our outfit in our rather small river boat, and, by a succession of portages and creek wadings, we reached the Wisconsin river late in the afternoon. We at once began the search up stream for a good camping place, a spring, and some fish for supper. These 3 luxuries are not often found in bunches. It was after 8 o'clock when we found a pike hole. In 10 minutes we had caught 7 wall-eyed beauties—enough for supper and breakfast. We were then content to make camp.

While the guide prepared the fish, the others made a fire and pitched the tent. The scarcity of room in our small boat prevented our carrying tent poles or pins, but with only our pocket knives, and some hay wire left by loggers, we managed to put up a very substantial structure. Then came the best mess of fish we ever enjoyed; a smoke and a finish fight with mosquitoes, which lasted without a breathing spell from the time we lay down on our single blankets until daylight the next morning, when we surrendered the camp, sleepless though we were, and took to the boat.

About 5 o'clock we found a beautiful stretch of river 2 miles above camp. Here, when our spirits were at the lowest ebb, and we would have gladly exchanged our location and chances for glory with Shafter's army in front of Santiago, Mr. Musky took the spoon, made the usual leap out of the water, and was hooked.

Then came a game fight, between a boy of 17 years, with a light lancewood bass rod, costing $1.50, and a 24 pounder. The guide rowed steadily up stream, the "musky" fought from one side of the river to the other, looking for a chance to break loose on some log or root; the boy took in his 30 or 40 yards of line as steadily and continuously as if it were an every day occurrence, straining every fibre of his rod to keep Mr. Fish clear of obstructions, and I thoroughly enjoyed every minute of the time.

The problem of landing the muskalonge was a serious one, for the river was full of obstructions, the boat was frail and light, and there were 3 men in it. A sandy shore appearing about 40 or 50 rods up stream, it was decided to beach the fish. During this excitement the line parted, with the fish still in 4 or 5 inches of water, but the guide promptly jumped in and pushed Mr. Musky up on dry land. This encounter gave us an army appetite, and we took our prize back to Mosquito Camp for breakfast.

We put in the remainder of the day fishing down the river, 35 miles by water, to within 2 miles of Tomahawk lake, catching *en route* quite a string of wall-eyed pike. Here we were met by a team, and portaged back to the hotel.

## IS MR. CHAPMAN A FISH HOG?

New York City.

Editor RECREATION: Does it ever occur to you that possibly you might be accused of an over fondness for the use of the term "game hog" and that at times you use it without ordinary discrimination? For example, in the October number of your magazine, you publish an extract from the Hartford Times to the effect that Mr. Silas Chapman, Jr., in a letter to that paper, from his camp in the Rangeley's, said he had caught, in less than a fortnight, over 800 trout. You say "of course Mr. Chapman wears bristles." Do you know positively that Mr. Chapman kept those 800 fish? Don't you think it would be a trifle more charitable on your part, to give him the benefit of the doubt and to presume he saved only those he could use, before you brand him as a fish hog, and that he reported the total of his catch as the result of a natural pride?

I think it would be more to the point if you commented on J. S. Mitchell's, of Negaunee, Mich., communication, to the effect that, by the aid of a Bristol steel rod and a Yawman & Erbe automatic reel, he had taken 14 as nice trout as one could wish? What show had the fish with such appliances as these? Had he used dynamite you would have condemned him. For my part there is little distinction; but I notice you have an extensive ad from each of the manufacturers of these useful (?) articles, so readily see where the shoe pinches.

A. L. Snyder.

ANSWER.

I am not at all fond of criticising people, or of "roasting pork," as my readers have come to term it. I am doing it for the purpose of educating sportsmen, and especially the younger ones. Furthermore I am doing it for the purpose of saving the game and fish.

Suppose the man who caught 800 trout did put back 790 into the water. This does not excuse him by any means. I can see no sport in sitting in a boat or in whipping a stream all day long and catching all the fish possible, simply for the purpose of making a record to boast of, even if all the fish were put back in the water. This is labor and not sport. A true sportsman goes out and fishes an hour or 2, and if the fish are biting and if he has made a reasonable catch in that time, he quits while there is zest to the sport. He can find many ways of spending the remainder of the day to better purpose than in fishing from daylight until dark, simply for a record.

In most cases where I roast these men, I do not take the newspaper reports as authority. I write the men and ask them whether or not the printed report is correct. You would be surprised to see in how many such cases the men reply that the report was correct, or even that the record was better than the local paper had stated. They proceed to boast to me of their hoggishness, hoping I may laud them in RECREATION. When they get a marked copy of the magazine containing my comments on them, most of them change their minds. The thousands of letters I get commending my course shows I am right. Some of these come from men who have themselves been fish and game hogs and who have reformed on account of RECREATION'S teachings. Others come from neighbors of these men. One, for instance, I received to-day from Litchfield, Conn. The writer says that for years that country has been infested with men who shoot and fish illegally, in close season and in open season, but that for the past 2 years he and his friends have been circulating RECREATION among them; that now nearly all these men are ashamed of their past conduct and are to-day law-abiding sportsmen. They not only observe the laws themselves, and quit when they get enough, but advise others to do so.

I am well aware the language I use regarding these men is frequently distasteful to men who have not such swinish instincts. A well man does not like to take quinine, or mercury, or any other bad tasting medicine. Neither does a true sportsman like to read many of the criticisms I print; but as I have said, they are having their effect on the other kind of fellows, and that is why I keep at it.

I fail to see any logic in your comment on the case of Mr. Mitchell. He says he got 14 trout and then quit. I do not see that the fact of his using a steel rod and an automatic reel gives him any more advantage of the fish, than if he had used an Orvis reel and a Leonard split bamboo rod. A good angler is likely to save 75 per cent. of the trout he hooks with the latter outfit; and this man probably did no better with the steel rod than he would with the split bamboo.—EDITOR.

Besides, if I remember correctly, that paragraph was printed among the advertisements. If it were not, it is still a legitimate bit of information and might very properly go in the reading columns.—EDITOR.

## CALIFORNIA COAST FISHING.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Editor RECREATION: The fishing off the Southern California coast has this season been ahead of anything for a number of years. Large fish, such as tuna, yellow-tail, barracouda, jewfish, and halibut, have been running for the past 2 months. At Avalon, Catalina island, Redondo, and Coronado, some remarkable catches have been made. More tuna have been taken at Avalon so far this season than any previous year since the use of rod and reel became general for the capture of those race-horses of the deep. Professor C. F. Holder still holds the record for the largest tuna caught on rod and reel, 183 pounds. Mr. W. F. Loud, of Detroit, Mich., had the honor of taking the next largest, weighing 156 pounds. It was struck at 5.40 a. m., and brought to gaff at 7.50. Mr. Loud also took 21 barracouda, with rod and reel, in 1½ hours.*

One of the longest struggles with a tuna fell to the lot of Mr. C. R. Scudder, who got a strike at 7 a. m. in Avalon bay. The fish put to sea immediately, towing the boat at a rapid rate, and the party were soon out of sight of Avalon. The boat was towed fully 20 miles. At 2 o'clock the fish was brought to gaff. It weighed 130 pounds. It was hooked in the back, which explained its remarkable run. Mr. E. L. Doran, of Avalon, holds the record for the largest number of tuna caught this season. He has taken 11 so far.

Mr. H. Loomis, of Los Angeles, brought 2 tuna to gaff in quick time, a few days ago. At 4 a. m. he got a strike in Avalon bay, the struggle lasting 35 minutes. He got another strike almost immediately, and captured the fish in 35 minutes, making 70 minutes for the 2. Mr. Doran, who accompanied Mr. Loomis, got 5 strikes, and had his line broken twice. Yellow-tail are running in large numbers. The largest taken this season was caught by Mr. N. F. Wilshire, of Los Angeles. It weighed 36 pounds, and made a long, gamy fight. Fishing from the new jetty at Coronado has been excellent. B. C. H.

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*At least 15 more than he should have taken.—EDITOR.

### A FISH STORY.

Between 30 and 40 years ago, the head of a well known business house was expecting 3 friends to fish for pike, in the river above Burton on Trent. Every provision had been made for them, including a plentiful supply of live bait. One of the best anglers in the neighborhood was to accompany them, but for some reason he could not go, so he sent his son, a lad of about 13 years, to fill his place.

Owing to the muddy condition of the river, sport was poor, and the anglers commenced to tell fish stories for the benefit of their guide. He took all in as if he believed it. A little while after they made a move to another part of the river, and one of the 3 asked the boy if he remembered anything connected with that particular part. "Oh, yes," said the boy. "Once a gentleman was going to have a dinner party and wanted a pike of 12 pounds or over. He asked my father to get it the next morning, if he could. We were here at daylight and tried the river all the way from where we started this morning to this spot, before we got a fish. Then we got one each. Mine weighed about 7 pounds; dad's about 4. It was then getting on toward noon, so father said I had better take the fish home, and he would try a little longer. The 2 fish were put in a sack and I started for town with them, the fish jumping and kicking all the way. When I got to the house, the butler was in the kitchen.

"Hello, Charles," he said; "did you get the pike?"

"Well, no, not exactly. We got small ones," I replied.

"Well, turn them out," said he.

I emptied the bag. Instead of 2 fish, there was only one, and we could just see the tail of the other hanging out of its mouth."

"Oho!" said one of the anglers, "the big one had eaten the little one."

"No, no," said Charles, "don't be in too big a hurry. It was the little one had eaten the big one."

S. Howarth, Florissant, Col.

### ANOTHER HERD OF BRISTLEBACKS.

A subscriber at Portage, Ohio, sends me a newspaper clipping which reads as follows:

Catawba Island, O., Aug. 16.—Wm. T. Todd, his wife and little boy, of Pittsburg, guests at the Pittsburg house, and a Mr. Bumgardner and some friends, of Toledo, guests at the West house, went fishing, Saturday. They caught so many white bass that they overloaded their boats, and the water rolled in and swamped them. They clung to the boat and were washed upon the North shore of Mouse island, where men from Captain Rogers' boathouse rescued them.

I wrote Mr. Todd, asking him if this statement was correct, and he referred my letter to Mr. J. P. Cangney, proprietor of the Catawba Island House, Catawba Island, Ohio, who replies under date of August 27th as follows:

Dear Sir: I have before me your letter to W. T. Todd, Pittsburg, Pa. Mr. Todd has been spending his summer vacations here for the past 17 years. Mr. Todd, wife, and little boy were out fishing as reported; but it was at Catawba Island, and they were guests at my house. They caught several hundred white bass, with hook and line and white rag for bait. Then they tried to land on the rough shore of Mouse island. The boat was too heavily loaded with fish and the 3 people, and the waves soon filled the boat and washed all ashore.

When I went to their rescue I found Mr. Todd in the water trying to save all the fish he could. His boat was full of water. We got his wife and boy, and the crew of another boat that was in the same fix, all in other boats and landed them safe on Catawba island dock. We then got their boats off the beach and no harm was done only a good wetting and loss of lots of fish. Still, they saved bushels of them and had an exciting experience.

Come up and have some sport catching white bass and you will know just how it is.

Yours truly,
J. P. Cangney.

Here are fish hogs with bristles of unknown length. A man who will endanger the lives of his wife and children for the sake of catching "bushels" of fish certainly deserves the muddiest and filthiest corner of the whole corral.—Editor.

### PUZZLE FOR PLATTE RIVER FISHERMEN.

While fishing in the Platte, near Pine Grove, Sunday, Mr. J. P. Lower landed a 12-inch speckled trout, an examination of which not only baffles the skill of scientists, but may cause some changes in the laws of Colorado relative to the season for catching trout. The stomach of the fish (a female) not only contained a piece of red granite about the size of a nickel, but enough eggs to fill a large tablespoon. Trout are supposed to spawn in the spring and fall, and how this one came to be with spawn at this season of the year is the mystery.

The matter was brought to the attention of Mr. E. L. Hager, superintendent of the state fish hatchery. "It is a most remarkable case," he said. "Had the fish been caught in one of the colder mountain streams the delay in spawning might have been accounted for, as the temperature of the water has much to do with such matters. The water in the Platte near Pine Grove after May 1 ranges in temperature from 52 to 55 degrees, and in such case the fish should have spawned the latter part of last April. The only way I can account for the phenomenon is a closing of the vent by decayed eggs. If this is the case the fish would have died had it not been caught."

Rocky Mountain News.

If the statements made above be true, there is nothing very strange about it. The eggs, if found in the stomach of the fish, were evidently not the eggs of that particular trout but of some other fish. They had been eaten by this trout, and were probably not trout eggs at all. If the statement that the eggs were found in the trout's stomach is a mere slip, and if the eggs were really in the ovaries of the trout, then we must know more about the fish before coming to any certain conclusion. Was the trout a specimen of the species native to the Platte river (whose authorized scientific name is Salmo clarkii stomias), or was it some introduced species?

Moreover, the exact date when this fish was caught is not given.

### FASTIDIOUS GRILSE.

The unusual fastidiousness manifested by ouananiche in their selection of flies at Grande Decharge 2 years ago, was equaled this year by the grilse of Nova Scotia.

Then one of our party, fishing with 2 flies on his leader, caught all of his fish on a silver doctor. After replacing the other fly with his only remaining silver doctor, he generally caught 2 ouananiche at each cast, while the rest of us were catching nothing. However, after an uncommonly large fish had broken his line and carried off the leader and the successful flies, his luck deserted him.

This year we were at Milton, on the Liverpool, for our first attempt at grilse fishing. The guide said they would rise to a grizzly king, only, of which we happened to have none and he only one. Borrowing it, a fish was soon hooked, but too lightly to hold. A little later another, weighing 4½ pounds, took the fly and was gaffed. Shortly afterward a third was played for a few minutes but succeeded in breaking the leader and escaping with the fly in his jaw. That ended the grilse-catching for that day, although they rose once or twice to a professor and a jock scott, without being hooked. Meanwhile they aggravated us by frequently rising to natural flies, or in sport, and leaping clear out of the water. F. G.

### WISCONSIN FISH NOTES.

The Minocqua dam which held the head of water in Tomahawk lake was blown out June 10th and the water soon went down. This improved fishing to a great extent.

Wm. La Salle and Dave Vaughan caught, in 1½ day's fishing in North Pelican lake, 8 muskalonge, 2 large black bass and 8 large pike. W. D. Brown and Charles McIndoe caught in one afternoon and next forenoon 5 muskalonge, 9 pike and 4 large pickerel in the same waters.

Giles Coon, W. B. LaSalle and 3 people from Stevens Point were fishing in the Manitowish waters recently, and caught in 3 days 40 muskalonge, from 10 to 26 pounds, and 45 large pike.

J. J. Reardon and N. T. Baldwin caught 15 trout at Deerbrook in one evening's fishing. A few days later they were there again and caught 21, morning and evening fishing. They used flies only.

Tomahawk: F. S. Sanford and A. B. Safford, of Chicago, brought in 40 pounds of black bass, the result of an afternoon's catch.

Woodruff: The following catch was made by J. A. Hays, Mr. Rust and Mr. Bolle, of Chicago, in 2 weeks' fishing:

400 bass, average 4 pounds.
300 pike, average 4 pounds.
75 muskalonge, average 10 pounds.

Rhinelander: W. B. Lasalle and H. O. Connor, in 2 days' fishing at J. Ogden's resort caught 8 muskies, 10 to 26 pounds, and 4 black bass.

Oshkosh: J. H. Jenkins, and party of 4, caught 33 black bass in an afternoon in Lake Butte des Morts.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Clark caught 24 large mouth black bass in Lake Winnebago, the largest weighing 5½ pounds.

Following is a list of fish catches of note at Trout lake during week ending July 16th:

H. McDonald, Covington, Ky., in 4 hours, 20 bass, average 3 pounds.

J. S. Dockery, Louisville, Ky., 25 pounds pike, 5 hours.

C. M. Grath, Louisville, Ky., 17 pounds pike, one day's fishing.

M. Gillette, Chicago, 25 pounds bass, 4 hours.

Mr. Williams, New York, 18 pounds muskalonge and 40 pounds pike, one day.

Williams and Smith, Chicago, 27 pounds bass, 5 hours.

Campbell and Patterson, 22 pounds bass, 4 hours.

Tomahawk lake: W. T. Davis fished 10 days, caught 165 pounds of fish. Largest day's catch, 25 pounds; largest musky, 24 pounds; largest pike, 11½ pounds; largest bass, 4 pounds.

Green lake: A. D. Morris, of Chicago, caught 26 pickerel. Platt and Foster, St. Louis, 40 pickerel, one 12, one 10, several 8 pounders.

Great lake, July 12: George A. Gilbert, Chicago, 25 pickerel.

George E. Highley and J. F. Richards, Chicago, 31 pickerel.

Mrs. E. W. Heath, Chicago, 32 pickerel.

I. A. Schoen, St. Louis, 24 pickerel, 1 bass.

July 13: Two parties from St. Louis, 45 pickerel.

July 15: Mrs. Heath, Chicago, 25 pickerel.

John Maudlin, 14 pickerel.

July 16: Mrs. Heath, Chicago, 32 pickerel.

Neenah and Menasha: Mr. S. D. Anderson, of Chicago, who has been stopping at the Roberts resort, caught 20 black bass in about an hour.

W. E. Ashton and party of 4 caught 45 pounds of bass in one day's fishing at Tomahawk lake. A. T. Baldwin caught, in Lake George, several muskalonge. C. C. Bronson and family caught, at Tripp's Maple Grove resort, 9 black bass, weight 27 pounds.

J. S. Bockee and David G. Bockee, Louisville, Ky., fished 10 days at Trout lake, Little John, Webb, Muskalonge, White Sand and Olloquash lakes. Caught over 100 pike, weighing from 2 to 9 pounds, 50 black bass, one to 3 pounds, and 3 muskalonge.

Fish catches for August 10: Swift party, Chicago, 47 pickerel.

Sherwood Forest party, 3 boats, from St. Louis, 48 pickerel.

Shaw, Chicago, 18 pickerel.

Critchell, 2 boats, Chicago, 46 pickerel.

Mrs. Upham, Chicago, 11 pickerel.

Little, Chicago, 19 pickerel.

August 13: Critchell, 2 boats, 42 pickerel.

Davis, Chicago, 28 pickerel.

Swift, Chicago, 14 pickerel.

Eagle river: Mrs. A. McKinzie caught in Cat Fish lake a 28 pound muskalonge.

Mrs. Kayser, of Chicago, caught at Island lake, 2 muskalonge, weighing 20 and 28 pounds.

F. B. Laws, of Chicago, caught in 2 days, at Spider lake, 6 fish weighing altogether 72 pounds.

Milton Junction: Catches of fish, Lake Koshkonong, N. Gottlieb and wife, Chicago, 63 fish, pickerel, black bass, and perch.

C. Hull and L. A. Richardson, 83, same varieties.

Madison: One party caught 7 black bass, 9 yellow bass, average weight 4 pounds each, and 2 pickerel, weighing 10 pounds each. Another party made catch of 70 white bass, average weight one pound each.

Oshkosh: A party caught a pickerel 36 inches long, and another party brought in a string of 24 black bass.

Tomahawk lake: Mr. Hopkins and his wife caught 58 pounds of bass and pike.

Dousman: One man caught 7 pickerel from 2 to 16 pounds. Several catches were made of 10 to 25 white, black, and green bass, and pickerel from 2 to 8 pounds.

Pelican lake: Following are important catches of fish up to July 6th: J. F. Bawes, A. G. Jones, Chicago, in 2 hours, 31 black bass. H. C. Gertz, Milwaukee, 9 pike, 2 bass, 2 pickerel, in 3 hours. Frank Shade, Milwaukee, in 4 hours, 12 wall eyed pike. H. Thein, Milwaukee, 2 muskalonge, 20 bass, pike and pickerel. F. Lippert and H. Shaft, Fond du Lac, 3 muskalonge. G. May, Chicago, 1 muskalonge, 33 pounds, one muskalonge 9 pounds. Fred. Greenshade and wife, Highland Park, 30 pounds fish. George Cournagey, Pelican, one muskalonge, 22 pounds. W. Hough, Chicago, one muskalonge, 10 pounds. K. E. Ball, Jr., Chicago, one muskalonge, 13 pounds, and one 9 pounds. G. S. Whitney, Chicago, one muskalonge, 25 pounds. J. W. Fulton, St. Louis, Mo., one muskalonge, 23 pounds and one 7. A. Malwhen, Milwaukee, one muskalonge and 8 pike. O. H. Munger, R. Reisse, W. A. Hough, J. F. More, J. H. Harmon, T. L. DeWolf, each over 20 pounds bass, pike and pickerel. G. J. Cline, W. J. Kucker, Milwaukee, 60 pounds bass and pike. E. M. Sheungel, Milwaukee, 10 pike, 2 bass, 1 pickerel, in 3 hours. Fred. Hayden, Jr., 13 pike, 3 bass, 1 pickerel. Dick Thiele, 30 pounds fish.

Catches at Green lake, July 7: Mrs. Heath, Chicago, 21; Norton, Chicago, 25; G. W. Mathews, Chicago, 24; E. A. Bush, St. Louis, 22.

W. T. Davis, of Chicago, caught, at Tomahawk lake, a pike weighing 11½ pounds.

Catches made at Pelican, July 10th: J. W. Fulton, Milwaukee, one muskalonge, 29 pounds; L. C. Kauldelka, Antigo, 8 pickerel, 2 pike, 1 bass; J. E. Langlos, one muskalonge, 4 pike; Mrs. F. H. Devendorf, Evansville, 6 pike, one pickerel, one muskalonge.

The following scores were made at Trout lake:

J. A. Kinney, Wilmette, Ill., July 5, 16 black bass, 15 averaging 3 pounds each.

Hugh MacDonald, Jr., Covington, Ky., July 5 and 6, 19 black bass, 8 averaging 3 pounds each.

H. B. McCullough, Cincinnati, O., 23 black bass, 19 wall eyed pike, and 15 muskalonge, largest 13 pounds, 4½ days' fishing.

Rhinelander: W. D. Brown and party were at Meyer 2 days and caught 12 muskalonge, 25 pike, 15 large black bass.

## MICHIGAN FISH NOTES.

Watersmeet: Two 3 pound black bass were caught in Duck lake, one day last season, and another party of 2 made a catch of 15 black bass, average weight 2 pounds. In 3 hours' fishing about 100 brook trout were taken from the stream along the railroad track, which runs through town, one weighing 1¾ pound. Twenty-five black bass were caught at Duck lake by E. F. Duggan.

Gogebic: June 26th James Carlin, Cincinnati, and Hans Nelson caught 27 brook trout, weight 16 pounds, in half a day's fishing at Trout brook. July 1st they caught 30 brook trout in Slate river, weight 19 pounds, one-half day's fishing. H. L. Storey, E. H. Storey, W. M. Pitken and A. M. Fuller caught 18 bass, largest 5 pounds. Charles Truax caught 24 trout in Slate river.

H. E. Dick and 2 sons caught 9 black bass, weighing 19 pounds. Mr. Withington, Janesville, caught a 5 pound bass.

Fuller, of Chicago, caught 13 black bass, 18 pounds.

J. L. McLain and J. H. Stover, of Wheeling, W. Va., caught in Pelton creek 42 brook trout, weighing 18 pounds.

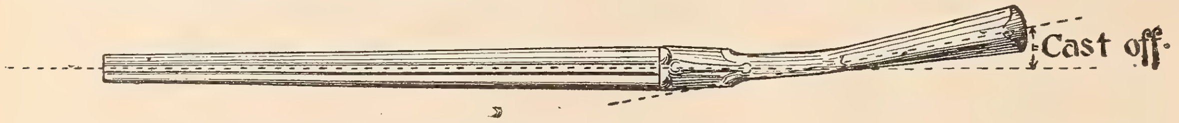
Messrs. McLain and Storier, Wheeling, W. Va., caught 24 brook trout, weighing 18 pounds.

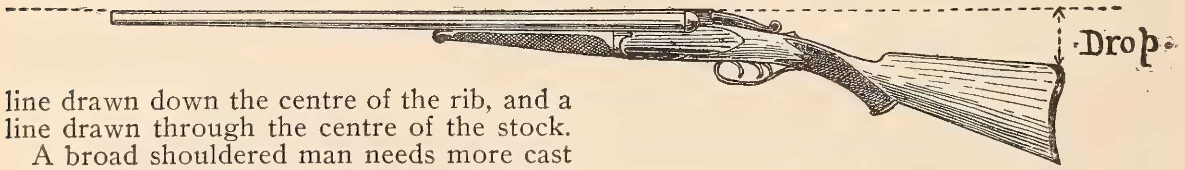
Charles Truax caught in Slate river 26 brook trout, 15 pounds.

# GUNS AND AMMUNITION.

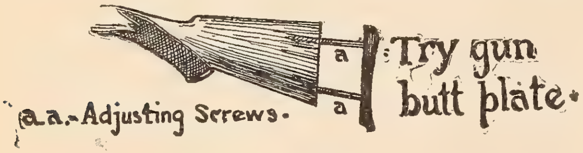
## HOW TO GET THE DROP ON YOURSELF.

"Amateur" in August '98 RECREATION asks for some points as to the proper drop of stock. I will describe a method adopted by the leading gun makers of London. A gun called a "try gun" is used. It has a universal joint in the grip, whereby any required drop or "cast off" can be given. Everybody knows what the drop of a stock is. The cast off means the distance from a line drawn down the centre of the rib, and a line drawn through the centre of the stock.





A broad shouldered man needs more cast off than a narrow chested man. The butt plate of the try gun is arranged so it can be given any length at either the heel or the toe of the stock. The first operation is to get the right length of stock. The gun maker adjusts the plate on the butt until this is accomplished. Then the drop and cast-off are obtained by trial. A target representing a bird with a small hole in the centre is used. The gun maker stands behind this target and the man who is being fitted puts the gun to his shoulder and aims at the bird. After about half a dozen alterations in the universal joint of the grip the correct amount of drop and cast off are found. The measurements are taken and the gun stock is made accordingly. This is the only successful method of getting the right amount of drop for the individual in question. Any one who has had a gun made to fit him will be surprised at the marked improvement in his shooting.



Ralph L. Montagu, Bannack, Mont.

## THE 30. CALIBRE.

### OLD "SILVER-TIP."

Here in the last days of the big game we have had introduced into our midst a regular Armstrong cannon. We can scarcely call it a rifle. In the good old days when the buffalo, the elk, and other species of deer were abundant we found the little .44 good enough. There never was and never will be another cartridge that killed so much game as it did. There are as brave men using .30 calibres as ever used black powder rifles; yet I never see one without thinking the owner is scared and that he is a pot hunter. Why? Because it does not tell of his hiding place and has such a tremendous point blank range.

Here is Old Silver-Tip who has for years used a black powder rifle and lead bullet, and they have never gone back on him. I was foolish enough, a few years ago, to buy an Express. It was a splendid shooting rifle but altogether too powerful. There are laws in some States prohibiting the use of any gun larger than 10 gauge. Why not pass a law forbidding the use of the .30 calibre, or of any high velocity smokeless powder rifle, on big game?

Here is the L. A. S. organized to protect the game. It must take a step in this direction and also forbid the Indian Agents from allowing the Indians to leave their reservations if it wishes to succeed. I heartily agree with Mr. Wm. S. Crolly. I think black powder and leaden bullets are good enough. Man takes advantage of everything to obtain a shot when still hunting. Then when he gets within 150 yards if he cannot kill his meat with the old style rifle I say let him stay at home.

With a .30 no game is safe. I have been told by different men their point blank range is 300 to 600 yards. What game can ever hope to escape such a weapon as that? If these rifles continue in use and the Indians are allowed to roam at large, killing game when and where they please, there will soon be no need for the L. A. S.

I should like to say to Mr. M. P. Dunham that when only 20 feet away from any bear the little .32-40 Winchester is just as good as any .30 calibre rifle ever made, providing it is in the hands of a good, cool man. Even a shot gun would do. My choice of a rifle for Western bear alone would be either a .45-125 with a 330 grain hollow point express bullet, .50-110-300 or .50-100-450. I fully agree with Mr. Van Dyke as to rifles and so will any person who has had any experience with big game in this Western country. If you will look in May '98 RECREATION you will see a photo of Miss Harriet M. Richards, which ought to put you smokeless powder men to shame. There is a lady who has killed a bear with a little .38-55. And here are a lot of sportsmen growling as to which is the best and most deadly rifle, the modern cannon, .45-90, .50-110, or .50-100. Think of it you modern cannon men. How is it that all the men I have met in my wanderings are men who only get a chance once in a while to hunt and who use a .30 calibre; while on the other hand men who are old timers use the old black powder rifle and leaden bullet? I have yet to see my first old timer with a smokeless powder rifle. Can you explain this? Well, Coquina, I will close with the hope that I may read a law forbidding the use of such cannon and that the Indians are to stay on their own grounds or else allow the whites to hunt on their reservations. "What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander." What is the difference between a "game hog" and a user of a smokeless powder rifle?

In February issue E. T. Conyngham says "I would prefer Mr. Dunham's .25 through the neck of a big bear, rather than Mr. Van Dyke's .50 through its abdomen." This is no comparison to make of the 2 rifles. Surely if he is a Doctor, as he signs himself, he ought to know the difference between these 2 shots. Put these 2 bullets in the same place and I'll choose the .50. When Mr. Van Dyke wrote about that weapon he knew what was what. In the same issue Mr. Hank Hunkamunk expresses my views about rifles. Let anyone put a leaden bullet in the right place. That is all that is needed.

## ELEPHANTS AND ELEPHANT GUNS.

LIEUT. J. P. WEBSTER.

Authorities differ as to the right kind of rifle to be used in elephant hunting. Sir Samuel Baker, who probably killed more elephants and large game than any man except Gordon Cumming, used a double barreled 10 bore. He strongly deprecated the 2 grooved rifle for large game on account of the difficulty in loading it quickly.

F. C. Selous, a noted African hunter, tells us that in his wanderings, which virtually covered all of Africa, he used a .45 bore rifle carrying a long, solid, hardened bullet of 540 grains and a powder charge of 75 grains. Still, he contends that a man who is going to make elephant hunting a business, wants the most deadly weapon he can get; and under many circumstances, especially in thick bush, a heavy large bore rifle would be far more effective than a small bore for elephant shooting.

If my memory serves me, Gordon Cumming once fired 35 bullets from a heavy 10 bore rifle into an elephant which had been crippled with a broken shoulder. This will serve to illustrate how much shooting an elephant can stand, and how necessary it is that the shot should be well placed in order to kill him.

To succeed in elephant shooting, the sportsman must have a thorough knowledge of the structure of the animal's head and the location of its brain. A shot failing to reach the brain will cause little inconvenience, as there are no large blood vessels in the head; and although the beast will probably be temporarily stunned, in a few minutes he will be off before the astonished hunter recovers from his excitement.

The 3 principal shots at an elephant's head may be classed as follows: The front or forehead shot; side or temple shot; the rear or behind the ear shot. Any of these will quickly give the lordly beast his quietus. Should the hunter be facing the elephant, a shot in the center of the forehead, toward the top of the bump which is really the base of the trunk, will prove immediately fatal. If the sportsman be on one side of the elephant, a shot directly in the ear hole, on a line to pass through the opposite ear, is all that is necessary. A shot behind the ear, at a point where the jaw joins the neck, is a good one. Nine times out of 10 this shot will present itself to the hunter who is, as a rule, behind the animal.

In charging an infuriated elephant carries his trunk coiled up. His attack is a grand sight. With ears cocked, head carried high, and going at full speed, he rushes along sweeping everything before him. He is the true king of beasts, as regards size, strength and dignity of character. However much big game hunters may differ on other matters, they agree that elephant shooting is the most dangerous of all sports, as well as the most supremely exciting.

A curious fact in connection with a herd of elephants is that it is always led by the females, with their calves. If alarmed the order of things is speedily changed and the tuskers rush to the front, not as a matter of protection to the females, but in order to secure safety for themselves. There is nothing gallant about the male. When feeding he reserves all the choice morsels for himself. In this he is no different from other wild beasts; but the female, though left to shift for herself, is entirely capable of doing so.

## IT IS THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN.

Gridley, Kansas.

Editor RECREATION: Your breezy, newsy magazine has been helping beguile my weary hours all through this long hot summer. I have grown to look and long most eagerly for its coming. May success attend you in your crusade against the game hogs. Stay with 'em till the last bristle falls.

Please give me some information about the L. A. S.

This is quite a breeding country for chickens and quails, and if they could only be protected for a few seasons, they would become numerous. I think if the attention of our citizens could be properly called to this matter, they would take measures to stop a lot of illegal shooting that is going on.

Speaking of game hogs I notice some of the correspondents of RECREATION speak of the repeating shot gun as a weapon affected or used by game hogs only. To this a great many true sportsmen will certainly take exception. A gun can be choke or plain cylinder bored, but it can not be bored hoggish. It will kill game only when manipulated by its master, and is in no wise responsible for his actions. I have a Winchester sliding action repeater and hope I am not nearly so much a hog as people I have seen who carried Remingtons, Parkers, and other high priced guns. In the Winchester shot gun we have an arm that combines unsurpassed shooting qualities with moderation in price, cheap enough for a poor sportsman to buy, but good enough for any one to hunt with.

About what are the limits of range of the .32 calibre Marlin using both rim and C. F. ammunition?

2d, can the C. F. .32 cartridges be reloaded? What will it cost per C., and should smokeless or black powder be used?

3d, what is the range or carrying power of the .30-30 Marlin and what can the shells be reloaded for per C.?

4th, can the .30-30 ammunition be as accurately loaded by private individuals as at the factory?

Chas. M. Grover, Gridley, Kas.

I have mailed Mr. Grover documents giving full information about the L. A. S.

Will my readers please answer his other questions?—EDITOR.

### HOW I LOAD.

Newberry, Mich.

Editor RECREATION: For the benefit of any one in need of a fine hammerless gun I will give my experience. I have a 12 gauge Lefevre, 30 inch barrels, in which I use 3¼ drams smokeless powder, 1⅛ ounce No. 4 chilled shot, for ducks, and find this combination a perfect paralyzer. The shot penetrate ¾ of an inch of hemlock at 40 yards and I can put 85 per cent. of the pellets in a 30 inch circle, 40 yards. My gun is an Ideal, G grade and cost about $38. I have killed ducks at 70 yards and can kill nearly every time at 50 yards if I hold right.

The Lefevre has a new cocking hook which is an improvement on the old one. The first time I used this gun at the trap I scored 21 out of 25, unknown traps and angles. For wadding I use one hard wad, one black edge wad, then a layer of sawdust, then one more black edge, in order named.

I see smokeless powders have taken a drop. I get what I consider as good as any made for $4.37 for a 10 pound can. Possibly those kicks that appeared in RECREATION have had something to do with the decline in price. It is still 100 per cent. higher than good black powder.

I recently killed 11 ducks in one day and as I am not a game hog was satisfied.

We have a good gun club here and have named it after your valuable magazine.

I heard a man kick the other day who killed 23 ducks in a day. He said he ought to have killed 50, for the distance he went! What do you think of this stock yard product?

M. P. Gregory.

ANSWER.

Well, he deserves to be fed out of the trough, with the others of his species.—EDITOR.

### THE .30-30 *VS.* LARGE CALIBRE.

Spokane, Wash.

Editor RECREATION: F. W. Hambleden, in June RECREATION, says he has handled nearly all kinds of rifles and wishes to express his opinion of the .30-30. It would have been well if he had handled this calibre before expressing an opinion of it, for it is apparent he has no knowledge on the subject. That the .45-75 is a good gun no one will dispute, but that does not prove that some other gun is not good. As a matter of fact, the .30-30 is more powerful and a better killer. What is the use of packing a heavy gun when a light one will do the work as well, or better?

I have a letter written by a Wyoming sportsman who has hunted big game in the West for 30 years. He was at one time so firm a believer in the big calibre that he said, "I would not hunt with a small calibre or go with a man who did." He was induced to give the .30 a trial, and now writes: "The little gun is all right, and I am well pleased with it so far. I shall write the Marlin people of my experience with the gun, and have them build me another this winter. I shall have a lighter gun and shorter barrel than the one I ordered last spring."

As an illustration of the work of the .30-30, I will cite instances of large game killed by it, viz., 5 moose, 4 elk, 2 grizzlies, 6 goats, 10 deer. These were shot in different places as would occur with any gun. With only 2 or 3 exceptions did any of these animals move after being struck, and in no case did one escape that was hit. I have never known of any big calibre making a record like this.

I would like Mr. Hambleden's opinion of the .30 after he has given the gun a fair trial. It is worth nothing until he has.

Joe Eyelet.

### NO MORE DRUDGERY AFTER THE HUNT.

When I hear of a good thing I like to pass it along, and that is why I want the readers of RECREATION, who own guns, to know of the easy time I had this summer while hunting. After a man has had a hard day's tramp for game and comes in tired and hungry, the dream of rest before the camp fire and a good dinner, is haunted by the nightmare of a dirty gun, wanting immediate attention or threatening the result of spoiled barrels.

I love to go a hunting,
From morn till set of sun—
But when I'm tired and hungry
I hate to clean my gun.

In June last, before starting for the woods on my usual vacation I sent my gun and rifles to the "Gun Bore Treatment Co.," 7 and 9 Warren Street, N. Y., and had them treated inside and out to prevent rusting and pitting, thus avoiding the necessity of cleaning them after the tiresome hunt. I shot both black and smokeless powders for 3 months, fully 100 shells in all, and let my gun lay out on the ground at night. I never once cleaned it and never got a spot of rust or a pit in or on its barrels. They are as bright to-day as when I bought the gun. I write this to tell sportsmen how to be relieved of the care of their firearms which they prize so highly and which when left uncleaned are ruined.

G. Lenox Curtis, M.D., N. Y. City.

### LIKES THE FLAT TRAJECTORY.

I am interested in the different views given in Recreation regarding guns and ammunition. I think the .30 calibre rifle is the only arm for the sportsman of to-day, not because that is the opinion of some particular sportsman, but because it has been demonstrated by severe tests in the factory and on game.

I claim one great advantage in the .30 calibre smokeless over black powder cartridge and heavy calibre; that is the flat trajectory of the bullet. The rifle can be used without any elevation of sights up to 400 yards, within which range most game is killed.

I bought a Winchester, .38-55, and practiced with it for a month or 2 in anticipation of hunting deer. The time came. My friend, who accompanied me, had a rifle of the same make and calibre. I saw 2 deer in a canyon at about what I judged to be 200 yards away. I elevated my sight, took steady aim and fired. The bullet struck over and so did the other ones I fired. The deer ran away. I am sure if I had had a .30 on that trip I could have killed 2 deer as I saw 7 and had some good stands. After measuring the distance for the first shot it was a little over 100 yards.

J. H. Porter, Willows, Cal.

### SEVERAL QUERIES.

Should like to hear from users of the Burgess repeating shotgun, as to its pattern and range. It seems to me the best action of any gun on the market, though I should like it better if it were hammerless.

Will the Spencer repeater stand the strain of smokeless powder?

What results can be obtained with the .32 smokeless in the '92 model Marlin?

Can anyone explain how it pays to load shells with black powder for shotguns? Some claim it does.

What would be the rifle calibre of a 20 gauge gun?

A. T. N., Syracuse, N. Y.

ANSWER.

So far as I know the Spencer and Burgess guns are not on the market now, so there is no use wasting time in discussing them. If you want a first class repeating shot gun—one that can always be depended on, in any emergency—get a Winchester. It is made especially for smokeless powder, but also shoots black powder as well as any other gun.

It doesn't pay to load shells with black powder. Smokeless is as far superior to it as a breech loader is superior to a muzzle loader.

The bore of a 20 gauge gun is equivalent to that of a .615 calibre rifle. Editor.

### MR. GREENER'S BOOK.

I have read Mr. Fitzgerald's letter in June Recreation. That gentleman seems to think "The Breechloader and How to Use it" was written for an advertisement pure and simple. I should be glad if he would tell me the number of the chapter in which American guns are disparaged. I was first attracted to the firm by reading a copy of that book and was struck by the fair and unbiased descriptions Mr. Greener gives of other guns than his own, leaving the reader to draw his own conclusions. Mr. Greener is of far too great prominence in the gun trade to have to advertise his guns in that manner. No, Mr. Fitzgerald, I am happy to say from my personal knowledge of the firm of W. W. Greener & Sons that you are mistaken. I am not interested in the firm in any way but write this solely in the interest of common justice.

A. H. Verschoyle, Marvine Lodge,
Meeker, Col.

### LYMAN SIGHTS.

Last fall I bought a Marlin .22. It had buckhorn rear and Rocky mountain knife-edge front sights. While I could use it with fairly good results, my shooting was not at all uniform and I resolved to try a Lyman rear peep sight, with the knife edge front. The shooting was better but still not what I wanted. Having a Winchester express front sight I fitted it in place of the knife edge and the result was just what I wanted. I now feel perfect confidence in reaching the mark when I press the trigger.

Holly, Bainbridge, Mass.

### THE .22 MUSHROOM.

I have been using the smokeless .22 short, in my Marlin, with most satisfactory results.

For short ranges I prefer them to black powder. The only animals I have used them on are skunks, and I find mushroom bullets give far better results than solid ones. No doubt the solid ball will do the work when placed in the right spot; but in the uncertain light at dusk or night when these animals are out, it is not an easy matter to always put the bullet in the right spot.

Holly, Bainbridge, Mass.

NOTES.

I consider the .40-65 Winchester, model 1886, the best repeating rifle for large game. The .38-55 is a fine target rifle, but no better than the .32-40. I own a .38-56 Winchester, model 1886. It shoots well at 500 yards, but I do not like its ammunition. Bottleneck shells are a nuisance. They require resizing after being fired 3 or 4 times, while .38-55 and .32-40 shells may be used 8 to 12 times. The .25-35, with smokeless powder, may be a good gun for deer or bear, but do not use it with black powder unless you want to clean the gun after each shot. For an all round rifle that can be depended on for accurate work get the Stevens Ideal, .32-40.

A. F. Gove, Bristol, Vt.

I am much interested in your guns and ammunition department. For me to hunt with a Remington semi-hammerless, 12 gauge, single breech loader, is good enough. I also have a Ballard rifle that takes the .32 Ideal cartridge. It will pay anyone who has a center fire .32 rifle that is rusted or shot out, to send it to J. Stevens Arms & Tool Co., Chicopee Falls, Mass., to be rebored and cut over for this cartridge.

La Drew Sherwood, Etna, N. Y.

I have used a slide action repeating shotgun for some time. They are the best cheap guns made. They will shoot all round a Belgian gun and last longer. I know 2 duck shooters on St. Francis river who shoot for market. They use the slide action Winchester gun and would have no other. I saw one of these men kill 5 ducks with 5 consecutive shots, and 4 birds were falling when the 5th struck the water.

W. E. Crow, De Soto, Mo.

In June RECREATION, O. A. F., Tioga, Pa., asks concerning the Winchester shotgun with lever action. I have used one of these guns and think them hard to beat for all around shooting. The double Belgian guns are not to be compared with the Winchester for durability. The lever action and the sliding fore end action guns shoot equally well. Charles Rupert, Oakmont, Pa.

What is a good load for a 16 gauge gun, using black powder? What game can be found within 25 miles of Boston? What size shot is best for rabbits and quail?

T. B. S., Boston, Mass.

I have not been able to send you any of the RECREATION targets on account of not being able to get a 100 yard range, but I sent up one on a kite the other day, letting out 125 yards of cord. My third shot brought the kite down and when I looked at the target, the bullet hole was about a quarter of an inch from the center—the only hit made.

M. B. Paine, Jr., Rutland, Vt.

The Syracuse gun I earned by getting subscriptions for RECREATION fits to perfection and shoots well. It weighs 6½ pounds, and has 26 inch barrels. The right barrel puts 206 and the left 336 No. 8 shot in a 33 inch circle at 40 yards.

Many thanks for your courtesy and promptness in all our dealing.

Roy P. Schermerhorn, Wilton, N. Y.

I am glad to observe that the Baker is now found among the other good guns advertised in the columns of RECREATION. The Baker "Safety" I believe cannot be approached by any other American made gun. D. T. Tuthill, Orient Point, N. Y.

Will some reader of RECREATION give his experience with smokeless powder in a .38-55 rifle? How does King's semi-smokeless compare with other powders? Will any of the smokeless powders pit a rifle barrel?

J. Martin, Goffstown, N. H.

Replying to query of B. N. Harrington, in September RECREATION: Have tried several kinds of smokeless powder in my .38-55 Winchester, and find Dupont's No. 1 rifle gives best results.

R. A. Bennett, Dover, N. J.

I should like information in regard to King's semi-smokeless powder, as to its penetration and cost, compared with Dupont smokeless.

Roy J. Boynton, Hillsboro, N. H.

"Bird Neighbors" is one of the best books on Ornithology published since the days of Audubon. $2 gets a copy of that book and a yearly subscription to RECREATION. How can anybody afford to be without that book, when it can be had at ½ the publisher's price?

Please accept my sincere thanks for the Kenwood sleeping bag you sent me as a premium for 15 subscriptions. I am much pleased with it.

T. D. Jones, Stockton, Cal.

**In making up** your list of Christmas presents put down a yearly subscription to RECREATION, for each of your best friends.

# NATURAL HISTORY.

## BIRD PROTECTION.

JOHN BOYD.

I have often thought how easily the sportsmen of the world could be turned into traveling missionaries and preach the gospel of bird protection, explaining the benefits to be derived from an economic standpoint. For it cannot be denied that the subject is as interesting to the sportsman as to the farmer and the fruit grower.

Nearly every boy has a crude idea that birds have some good use in the world. While the details are perhaps wanting, the thought exists, and will bear cultivating. Yet when a boy sees a sparrow hawk pounce on and carry off a song bird, he at once puts the hawk down as an enemy to all that is good; not knowing that the same bird has killed hundreds of mice and insects that would eventually destroy all the crops the farmer might raise.

The same boy needs further education, and should be taught that the robbing of birds' nests is as great a crime to the community as the slaughtering of the mature birds. An egg taken is a bird less this year, and perhaps a dozen the next, compounding the number, in some cases, many times in one season, according to the times the birds breed each year. We must impress these facts on the youth of the land, so that our rising generation will know, in living reality, the same songsters as are now around us.

Not all of us are observers of the fauna of the land, but any person who will give the matter a moment's thought, must realize the importance of the subject, and give the birds credit for the good work they are doing for the country.. Much of this work is unseen, but it nevertheless goes on unceasingly, and the only thanks or recompense asked is protection. Surely this is a small return for so large a benefit.

There is not a plant or a tree but has its parasites (the oak alone is said to have over 50 enemies) which, if allowed to multiply, would kill it in a few years. The birds' mission is to keep down these insect pests, and maintain the balance of nature. This they do freely and industriously, asking only in return immunity from molestation.

Some of our birds, at certain times, seem to prefer fruit and growing grain to an insectivorous fare; but the damage they do is infinitely small compared with the good performed during the rest of the year.

The work of the ornithologist, therefore, is to separate the useful birds from the destructive, and classify, if necessary, the balance under a neutral heading—that is, where both traits are equal—and publish the facts to the world.

Let me give a few facts respecting the hawks and owls of Canada and the United States. I pick out this class for the reason that most people put them down as dreadfully destructive, with no redeeming habits that might make them worthy of protection.

I will divide them in 4 groups.

1st. Wholly beneficial: Rough-legged buzzard, swallow tailed kite, etc. Total 6.

2d. Chiefly beneficial: Red-tailed hawk, sparrow hawk, marsh hawk, red-shouldered hawk, barn owl, broad-winged hawk, long-eared owl, short-eared owl, barred owl, great gray owl, screech owl, snowy owl, saw-whet owl, hawk owl, etc. Total 29.

3d. Beneficial and harmful qualities equal: Bald eagle, golden eagle, great-horned owl, pigeon hawk, etc. Total 7.

4th. Positively harmful: Goshawk, gyrfalcon, cooper's hawk, sharp-shinned hawk, fish hawk, peregrine falcon. Total 6.

There are 48 named species, but in this list I have only given the most common of the 42 that are entitled to our protection. I have enumerated the entirely destructive ones in full, so that all may know them. Of these, 2 may almost be left out, as neither the gyrfalcon or goshawk is plentiful enough to do much harm. A study of other families would show decidedly better results, but I have purposely taken the hawks and owls, as they are usually classed as the "black sheep of the air." Actual and careful investigation has proved them a positive benefit to the agriculturist and fruit grower.

Let those around us get knowledge on the subject, until they can recognize the difference between a friend and a foe; and get rid of the mistaken opinions which have been handed down for generations, and that have caused the premature death of innumerable beneficial birds.

I hear someone say: "Ornithologists kill birds, and why shouldn't I?" Yes, my friend, they do, but they kill the smallest possible number to enable them to complete the study they are engaged in. I have never known one yet to take a bird's life when some scientific good was not to be accomplished by so doing. Skin and plumage hunters sometimes pose as "naturalists," and their deeds are put down against students of ornithology.

Wise legislation is now bringing about a more satisfactory state of things, but it can never stop the foolish shooting of harmless birds, by individuals, unconscious of the damage they are indirectly causing the community at large. These we hope to reach through papers like this, and by making bird protection part of a public school course.

### SNAKE BITES.

PERCY SELOUS.

I have read with interest A. M. Kenney's remarks under the above heading. I have kept venomous snakes in captivity for many years and studied them, so perhaps my experience may be of value.

Mr. Kenney's statement that the poison is dangerous when taken into the mouth and stomach is only conditional; by which I mean that unless there be abrasion there is not any danger. I do not say it would be really healthful to drink rattlesnake poison, but I should not hesitate for a moment to suck the wounds made by a large rattlesnake, if there was no lesion of my lips or mouth. Neither would I scruple to swallow the venom. I have sucked and even swallowed rattlesnake venom from a wound inflicted on my hand by a snake which I have seen kill mice in half a minute and sparrows in 1½ minutes.

While in South America I saw Indians kill game with arrows poisoned with concentrated essence of venomous snake heads; saw them taste the deadly stuff to judge of its potency and I have eaten meat killed by such arrows. I have seen large animals succumb in a short space of time to slight wounds from these arrows; and have heard the same facts from the Bushmen in South Africa, with whom I have conversed on the subject. Such knowledge may perhaps give me more than ordinary confidence; but of course the dangerous element remains in the case of cracked lips or abrasion of the mucous membrane. For the poison to act, it must be introduced directly into the blood.

My advice is to immediately lay the wounds open deeply and suck the venom out. Above all, one should not lose presence of mind.

Everyone does not carry a hypodermic syringe, but anyone can have a supply of permanganate of potassium. Strychnine is now considered the best antidote, but it cannot be tampered with like the other stuff; its use requires medical training. I have pills of it made up for me, for an emergency; and though I do not desire another dose of rattlesnake poison, I should not fear the consequences, should the exigency arise.

Except in the case of the Opistoglyphs, which are provided with grooved fangs, instead of ducts, I do not think the passing of the fang through cloth could wipe out the poison. The orifice of the duct is near the extremity, and the venom is injected directly through this aperture into the wound.

It is far better to suck the poison out than to fight it after it has gotten into the circulation.

### NOW LET THE RED SQUIRREL'S FRIENDS HAVE THE FLOOR.

The responses to my inquiry about the red squirrel have been much more numerous than I had any reason to anticipate. The testimony has come from almost every State in the Union and from all over Canada. I have found it impossible to print all of the letters. The enemies of the little red devil have made out a strong case against him. Now let us hear from his friends, if he has any. Personally I always liked him and have had lots of fun with him. I have many a time sat on a log watching for deer when a red squirrel has come chattering and scolding along the same log until so near I could almost put my hand on him. Finally, when he has made out what I was, he has gone scampering and swearing up the nearest tree and has alarmed all the game within a quarter of a mile. Notwithstanding this, I never killed a red squirrel unless I needed him for meat. Sometimes when he has broken up my schemes, has waltzed up a tree and run out on a limb, continuing his scolding, I have, with a big Winchester bullet, cut the limb off between him and the tree, just to take the conceit out of him; but when he struck the ground he invariably sailed up that tree, or another, and went on with his abuse.

He is a beautiful little creature and, notwithstanding all his faults, I love him still.

One correspondent said any man who had ever been in the woods much would know the red squirrel was destructive to birds and to gray squirrels. I have been hunting for nearly 40 years, and have killed about every kind of game on the continent. I fancy, therefore, I know the red squirrel about as well as any of the other chaps; but, as I said in reply to Mr. Billings' first attack on the red squirrel, I have never, personally, known of his destroying birds' nests or of his attacking and injuring his big gray uncle. Still I have no doubt, now, that he does this; though it had escaped my observation. There are many animals that do a lot of mischief, and among them that two-legged animal, known as the genus homo, and we do not admit that all such animals should be killed at sight. We permit some of them to live for the good they have done or may do, or simply because they are good looking and cheerful. Shall we not allow the red squirrel to live for some of these reasons?

Again: If this little beast has any friends, let them come up and say so. His enemies have talked long enough and if any of my friends who have written against him do not see their letters printed in RECREATION, they may know it is because enough has already been said on that side of the case.

### HOW TO KEEP MOTH OUT OF FURS.

How can I poison mounted heads, rugs, and clothing, to keep the moth out of them?

Reader, Rochester, N. Y.

The United States National Museum uses for its skin clothing and textiles generally, a Shaw & Geary, No. 2 air-compressor (cost $15), and a 4-nozzle gutta percha atomizer (cost $2.50), and the spray is from the following solution:

| | |
|---|---|
| Saturated solution of arsenic acid and alcohol......... | 1 pint. |
| Strong carbolic acid......... | 25 drops. |
| Strychnine ................. | 20 grains. |
| Strong alcohol............... | 1 quart. |
| Naphtha, crude or refined.... | 1 pint. |

For poisoning mounted heads, and "stuffed" animals generally, which must be treated from without, the best of all poisons, and the easiest to prepare and apply is the "corrosive sublimate solution." The following specific directions are from "Taxidermy and Zoological Collecting," by W. T. Hornaday (p. 341):

"If possible, remove the specimen from its pedestal, and beat out of it whatever dust it may contain. Procure a quantity of alcohol sufficient when diluted with 50 per cent. of water to completely saturate the hair (or feathers) of the specimen, and dissolve in it some corrosive sublimate—about an ounce to every 3 pints of liquid. The point to strive for in making up such a solution is to make it as strong with the corrosive sublimate as it can be without leaving on dark hair a gray (or white) deposit when the liquid has evaporated. In practice I always mix the liquid, and test it with a tuft of black or brown hair. If the deposit left is quite apparent to the eye, a little more alcohol and water must be added. The principle of the process is simply this: The alcohol, being at once very penetrating, very volatile, and capable of combining chemically with the corrosive sublimate, is used as a vehicle for the distribution of the poison. The poison is carried to the roots of the hair, and left there as a deposit when the liquid evaporates.

"The liquid should reach every external portion of the specimen, especially the skin. When the specimen has dried, the hair must be dressed by brushing and combing it. If the white poison shows on the hair, take a sponge, and with either hot water or alcohol sponge off the surface, leaving all unseen poison undisturbed. If your solution contains the proper amount of poison, and is thoroughly applied, I warrant that insects will never again touch that specimen, even though it should exist a thousand years."

### TO PRESERVE INSECTS.

Will you kindly tell me how to preserve bugs and other insects which I am collecting? Reader.

ANSWER.

All insects must be mounted on specially-made insect pins. Large specimens must be fixed temporarily in a grooved setting-board, in order that their wings may be spread and held in position by strips of card, cloth or threads, until dry. The legs of the larger insects must also be put into position previous to drying. The skins of large larvæ, spiders, and other soft-bodied insects, which would shrivel up in drying, must be opened at one end, and the contents of the body expelled by pressure with the thumb and finger while the subject is held in the folds of a soft cloth. After that, the empty skin must be inflated by blowing air into it through a straw, or a small glass tube, and immediately drying the specimen by artificial heat.

Of course many small insects, such as flies and beetles, do not require the setting board. Bettles should always be pinned through the right elytron, bugs through the scutellum, and all others through the middle of the thorax. The bottom of every insect box should be covered with sheet cork, to receive the insect pins, and the bottom and sides should be painted over with carbolic acid to prevent mould. To prevent dermestes and other pests from destroying the specimens, fasten in a corner of each box a little cheese-cloth or mosquito-net bag filled with naphthaline crystals. All insects should be kept in tight boxes, and away from the light, to keep them from being bleached.

In the making of a good collection of insects, quite an array of special materials must be provided, and the amateur should procure at least one good book of instruction. All the information needed, both as to methods, materials, and the places to buy them, can be obtained from Dr. W. J. Holland's admirable chapters on this subject in Hornaday's "Taxidermy and Zoological Collecting."

### A NEW WAY TO FLUSH GROUSE.

Crevasse, Mont.

Editor RECREATION: A few days ago while riding up one of our steep mountain trails I noticed 2 hawks circling in opposite directions, one 50 or 60 feet above the sage brush, and the other about half as high. The hill side was open with the exception of one lone pine a short distance from where the hawks were hunting. When I got within 150 yards of the scene of action I checked my horse for a breathing spell, keeping my eyes on the hawks all the time. Suddenly the uppermost bird extended the circle of his flight and sailed directly into the top of the lone pine; but did not stay long. When he emerged he held some object in his talons which I first thought a squirrel. Continuing the circle the object was dropped. At the same time the lower bird darted toward the ground until almost touching the brush, uttering the peculiar harsh cry of these birds. Then the 2 continued their flight as before. I rode along the trail until within less than 50 yards, where, from behind some brush, I watched operations. After a few circles the upper bird again sailed through the tree and emerged with a small dead limb which he dropped as before, the lower bird following it until its wings almost beat against the brush. Surmising now what they were after I rode into the open and around the clump of sage. As I approached the hunters flew off to the top of a distant pine, and I heard the warning cluck of a mother grouse who, as I came nearer, skurried for the timber calling her 9 or 10 chicks after her.

Fine work was it not, dropping sticks into the brush to flush the brood so that his mate could make the capture?

Grouse shooting, which opened on August 15th, was not so good as usual owing to a June snow storm and freeze which destroyed many of the eggs. J. W. Hulse.

### BARROW'S GOLDENEYE, *GLAUCIONETTA ISLANDICA*.*

ALLAN BROOKS.

This is one of the most rare of American ducks, and when found is generally mistaken for the common goldeneye. Except when adult males are compared the 2 species are indistinguishable to an ordinary observer; the principal difference between young males and females being the markings of the wing.

Males are easily distinguished, however. Barrow's goldeneye has a crescent shaped spot in front of the eyes, peculiar drooping black and white feathers on the scapulars, a smaller bill, and a different shaped head. This last characteristic is most noticeable in the fresh bird, the skull rising sharply from the bill, giving the forehead a bulging appearance. This is seen in less degree in the female.

This feature also shows at a distance, and when the male is sitting he looks much blacker than the common species. In the adult female the bill is clear orange yellow, iris straw color. In young females the bill is duller, and dusky at the base, the iris pea green.

Barrow's goldeneye has a more Southerly breeding range, being a common breeder in Southern British Columbia, East of the Cascades. There a pair or 2 are found on almost every mountain lake or pond; also large numbers of non-breeding birds, as like most *Fuliguline* ducks they do not breed or acquire adult plumage until 2 years old.

In winter it seems almost exclusively confined to the coast, not leaving the salt water until April. By that time the common goldeneyes are leaving for their breeding haunts in higher latitudes; so in the interior of British Columbia it is rather unusual to see the 2 species together.

### TO KEEP MOTH OUT OF SKINS.

For many years I have been collecting bird skins and mounting them myself, but have always been troubled with moths, although using arsenic and creosote as poison. Have also used camphor gum freely, distributed about my cases.

Can you tell me anything that will keep moths out of such specimens?

H. C. Hearman, Lansingburg, N. Y.

ANSWER.

Dr. W. J. Holland says:

"Naphthaline crystals destroy mites, and they cannot exist where these are abundantly present. Anthrenus and Dermestes may be kept out of collections by naphthaline; but when they have been once introduced they will remain and propagate in spite of the presence of the drug. In order to exterminate them various agents are employed. The best is perhaps chloroform, and next to this carbon bisulphide. In buying the latter drug, care should be taken to get the washed and purified article, which is not as malodorous as the common varieties which were formerly sold by druggists. It is, however, highly explosive when mixed in quantity with air, and care should be taken not to use it in proximity to a light. It has the advantage of destroying at once the imago, the larva, and perhaps the eggs of museum pests."

You should first try the naphthaline crystals. Fill several small bags made of mosquito netting, and fasten one in a corner of each box. The tighter the boxes are kept, the more deadly the effect will be. This is the most popular poison now in use among entomologists.

### WOLVES, PIGEONS AND SPARROWS.

Fort Qu'Appelle, Assiniboia, Canada.

Editor RECREATION: In March, last, 3 timber wolves made their appearance at an Indian Camp 70 miles Northeast of Nut lake trading post, about 140 miles North of Qu'Appelle, and killed 2 Indian ponies. The Indians hunted the wolves on snow shoes, shot one and killed another with a set gun over one of the dead ponies. The surviving and largest wolf immediately left for Nut lake, arriving there within 12 hours. That night he killed a 5 year old stallion weighing over 1,200 pounds. On being hunted next day he left there and put in an appearance at a cattle ranch 7 miles away. While the cattle were drinking that afternoon, he killed a large cow, about 8 months in calf, disembowelled her, carried the calf 200 yards through the snow and hid it. The next day my informant, Mr. Henry Fisher, got 2 shots at the wolf, the 2d at 400 yards hitting him in the heart. I have seen the skin and it is a large and prime one.

The Indians curiously enough say they would not have been able to kill this wolf, as he was charmed. Their theory is that he was, at the start, flying in the air, and that on touching ground he grew rapidly and turned into a wolf.

A young half-breed boy shot a passenger

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* See illustration on page 414.

pigeon a few days since, near here. It was one of a pair that came to some tame pigeons. Fortunately he preserved some of the tail feathers and I was thus able to identify the bird. This is the first one killed in this district, so far as I can learn, for 16 years. Some of the older half-breeds tell me that while plentiful 25 years ago, in Manitoba, very few ever come to this part (Assiniboia). I have since been informed by one of these old timers that he saw a good sized flock this summer in the Touchwood hills, 50 miles North, which are fairly well timbered with poplar and have lots of berry bushes. Of course there is no mast there, as in the Eastern woods. If the pigeons come here during the breeding season they would be comparatively undisturbed. I fear their presence here is accidental. The mourning dove is fairly plentiful and seems to be increasing.

The English sparrow is here at last. The first pair came to this village in the spring of '97. They were tolerably numerous in the fall, and a few wintered here; but I noticed they were not conspicuous when it was 40° below zero. Last spring they were heavily reinforced and now (July) they are in hundreds. From this I should judge they are partly migratory.

I have found great pleasure in Mr. Thompson's articles and illustrations, and in Mr. Allan Brook's very life-like drawings, which have appeared in RECREATION. Will Mr. Brooks kindly inform us if the wood duck and the black duck are found in British Columbia? Geo. F. Guernsey.

### PEDAGOGIC VANDALISM.

A fool school teacher, who should know better, has started every school boy in this town studying natural history, as he calls it, and has them all collecting birds' eggs. Unless something is done to stop it we won't have a song bird or a game bird in the vicinity. Some of these boys don't even leave the nests. I should like some information, in order that a friend and I may take such steps as may be necessary to stop this destruction.

A. Sidney Doane, Glen Cove, L. I.

ANSWER.

Section 80, Game Laws of New York, as amended in 1897, reads:

"The nests of wild birds shall not be robbed, or wilfully or needlessly destroyed unless when necessary to protect buildings, or prevent their defacement."

Under this law the egg-hunting complained of can easily be stopped; merely by informing the teacher and pupils of the law, and advising them that it must be obeyed, or arrests and prosecutions will follow. Most people in this State are ignorant of the existence of this admirable law. There are plenty of objects for the pupils to study without a wholesale robbing of birds' nests.

### AN ALBINO DEER.

Dixon, Ill.

Editor RECREATION: While taking views for the C. & N. W. railway, in Northern Wisconsin, I found a freak of nature in the shape of a white deer. I had never heard of such a thing before, so I send you a photo of it. Is it something that happens often, or is it very rare?

An Indian of the Chippewa tribe shot it, and has since thrown away his gun and refuses to hunt any more, as the Indians seem to regard the white deer as something sacred.

RECREATION is doing a great deal of good, as most of the fishermen here stop fishing, now, when they make a reasonable catch; very few of them go to extremes.

You certainly deserve a great deal of credit for the good work you are doing in the preservation of game and fish.

Henry A. Brown.

ANSWER.

White deer, while somewhat rare, are occasionally found in almost every section of the country where deer range. There are probably several hundred mounted specimens of these in the United States, and many illustrations of them have been published. I published one in RECREATION about a year ago. Albinos occasionally occur in nearly all species of quadrupeds and birds.—EDITOR.

### NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

I want someone to give me a good reason for protecting blue jays. I think they ought to be shot wherever found. I have seen them eat the eggs and young of robins, time and again. The young of the English sparrow they never touch. The blue jay may be a songster, but I never heard any warblings that emanated from his throat. I have shot blue jays repeatedly and shall continue to do so until convinced I am wrong. Then I will quit. I have crawled on my stomach half a mile for a shot at game, only to have a blue jay scream like a tiger cat and ruin my chances. It may be all right but it is aggravating, to say the least.

Thos. J. Buchanan, Huntington, Ind.

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Replying to your inquiry about the American passenger pigeon I can neither confirm nor deny the statement of the gentleman in regard to the birds in question. If I knew what part of Mexico he has been traveling through, I should be in a position to help you. Passenger pigeons are not in these parts, as far as I know. If any can be found in this vicinity, it will surprise and delight me greatly.

A. E. Crosby, San Luis Potosi, Mexico.

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**In making up** your list of Christmas presents put down a yearly subscription to RECREATION, for each of your best friends.

# SMOKE FROM THE CAMP FIRE.

The first monthly dinner of the Camp Fire Club, for the season of '98-'99, was held at the Hotel Marlboro, Saturday evening, October 1st. The occasion was made memorable by the attendance of Captain C. D. Sigsbee of the Navy, Colonel Charles H. Coolidge of the 13th Infantry, and Captain Stewart M. Brice of General Shafter's staff, as guests of honor. These gentlemen all told thrilling stories of their personal experiences in the war, which were listened to with rapt attention by the 80 ladies and gentlemen present. Captain Sigsbee's descriptions of his perilous services in the war, in command of the St. Paul, were especially dramatic. He told us how, alone and single handed, he blockaded the port of Santiago for 8 days and nights, immediately following the entrance thereto of Cervera's fleet. He admitted it was a peculiar kind of blockade; that in the event of the fleet's coming out and attacking him his only hope of escape would have been in getting away at a greater speed than any of the enemy's vessels could make. He realized, however, that it would have been easy for any 2 or 3 of Cervera's smaller vessels to have come out in the night and, attacking the St. Paul from different directions, to have sunk her before she could possibly have gotten under way. The fact that Captain Sigsbee obeyed his orders by keeping close watch on the entrance of Santiago Harbor, day and night throughout this critical period, shows the marvelous courage that is found only among American seamen and soldiers.

Captain Sigsbee also told us that under an order from Washington he put out all his lights and ran at utmost speed from Cape Haytien to Key West, almost without regard to his own safety or that of other craft that might be on the high seas at that time. It makes one's blood stand still to think of what would have happened if this great vessel, 558 feet long, drawing 27 feet of water and steaming at a speed of 22 knots an hour, had encountered, anywhere on this perilous night run, another vessel of any kind. The waters in that region were full of our own vessels, cruising at night without lights, and if the St. Paul had struck any one of these—even the Iowa or the Oregon—she would have cut her in two and sunk her instantly. Not only this, but the St. Paul would also have been lost. No man who has not seen military or naval service can realize the terrible responsibility this man took. No other can realize the intense strain on his mind, while knowing he was imperiling the lives of a thousand men and the value of the greatest and most costly ships in our navy, in obeying orders. The American people all know Captain Sigsbee as a hero, but only those who have heard him tell his story verbally, can realize the full force of his character.

Colonel Coolidge's address, though brief, was listened to with breathless interest. He is exceedingly modest, and did not like to talk of his own deeds. He declined to tell how gallantly he led his regiment up San Juan hill under a shower of Mauser bullets, which killed and wounded 72 of his men; but those of us who have watched the official reports and who have read between the lines of the newspapers laudations of certain volunteer organizations, know this.

Captain Brice is a young man, and was appointed from civil life at the breaking out of the war, but he has done good service as an aide to General Shafter. His speech was full of thrilling interest, though his story was told as modestly and as gracefully as the others. Everybody in the hall was sorry when each of these gentlemen finished talking.

Among the letters of regret read at the dinner was the following from Mr. Paulding Farnham, of Tiffany & Co., and who designed the $3,000 sword which the Government has presented to Admiral Dewey.

Dear Sir: I am in receipt of your communication about first dinner of the Camp Fire Club, with many distinguished guests.

I regret to say I shall be building my own camp fire and cooking my own dinner at that time; nor shall I have more distinguished guests than our friends the moose, the caribou, and the bear.

They may not be quite as manageable as our friends Shafter, Sigsbee, Coolidge, and Brice, but my duties in the wilderness, acting for the New York Zoological Society, prevent my being with you all. Under these circumstances, the least I can do is to suggest a toast to our old friend George Dewey, away off somewhere, with a case of champagne which I have ordered for that purpose, and it will be presented by Mr. Hornaday. Then here's to the yarn of

Many a buck
And many a gun,
Many a shot
And many a run,
Lots of firing
And lots of fun;
Hurrah for the man behind the gun!

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# THE LEAGUE OF AMERICAN SPORTSMEN.

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J. S. Stangroom, Chief Warden, New Whatcom.

*Applications for membership and orders for badges should be addressed to Arthur F. Rice, Secretary,* 19 *W.* 24*th St., New York.*

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### ELROD'S FIRST EPISTLE TO THE MONTANIANS.

Montana's Chief Warden is on the war path. He has sent out a letter to all members in that state which means business. Here is a copy of it:

Missoula, Mont., October 8, 1898.

Gentlemen: The President of the League has seen fit to appoint me Chief Warden of the Montana Division, a position I have not solicited. I accept reluctantly, since other duties press heavily. My great desire to see something done toward the preservation of the game which is so rapidly going, and to arouse among our young men an interest in Nature and a love for living things, prompts me to do what little I can toward furthering the work of the League.

It is imperative that we begin work at once. Of necessity this must proceed slowly. At this writing we have 117 members, distributed as follows: Miles City, 20; Marysville, 4; Philipsburg, 3; Victor, 28; Missoula, 47; one each at Helena, Ovando, Summit, Butte, Bannock, Red Lodge, Manhattan, Anaconda, Plains, Frenchtown, Grass Range, Lake View, Gardiner, Fort Benton, and Stevensville.

We should at the outset look toward the accomplishment of 4 things, viz.:

1. An increase of our membership.
2. The selection of a good man for local warden in each county.
3. We should discuss necessary changes in our game laws.
4. Plans for strengthening the ties of friendship among sportsmen, and for cultivating in the people of this great state a love for Nature and Nature's works.

The Montana Division of the League cannot succeed in its undertaking without the co-operation of the members. The Chief Warden alone can do little. Every member in the state is asked to aid in the accomplishment of some or all of the objects above mentioned. Our list of members should be 5 times as large as it is. A little effort on the part of each member will bring this result. Do some personal work, and do it at once. Recommend a good man, if you know one, for county warden. Correspond freely with me in regard to any question, and feel free to offer any suggestions. They will be welcome and will be regarded as confidential if so desired.

As yet the League has no legal power. For that reason people should not be led to expect too much of it. Yet with the active co-operation of all members—and that should mean all sportsmen—it can be made a power which lawbreakers and game hogs will soon learn to respect.

Extending a hearty greeting to each member with this my first communication, and trusting to hear the views and opinions of all, I am

Fraternally yours,
M. J. Elrod, Department of Biology,
University of Montana.

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### TROUBLE BREWING FOR GAME LAW VIOLATORS.

A member of the League in a Western state, who for obvious reasons does not want his name mentioned, writes me as follows:

There are some peculiar conditions existing here. All admit the game is going, and that it should be protected, yet when they go into camp they claim it is all right to kill a few birds, or a deer for camp meat, even in close season. Most of the people with whom I have talked say, " Oh, it's all right to shoot some game when in camp; but to go out shooting from town, that should not be done in close season." I am unable to see it in that light, and there are some others who do not, either. The best element is the one we have to combat first. I do not think much can be done until some one is fined, to the limit of the law. I went out last fall before the legal duck season opened, with as fine a man as one would want to be with, yet he would kill a duck in a minute if he got a chance, and thought it all right. The trouble is the people here have for so long shot what they pleased and when they pleased that they cannot see there should now be a change, though the laws are on the statute books. It is a good deal easier to make laws than to enforce them. Yet there are some men in this town who are not afraid to swear out warrants against the most prominent men in the town. When it comes to that I shall be with the best of them, and think we can make some of them change their tune, who now think position enables them to violate the laws with impunity.

I have noted your comment in the last RECREATION, on a letter regarding Indians killing game off their reservations, and shall write Mr. McGinnis and tell him what kind of information we want. We shall set our pegs, and later there will be trouble.

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### BACK UP YOUR GOOD ADVICE.

In every mail I receive a dozen or more letters containing reports of some slaughter of game or fish, some violation of game laws or some exhibition of swinishness on the part of would-be sportsmen. Those who send me the reports invariably urge me, in strong terms, to roast the hogs. The writers also assure me of their entire sympathy and approval in my crusade for game protection. In many instances, however, when I reply to such letters, asking the writers to join the League of American Sportsmen and thereby help to carry out the only practical plan ever offered for the protection of game, I am likely to hear nothing further from them.

I am always glad to be advised of any and every act tending toward the destruction of birds, game or game fishes, and am glad to use the full weight of RECREATION against the destroyers; but why do I not have the financial support of every true sportsman in this work? Why are so many content to " sick " me on, without putting up a dollar themselves to aid the cause?

I am spending every hour and every dollar I can spare to further the work of the League. Many other sportsmen are doing the same; but not until every true sportsman in the country is willing to put his shoulder to the wheel and his dollar into the treasury can the League accomplish all it seeks.

Whenever I roast a game hog I make enemies of him and of his friends. If any of them have been subscribers to the magazine I lose them. I am perfectly willing to meet all this. I am gaining 10 honest sportsmen for every game hog I lose; but meantime it costs money to educate these people and to train public sentiment in the right direction. Therefore, send in your dollar. Join the League and help while help is most needed.

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### HE HAS QUIT SELLING GAME.

Greenville, Mich.

Editor RECREATION: I leave in a few days for my annual deer hunt in the Lake Superior region and shall find myself in camp with a lot of fellows who, with one exception beside myself, will sell the saddles of every deer they kill, reserving only the forequarters for their own meat. When I come out, at the end of 10 days (that is all the time the school board can allow me), the depot at Mackinaw will be strewn with probably 200 carcasses of deer, consigned to various commissioners in Detroit, Grand Rapids, etc. This state of things, so far as the depot is concerned, will obtain almost every day during the season. Hitherto on account of my leaving earlier than the other boys, I have taken a lot of such consignments from our own camp, and neighboring ones, as far as the junction of the 2 roads; and there have actually seen that the venison was properly expressed to the consignees. I shall be asked to do the same this year; but shall refuse and be voted a hog—not a game hog, Heaven forbid—because I shall refuse to aid in this sale of game. I shall be true to our colors and shall do what little lies in my power to obtain converts. Furthermore I shall put away my gun and quit when I get 2 deer, though the law allows me 5.

The little silver badge of the L. A. S. I sent to my wife who is spending 6 months in England; and she wears it every day just to show the people over there, and to tell them something about our organization and the great good it is doing. She goes much in society and meets many of the best people. Of course the law attends to such matters over there, and it brooks no infringement; but they can't help but admire the motive of the L. A. S. Percy Selous.

#### ANSWER.

Your letter certainly has the ring of the genuine sportsman. You are making a martyr of yourself to the good cause, but virtue is its own reward, and I trust you will feel you have yours. You will see by some correspondence printed in the L. A. S. department of November RECREATION that your state warden is with you in this sentiment, and it is a sentiment that will prevail generally 5 years from now. Then it will be some satisfaction to be able to look back to your record of this year, and to say you were one of the first to line up on the right side. Your Legislature will doubtless pass a law, within 3 years, limiting each hunter to 2 deer in one season, and prohibiting the sale of venison at all times. If it does not do this, deer will soon be extinct in your state. They can not long stand the drain that is being made on them and something must be done to save them.

I heartily commend your honorable sentiments.—EDITOR.

### DIG UP YOUR $.

The League of American Sportsmen has now 1,051 members. While this does not indicate as rapid a growth as we hoped for when it was organized, yet when we recall the tragic events that transpired during the past summer, it is probably all we could have expected. Now that Peace has spread her white wings over the land and the people have returned to their usual avocations, interest in the subject of game protection is reviving and applications for membership are coming more rapidly than before. We may confidently hope that the present membership may be doubled by April next. In order to accomplish this, however, it is necessary for every member of the League to work for its extension. It is necessary for every friend of game protection, who is not already a member, to join. I cannot understand how any man who is at all interested in the preservation of our game birds, our song birds, or our large quadrupeds, should need so much urging to deposit the small sum of $1 in aid of this cause. I frequently get letters from men who claim to be good sportsmen, expressing the hope that the League may prosper and be successful. I look on the membership roll and find they are not members. This always throws me into a brown study. The idea of a man's wishing an enterprise success and yet not being willing to aid it to the extent of $1 is a conundrum to me.

Put your hand in your pocket and send in your dollar. Then advise your friends to do likewise. If you are already a member and are not wearing a badge of the League, send in 25 cents, 75 cents or $2.50, as you choose, and get one.

### PROMINENT MEN COMING IN.

The League has recently had the honor of adding to its list of members the names of many prominent sportsmen, among whom are Dr. Seward Webb, of this city, and Mr. H. N. Higginbotham, of Chicago, President of the World's Fair Association, Bird S. Coler, William Brookfield, Captain J. A. H. Dressel, Secretary-Treasurer of the National Sportsmen's Association, and others.

The League is steadily winning its way into the favor of the highest type of sportsmen. Many people wait before endorsing any new movement to see whether it is going to be successful. The League has succeeded and is now established on a firm and permanent basis. This is why such men as I have mentioned are willing to become members of it. No one should longer hesitate to join the League, and it is hoped thousands of solid men will come forward, within the next few months, and give us the support of their names and their money.

### ANOTHER LEAGUE WORKER.

St. Paul, Minn.

Editor RECREATION: Yours of the 20th received. I think I can get the 10 members, but shall not stop at that. I shall do some good work for the league whenever and wherever I have a chance. I enclose $2 paid in by 2 new members. Please send them their cards and ask them to make a few converts.

We shall have read from the platform, by some boy in this school, an essay on the protection of game, fish and birds. About 1,000 high school pupils will listen to it.

It would be a good plan to have such papers prepared and read in every high school and normal school of the country. The League could easily furnish some of the material for such papers. I shall furnish our boys with it here. Several of the high school boys have promised to join.

D. Lange, Teacher Natural Sciences,
Central High School.

This is a most excellent suggestion and I wish teachers all over the land would adopt it.—EDITOR.

### CHIEF WARDEN LAWTON IN THE FIELD.

Mr. R. B. Lawton, Chief Warden of the Connecticut Division, has appointed the following Local Wardens: Geo. P. Bliss, 2 Park Row, Stamford; Harry C. Went, 824 North Avenue, Bridgeport, both for Fairfield County; William E. Beach, 818 Chapel Street, New Haven, for New Haven County; Dr. H. L. Ross, Canaan, for Litchfield County.

Mr. Lawton has also appointed Mr. Harry C. Went, of the Bridgeport Board of Education, as Secretary-Treasurer. Mr. Lawton is rapidly making a record for himself, and it is safe to say he will soon have Local Wardens in all the counties of his state. His address is given in the directory at the head of this department and friends of the League are requested to give him the names of suitable men for Local Wardens. Also to report to him all cases of game and fish law violations that they may hear of in that State.

Game law violators in Connecticut are advised to keep an eye on Mr. Lawton's gun. It is loaded.

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### ORDERED TO RELEASE CAPTIVE SONG BIRDS.

Eben P. Dorr, local warden of the League of American Sportsmen, ordered the release yesterday of 3 orioles and 1 robin, which were in the possession of Edward Engesser, of 596 Northampton street, and 1 oriole which had been caged by a family living at 103 Kingsley street.

All the birds had been in captivity some time. No action was brought against the people, but Mr. Dorr warns all persons against the practice of keeping wild song birds captive. Trappers, especially, will be dealt with severely in the future.

It is not generally understood that it is illegal to shoot, trap or keep in captivity any wild song or insect-eating bird, under penalty of a fine of $25.—Buffalo Commercial.

Thus it will be seen that the League is rapidly getting down to work. It has accomplished more already than some kindred organizations that have been in existence 10 years.

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### IS HUSTLING FOR RECRUITS.

Millbrook, N. Y.

Editor RECREATION: We must do something, that is certain. We have a number of wealthy people here who own large tracts of land which they have posted; but it don't seem to do much good, as there is more or less poaching. The law abiding sportsmen are getting left. The "sooners" get the cream of the shooting.

Mr. Chas. F. Deitrich has his preserve of 2,600 acres fenced with an 8 foot Page fence. He has nearly 100 deer, a large number of pheasants and has put out 400 quail this year. He also has a lot of prairie chickens, jack rabbits, etc. If we can educate the shooters of this vicinity to let the overflow from this place alone we shall soon have fine sport; but they don't seem to learn anything, so we must try to make them. I think I can get 12 or 15 members for the League.

E. G. Rorick.

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### NOTES.

Deputy Game Warden Humphreys caught two fellows, out near Tampico, shooting chickens. They were brought here and fined $40 and costs, total $46. Two gentlemen from Mineral were also brought before Justice Davis but proof was lacking and the case was dismissed. Will's work has caused a lull among the law breakers and there will doubtless be chickens to shoot after Sept. 15th.—Sheffield Ill., Times.

Here is a game warden who deserves a gold medal in addition to a big salary. I hope the time will come when every county in the United States will have a similar officer, appointed by the state, and another equally good appointed by the L. A. S. Such teams as these, ranging all over the country, would soon make the game hogs tired and we should again see game as plentiful as it was 20 years ago.

If all good sportsmen would only join the League, we could soon bring about this kind of a millennium.—EDITOR.

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A circular letter has lately been sent to over 100 manufacturers of and dealers in sportsmen's goods, asking them to concede a discount of 5 to 10 per cent. to League members, on goods which such members may buy of them. About 20 favorable responses have been received already and I hope to print in January RECREATION a complete list of these houses, with their addresses. Among those who have already conceded such discounts are The Davenport Arms Co., The Syracuse Arms Co., The Gundlach Optical Co., The Blair Camera Co., The Folmer & Schwing Mfg. Co., The Oneida Community, F. C. Huyck & Sons, Metz & Schloerb, and The Novelty Cutlery Co.

It is confidently expected that this list will number at least 50 names by the time the January number goes to press.

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I received the badges O. K. and we all like them very much. We are both talking L. A. S. to all the boys, and hope to get them in soon. RECREATION has done a great good here in the past year. Let the good work go on. Roast the game hogs to a finish.

J. F. Talbott, Audubon, Iowa.

Why don't all members order badges and wear them? Why don't all members talk L. A. S. "to the other boys" and get them in? If all would do this we should have more money in the treasury than we have and so our work could be pushed much more vigorously. It takes money to do big things. Send in your share of it.

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I have received your circular in relation to the L. A. S. and heartily approve of the aims set forth therein. I trust much good may result from your work. This is a good field for the League, as we have a law in this state which allows the killing of robins at a certain season of the year. We hope in the near future to have that, and some other laws that are quite as destructive to bird life, taken from our statute books.

I have referred you to Professor Herman C. Bumpus of Brown University, and to Mr. William Morton, State fish commissioner.

Yours truly,
W. S. Ballou, Providence, R. I.

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Members of the Audubon Societies throughout the country can greatly aid the cause of bird protection by subscribing for RECREATION, and by inducing their friends to do so. This magazine is waging the most vigorous warfare on bird destroyers, pot hunters and game hogs, that has ever been instituted by any publication in this country, and its pages show, each month, that this warfare is bearing good fruit. It is therefore the duty and should be the pleasure of every lover of bird life to extend the circulation of this magazine, and increase its usefulness in every way possible.

# PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

### THE RIGHT KIND OF A FOLDER.

The New York Central Railway Co. has recently issued a booklet which is furnished to all passengers traveling on the Empire State Express, between New York and Chicago.

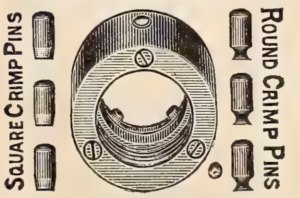
This booklet is from the press of the American Bank Note Company, and, in addition to new illustrations and a brief description of the cars and their appointments, a map of the route, and time-tables, it contains a feature not heretofore made use of in railroad advertising, which is a descriptive time-table, detailing in concise language the principal objects of interest that may be seen from the Observation Car from time to time as the train progresses on its daily flight. For instance, each river is named, and you are told where it rises and where it empties. You are told what railroad you cross, the name of the town you are passing, whether you stop or not, the principal industries in the town, its population, etc., etc., so that at the end of your trip you may have a great deal of practical knowledge of the country through which you have passed.

The Central has here set an example which it would be well for all trunk lines to follow. Every person who travels has frequently been annoyed by trying to find out, from brakeman or conductor, the names of lakes or streams along the route. It frequently happens that employees of the railway companies are unable to give such information, and thus a man is compelled to travel with his eyes shut, so to speak.

Every man of an inquiring turn of mind likes to know something about the country he is traveling over, and the railway companies would confer a great favor on their patrons by furnishing such information.

### A NEW CRIMPING HEAD.

The Ideal Mfg. Co. of New Haven, Conn., announces a new improved crimping head for turning over the muzzle of paper shells firmly on the wadding, to secure the charge within. The head as constructed (see cut) permits the use of interchangeable pins, 2 sets of which accompany each crimper, one set each to form the square and round crimp. The square crimp is preferred by users of single and double barreled shot guns, as that form is said to meet the expelling force of the powder with greater resistance, not straightening out as easily as the round crimp. The users of repeating shot guns find the square crimp will sometimes catch, on entering the chamber, when being inserted by the mechanism, therefore the round crimp is required to obviate that trouble. These improvements make the Ideal Star Crimper work positively on a straight line, permitting of interchangeable heads, followers and pins, and turning both the square and round crimp.



Further information will be found in the Ideal Hand-Book, 120 pages, which is sent free. Mention Recreation.

### INCREASING ITS FACILITIES.

The Ithaca Gun Company, Ithaca, N. Y., has purchased the entire plant of the Wilkesbarre Arms Company, makers of the Wilkesbarre and Parry guns. All the machinery and the entire equipment are to be moved to Ithaca and added to the already large plant of the Ithaca Company. On account of its durability and unexcelled shooting qualities the Ithaca gun has become famous. With the late improvements and new lines upon which the later guns have been made, trade has increased so that, although the company has kept a full working force employed from early morning until 10 o'clock at night, it has been impossible to keep the output up with the rapidly increasing orders. With the addition of new buildings and this new machinery the output can, of course, be largely increased. These 2 plants combined in one will make one of the largest gun factories of its kind in the world.—Ithaca (N. Y.) Journal.

### TRADE NOTES.

The passenger department of the Great Northern Railway has issued a handsome little booklet, entitled "Fishing and Shooting Along the Line of the Great Northern Railway."

The book contains a great deal of valuable information as to the best fishing and hunting grounds in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho and Washington. Also a carefully arranged table showing the varieties of fish and game to be found at and near various points along the line. This table also gives the names of the principal lakes and rivers near each station, naming the distance of each of these waters from the station, the names of hotels, guides, rates charged by same, charges for livery teams; also a brief description of the character of the country.

There are some dainty bits of scenery given in this book that make the blood of the sportsman tingle. There are also some striking examples of the work of game and fish hogs that should never have been admitted in so beautiful a publication.

Write for the book. Mention Recreation.

The Syracuse Arms Co. commenced on October 10th to run its works night and day, employing 2 shifts of men. This company is several months behind its orders on certain classes of guns and has been compelled to adopt this course in order to meet its demands.

This would seem to mark the beginning of a new era in the gun business. It has been several years since any gun factory, so far as I know, has been required to work nights. It is a most flattering endorsement of the Syracuse gun that the demand for it should have grown so great as to necessitate this course. One cause of the great reputation of this gun is that it is advertised in every issue of Recreation, to the extent of a full page.

An astonishing number of personal experiences of sportsmen is grouped under classified headings in each number of Recreation, the official organ of the League of American Sportsmen. It is not so surprising that these sportsmen have such good stories to tell, as it is they all seem to tell them so well. There is a great amount of valuable information contained in their recitals, with very little of unpleasant egotism or suspicious exaggeration of accomplishments. The illustrations are capital, and the magazine bears other indisputable evidences of prosperity, with a capital P.—Newark Daily Advertiser.

Canon City, Col., May 1, 1897.

Prof. Gus Stainsky, Colorado Springs, Col., Dear Sir, My moose head and the 2 caribou heads are certainly the work of an artist. They are not stuffed but are mounted in the natural pose of the living animal. I cannot compliment you too highly. Your work is the best of any in my collection, which numbers 45 heads, and which have been done in all parts of the United States. Yours truly,

Dall DeWeese.

W. H. Mullins, Salem, O., builder of the celebrated sheet metal boats, has just issued a new catalogue which contains cuts and descriptions of all his boats. and which is deeply interesting to all who are fond of the water. Send for a copy of it, and mention Recreation.

Last spring I bought from Charles Payne, of Wichita, Kan., 11 dozen quail, and had them shipped to me by express. When they reached me there was only one dead. The next day I liberated them, in dozen lots, and they are doing well.

F. M. Arnold, Clarion, Pa.

Recreation has brought us a great many orders. If I were to advertise in but one magazine, yours would be the one. I have taken great pains to speak a good word for it, and find everyone else thinks just as I do.

Pneumatic Mattress & Cushion Co.

If you would live next to nature, read Recreation.

# EDITOR'S CORNER.

## A MOOSE STORY.

"The Times" of Crookston, Minn., prints a story to the effect that one Octave Montreuil, who lives on the Clearwater river, recently went up that stream at night, together with his hired man, to spear fish by the aid of a jack light. It is said these men, while pursuing this questionable avocation, were attacked by a moose which they found feeding in the river, and that they were compelled to kill him in self defense. Of course, they had a rifle in the boat. Men who are afraid of being attacked by moose, when jack spearing, always take a rifle with them. It is said this moose became very angry when he saw the light; that he walked rapidly toward the boat until within 10 feet of it, when Mr. Montreuil shot him between the eyes. Of course a man who is engaged in the peaceful occupation of spearing fish, and who is attacked by a vicious wild animal, is always cool and deliberate. He always plants his bullet between the animal's eyes.

The men in the boat put a rope around the horns of the moose—which rope it is supposed they had taken along for the purpose of lassoing the big fish, which they might not otherwise be able to get into the boat. They started down the river, towing the carcass of the moose behind them, when, according to their remarkable story, they were attacked by another moose, which they were also compelled to kill in self defense. They fortunately had another rope in the boat. This was made fast to the carcass of the second moose and both were towed safely into camp.

The lies some men tell, in order to clear themselves of crime, would make old Ananias ashamed of himself.

## THE '99 SPORTSMEN'S SHOW.

The Managers of the National Sportsmen's Association have taken off their coats, rolled up their sleeves and gone to work, and it really looks now as if the next sportsmen's show would be a hummer. The idea of a straight trade show, on which these men have acted for 3 years past, has been abandoned and the entire floor of the Garden will next year be given up to forests, lakes, mountains, canyons, duck marshes, camps, live game parks, aviaries, and other natural and artificial features dear to the hearts of sportsmen.

These features will be put in by the State of Maine, the Adirondack people, the governments of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Quebec and Ontario; by the Canadian Pacific, the Grand Trunk, the Northern Pacific, the Great Northern and other railway companies. Thus when the visitor steps into the Madison Avenue door of the Garden he will find himself buried in a howling wilderness, such as those of Maine, Canada or the Rocky mountains.

The exhibits of the Canadian provinces will be especially novel and impressive. The Canadian people realize that of late years some of our game ranges have become so over crowded with hunters that a man literally takes his life in his hand when he enters them and that he stands about as good a show of being killed as of killing game. Canada has thousands of square miles of unbroken forests in which scarcely a camp-fire has ever been built. It is the purpose of the Canadian people to show the resources of these forests to the New York people, in so far as it can be done in such a building.

Look out for future announcements of the '99 show. They will interest you. Yes, they will surprise you.

### ANOTHER BICYCLE SHOW.

Mr. Frank Sanger, manager of Madison Square Garden, announces a Bicycle Show to be held in that building Jan.... to.... 1899. The announcement runs in part as follows:

> At the suggestion of a number of leading manufacturers of bicycles, the Madison Square Garden Company has arranged with the National Cycle Exhibition Company to give an exposition under the management of Mr. Frank W. Sanger. The popularity of the bicycle has increased largely within the last few years. There are thousands of new riders who have never attended a Cycle Exhibit nor had the opportunity to see and examine the latest improvements under the favorable conditions afforded by a National Exhibit.
>
> The great interest shown by the public during the last two years in auto-mobiles is well illustrated by the marked success made by the auto-mobile show in Paris last year, when more than 1,100 models of horseless carriages and auto-mobiles were exhibited. Therefore, the management of the proposed exhibit feels fully justified in adding this most attractive feature.

It is well understood that when the Madison Square Garden people undertake to give a cycle show it will be a good one.

### NOTES.

Richard Harding Davis has published an article in Scribner's Magazine, criticising General Shafter's management of the Santiago campaign. The General, in an interview, explains why. He says Richard came to him and proclaimed loudly that he was the greatest newspaper warrior on earth; that for this reason he should be allowed to land with the first troops and to have all the advantages possible for getting scoops on the other correspondents. General Shafter says he told Davis he knew nothing of his ability and that he would be treated the same as the other newspaper men.

Anyone who knows Richard will readily believe the General's statement. Richard could not have a greater opinion of himself than he has, unless his head were larger.

The Dover, N. J., "Index" prints a report of the arrest and prosecution of Edward Kelly, Superintendent of the Wharton Furnace, at Port Oram, for polluting the waters of the Rockaway river. Mr. Kelly was arrested at the instigation of George Riley, Fish and Game Warden for that district. He was charged with allowing poisonous matter to run from the furnace into the river, which caused the death of a great number of fish. Mr. Kelly was ably defended by Congressman Pitney, but after a careful hearing of the evidence and arguments in the case, Justice Brown imposed a fine of $100 and costs.

Here is another valuable lesson to managers of manufacturing plants, who so frequently poison the streams with their refuse, thus destroying great numbers of valuable food fishes.

Some one has sent me a circular issued by a man in Ohio, advertising ferrets for sale. There should be a law in every state making it a penal offense for a man to own, have in possession or offer for sale a ferret. Some states have legislated severely against these little brutes already, but in no case is the penalty as severe on the offender as it should be.

John T. McNamara of Hillsboro, Ore., was arrested for shooting pheasants before the opening of the season, and on examination before Justice W. D. Smith was fined $100 and costs. He was unable to pay the fine and was sent to jail. Next year he will wait until the legal season opens, before he goes after game.

I wish business men, when writing on business, would use flat paper and write only on one side of it. Nothing makes a busy man so weary as to get a communication written on folded note paper and the pages mixed up in such a way that he must employ a detective to find out which page is to follow the previous one.

A man in Pierre, S. D., writes to the New York Zoological Society, offering for sale a buffalo bull which he claims is 8 feet high. If he or any other man will produce an American bison of that height, I will give him $5,000 for it.

**That beautiful book,** "Birds that Hunt and are Hunted," sells at $2. Treats of all the principal game birds and birds of prey. The book and RECREATION one year $2.50.

"Bird Neighbors" sells at $2. With RECREATION $2. Both books and RECREATION $4. This applies to renewals as well as to new subscriptions.

Little Miss Muffett sat on a tuffet
Mending her bicycle chain,
When along came a spider and sat down beside her,
But it never will do it again.

## BOOK NOTICES.

### THOMPSON'S OWN BOOK.

One of the most fascinating books of the year is out; and another American author has struck 12.

It is not often that Ernest Seton Thompson—artist, naturalist, and raconteur—fairly turns himself loose, and runs riot in 3 ways in one piece of work; but for once he has done so. His "Wild Animals I Have Known" is truly delightful.

Some wise man has declared that to-day "books are made from books"; and of the overwhelming majority, this cannot truthfully be denied. The world is full of dull-witted men who live by imitation, and milder forms of theft; and we are aweary of them all. To-day a suffering world longs for fewer books made from books, and more from raw materials dug in fresh fields.

The originality and freshness of these stories is irresistible. From the birth of "Lobo" to the death of "Redruff," there is not a line nor an idea that was not coined in Mr. Thompson's own mint, and stamped with the living image of one of the most original and versatile of men. In everything he does Mr. Thompson has a way peculiarly his own. In fact and in fancy, in word and picture, his originality of thought bubbles up like the water of a never-failing spring—copious, clear, and flowing, as if the supply were high up and inexhaustible. Even if naked and unadorned, the facts he tells us would be very interesting; but when we have the facts and the factors fairly dancing before us, clothed in all the quaint quips and droll persiflage of an accomplished humorist and born story-teller, they are—as I have said—irresistible.

"The real personality of the individual," says the author, "and his views of life, are my theme, rather than the ways of the race in general, as viewed by a casual and hostile human eye." Out of a life filled with interesting events and observations, and a multitude of acquaintances in the animal world, the author has chosen 8 of the most remarkable animals he has known, and herein their stories are told. The star parts are played by a gray wolf, a crow, a rabbit, a dog, a fox, a mustang, "a yaller dog," and a ruffed grouse. In his note to the reader, the author says, "These stories are true. Although I have left the strict line of historical truth in many places, the animals in this book were all real characters. They lived the lives I have depicted, and showed the stamp of heroism and personality more strongly by far than it has been in the power of my pen to tell." Mr. Thompson believes that "natural history has lost much by the vague general treatment that is so common." He believes it profitable occasionally to follow out in detail the life history of one particularly interesting individual. Certainly it is true that no corresponding array of cold facts in natural history can for one moment yield the living, grasping interest that every reader of these stories will find in them. Take, for instance, "The Story of a Cottontail Rabbit." It contains more of rabbit-life history than I have ever yet seen in print; and it is all so full of interest and of fact, and so artistic in treatment that one is careful not to miss even so little as one line.

The story of "Lobo," the "King of Currumpaw," we have enjoyed before—in Scribners' Magazine. It is probably the most wonderful true story of wild-animal cunning that has appeared in English thus far. The story of the Springfield fox is as exquisite as the mustang story is dramatic and tragic; and Wild Joe is fully as interesting as the black pacer he chased in vain.

Needless to say, the stories are copiously and beautifully illustrated by the author. In addition to 29 full page plates, the wide margins of the text are liberally besprinkled with explanatory "remarque" drawings, to the number of 175 or thereabouts, which give to the volume an air of richness in illustration even unto prodigality. These vary considerably in value, but the majority of them will be gratefully appreciated. Take, for example, those on page 110, in the story of Raggylug. Along the top margin lie sprawled 6 rabbits "In odd, cat-like positions," and capital figures they are, too. On the left margin, Molly Cottontail gazes at the receding figure of Olifant's dog who carries in his mouth the limp remains of the "sulky old woodchuck," whose empty den under the pine stump was formally accupied by Molly "an hour later." On the margins, animals,both tame and wild, literally abound. Everything of special interest is pictured for you; and droll indeed are some of the figures. At Dotheboys Hall it was "first he spells a word, then he goes and does it." At Thompsons, first he mentions an animal, then he goes and draws it.

This book has staying qualities; and it has come to stay. In it, jaded reviewers will discover something new under the sun; and the public, ever ready for something original and good, will receive it with genuine joy. Unthinking critics may compare it with Kipling's fairy tales of human wild animals; but it will be a mistaken parallel. Kipling never saw the day he could produce work like this, or in any sense comparable with it. These stories will be read and treasured long after the "Jungle Stories" have been forgotten.

There is but one thing in the whole book to regret, and that is that Mr. Thompson, in his story of Redruff, yields to a popular error and calls the ruffed grouse a partridge. Americans are sadly in need of education as to the proper names of our birds and mammals, and it unfortunate that Mr. Thompson should not have availed himself of this opportunity to set them right as to the correct name of the king of American game birds. All the more pity since this same bird has been chosen as the emblem of the League of American Sportsmen.

Wild Animals I Have Known, and 200 Drawings, by Ernest Seton Thompson. Being the Personal Histories of Lobo, Silverspot, Raggylug, Bingo, The Springfield Fox, Pacing Mustang, Wully and Redruff. New York. Charles Scribner's Sons. 8vo., cloth, pp. 359. $2.

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### HOUGH'S "AMERICAN WOODS."

Several years ago, Mr. Romeyn B. Hough discovered that with the right kind of a machine, it is possible to cut wood into sections as thin as paper, which are almost transparent, and yet fully retain the color, texture and cell structure of the original tree. The first cards produced in this way were regarded either as curiosities, or as highly interesting botanical specimens, and when it was found that certain kinds would take ink quite as well as paper, their great novelty led to the production of millions of them for use by business men. To keep pace with the demand for his wooden cross-section cards, Mr. Hough invented and manufactured special machinery for the work of cutting, erected a factory, and entered seriously into this unique and interesting industry.

The logical result of all this was the beginning of a great reference work, or book, on "American Woods," of which Part I. is now before me. Instead of picture illustrations, this unique book contains 75 specimens of real wood, each 2 by 4 inches in size, and so mounted that both sides of each specimen are shown.

Of the 25 species of American trees that are treated of in the printed text of this volume, each species is represented by 3 specimens of wood, a cross section, a radial section, and a tangential section. For obvious reasons, the bark does not appear. Of course each specimen is an unsullied sheet of natural wood, without oil or polish; and they are mounted in openings in black cardboard leaves, like photographs in an album, 3 on a page, and both sides alike.

The whole thing is very fetching, and whether for educational or commercial purposes, the result is of great value. Truly, this age should be called the age of reference made easy. Instead of a school, a builder, an architect, a botanist, or any one else being compelled to spend $25 in collecting 75 specimens of 25 different kinds of wood, and even then scarcely knowing how to make them available, here is the entire lot, beautifully put up in a book-like volume, royal octavo size, with a booklet of explanatory text, all for $5.

"American Woods" is designed to cover, eventually, all of the woods of the United States, in a series of 12 or 15 volumes, or "parts," similar to the one before me. Seven of these volumes have already been issued. The first 4 cover practically all of the woods of the central region of the United States East of the Rocky mountains, and North of the Carolinas, the 5th those of the Southeastern states, and the 6th and 7th those of the Pacific slope. In this connection I must say I am pleased to note that this work is not offered on the all-or-none basis which is usually adopted for works of reference. The parts can be purchased separately, at the regular price.

It is impossible to commend this work too highly. About it there is nothing to criticize, and but one thing to suggest. As an aid in identifying species, I wish Mr. Hough would include in the text of each succeeding part an outline cut of the mature leaf, and, if possible, a small figure of the living tree. The additional cost would be trifling, and the addition in value and practical utility would trebly repay it. In all other respects the text is complete and satisfactory. It contains, besides a general introduction to the study of trees, 3 separate keys for the identification of the species represented in this part, viz., by the flowers, by the fruit, and by the leaves. Each species is treated at reasonable length under the following sub-heads: Names, in English, German, French and Spanish; Specific Characters, Size, Habitat, Physical Properties, Uses and Medicinal Properties.

As far as the issue of the work has proceeded, it has elicited only the highest encomiums of the press, and of private individuals who by reason of expert knowledge are best qualified to judge of its merits. It is absolutely without a rival, and as long as there are trees in North America it will continue to be a standard work.

"American Woods," exhibited by actual specimens, with copious explanatory text. By Romeyn B. Hough, B.A., Part I., 25 species, 26 sets of sections. Second edition. Royal octavo, green cloth, 79 pp. text. Lowville, N. Y., R. B. Hough, 1899. $5 a part.

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A handy volume has come to my desk, entitled "Bicycle Repairing." In it the author and the publishers have aimed to present a thoroughly complete manual on repairing—a practical and reliable guide for the proper mending of every part of a bicycle. This is the fourth edition of the book and new chapters and additions have been introduced covering every important phase of the subject not discussed in the earlier editions. Many divisions of the original volume have been greatly amplified.

The bicycle is treated as a machine composed of many parts, each of which may be damaged to a greater or less extent. Every injury to which each part is liable is discussed fully, and the best methods of making the necessary repairs are explained thoroughly. The treatment of assembled parts, in such operations as brazing, nickel plating, enameling and the like, is described in detail. Almost every topic is illustrated with one or more original engravings. The book deals with the simplest and most useful appliances for repairing. The directions are plain and in every way practical. It is recommended not only to manufacturers of bicycles, but more particularly to all those who handle bicycles, whether as dealers or repairers.

Bicycle Repairing, a manual of practical methods of repairing bicycles, by S. D. V. Burr. David Williams Company, publishers, 232 William Street, N. Y. Price, $1.

Doubleday & McClure Co., New York, are issuing a new series called the "Ladies' Home Journal Library." These are daintily bound volumes which sell at 50 cents each and which treat of subjects especially interesting to women. "Inside of a Hundred Homes," "Home Games and Parties" and "Model Houses for Little Money" are titles which explain themselves. These little books are full of practical and valuable information and some of them are elaborately illustrated with half-tones. Any of these volumes will be sent by Doubleday & McClure Co. postpaid to any address on approval, to be paid for if satisfactory or to be returned to them if not wanted after examination. This generous offer should be appreciated by their patrons.

"Over the Alps on a Bicycle," by Elizabeth Robins Pennell, is a new book which will prove specially interesting to wheelwomen. Mrs. Pennell makes the trip seem wonderfully alluring and gives valuable suggestions as to where and how to go; also what to avoid. One must, however, be an expert and courageous cyclist to attempt the journey. The clever, cloudy, misty, sometimes almost freakish, illustrations by Joseph Pennell bring Alpine atmosphere to our very doors and add greatly to the charm of the book. The Century Co. are the publishers. Price 50 cents.

Ward, Lock & Co., New York, have just published "Cycle and Camp," by T. H. Holding, price 50 cents. Mr. Holding is a veteran camper, and describes delightfully a trip he and a few friends made in Ireland, on their wheels, with their camping outfits aboard. No one need lack a similar vacation trip, through some available district, for expense is a minimum and Mr. Holding gives full instructions as to methods and equipment.

A. Conan Doyle's first book of poems, "Songs of Action," will be received with enthusiasm by lovers of the great story teller, and they will not be disappointed. Action the songs unquestionably have, and fire and rush. They have the true power to reach the heart and stir the blood. Doyle knows how to sing the songs men love. The edition published by Doubleday & McClure Co. is excellent and the price is only $1.25.

### HOW IT FEELS TO BE SHOT.

Edward Marshall, the war correspondent who was seriously wounded at the battle of San Juan, tells how it feels to be shot, in the September number of the Cosmopolitan Magazine. Here is what he says:

"I can satisfy curiosity as to the feeling produced by a Mauser bullet. My narrative is based on one Mauser bullet which shot away part of my backbone.

"When we ran into the ambuscade, I first emptied my revolver on the enemy, and, with an eye to the news for which I had come, began to look around and make notes. A palm tree under which I was standing seemed to shiver. I saw 3 or 4 bullet holes in it, above my head.

"I felt a blow in the back. It was neither violent nor painful. It was as though a friend had given me a light blow in play. I fell down. To my surprise I could not get up. I had interrupted the course of a Mauser bullet. There is little pain immediately following a wound.

"The first persons to come to me were the Red Cross nurses to bandage me, and then a surgeon handled me over and told me I had only a few minutes to live. I believed him. His statement seemed to produce as little effect on me mentally as did the Mauser bullet physically. The mental and physical dulness must be attributed, I suppose, to the shock produced by the bullet.

"I saw a good many men wounded and about 6 killed near me. Eight men a dozen yards away from me all dropped down, one after another, within 60 seconds. There was not a jump, not a scream. I heard one man say in a low voice, 'I am hit.' The others said nothing.

"It is a fact that every man struck by a Mauser bullet, no matter how slightly or on what part of the body, drops instantly. It seems as though the enormous force behind the bullet administers to the nerves, whereever struck, a shock like that from a powerful electric battery.

"We could not wave our arms or make any other movement, but we could talk. One chap said, 'Let's sing a song to show those fellows we aren't dead.' So we sang the 'Star Spangled Banner' and another tune, with a good deal of the tune left out.

"Pretty soon I began to feel as if red-hot needles were being stuck, slowly and deliberately, into my spine, from one end to the other. I have learned since that the burning sensation was due to small splinters of bone sticking in the spinal cord."

# BICYCLING.

## THE INDIANAPOLIS MEET.

Every successive meeting of the League of American Wheelmen is larger and more important in every respect than the previous one. The 19th annual meet, at Indianapolis, August 9th to 13th, was no exception. For a week that city took a holiday and devoted its energies to entertaining the thousands of visiting cyclists, who came in delegations and clubs from all over the country. There was the most generous hospitality on every hand, and each official badge issued to a League member, on registration at headquarters, was like a key to the city—it admitted him everywhere. Thomas Taggart, the wheelmen's idol among mayors, said to Eddie Bald as he grasped him by the hand, "If that key doesn't open every door, let me know and I'll have the lock changed." Bald proved himself once more the season's champion.

The success of the meet is largely attributed to the keen interest and personal activity of Indianapolis' cycling mayor, who accepted the presidency of the '98 Meet Club when it was tendered him and performed his duties with a will, going out in his shirt sleeves on a Sunday to direct the work of repaving the streets in order to have them ready for the cyclists when they should arrive, and later acting the part of host at the social functions with hearty good-fellowship. His example seemed to arouse the whole city to a sense of its possibilities as host, and the freedom and hospitality offered the visiting cyclists was unprecedented.

Previous to the time the '98 Meet Club went to work to prepare the city for its guests, Indianapolis had no bicycle track fit for the running of the championships, and the residents took but little interest in cycling affairs; but in a few short months one of the finest board tracks in the country was constructed at an expense of $10,000, streets were placed in good condition, entertainments prepared, and the public stirred up to a high state of enthusiasm with which to welcome the Leaguers.

There was excellent racing at the meet, but it resulted in many surprises to the racing enthusiasts. Gardiner, who had headed the percentage table all through the early part of the season and was working with might and main to gain the season's championship, made no showing at all, while Bald, champion of the past 3 seasons, who had ridden on the National Circuit very little this year and had apparently made no effort for the championship, gained the most points in the championship events, and placed himself at the head of the official percentage table of the L. A. W. racing board, with 129 points to his credit. Floyd McFarland gained 2d place with 114, Owen Kimble 3d with 99, and Tom Cooper 4th with 85. Poor Gardiner, after his season's hard work, finished the big meet with only 73 points. McFarland, who rode remarkably well all season, won great distinction by winning the one-mile professional championship, in which Major Taylor, the colored rider, ran 2d and Kimble was 3d, with scarcely a foot between the three. The time—1.58 2-5—is world's competition record for the distance.

The amateur one-mile championship fell to F. L. Kraemer, of New York, who was unheard of last year but leaped into sudden prominence at the League meet. In the mile championship he defeated E. W. Peabody, last year's champion, E. C. Hausman, C. M. Ertz, and Geo. H. Collett, all amateur riders of the first rank. Kraemer proved his speed in the 2-mile handicap, in which he lowered the record to 4.17, although he failed to win a place.

Two races at the meet which attracted much attention were the pursuit race of the East against the West and the 5-mile interstate team race. In the former the East was represented by Bald, Martin, Eaton, Vernier, and Hadfield; the West by Gardiner, McFarland, Cooper, Stevens, and Mertens. Each contestant, when overtaken by an opponent, had to drop out of the race, and the team which had a man leading at the end of the 5 miles won the race. The men changed pace regularly, but at the end of 2½ miles Stevens and Eaton quit. Vernier quit in the 4th mile, and then Bald and Hadfield dropped out, leaving only Martin to represent the East. Martin was in the lead and plugged away as hard as he could, but by changing pace the 4 Westerners overhauled him and Mertens went up in the last lap and took the race away from him. The time—10.23 1-5—shows that the race was run at the rate of almost 2 minutes to the mile; a most severe strain on any rider and a tiresome race.

Connecticut, New York, Indiana, and Illinois were represented in the interstate pursuit race. There were 3 riders in each team, and the teams were started at 4 equally distant points on the track. Connecticut was first overtaken by Pease, representing Indiana, and forced out of the contest at 2¼ miles. Bates then quit, leaving Indiana with only 2 men. A long, hard grind ensued until Illinois finally overtook the Indiana team and forced them out. New York and Illinois were left with their full quota of 3 men, but Illinois, represented by Peabody, Llewellyn, and De Stefani, slowly closed the gap between them and won the race after going 6 3-16 miles in 13.34 3-5.

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**That beautiful book,** "Birds that Hunt and are Hunted," sells at $2. Treats of all the principal game birds and birds of prey. The book and RECREATION one year $2.50.

"Bird Neighbors" sells at $2. With RECREATION $2. Both books and RECREATION $4. This applies to renewals as well as to new subscriptions.

# A COCKER SPANIEL AS A RETRIEVER.

JAMES HANKS.

A man living near Lancashire, England, made me a present of a handsome cocker spaniel. As soon as the dog landed in St. Paul, I went from Great Falls, Montana, after him and took him home with me. He is a beauty. His registered name is Darby. He weighs about 50 pounds, has large feet, heavy, short legs, and a large body, covered with a heavy coat of fine, wavy, jet-black hair. He is so close to the ground that he has the appearance of being small and very fat.

I found he was well broken and worked to perfection on grouse and ducks; but I thought him too small to handle geese.

In March I heard there were plenty of geese on the Republican river, so I went to Culbertson, Nebraska, which is situated on that river a short distance East of the Colorado line. There I met Bill Clark, of Lincoln, Nebraska, who joined me with the intention of getting a few geese. The Republican is, like the Platte, wide and made up of narrow channels of shallow water and sand bars. On these bars thousands of geese would sit and visit without fear of our molesting them. The shores were destitute of any kind of cover except grass, so what few geese anyone killed were shot with long range rifles.

After wandering along the shore one whole, long, cold, cheerless day, feasting our eyes on the noisy, babbling flocks on the bars, who utterly ignored our presence, we returned to town hungry, tired, and discouraged. Even Darby looked disgusted. After supper Bill and I put up a job on those geese. We got a carpenter to make us a dozen decoys out of ¼ inch stuff, according to our own artistic design, and the next night we each took a decoy to our room to paint as best we could from memory. The comparison next morning was laughable. They didn't look much alike, yet I think we both got valuable pointers in painting. At any rate we finished the painting during the day.

Next morning bright and early we started, driving along the river till we found a small island, about 40 feet long, covered with long grass. We waded out to it, carrying the decoys and my gun, a 10 gauge. We dug a hole one spade deep, piling the dirt around the hole, and covered the fresh dirt with hay. We placed our decoys about 30 feet away and were completing our blind when Bill sang out, " Look out! Get down! "

We just had time to jump in our blind when a flock of geese lit within a few feet of our decoys. I had broken my gun. Bill, to hurry up matters, thrust in 2 shells, which proved to be No. 12—the size of his gun. They slipped past the extracter so it was impossible to close the gun or get the shells out. We were 2 busy men for a few seconds, till at last Bill got a long stick and punched the shells out; but the game had fled and left him disconsolate.

We got Bill's gun, lunch, etc., over to our blind and were barely ready for business when another flock gave us a call. That time we got 4 geese. Three fell near the decoys and one fell, winged, over 100 yards away. It was making for cover when Darby, passing the dead birds, caught the wounded one by the wing, threw it up till it rested on his back and brought it over sand and water with perfect ease.

That day and the next we killed 23 geese and Darby brought them all. One goose fell from the flock after they had gone ¼ mile beyond the opposite shore. When it fell Darby, who was watching them, started for it and in a short time came back with a large goose he had carried fully ½ mile. The only things that gave him the least inconvenience were shallow water and quicksand.

We stopped shooting when we had all the geese we needed. I have used all kinds of retrievers and for faithful work, pluck, and strength I heartily commend the cocker, the best swimmer in the world. He is also excellent on grouse and woodcock.

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## A UNIVERSAL GENIUS.

He's a versatile chap, is the Yankee lad,
No matter from whence he may hail—
From the States where the Gulf waters ripple so glad,
Or the North, with its snow and its hail.
He is hot for the fray as he starts away
To the echoing sound of the drums,
But he's cool enough and he wins the day
When the moment of combat comes.

Oh, the Yankee lad can direct a plough,
Or any machine you select;
He's full of new " notions," and knows just how
To make calculations correct.
For a bit of a trade alert is he,
And his books always balance aright;
And, incidentally, you'll agree
He's a mighty good hand in a fight.

—Washington Star.

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**References—Third National Bank, any business house in Dayton, or Com'l Agencies.**

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*We guarantee the above firm will do as it agrees to.*—Editor.

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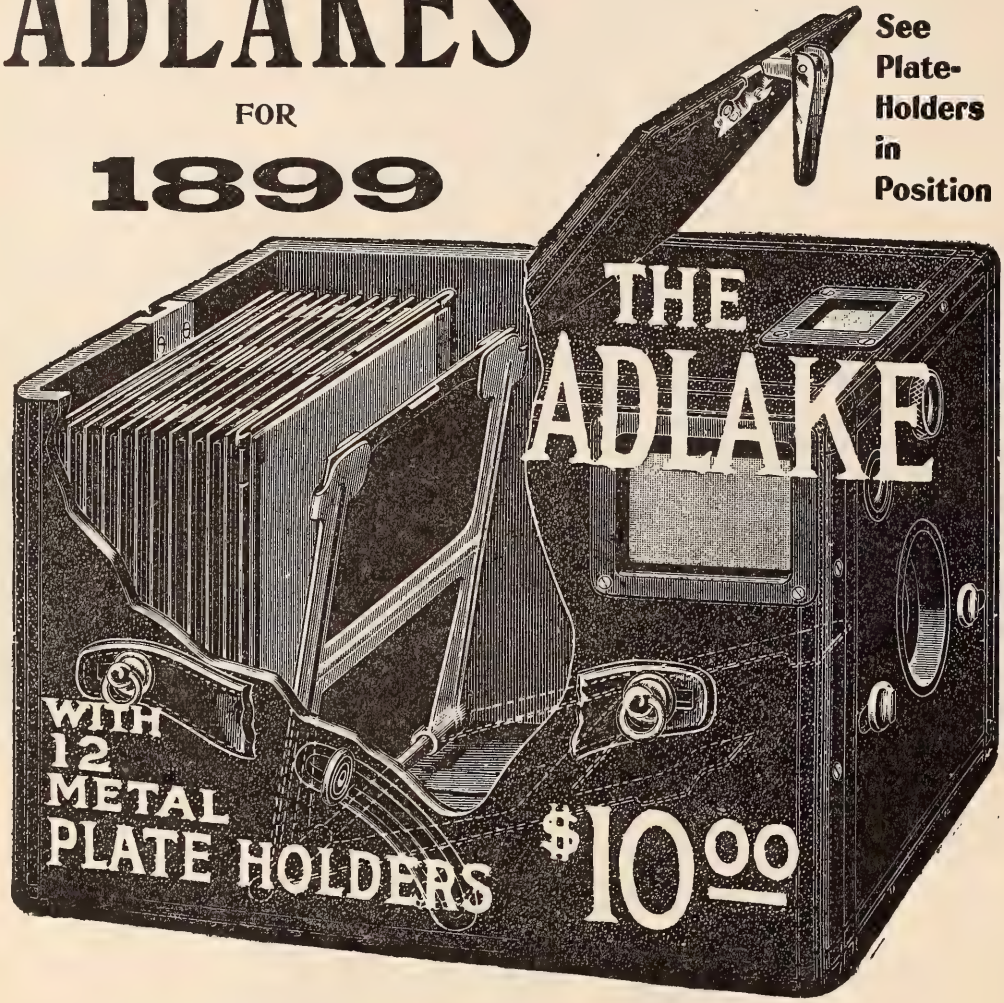

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# AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

## GUM PRINTING.

W. E. CARLIN.

In October RECREATION " C." speaks of making gum prints by coating the paper first and sensitizing afterward, exposing in the sun and developing in hot water. I hope he will pardon me for differing with him as to the best method of working this process. There is a well-known principle in photography, that any colloid, such as starch, gelatine, gum, albumen, etc, when mixed with the bichromate salts will become insoluble in water, and rapidly so when exposed to light or to undue heat. If a coloring matter be mixed with the colloid and bichromate and this mixture, coated on a sheet of paper, exposed to light under a negative and then washed in water, the parts which have not been rendered insoluble by light will dissolve away, leaving a photographic positive in the color supported by the colloid. The best known form of this process is the standard carbon, in which gelatine is used. This not being easily soluble in cold water, may be sensitized after coating; but not so with gum, which is easily soluble in cold water and which will dissolve away, leaving little strength of color on the paper.

The gum process is an old one and was formerly discarded for the very reason it is now popular, i.e., a lack of sharp detail and a softness not given by any other printing medium. It also admits of the greatest control in selective development, thereby ridding the photograph of its former more or less mechanical reproduction and affording the photographer a chance for individuality. Unless one has the taste and artistic ability to profit by this power of selective development, he would better stick to the carbon as being simpler and more satisfactory.

An outline of the working methods are as follows.

Paper: Any well sized brand in which the pigment will not sink into the actual fibres of the paper.

Glazed surface: Too difficult to coat and a tendency to harsh contrasts.

Rough surface: Almost too much loss of detail and not easy to expose and develop well.

Smoothish and medium surfaces are the most satisfactory. Use any ordinary writing paper.

The French charcoal paper—Allonge—is excellent. For general work Michallet is another good paper and easy to coat because of its parallel lines or ribs.

Sensitizing: The sensitizing solution is a saturated or 10 per cent. solution of bichromate of potassium. The paper may be sensitized, first by immersing in this solution for 2 minutes, care being taken to remove all air bubbles from the front and back of paper as soon as possible, when it will be as sensitive as carbon or nearly as sensitive as platinotype. Or, the bichromate, gum, and color, may all be mixed and applied at once. When the paper is very slow, about twice as slow as P. O. P., strain bichromate before use and see that the paper is bone dry before sensitizing or coating.

The pigment: This may be any that will dissolve in water, pastels, chalks, charcoal, etc.; but that mostly used is pure water-color paint, either in tubes, cakes, or powder. The cakes and powder should be ground into the gum solution thoroughly—tube colors mixing more easily. If the whole mixture is to be applied at once, the bichromate is added, when the paint and gum are thoroughly mixed, and the whole is strained through medium fine muslin before use.

Some of the best and easiest colors to use are Venetian red, light red, Indian red, lamp black, burnt umber, ochre, and indigo, while raw umber mixed with prussian blue gives a useful range of tones. The dishes should be porcelain or glass and perfectly clean.

Gum solution: Dissolve 2 ounces pure gum arabic in 5 ounces cold water. It may be pulverized and dissolved in 20 minutes by stirring, or may be put in in lumps and will dissolve in about 24 hours. Gum in solution does not keep long without becoming sour; although a drop of ammonia or chloroform will retard this. When sour it is apt to become insoluble and produce stains. Therefore it is best to use it fresh.

Brushes: Two brushes are necessary. The coating brush may be any soft brush that does not hold too much color, such as a thin pigs' hair, having thinly set and rather rigid bristles, or a flat thin camels' hair will do. The smoothing brush should be a badger hair softener or blender, about 3 or 4 inches wide and having 3 or 4 rows of hairs.

To coat the paper: Having previously sensitized the paper and having it bone dry pin a sheet on a drawing board at the 2 upper corners. No exact formula can be given to suit all purposes, Mr. Warren recommends the following as an example: ½ ounce of the 2 in 5 stock solution of gum is mixed with ½ ounce of water. This is mixed with say 20 grains burnt umber, or 14 grains black dry paint, thoroughly ground with a palette knife and strained.

Moisten slightly the coating brush, squeezing it to remove all superfluous moisture; dip up a small quantity of solution and apply rapidly, dipping up more if necessary until paper is thinly covered. Do this as quickly as possible. Then with softener held vertically to paper make several firm strokes downward, then several crosswise and in every direction, the strokes getting softer and softer. The sheet should be coated in 50 seconds or so, as the film sets in about that time and thereafter should not be touched. The result should be a level and very thin coating. The texture of the paper should show plainly. The film should be transparent to transmitted light and the color should be sufficiently strong to give a good depth of tone when finished. The coating and sensitizing may take place in the light, but drying must be done in the dark, or in a dull light. Too thick a coating means loss of half tone and a scaly appearance in development. Too much paint produces a water color stain on the paper which cannot be removed, and which destroys the whites. Too little color means lack of strength in the print.

The paper should be tested when dry by cutting off a strip and placing it in water. All the color should leave it in, say, 15 minutes.

Should you wish to coat the whole mixture at once, take ½ ounce of the 2 in 5 solution of gum; grind into it the same amount of paint as before and then add ½ ounce of the 10 per cent. solution of bichromate. Mix, strain, and apply as before.

The brushes should be kept clean, especially the softener, which must be dry when used. The negative should be fully timed, rather thin and free from harsh contrasts.

The exposure should be made in strong light, but not in hot sunshine. Very little can be told from watching the image as in P. O. P., for it varies with the color, manner of making and thickness of the film.

To develop: Place the print in water about 60° to 70° Fahr., face down for, say 5 minutes, when the edges protected by frame should lighten and the image begin faintly to appear. At this stage development may continue by rocking, soaking, laving, or placing print on an inclined glass and flowing gently with water from a sponge, squeezed on the glass above the print. The film is very delicate unless fully timed and a single drop of water, carelessly placed, may ruin your print. It is best to give a full exposure in printing. Local development may take place in any manner you wish, a light stream from a small sponge, held close to the paper, a spray, etc. Various brushes are used and your ingenuity will suggest many of these things.

Warmer water may be used for the shadows and for the whole print if it does not develope quickly enough; but care must be taken not to use too warm water, for once the gum is softened it may dissolve rapidly. During development, change water frequently.

When developed, lay the print face up on a flat blotter, to dry. When dry expose to sunlight awhile to harden film and clear in a weak solution (about 5 per cent.) of bisulphite of soda. Do not use alum. Continue this for 2 minutes to rid paper of the remaining free bichromate, then wash for several minutes and dry.

If the dull finish is objected to the print may be sprayed with the regular charcoal fixative, or varnished with water color varnish.

Hurry is fatal. Gum is not a good paper for purely mechanical prints. As has been said its value lies in the ability to make the print what your artistic taste tells you it should be, instead of the crude positive given by the silver prints in which tonal values are falsely rendered. A good gum is difficult to make and has a quality essentially its own. Portions of the print may be subdued; others forced; and you can make out of the print pretty much what you will. Herein lies its chief value.

## THE NEXT COMPETITION.

RECREATION'S 4th Annual Photo Competition will open January 1st and close June 30th. A strong and attractive list of prizes will be offered, as in previous years. Full particulars as to this will be given in January RECREATION.

I hope this competition will bring out at least as large a number of entries as either of the others, and as fine a collection of pictures. Of course it is impossible, as heretofore stated, to give prizes to all who deserve them, but even so, it pays every amateur to compete. It is this spirit of competition that prompts photographers to do the best work possible. It also stimulates the inventive genius of the amateur.

The old style of picture of a string of game or a string of fish hanging up, with one or more men in the foreground, wearing an "I-killed-'em" sort of expression on their faces, is not wanted. We want pictures showing action, originality, picturesque quality, fine composition, attractive backgrounds, etc. Valuable object lessons have been given in the way of the prize winning pictures published in RECREATION during the past 3 years. Let every amateur go to work to excel all these. Do not try to imitate any of them. Do not follow in anyone's footsteps. Do not borrow ideas. Originate your own and work them out. Show the world you are ingenious; that you have inventive faculties and that you think for yourself.

A special prize of considerable value will be given in this 4th competition for the best photograph of a live wild bird or animal. I have not yet considered just how this will be placed, but it will probably be given in addition to whatever prize the judges may award to the picture of this class on its merits in general.

There will be a good opportunity for some one to distinguish himself this year by making a better and more novel picture of live wild game than has ever been made. Who will win this?

## HOW IT WAS MADE.

Red Cliff, Col.

Editor RECREATION: In your October issue you print an article entitled "A Pettish Pet," that interests me greatly. From the way the story is written, and the cut you give, the reader is led to believe that Mr. O'Keefe had taken the picture near or on Holy Cross mountain, in February, and that he had his horse up there. Surely that must be a mistake. I have lived within a few miles of Holy Cross mountain for 12 years and have been a frequent visitor there during that time. My home is in sight of it now. I am curious to know how Mr. O'Keefe got a horse up there at that time of year, as there is from 6 to 12 feet of snow there in winter. Snow slides are not very numerous until in late spring, when it is dangerous to disturb the snow at all.

J. M. Dismant.

ANSWER.

Lieut. O'Keefe says, in the article accompanying the picture of the mountain sheep, "I photographed him in many positions. Then by the process known as double printing I was able to produce pictures of him apparently taken on his native heath." This means that he took the photo of the sheep on the range, cut out the figure carefully and pasted it on another photo of the Mount of the Holy Cross. Then he copied this and by the "double printing" process produced the picture as you saw it in the magazine.—EDITOR.

### GUM PRINTING.

Gum printing, which is all the rage in continental Europe, and which is rapidly gaining favor in Great Britain among the higher pictorial photographers, has at last been taken up by a few Americans, who are seriously experimenting with it. If some of the beautiful originals produced by such workers as Henneberg, Watzek, Kuehn, all of Vienna, the Hofmeisters, of Hamburg, and Demachy, of Paris, could be seen on this side of the water, this method of printing would soon find many adherents in the States. As it is, most of the reproductions seen are crude and undoubtedly lack the quality of the originals, and quality is everything in the gum print. Those interested in this most delightful of all printing processes will do well to read the articles occasionally published in the Amateur Photographer (London), that wide-awake weekly which caters so well to the wants of the pictorial photographers, whether beginners or advanced.

### AN EASY WAY TO CONVERT GRAMMES TO GRAINS OR GRAINS TO GRAMMES.

100 grammes + 4 = 25 drams, which equals 3 ounces, 1 dram and 43 grains.

1 dram (60 grains) + 4 = 4 grammes. This is near enough for general work, although one gramme is nearer 15½ grains.

### NOTES.

An interesting and beneficial pastime is to cut appropriate phrases from the newspapers, trim them to size wished and scrape the reverse side till you have remaining but a thin film of paper, the letters showing through. Insert the clipping between the negative and sensitized paper and print, the letters showing white on the print. Of course it is necessary to put the clipping in with the printed side next to the film of the negative. Another way is to cut the clipping to the desired size, fasten to negative by moisture, and then scrape.

G. G. Morehouse, Chicago, Ill.

To print negatives which are under-exposed in the foreground and over-exposed in far distance, several expedients may be used, such as printing slowly in the shade, holding back portions with layers of tissue paper, etc. The most efficient way I have found is to spread a little Prussian blue, oil color, by taps of the finger tips, over the thin parts of the negative, on the glass side. With care, fine results can be had from an otherwise poor negative.

Cloud Photography: An efficient color screen, in fact as good a one as can be had, is made by laying a piece of yellow or light orange gelatine between 2 pieces of thin crystal glass, and inserting this in rear of lens. According to the shade of color, the time of exposure must be extended from 3 to 8 times. A sheet of this gelatine, large enough to make several dozen screens, can be had for about 15 cents.

If prints toned in a separate toning and fixing bath fade, the principal cause is that the prints have not been sufficiently washed before toning. If toned and fixed in one bath the cause is insufficient fixing, as often prints tone faster than they will fix. Remedy: After taking from the combined bath put into hypo solution 1 to 20 for about 4 or 5 minutes. Then wash thoroughly.

In October RECREATION you mention a "New Print Paper." The formula says 5 per cent. and explains by adding "1 ounce in 5 ounces of water." Which is right? One-fifth is 20 per cent. One to 5 is 16 2-3 per cent. and 5 per cent. is 1-20. It seems to me the formula should be revised.

A. B. Dodge, Manchester, N. H.

The immensity of the photographic business is illustrated by the capitalization of the 2 largest firms. The Eastman Kodak Co., of the United States and England, works on a capital of $8,000,000, and the Ilford Co., of England, on a capital of $1,900,000.

Trim your prints before toning. It saves trying, before mounting. Do not be afraid to use the knife. Often a 4x5, or 3¼x4¼, cut out of a 5x7 plate will be a fine artistic picture, when the whole will be flat and poor.

# A JOURNEY TOWARD THE SETTING SUN.

### A. M. NELSON.

Denver, Col.

Dear RECREATION: After a delightful journey of 2,000 miles I am here under the wing of the mountains, in the everlasting sunshine and beneath the changeless blue of the skies of Colorado.

What a change it is! The deep green of the Maryland landscape has slipped away like the shifting scene of a panorama, and before me tower the hoary, treeless summits of the Rocky mountains. To the unaccustomed eye the change seems like going from life into death. Mile after mile speeds by under the burning wheels of the train and everywhere spreads—apparently—limitless desolation. The grasses lack the green of Eastern fields, and the shrubs are clad in the sombre foliage which characterizes the plains, the gray of sage. It is as if Nature had grown gray with age and had stretched herself out to die. Swell after swell of rolling prairie glides by, only to be followed by countless others just like them, until the eye grows weary with the monotony and the brain giddy with gazing.

But stop! Above the clickity-clash, clickity-clash of the wheels sounds suddenly the hoarse roar of the engine whistle and we begin to slow down. We are coming to a stop. As if we had suddenly dropped to earth from some other world we glide into the orderly streets and past the business houses of a town! Yonder, as we come to a stop we see the sign of a printing office, and not far off a saloon, "The Cow-boy's Rest," or "Ike's Invitation," or some such fanciful announcement. Farther off, where the generous prairie opens wide her bosom to receive it, stands the school-house—sure accompaniment of American immigration, symbol of American civilization, and seal of the nation's safety.

The streets are broad and generous, like the people who laid them out, and are adorned with rows of shade trees, liberally planted and carefully nourished. The American pioneer carries with him into the desert his fondness for the beautiful and the pleasant. In the door-yards are blooming flowers and cultivated gardens. Thrift is walking hand in hand with courage here.

Yonder a church lifts its taper spire, and there is another. The Methodists are abroad in the land, and the Presbyterians keep step. Not far over, stands a building surmounted by a cross. There meet and worship the people who have brought the religion of Rome from the poverty and oppression over seas and have planted it here safe from persecution, sure of peace.

The School *and* the Church! Not the school of the Church. Long may they live! These frequent thriving towns, the many lofty elevators, and the numerous cattle-chutes (is that the term?) speak of a prosperity which must go hand in hand with happiness, and mean independence.

For this the people have to thank the railroads which span with their steel bonds these limitless plains, and serve not only to plant the immigrant in his Western home, but to keep him in touch with the world from which he has come.

Happy the traveler who places his trust in the management of the "Burlington." Its officials are attentive gentlemen, courteous and watchful to serve. Not more safe from unwelcome surroundings would a lady be in her parlor at home than in the care of the officials who have charge of the Burlington trains.

Women are usually "cranky" travelers, and are probably not in great demand among railroad men. But surely the greatest stickler for deference could find no fault with these. From the courteous agent at the Union Depot in St. Louis to the porter in charge of the car, I found everywhere ready politeness and knightly considerateness, and take this means to thank them for the pains they took to make bright and comfortable a long and wearying journey.

The cars are equipped with sumptuous elegance, and every possible effort is made in their construction and appointments to surround the traveler—far from friends—with all the comforts and refinements which make home delightful.

But the great mission of the Burlington has been to build up the country through which it passes. This it has done by a system of liberality which has not failed to make the "waste places" of the desert "blossom as the rose." Where a few years ago the Indian divided his wickeyup with his papooses and his vermin, are now the thriving farms and comfortable homes of his Anglo-saxon successor. Instead of the herds of buffalo whose numbers were as the sands of the seashore are now the tamer "bunches" of the cattleman, or the cows of the farmer, which come with tinkling bells at evening to the bars in answer to some lassie's milking song.

This is the magic which the "Burlington" has wrought. Here has been a greater wizard than the hero of the lamp and the ring.

It may be that markets have been unkind to the pioneer, and that prosperity has not always crowned his toil, but I doubt not in many a home along this iron highway Content sits down by the fireside and smiles into the eyes of Peace, two guests brought hither by the "B. & M."

A future letter may have more to say.

# THE TURNER-REICH

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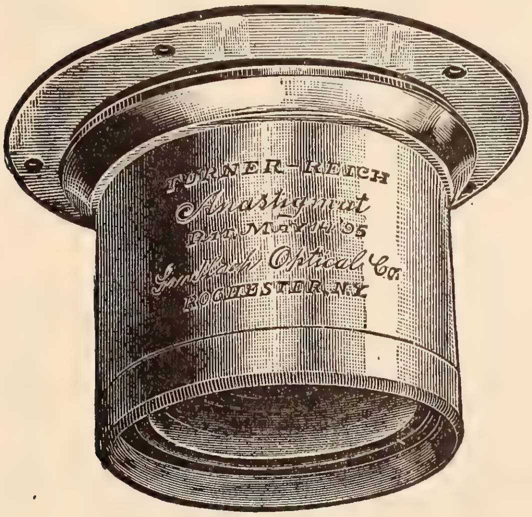
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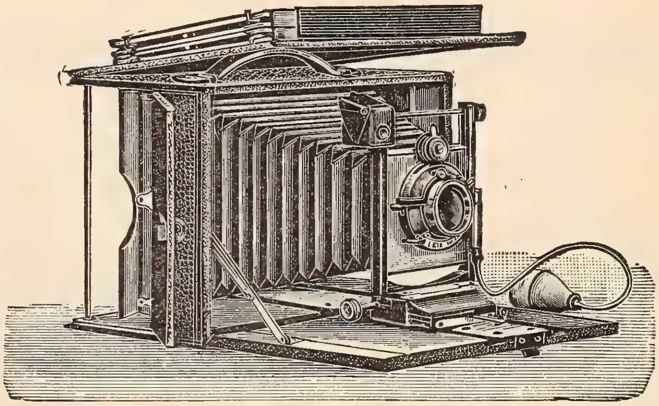
OUR SHUTTERS LEAD
Our CAMERAS are UNSURPASSED in WORKMANSHIP and FINISH

THE ONLY CONCERN IN THE UNITED STATES TURNING OUT A COMPLETE CAMERA, LENS, AND SHUTTER, ALL OF THEIR OWN MANUFACTURE * * * * * * * * *



## GUNDLACH OPTICAL CO.

751 to 765 South Clinton St. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE

# Eastman's Bromide Lantern Slide Plates

Give the brilliant high-lights, delicately graded half tones and transparent shadows which are so highly valued by the best lantern slide workers.

They allow of great latitude in exposure and can be developed with any good developer except Pyro.

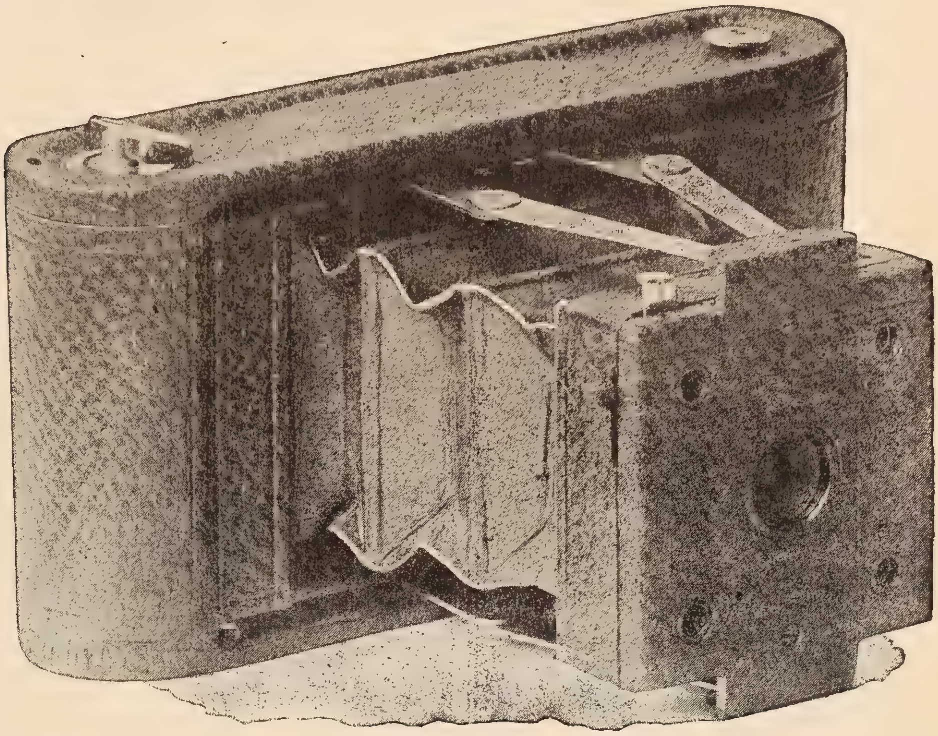
EASTMAN KODAK CO.

*For sale by all dealers.* Rochester, N. Y.

*There is no Kodak but the Eastman Kodak.*

# Holidays are Kodak Days

**Folding**
**Pocket**
**Kodak**
**$10.**



**Indoors and Out** the holiday season is a delightful one for amateur photography, making the Kodak an especially welcome **Christmas Gift.**

The Christmas tree, groups of friends at the dinner table or at the card party are all fascinating subjects for the flash-light and the winter days give ample opportunity for indoor portraiture, while outside, the barren, wind swept fields, or the trees covered with their feathery mantles of white offer unlimited possibilities to the amateur artist.

Flash-light pictures and daylight pictures are easy with a Kodak.

**KODAKS $5.00 to $35.00.**

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

*Catalogues free at the dealers or by mail.* Rochester, N. Y.

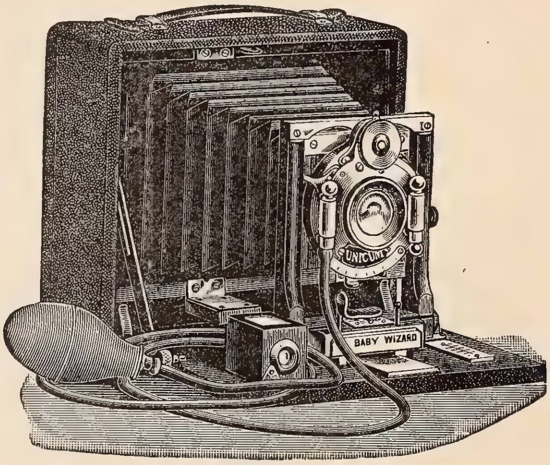
# The Vital Points

To be Considered by the Sportsman
or Tourist in Selecting a Camera

ARE
Compactness
Durability
Lightness

## OUR BABY WIZARD

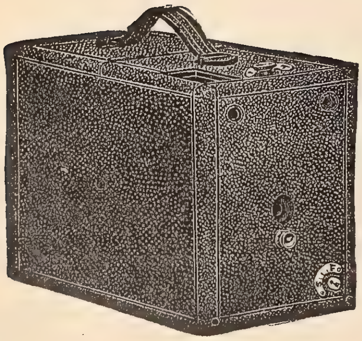
We believe embodies these requisites to a greater degree than any other.



⁂

## THE "BOSS DANDY"

Is a King Among Cheap Cameras



**Price, $5.00**

Makes a perfect picture 4x5 inches. Handsomely covered with Black Grain Leather, fitted with our Rapid Achromatic Lens, Improved Safety Shutter, two Tripod Plates and two square Finders.

⁂

# Manhattan Optical Co.

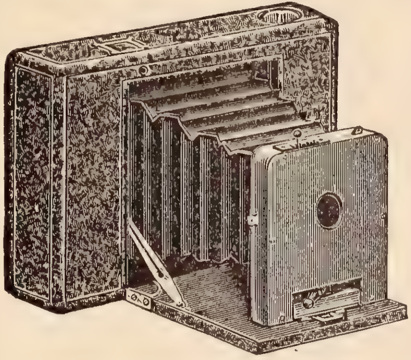
OF N. Y.

**Our handsome new Catalogue fully describes these and many other Cameras. Send two-cent stamp for Catalogue.**

Works and Executive Offices
CRESSKILL, N. J.

# Hawk-Eyes—10 different styles and sizes for the Holidays

varying in price from $5 to $50



**Size,** 1½ x 4½ x 6½ inches,
**Price, $9.00**

There is more real value in the Hawk-Eye for the money expended, than in any other camera manufactured. Our catalogue, free to any address, tells the reason. This illustration shows the new

## Tourist Hawk-Eye

the smallest Camera in existence that loads in daylight, and has a capacity for twelve exposures, making a photo 3½ x 3½ inches.

Glass Plates or Roll Film can be used with all of the late model Hawk-Eyes, which advantage should be considered before purchasing.

**The Blair Camera Co., Film and Camera Manufacturers**
**22 Randolph St., Boston**

**For Exchange:** Remington typewriter, Fowler bicycle, acetylene bicycle lamp, d. b.-b. l. shot gun, Winchester single shot .32-20 rifle, Whitney single action revolver, 1 h. p. kerosene engine, suitable for power or small boat. For incubators, flute, guns, cameras, books, or anything of equal value. What have you?

F. H. Williams, Greene, N. Y.

**For Exchange:** Concert size guitar, nearly new; pearl inlaid. Cost $25; fine tone, not cracked or warped. Also Quad camera, 3½ x 3½, in first class order. Would exchange guitar for Zimmerman autoharp, No. 6, and camera for 4 x 5 magazine camera, rectilinear lens, paying difference in cash. Or would exchange both for Zonophone or improved gramophone.

R. H. Searcy, Eufaula, Ind. Ter.

I value your photographic department highly; in fact, many of the items it contains are better than those in any of the professional papers devoted exclusively to photography.

H. C. Barley, Skaguay, Alaska.

**That beautiful book,** "Birds that Hunt and are Hunted," sells at $2. Treats of all the principal game birds and birds of prey. The book and Recreation one year $2.50. This applies to renewals as well as to new subscriptions.

(Taken on a Carbutt Orthochromatic Plate.)
By Alois Beer, Photographer to Emperor of Austria.

## To Obtain Artistic Results

as much care must be used in the selection of the Plates or Films as the Camera.

**CARBUTT'S PLATES AND FILMS**
(STANDARD FOR 20 YEARS)
**Give Universal Satisfaction**

**Also J. C. DEVELOPING TABLETS, put up in 3 sizes, price 25c., 40c., 75c.**

If you intend competing for prizes let us assist you in winning by the aid of our Plates, Films, and Developer. For sale by all dealers. Catalogue free.

**JOHN CARBUTT, WAYNE JUNCTION Philadelphia, Pa.**

*AS CHEAP AS RECEIVING A*

# Christmas Present

*IS A NEW*

# WILLSIE CAMERA

*AT THE NEW PRICES*

Ask a dealer to show them to you or, if he does not handle them or will not order for you

Send postal for particulars

Or send three 2-cent stamps for particulars, book and sample picture

## WILLSIE 4 x 5 CAMERA

- Loads with 36 mounted flat films 4½ x 5½, or
- Six glass plates, 4 x 5, in holders
- Meniscus Achromatic lens, 6½ in. focus
- Two view finders and two tripod plates
- Time and snap-shot shutter
- Accurately scaled focusing device
- Covered with seal grain leather
- An exposure meter
- Measures 5¼ x 7 x 8½ inches
- Weighs 2½ pounds
- A stop disk with three openings
- Polished nickel trimmings

SCHOOLCRAFT, MICH., Oct. 5th.

The Willsie Camera was received Monday, and I am delighted with it. It is a beauty, and its work is of the best. I have already made several exposures, and in every case have gotten negatives rich in detail, and perfect in every respect.

The mounted films are by far the handiest invention ever embodied in any hand camera.

If you wish to establish an agency, I should be pleased to accept the agency.

Yours,

CHARLES D. ALLEN.

ROCKFORD SILVER PLATE CO.

202 WYMAN STREET ROCKFORD, ILL.

## IF WE DIDN'T HAVE TO EAT.

NIXON WATERMAN, IN L. A. W. BULLETIN.

Life would be an easy matter
If we didn't have to eat.
If we never had to utter,
"Won't you pass the bread and butter,
Likewise push along that platter
Full of meat?"
Yes, if food were obsolete
Life would be a jolly treat,
If we didn't—shine or shower,
Old or young, 'bout every hour—
Have to eat, eat, eat, eat, eat,—
'Twould be jolly if we didn't have to eat.

We could save a lot of money,
If we didn't have to eat.
Could we cease our busy buying
Baking, broiling, brewing, frying,
Life would then be oh, so sunny
And complete;
And we wouldn't fear to greet
Every grocer in the street
If we didn't—man and woman,
Every hungry, helpless human,—
Have to eat, eat, eat, eat, eat,—
We'd save money if we didn't have to eat.

All our worry would be over
If we didn't have to eat.
Would the butcher, baker, grocer
Get our hard-earned dollars? No, sir!
We would then be right in clover
Cool and sweet.
Want and hunger we could cheat,
And we'd get there with both feet,
If we didn't—poor or wealthy,
Halt or nimble, sick or healthy—
Have to eat, eat, eat, eat, eat,
We could get there if we didn't have to eat.

IF YOU SUBSCRIBE
for Recreation
During DECEMBER
you will get the
Christmas Number
FREE
And your Subscription will begin with
January '99

**Angora Kittens:**—Who wants a most delightful pet for $10? Express charges paid East of Mississippi River. Thomas M. Upp, 57 West 137th Street, New York City.

**For Sale and Exchange:** Live flying squirrels, in pairs. What have you to offer?
E. F. Pope, Colmesneil, Texas.

QUAKER
2 POUNDS
QUAKER OATS
ROLLED WHITE OATS
Quaker Oats
Quaker Oats
PURE

Breakfast!

Don't starve yourself in the morning. Don't stuff yourself in the morning. Breakfast should be nourishing and easily digested, for it has to sustain the whole family through the most trying part of the day. Give your tired stomach a chance by breakfasting on Quaker Oats.

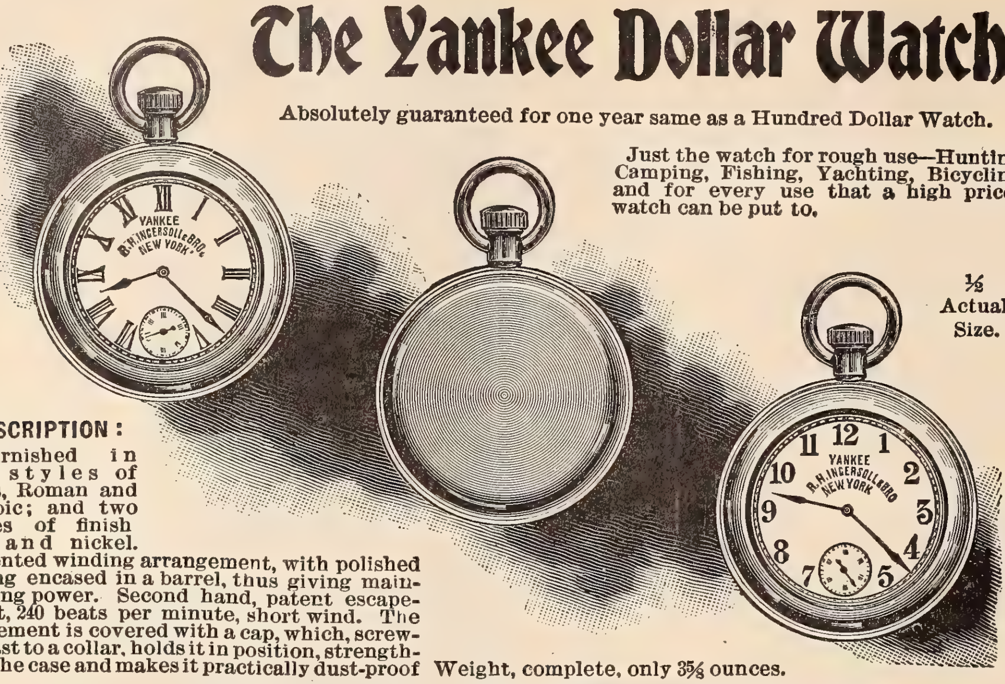
THE EASY FOOD
Quaker Oats
THE WORLD'S BREAKFAST
ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE

SINCLAIR PAUL E. DERRICK ADV'G AGENCY

# The Yankee Dollar Watch

**Absolutely guaranteed for one year same as a Hundred Dollar Watch.**

**Just the watch for rough use—Hunting, Camping, Fishing, Yachting, Bicycling, and for every use that a high priced watch can be put to.**



**½ Actual Size.**

**DESCRIPTION:**
Furnished in two styles of dials, Roman and Arabic; and two styles of finish gilt and nickel. Patented winding arrangement, with polished spring encased in a barrel, thus giving maintaining power. Second hand, patent escapement, 240 beats per minute, short wind. The movement is covered with a cap, which, screwed fast to a collar, holds it in position, strengthens the case and makes it practically dust-proof Weight, complete, only 3⅝ ounces.

GUARANTEE
SOLD
DATE
BY
R. H. Ingersoll & Bro.
MAKERS
65 COURTLANDT STREET, NEW YORK CITY
AGREE THAT IF WITHOUT ABUSE, THIS WATCH FAILS TO KEEP GOOD TIME, THEY WILL UPON ITS RETURN TO THEM, DIRECT OR THROUGH AGENT NAMED ABOVE, WITHIN ONE YEAR FROM ABOVE DATE, REPAIR OR REPLACE IT WITH A NEW ONE

***READ OUR ABSOLUTE GUARANTEE.***

## MADE IN AMERICA BY AMERICANS.

**PRICE, $1.00 EACH, PREPAID.**

**Your money back if you are not satisfied.**

**Large catalogue of interesting specialties free for the asking.**

**ROBERT H. INGERSOLL & BRO.,**

**"Watchmakers to the American People."** **65 Cortlandt St., Dept. 77, N. Y.**

## ALL SPORTSMEN AND LOVERS OF NATURE

are invited to call at this office and see the

## MARVELOUS FLASHLIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS

...OF...

## Live Wild Game

advertised on page XII of this issue of RECREATION

**For Exchange:** Unmounted prints, taken from here to Europe, Omaha Exposition, Jubilee Parades, etc. Return many as received 4 x 5 or smaller. Also for exchange, Postage Stamps, Camera or Cycle.
L. T. Brodstone, Superior, Neb.

**For Sale or Exchange:** Winchester repeating rifle; 200-egg reliable incubator; valve trombone (B ). For shotgun, revolver, clarionet, camera, typewriter, creamery, cream separator, or rabbit hound.
W. O. Bierly, Drums, Pa.

**Wanted:** Telescope sighted Stevens rifle.
Box 133, N. Topeka, Kan.

I am fully aware of the way in which the game animals, birds and fishes are being destroyed and driven out of the country by game and fish hogs; also of the good work being done first by RECREATION and second by the L. A. S. Success to both! May the time soon come when Coquina will have to content himself with roasting a canvasback instead of pork.
G. W. Jordan, Bickelton, Wash.

RECREATION is for sale on the news stands here, at 50 cents a copy, so I see it once in a while, if I am fortunate enough to get there before all copies are sold. They are snapped up quickly, however.
E. A. Jackson, Dawson City, N. W. T.

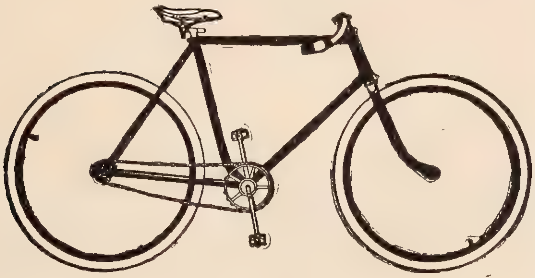
**For Exchange:** One pair field glasses (Societe de Optique) and a .44 Russian revolver, both little used. For Savage rifle, or .30-30 Winchester, take down. No others wanted.
Dr. E. F. Conyngham, Philipsburg, Mont.

**For Exchange:** Fine old violoncello. New cloth case and new bow, in fine condition. For good double gun, field glass, camera or good single shot rifle.
H. W. Kimball,
13 Main St., Haverhill, Mass.

**For Sale:** A young bull moose, 6 months old; tame; in fine condition.
Geo. Kelly, Lower Caledonia, Nova Scotia.

THE KEATING BICYCLE

... FOR 1899 ...



is the embodiment of the highest ideals in Bicycle construction, beauty of outline, and quality of material employed.

Your inquiry would please us

KEATING WHEEL CO.
MIDDLETOWN, CONN.

P. S. By the way, we would mention that we build the finest pneumatic-tired carriage in the world.

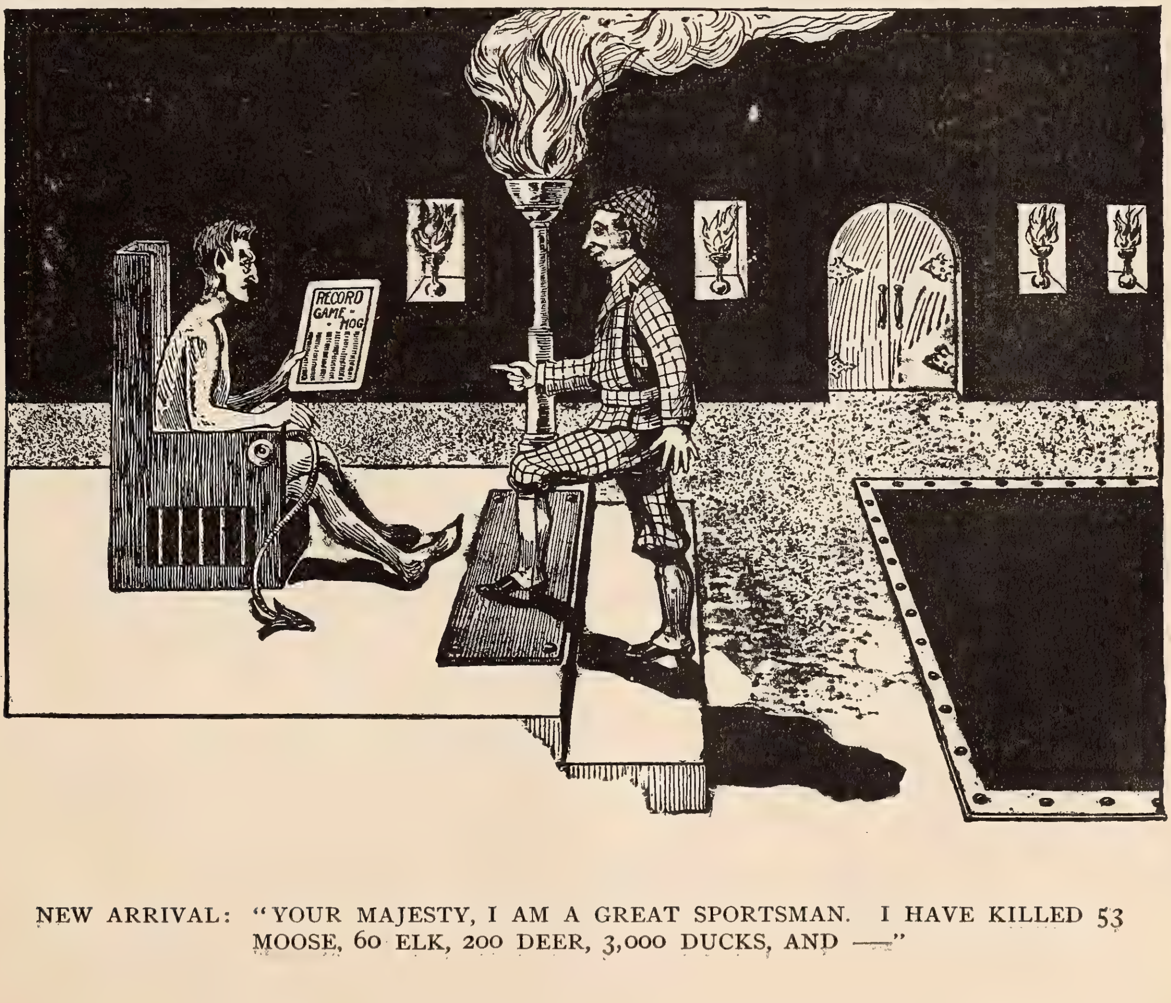
Please mention RECREATION.

**Indigestion Has No Terrors For Him**
That salt-shaker is filled with **Pepsalt.**
It cures and prevents indigestion.

**PEPSALT** is the best of table salt, into every grain of which is incorporated digestive substances natural to the stomach. Fill your salt-cellar with ***Pepsalt*** and use it in place of salt at your meals. If you have indigestion your stomach does not supply the necessary amount of the dissolving or digestive juices. ***Pepsalt*** taken in place of salt at your meals makes good this deficiency, as you take with every mouthful of your food a similar substance to that which is required and at the right time, and your indigestion is a thing of the past. Send for sample in salt-shaker bottle and try it. Price 25 cents, postpaid.

THE VAUPEL SAMARITAN CO. (Permanent Bldg.),
19 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

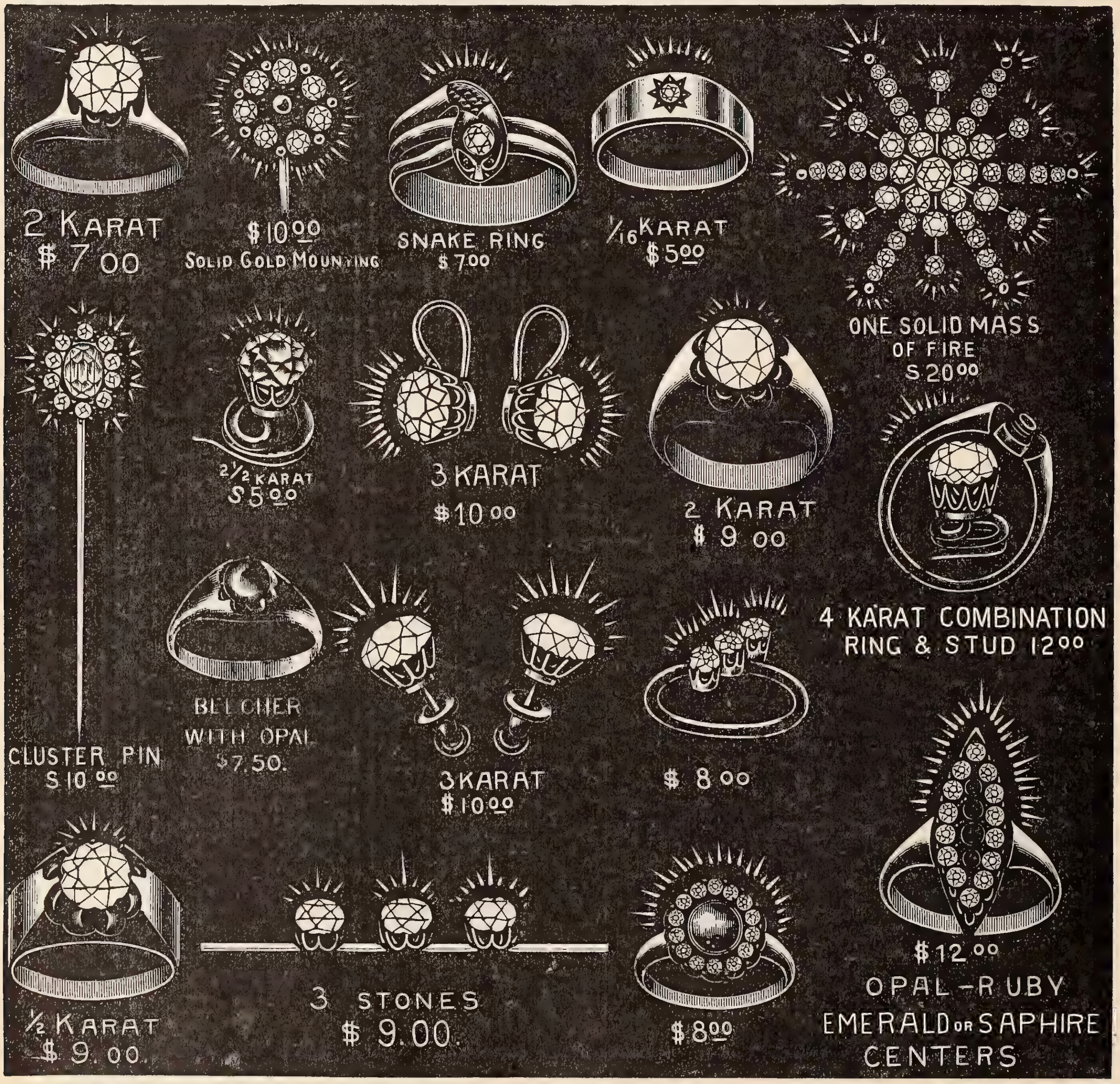
**PEPSALT CURES AND PREVENTS INDIGESTION**



NEW ARRIVAL: "YOUR MAJESTY, I AM A GREAT SPORTSMAN. I HAVE KILLED 53 MOOSE, 60 ELK, 200 DEER, 3,000 DUCKS, AND ——"

Genuine Barrios Diamonds (TRADE MARK) } Set in Solid Gold.

The Genuine Barrios Diamonds shown in the illustrations below cannot possibly be distinguished from real diamonds by the most competent judges. The gold used is pure, only alloyed and tempered enough to hold the stones firmly. The illustrations do not show the exact sizes of the articles; no cut ever printed would convey a correct impression of the sparkle and fire in the stones. The size has nothing to do with the quality—it only regulates the price. A small Barrios Diamond, properly cut, (with facets like a real Diamond) and with fine gold mountings, such as ours, sparkles just the same as a larger one. We have rings in any combination desired—Emerald, Ruby, Opal, Sapphire, etc., with Barrios Diamonds. In our Earrings, not only the wires, but the entire settings are hand-made and solid gold. Solid gold rings set with genuine Opals at $7.50 each, are magnificent, stylish and popular. They are all the rage among the elite and fashionable people of New York.



2 KARAT $7.00
$10.00 SOLID GOLD MOUNTING
SNAKE RING $7.00
1/16 KARAT $5.00
ONE SOLID MASS OF FIRE $20.00
2 1/2 KARAT $5.00
3 KARAT $10.00
2 KARAT $9.00
4 KARAT COMBINATION RING & STUD 12.00
BELCHER WITH OPAL $7.50.
CLUSTER PIN $10.00
3 KARAT $10.00
$8.00
$12.00 OPAL-RUBY EMERALD or SAPHIRE CENTERS
1/2 KARAT $9.00.
3 STONES $9.00.
$8.00

**OUR GUARANTEE.**—We warrant every stone to retain its brilliancy forever and the mountings are guaranteed to be exactly as represented, the same as we use in mounting real Diamonds.

What the Great Sarah Bernhardt writes:
"*I have used Barrios Diamonds for stage purposes and have found them the equal of real stones.*"
SARAH BERNHARDT.

Carrie Gay, of Charles Frohman's Co., writes:
"*While playing on the road I found Barrios Diamonds objects of great beauty and usefulness.*"
CARRIE GAY.

Mail orders receive prompt and careful attention. Cut out of above illustrations design of what you want. Remit by Registered Letter, P. O., or Express Money Order. In ordering give exact finger measurement for rings. State whether large, medium or small stone is wanted.

Address Mail Orders to **BARRIOS DIAMOND CO.,**
**42 AND 44 BROAD STREET, NEW YORK.**

*Mention this publication when you write.*

# A Chance to Become Famous and Rich

Winfield S. Stratton, the bonanza king of Colorado, was a carpenter. Knew nothing of mining until one day he received a small collection of minerals; the curious character and different appearance from the general rocks of the country was impressed upon his mind. In 1894 he took a trip over the country now called Cripple Creek. He saw a queer looking rock; knocked off a piece, had it assayed and it proved to be the finding of the Independence gold mine, which made him famous and rich.

Gold Ore.

Moss Agate.

We offer for sale for **$1** (express paid) a cabinet of 40 Rocky Mountain minerals and gems containing gold, silver and copper ores, etc., from various Rocky Mountain mines. Also fancy minerals, agates and petrified wood, all placed in a fancy box, each one properly described. A beautiful and instructive present for your boy or girl. If not satisfactory, money refunded.

**These specimens of Gold bearing Ore and Moss Agate, illustrate the size of each of the 40 specimens in the cabinet.**

**$1** express paid (is the introductory price), which includes our Christmas catalogue of curious things. Order today. Address,

***H. H. TAMMEN CURIO CO., 819 Sixteenth Street, Denver, Colo. Established 1881.***

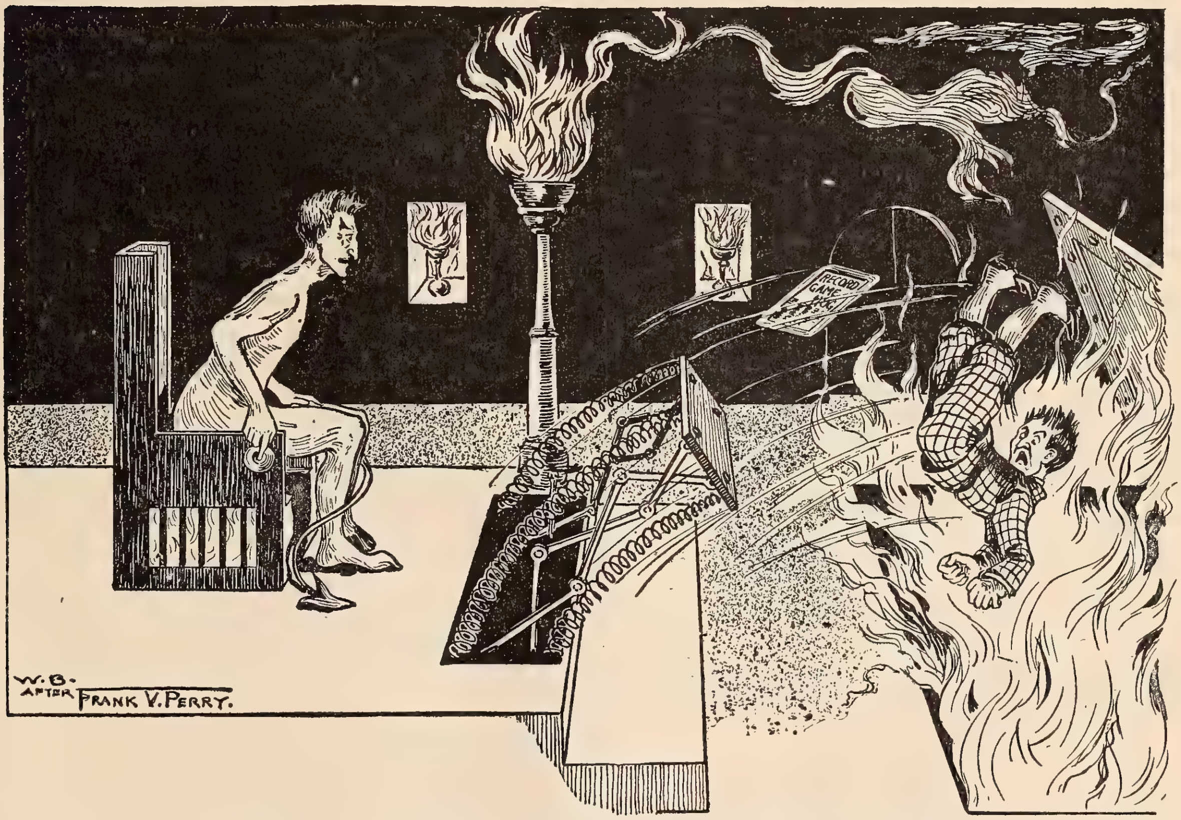
# CLIPPER BEVEL GEARED BUSINESS BICYCLES

## 1899 PRICES

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Bevel Gear Clipper | $75.00 | Model 40 | $50.00 |
| Clipper Specials | 60.00 | Model 50 | 40.00 |

'99 MODELS NOW READY

**GRAND RAPIDS CYCLE CO., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.**


RECORD GAME HOG
W. B. AFTER FRANK V. PERRY.

HIS SATANIC MAJESTY: "YOU'RE A GAME HOG. YOU BELONG IN THE BOTTOMLESS PIT. SEE?"

The Club
TRADE MARK
MANHATTAN
Cocktails
Prepared & Bottled by
G. F. Heublein & Bro
NEW YORK HARTFORD LONDON

# Why THE CLUB = COCKTAILS Are Best

*From "Town Topics," Nov. 25th*

In a great laboratory where quantities like the Club Cocktails are made at a mixing each article is accurately weighed or measured, and the compound is following an exact formula. This insures that each and every cocktail or bottle of cocktails put up shall be precisely correct in its composition. Again recalling the fact that age is necessary to the proper blending of all liquors, it occurred to me that these bottled cocktails, by the time they are used by the consumer, may have already been months or even years in bottle, hence that the blending must be perfect. Reasoning thus, I feel constrained to tell my readers about it, as I know a goodly number of them enjoy a perfect cocktail. I have found the several brands prepared by the Heublein Brothers — Manhattan, Martini, whiskey, gin, vermouth, and York—all excellent.

For the Yacht, Camping Party, Summer Hotel, Fishing Party, Mountains, Sea-Shore, or the Picnic.

These Cocktails are aged, are ready for use, and require only to be POURED OVER CRACKED ICE and strained off to be in perfect condition.

**AVOID IMITATIONS**
Sold by Dealers generally, and on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal railroads.

**G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors**
39 Broadway, New York
Hartford, Conn. 20 Piccadilly, W., London, Eng.

**For Sale:** 225 acre farm on C. M. & St. P. Ry., 4½ miles from Tomahawk, Wis.; 3 log cottages; ice houses, barn and hen yard. Near river and 5 lakes. Bass, pickerel, pike, muskalonge, ducks, grouse, deer and bear. Good opening for summer hotel.
O. F. Headstream, Tomahawk, Wis.

**For Sale:** .32-40 Winchester target rifle, new, 10 pounds, 32 inch half octagon barrel, plain trigger, wind gauge, spirit level, vernier sights. Price $14.
J. G. Dillin, Radnor, Pa.

**For Sale:** Live Canadian hares, 75 cents each. Guaranteed alive.
Gilman Chapman, Bethel, Me.

# IF YOU SUBSCRIBE
for Recreation
During DECEMBER
you will get the
Christmas Number
FREE
And your Subscription will begin with
January '99

**How to secure** a gold watch, sewing machine or bicycle for 25 cents worth $50 (twenty-five cents, not dollars) by a few hours' honest labor. Particulars mailed free. Write, E. J. Willis,
Dept. J, 10 Barclay St., N. Y. City.

"Birds that Hunt and are Hunted"; Publisher's price, $2. With Recreation 1 year, $2.50. "Bird Neighbors"; Publisher's price, $2. With Recreation 1 year, $2. Both books and Recreation, $4.

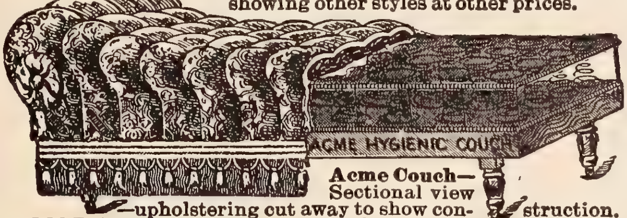
Renewals and new subscriptions taken on this offer.

**For Sale:** Hawk-eye camera (Eastman). Cost $15, 4 x 5, for $9 or .32-40 rifle.
Fred von Steinwehr,
Avondale, Cincinnati, O.

**To Exchange:** Almost new gramophone, latest model. For bicycle, shot gun or best offer. Chas. Garrison, Socorro, N. M.

**What have you** to exchange for a receipt for trapping foxes, wolves, and other fur bearers? Geo. O. Greene, Box 41, Princeton, Ill.

"Would you were like the moon," she said.
"W'y sho, m' dear?" he cried.
"Because that's but a *quarter* full,"
His angry spouse replied.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.



ACME HYGIENIC COUCHES
"MADE TO LAST."

Patented.

No. 52½, 25 in. wide, 6 feet long, full spring edge, seat and head. 36 springs in plain view from bottom, Price in best Corduroy or Acme Velours—any color—freight prepaid.................... $8.00

Spring section composed of oil tempered steel springs, intercoiled into steel woven wire fabrics, steel wire holding steel springs in place; no twine or webbing to wear out or break down. If dealer cannot show you an "ACME" Hygienic Couch, we will ship direct on receipt of price.

Identify Acme Couches by our printed guarantee cards, patented construction (as shown,) great durability, comfort and cleanliness in use.

FREE—Samples of covers and catalogue showing other styles at other prices.

Acme Couch—Sectional view—upholstering cut away to show construction.

ACME SPRING BED CO., 429 43d St., Chicago.

**For Exchange:** A Folding Canvas Boat made by Acme Folding Boat Co. Cost, $27, in A1 condition. Has jointed oars, 2 folding seats, etc. For a .22 or a .32-40 Marlin, with pistol grip and octagon barrel.

**Also** a World Typewriter; cost $15, in fine shape. For a shot gun or a .25-25 Stevens rifle.

J. K. Aumack, Ballston Spa, N. Y.

ASHLAND HOUSE

FOURTH AVE. and 24th ST.

*Two blocks from Madison Sq. Garden*

...HEADQUARTERS FOR SPORTSMEN

American and European Plan

RATES:

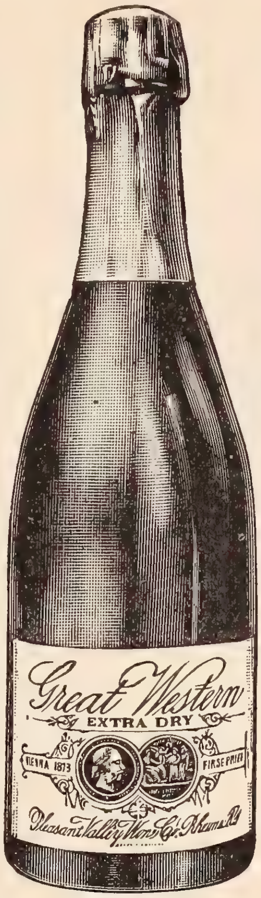
Rooms, with board, $2.00, $2.50 and $3.00 per day
Rooms, without board, - $1.00 and upwards
Breakfast, - - - - - 75 cents
Lunch, - - - - - - 50 "
Table d' Hote Dinner, - 75 "

ALL SPORTSMEN AND LOVERS OF NATURE

are invited to call at this office and see the

MARVELOUS FLASHLIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS
...OF...
Live Wild Game

advertised on page XII of this issue of RECREATION



The Merit

of absolute PURITY, fine BOUQUET and moderate PRICE has brought

Great Western

to the first place in American Champagnes, and enabled it to displace the high-priced foreign wines in many homes, clubs and cafes.

The vintage offered this season is especially dry and pleasing.

Pleasant Valley Wine Co.,
SOLE MAKERS,
Rheims, - N. Y.

Sold by Wine Dealers Everywhere.

Accept my sincere thanks for the premium sent me, "The American Book of the Dog." I consider it a present from you because I secured the necessary number of subscribers with so little effort. Since I have shown the premium to my friends, 2 declare their intentions of getting up clubs also.

It requires no work on the part of the solicitor to get subscriptions. RECREATION speaks for itself.

When I read the articles and comments of various writers, I think it must be a pleasure to have so many well satisfied patrons.

Any sportsman or person fond of outdoor life, not satisfied with RECREATION, does not know what recreation means.

I commend the stand you take in regard to the protection of game, and hope those interested in its maintenance and propagation will awaken to a sterner realization of the true conditions that exist in each State and county.

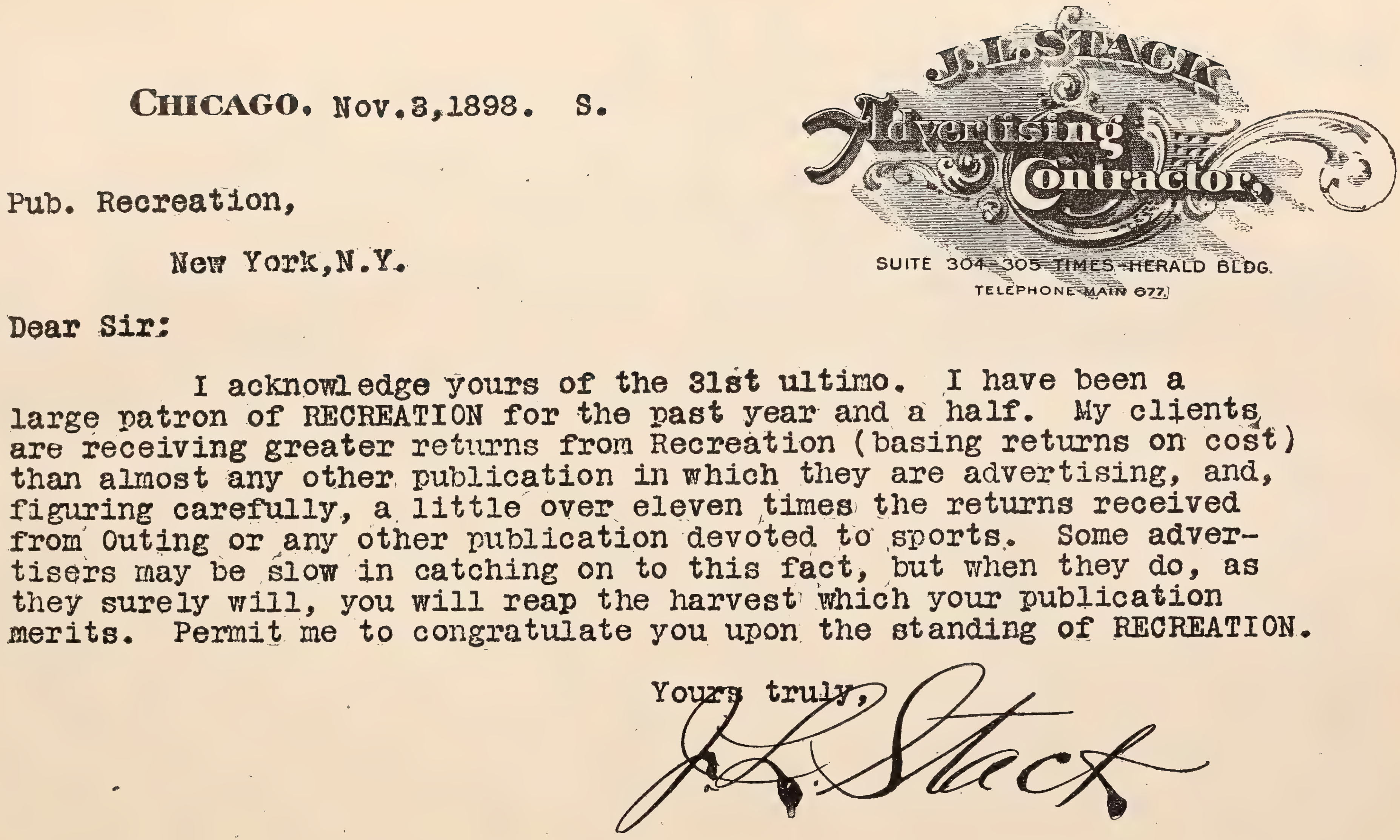
This should not be left entirely with the game wardens, but all so interested should make it their business to see that violators of the game laws are punished.

J. D. Mickle, Portland, Ore.

---

Two young men wish board, next summer, on a stock farm not far from New York City, where they can have the use of horses.

Wm. Matier, 865 Park Ave., New York.



J. L. STACK
Advertising Contractor.
SUITE 304-305 TIMES-HERALD BLDG.
TELEPHONE MAIN 677.

CHICAGO. Nov.3,1898. S.

Pub. Recreation,

New York,N.Y.

Dear Sir:

I acknowledge yours of the 31st ultimo. I have been a large patron of RECREATION for the past year and a half. My clients are receiving greater returns from Recreation (basing returns on cost) than almost any other publication in which they are advertising, and, figuring carefully, a little over eleven times the returns received from Outing or any other publication devoted to sports. Some advertisers may be slow in catching on to this fact, but when they do, as they surely will, you will reap the harvest which your publication merits. Permit me to congratulate you upon the standing of RECREATION.

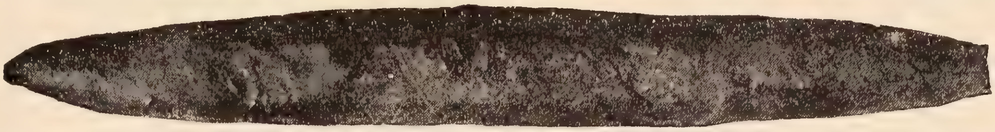
Yours truly,

J. L. Stack

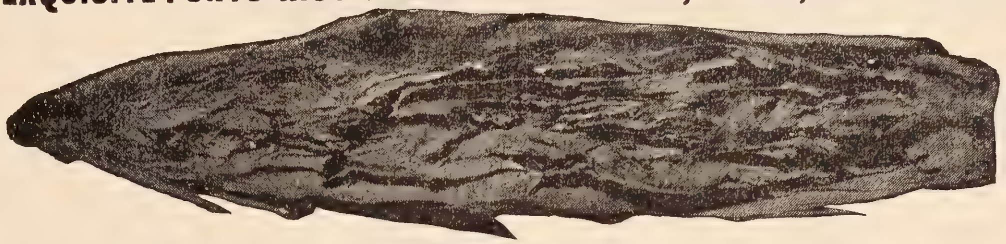
A SURPRISING OFFER ON A SURPRISING ARTICLE

LUCKE'S ROLLS

Not a Cigar, Cheroot, Stogie, or Cigarette A New and a Fine Smoke Treat



EXQUISITE PORTO RICO STOCK--NOTE CHOICE, CLEAN, LONG FILLER



100 in stout wooden BOX sent you prepaid for $1

These goods are made by hand from the choicest tobacco raised on the Island of Porto Rico.
It is a stock pronounced equal in flavor to the costliest Vuelta.
We have adapted a knack of the natives in rolling them.
The result of this stock and process is a revelation to American smokers.

A DELICIOUS, DELICATE, EASY; BUT FULL, RICH, MELLOW SMOKE

Send us $1—order light, medium or strong, and you will receive a fine box of 100 Lucke's Rolls **prepaid.**
No matter what costly cigars you've smoked, we guarantee satisfaction with these goods.
Your money back if not **more** than satisfied and if you can buy a richer smoke at **any** price.

J. H. LUCKE & CO., 209, 211, 213, 215 Court St., Cincinnati
Extensive Makers of Fine Cigars, Rolls, Cheroots and Stogies
Mention RECREATION

### "THERE IS NOTHING SO RARE AS RESTING ON AIR."

It is said there is nothing new under the sun, and it seems we shall have to go back to Bible times to prove its truth in this case; for we read that "He took up his bed and walked." Consequently they must have had pneumatic mattresses in those days. However, it will be news to most people to learn that the Pneumatic Mattress Co., Reading, Mass., makes a mattress that you can deflate, pack in your grip and ship off to camp, or on board your yacht, and at the end of your trip put it back in your bed for every night use. These pneumatic mattresses and cushions are revolutionizing the upholstery business and are rapidly displacing hair mattresses, just as the pneumatic tire has displaced all others. The American Line Steamship Co. has adopted them, and the Reading company is now making 1,000 mattresses for the "Paris" and the "New York." This is good evidence of their worth. If you want a luxurious mattress, you can get lots of good ideas by reading the Pneumatic Mattress Company's advertisement in RECREATION. Mention this magazine when you write them.

**That beautiful book**, "Birds that Hunt and are Hunted," sells at $2. Treats of all the principal game birds and birds of prey. The book and RECREATION one year $2.50. This applies to renewals as well as to new subscriptions.

Mrs. Unsofist—They say that the Minneapolis can steam 24 knots in an hour.

Mr. Unsofist—That's what she can do.

Mrs. Unsofist—I suppose they steam them so the poor sailors can untie them more easily.—Brooklyn Life.

Inclosed find renewal of subscription to RECREATION.

Its interesting pages have often brought pleasure and instruction to my fireside and I feel as though I could not afford to be without it.

Henry J. Hadlich, St. Paul, Minn.

I received the Carpenter tent. Am delighted with it. I feel more than repaid for my work in securing subscriptions for RECREATION.

W. M. Robinson, Boston, Mass.

RECREATION is the best magazine printed. The Cyclone camera arrived all right. Thank you very much. Your premiums are great. John D. Sharp, Milford, Mass.

The Marlin revolver I received from you as premium is very accurate and a most desirable weapon in every way.

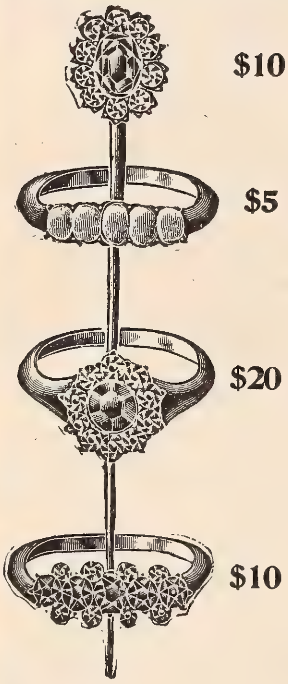
A. A. Haines, Armington, Mont.

I have received the reel from Yawman & Erbe O. K., and it is just the article to save fish. D. S. Miner, East Berlin, Conn.

MRS. T. LYNCH

1 and 3 Union Square ❦ NEW YORK

**Diamond Importer and Cutter**



**These Goods are Fine White Diamonds and Real Opal Sapphire Pearl or Turquois center**

**The $20 Ring is worth $30**

Seeing is believing

Send for inspection

DIAMONDS bought of us may be returned, at full price paid, within

**One year**

Jewelry or watches within

**30 days**

thus you are bound to be satisfied.

WRITE
FOR CATALOGUE
MAILED FREE

GOODS SENT BY MAIL OR EXPRESS
MONEY BACK IF YOU MAIL IT AND ARE NOT SATISFIED

**E. Howard, Waltham, and Elgin Watches**

**20** per cent. less than Wholesale List Price

GRAND
IMPERIAL SEC
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PRODUCED BY
Germania Wine Cellars
Hammondsport & Rheims

A GREAT OFFER

BY **GERMANIA WINE CELLARS**

Hammondsport and Rheims, N.Y.

We are determined to introduce our goods among the very best people in the country, and we can see no better way of doing this than by selling them a case of our goods, containing eleven bottles of wine and one bottle of our extra fine, double-distilled Grape Brandy, at one-half its actual cost. Upon receipt of $5.00, we will send, to any reader of RECRATION, one case of our goods, all first class, and put up in elegant style, assorted, as follows:

1 Quart Bottle Grand Imperial Sec Champagne
1 Quart Bottle Delaware
1 " " Riesling
1 " " Tokay
1 " " Sweet Catawba
1 " " Sherry
1 " " Elvira
1 " " Niagara
1 " " Angelica
1 " " Port
1 " " Sweet Isabella
1 " " Imperial Grape Brandy

This offer is made mainly to introduce our **Grand Imperial Sec Champagne** and our fine double-distilled **Grape Brandy,** without which no Sportsman or Hunter should start on an expedition, as it is very necessary where such exercise is taken. This case of goods is offered at about one-half its actual cost and it will please us if our friends and patrons will take advantage of this and help us introduce our goods.

**Mention RECREATION**

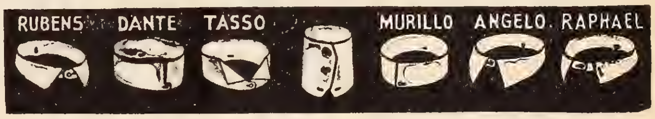
LINENE COLLARS AND CUFFS

Stylish, convenient, economical, made of fine cloth and finished alike on both sides. The turn-down collars are reversible and give double service.

NO LAUNDRY WORK

When soiled, discard. **Ten Collars or five pairs of Cuffs, 25c.** Send 6c. in stamps for sample collar and pair of cuffs. Name size and style.

**REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO. Dept. L, BOSTON**



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NEW YORK

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Our importations from Europe, for Fall and Winter, have arrived, and are ready for inspection.

"That Sergeant Bunker is certainly a terror."

"What has he done now?"

"As soon as we got off at the station he rushed up and kissed the 3 prettiest girls in the crowd—all perfect strangers."

"What did they say?"

"They said, 'Oh, George, when are you coming home again?'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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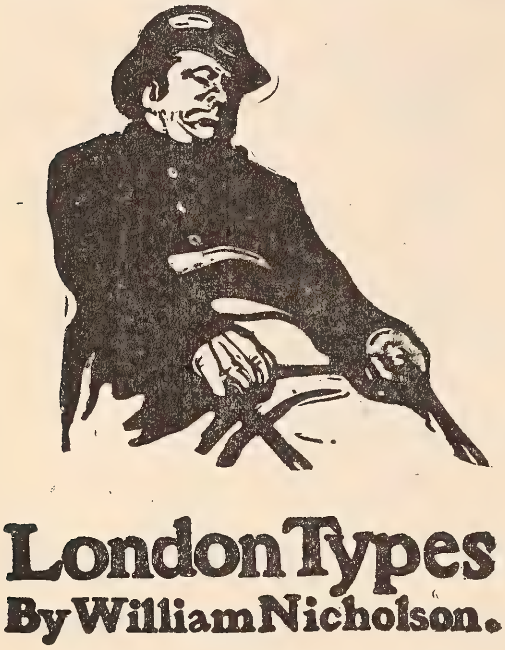
264 Marengo Place, Pasadena, Cal.

Papa—Now, Johnny, I have whipped you only for your own good. I believe I have only done my duty. Tell me truly, what you think about it.

Johnny—If I should tell what I think you'd give me another whipping.—Boston Transcript.

Don't forget that $2 will buy a copy of that beautiful book, "Bird Neighbors" and a yearly subscription to RECREATION.

# Books & Calendars



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Drawn by William Nicholson.

*The Popular Edition.* Lithographed in colors, on stout cartridge paper. Price $1.50

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By William Nicholson, with verses by Rudyard Kipling. *New Edition.*

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*Any of the above will be sent carriage paid on receipt of price. Illustrated descriptive catalogue of new books and calendars sent free on application.*

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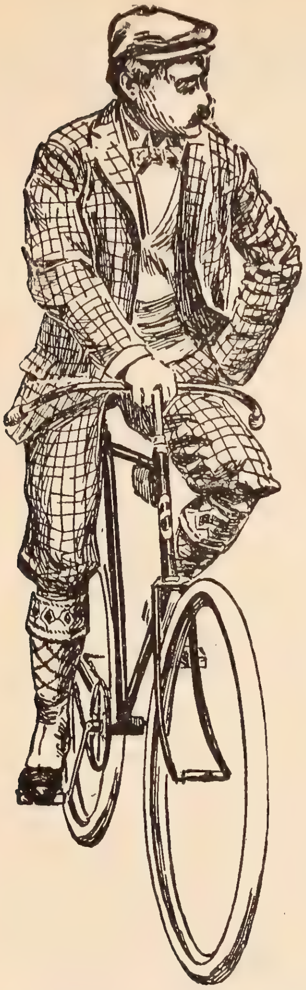

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of walking when you can get a first-class, high-grade bicycle for nothing?

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I can give you the names of 20 people who did this in 1896, and who now have their wheels.

Write for particulars.

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PACIFIC COAST
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**Leaves St. Louis every Tuesday and Saturday, 10:30 p. m., for Los Angeles and San Francisco.**

**EQUIPMENT CONSISTS OF**

COMPOSITE CAR—Containing Reading, Writing and Smoking Room, Buffet, Barber Shop and Bath Room.

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NO HIGH ALTITUDES. NO SNOW BLOCKADES.

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It traverses the Grandest Scenery of the Rocky Mountains, and reaches all the Health and Pleasure Resorts of the Mid-Continent.

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**Sportsmen** will find in scores of localities along this line game worthy of their skill, such as **Bear, Mountain Lion, Coyotes, Elk, Deer, Antelope, Mountain Sheep, Feathered Game of all kinds.** And everywhere are **Beautiful Streams** well stocked with **Trout.**

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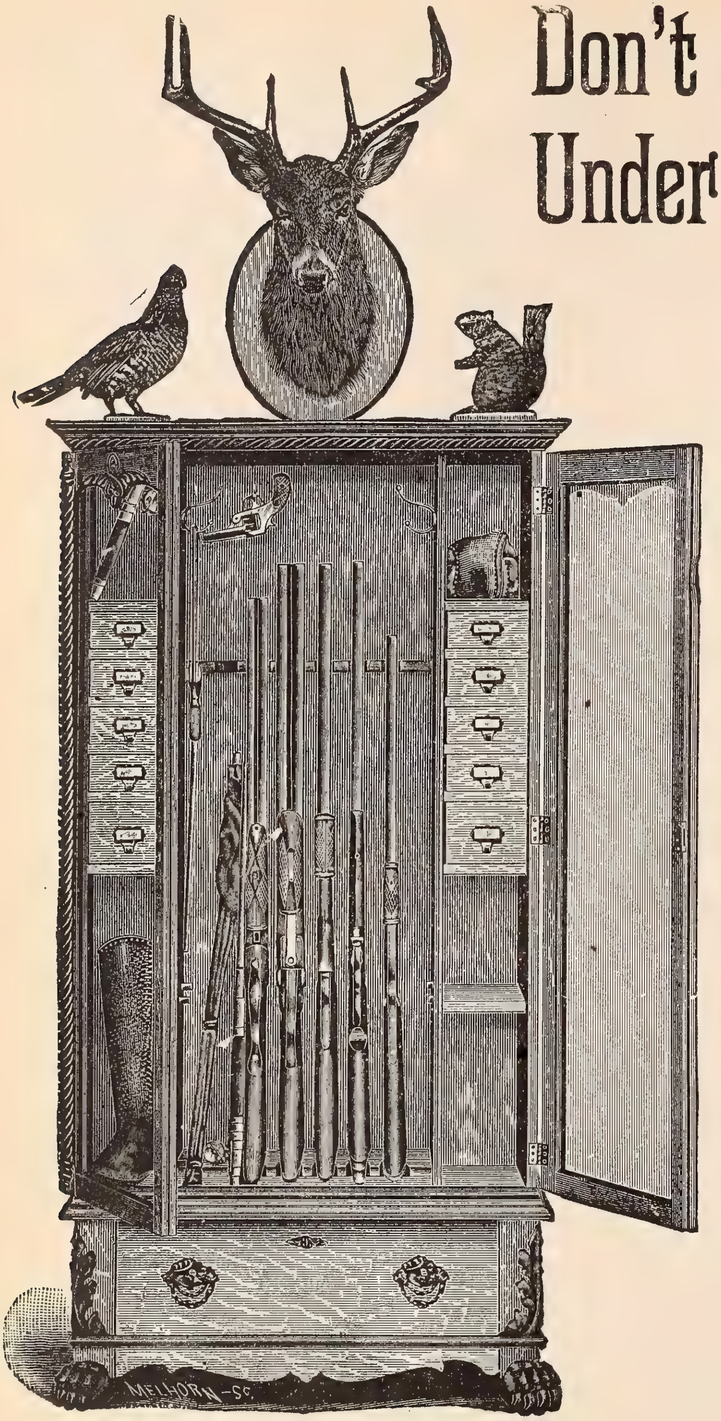
E. L. LOMAX, Gen'l Pass. and Tkt. Agt.
**OMAHA, NEB.**

# Don't Hide Your Light Under a Bushel



**Size—72 in. high, 38 in. wide, 16 in. deep**

Why not keep your guns and fishing tackle in a first-class Sportsman's Cabinet, where they will show off to good advantage, and are always neat, clean, and handy, as well as ornamental? What more could be desired than to have your shooting irons, ammunition, fishing tackle, etc., all in one cabinet of perfect construction, combined with grace, beauty, and a superb finish? Our new cabinet is a *fine* piece of furniture for any sportsman, and is admired by all.

It is a very substantial affair—will last a lifetime—and can be handed down to the next generation. Almost any sportsman can afford to invest in one of these cabinets at the low price, as there is a great saving in time, ammunition, etc., besides being a "thing of beauty and a joy forever." When you have a little time to take a jaunt, you simply unlock the glass door and take out what you want, without trying your patience rummaging from cellar to garret for various articles you cannot find and finally are compelled to go shopping to replenish. No true sportsman can afford to do without this cabinet.

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Quartered Oak Front
Polished Finish
Claw Feet
Rifle Twist Moulding
Double Thick Glass Doors

Well crated for shipment to all parts of the country.

Cheap enough at 40 or 50 dollars, but we put the price low and within the reach of all, and ask but $25 cash from everbody alike.

Imitation mahogany at same price. Taxidermist ornaments are not included.

PORTABLE WRITING
AND LOADING TABLE

Large Enough for Eight Guns

Size of Glass, 28 x 50

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Get your hunting trophies mounted true to nature, at

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**Buffalo Horns**

polished or unpolished; also skulls, with and without horns.

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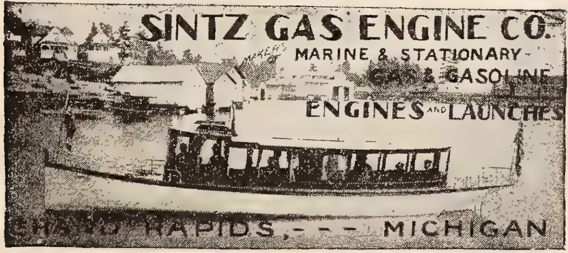

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Eat Pim-Olas (PATENT APPLIED FOR) Trade Mark

A delicious relish to stimulate the appetite and impart good cheer to the meal. Seville Packing Co. New York

Beware of substitutes.

"The preachers," said Satan, with chuckle and grin,
"Have mostly come back from their lay-off.
But they've got to work hard if they catch up again,
For I have not taken a day off."
—Chicago Tribune.

**That beautiful book**, "Birds that Hunt and are Hunted," sells at $2. Treats of all the principal game birds and birds of prey. The book and RECREATION one year $2.50. This applies to renewals as well as to new subscriptions.

We have recommendations from, and our boats were adopted and are used by, following officials of Canadian Government: Mr. White, Comptroller N. W. M. Police; Dr. Dawson, Head of Geol. Survey (in whose honor Dawson City was named); Major Walsh, Ex-Governor of Klondike Region; Mr. DeVille, Surveyor-General; Col. Lake, Q. M. General; The Minister of Rys. and Canals; Mr. Bonoit, Militia and Defense Dept.; also U. S. Geol. Survey, and numerous other departments of U. S. Gov. Have supplied various English war vessels, many officers of British army in India; Mr. Oldham, Head Geol. Survey of India, and many others. Hundreds of our boats in Alaskan service. Safely navigated Miles Canyon, White Horse, Five Fingers, etc. Many testimonial letters received. Send for catalogue; special offer this month.

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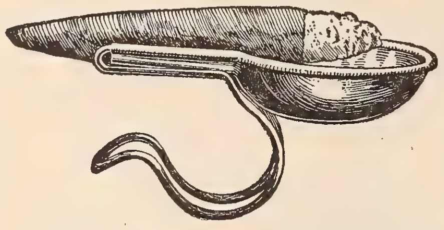
HIGHEST ENDORSEMENT

**Smokers' Friend**

**H & M Cigar and Ash Holder**



The greatest convenience for smokers either at home, at the club or in the office. Fastens on edge of card table, smoking table or desk. Handsomely nickel-plated.

**By mail 20 cents, stamps taken**

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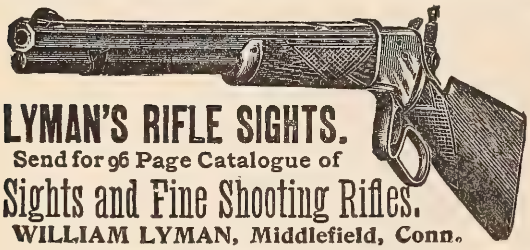

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**Send for 96 Page Catalogue of**
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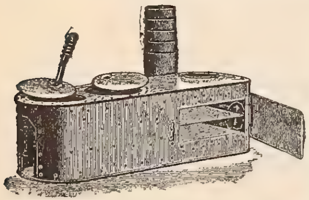
**WILLIAM LYMAN, Middlefield, Conn.**

**A Practical, Common-Sense Camp Stove**

In 6 Sizes. Patent applied for



The lightest, most compact, practical camp stove made; either with or without oven. Won't get out of shape, combination cast and sheet steel top, smooth body, heavy lining, telescopic pipe carried inside the stove. Burns largest wood, keeps fire longest of any stove made. For full particulars address

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There are still some unfortunate sportsmen who are not readers of RECREATION. If you know any such send in their names, and greatly oblige them and

THE EDITOR.

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I want the names of all the gun clubs in the U. S. and Canada, and the names and addresses of the Secretaries thereof. Readers of RECREATION will do me a valuable service by kindly giving me such information.

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**GOOD MATERIAL—CARE IN MAKING**

Men who make a business of trapping in the season use the very best traps they can get.

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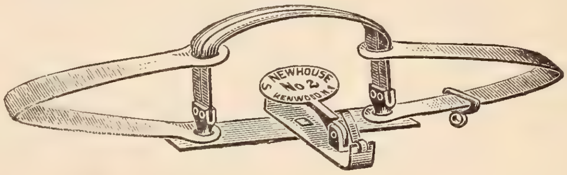
**ONEIDA COMMUNITY LTD., Kenwood, N. Y.**



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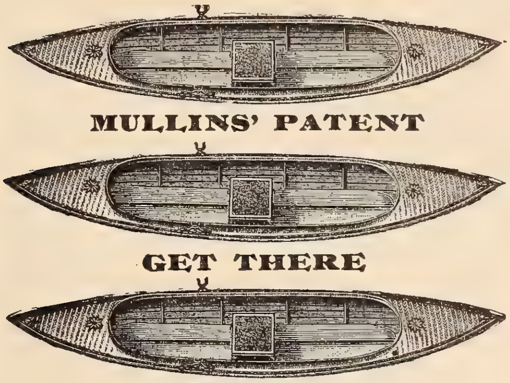

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**DUCK BOAT**

**$20.00 NET**

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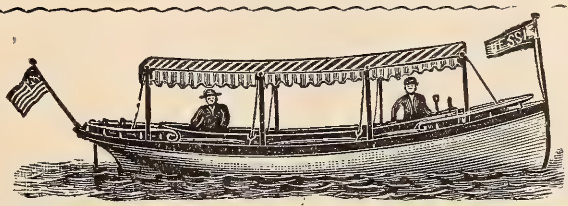

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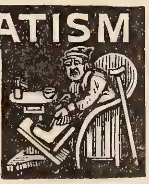

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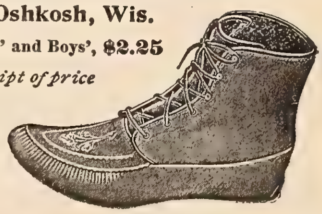

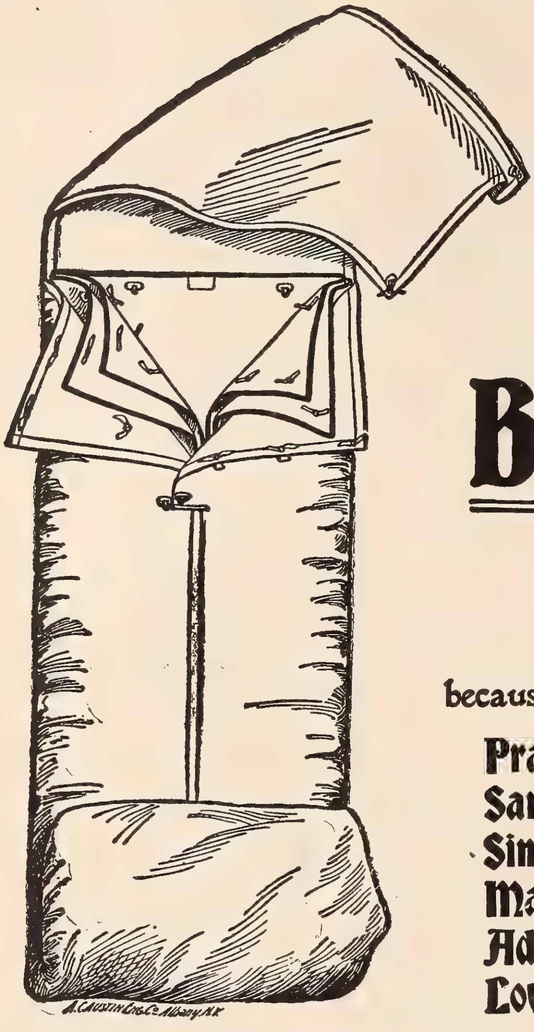
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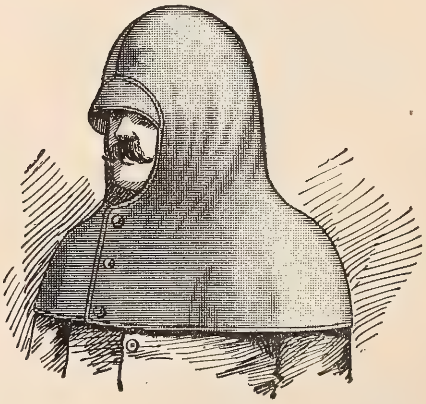

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He handled his prayer book with veneration
And his Bible he treated the same;
But he was a "hog" among hogs when he happened
To get out on the hills after game.

'Twas the same when he went on the water
In quest of the bass or the trout;
He'd never return to his moorings,
Till he'd hooked all there were to come out.

And his end was a cheerful (?) reminder
For the "hogs" with whom he passed as a light,
For returning one night with a boat full,
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Ed. E. Kimball.

Young Mrs. Torkins was almost in tears when her husband came home.

"What's the matter?" he inquired.

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"I'm afraid it has swallowed a tack and got a puncture."—Washington Star.

I've thought as in church she His goodness has hymned,
"Can a merciful deity hark
To a woman who prays 'neath a hat that is trimmed
With a poor, murdered thrush or a lark?"

—L. A. W. Bulletin.

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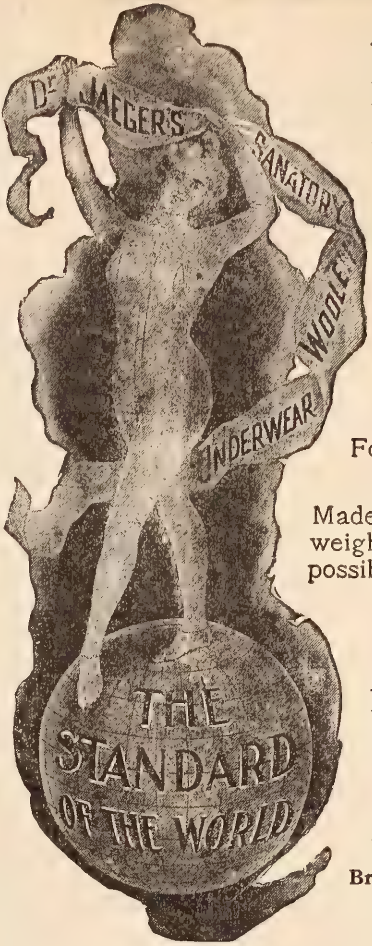
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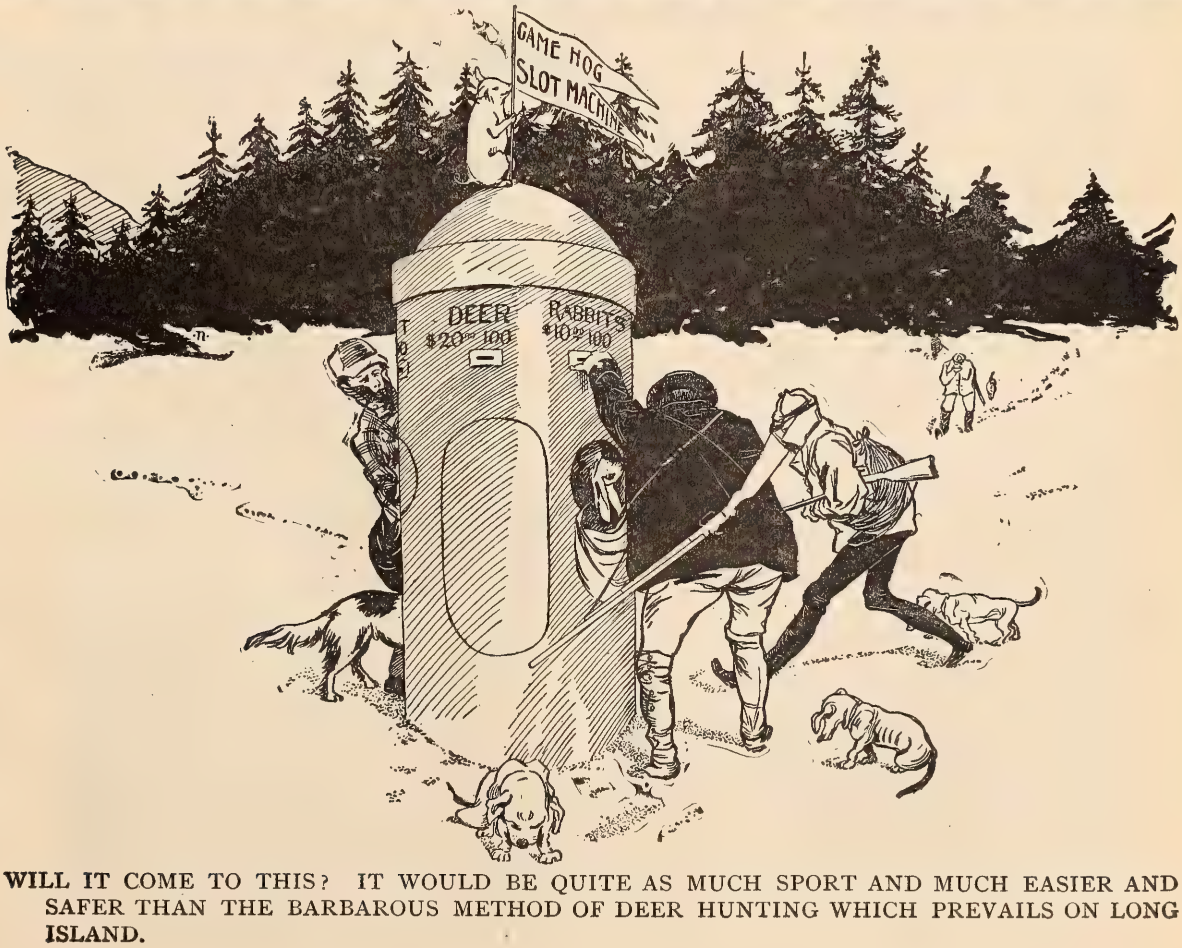

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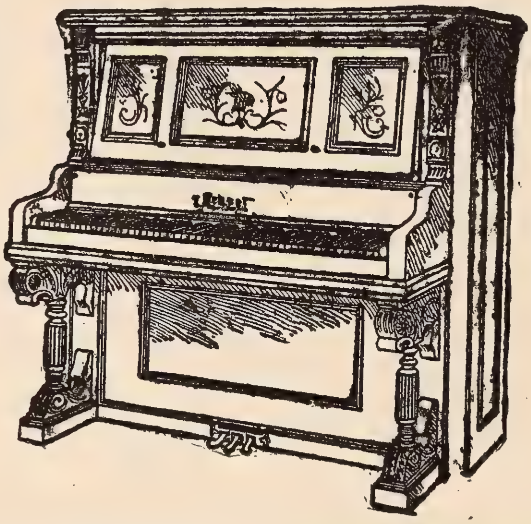

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*July, 1 1898*

| | |
|---|---|
| Total Assets (Accident Premiums in the hands of agents not included) | $24,103,986.67 |
| Total Liabilities . . . . . . | 19,859,291.43 |
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GAINS

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| | |
|---|---|
| In Assets . . . . . . . . | $1,234,992.51 |
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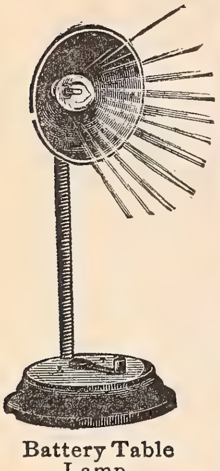

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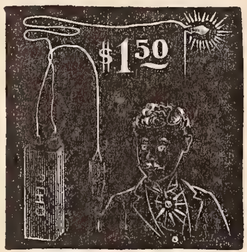

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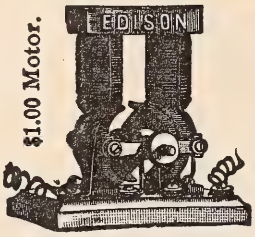

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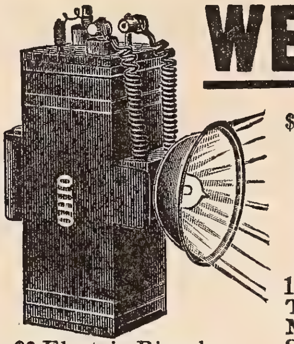

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In October number of RECREATION, on page 291, there is an inquiry for the address of Dr. Harry Gove. His address is, St. Andrews, New Brunswick, Canada.

Arthur Thompson, St. Stephen, N. B.

The doctor should take a lesson in courtesy. He has failed to answer a letter I wrote him some months ago.—EDITOR.

Smithson—You can always judge a man by the company he keeps.

Johnson—That's pretty rough on the jailer of a prison—isn't it?—Tit-Bits.

IN ANSWERING ADS ALWAYS MENTION RECREATION.

"Birds that Hunt and are Hunted"; Publisher's price, $2. With RECREATION 1 year, $2.50. "Bird Neighbors"; Publisher's price, $2. With RECREATION 1 year, $2. Both books and RECREATION, $4.

Renewals and new subscriptions taken on this offer.

The tramp arose with dripping clothes,
"I thought," he sadly said,
"This wood-shed would shed water,
But it's not a water-shed."

**PHOTO CARD MOUNTS FOR AMATEURS**
An Elegant Stock at Low Prices. List Free
**H. S. Lewis, Beaver Falls, N. Y.**

C&O ROUTE
F.F.V. LIMITED

# Chesapeake and Ohio Railway

## 95% On Time

Between

New York . Philadelphia
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Dining Cars . . .
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Strictly . . .
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Grandest Scenery in America

**H. W. FULLER, General Passenger Agent,**
WASHINGTON, D. C.

...To "the" Pleasure Resorts of...

# Texas and Gulf of Mexico

TAKE

THE MK AND T
MISSOURI, KANSAS & TEXAS RAILWAY.

**Via CHICAGO, KANSAS CITY, or ST. LOUIS**

WAGNER BUFFET SLEEPERS
FREE "KATY" CHAIR CARS

For further information, address

**W. S. ST. GEORGE, Gen. East. Agt.**
**309 Broadway, New York**

# Where to Go!

THE Best Game Country in the Mississippi Valley to-day is along the line of the

for Good **SHOOTING** And **FISHING**

# Iron Mountain Route...

IN MISSOURI
ARKANSAS
AND
LOUISIANA

**Small Game** is very abundant, and has been shot at very little. **Deer** and **Turkeys** are plentiful, and the fishing, for black bass and other game fishes, of the very best. **This Line** also reaches, direct from **St. Louis** or **Memphis,** by double daily through car service, the **famous hunting and fishing grounds on the Gulf.**

....SPECIAL FEATURES OFFERED....

**Reduced Rates to Sportsmen**
**Hunting Cars Fully Equipped**
**Side Tracking Cars On or Near the Grounds**
**Carrying Free of Dogs, Guns, and Camp Equipment**

WRITE for best locations, and other information, to Company's Agents, or to the General Passenger Agent.

C. G. WARNER
Vice-President

W. B. DODDRIDGE
General Manager

H. C. TOWNSEND
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

ST. LOUIS, MO.

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## The Muskoka and Midland Lakes Resorts

Reached only by the

## Grand Trunk Railway System

Is the Paradise for not only hunters, fishermen, and canoeists, but also those in search of health, where comfort and pleasure can be obtained economically.

The woodland and lake scenery would satisfy the most critical tourist.

Camping outfits can be purchased cheaply, or guides, thoroughly acquainted with the region, fully equipped for camping, can be secured readily.

Parties can be furnished with names of guides, and, by communicating with them, make all necessary arrangements in advance.

The following fish and game, in season, are to be found in abundance. the variety of which is not surpassed by any other sporting region in the world:

**Fish.**—Bass, pickerel, brook trout, lake trout, whitefish, perch, sunfish, salmon, trout, sturgeon, catfish. herring and muskalonge.

**Game.**—Deer, partridge, rabbits, pigeons, ducks, geese, plover, bear, woodcock, snipe, grouse, and moose.

**A few of the other Principal Resorts.**—Androscoggin Lakes, the White Mountains, the salmon resorts of Quebec, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, Lake of St. John region, the River St. Lawrence, the Thousand Islands.

For descriptive books showing routes and rates, apply to M. C. DICKSON, D.P.A., Toronto, Ont.; D. O. PEASE, D.P.A., Montreal, P.Q.; L. R. MORROW, C.P.A., Chicago, Ill.; R. McC. SMITH, S.P.A., Cincinnati, O.

CHAS. M. HAYS, General Manager, Montreal, P.Q.
GEO. B. REEVE, Gen. Traffic Manager, Montreal, P. Q.
W. E. DAVIS, G. P. & T. A., Montreal, P.Q.
**FRANK P. DWYER, E. P. Agent, 273 Broadway, New York.**

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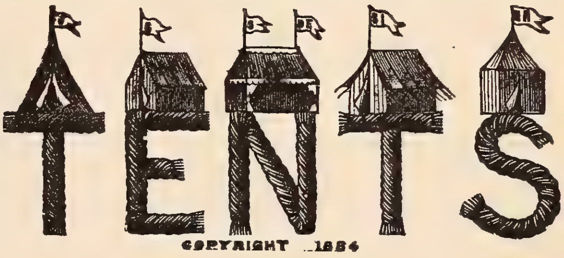

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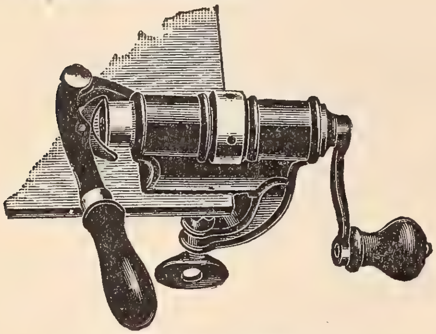
AND CAMP OUTFITS

We manufacture the largest and most complete line of tents in the country, and our goods are celebrated for their wearing and waterproof qualities.

Send 4 cents in stamps for our new 40-page illustrated catalogue showing all styles of Tents and Camp furniture.

GEO. B. CARPENTER & CO.
202 to 210 S. Water Street, CHICAGO
Established 1840.

# B. G. I. Hand-Loading Outfits



Handy Closer

**Metal-Lined Loading Blocks**
**Handy Closers**
**Cleaning Rods, etc.**

Write for Illustrated Catalogue

THE BRIDGEPORT GUN IMPLEMENT CO.
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.
313 Broadway - New York

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## Two Virginia Gentlemen

You Know Them

It gives me pleasure to testify to the superior qualities of the Peters Cartridge Company's goods.

I have shot their cartridges in the Field and at the Trap, and I have never seen better results.

It is a well-known fact that many people who fail to bag their game are apt to lay the blame on the ammunition they are using. If they fail with Peters goods they might as well give up shooting and go back to "throwing rocks." The Lord intended that some people should never become expert marksmen. I have never heard any good shot say he "couldn't kill 'em" with Peters Cartridges.

POLK MILLER
President Virginia Field Sports Ass'n

Richmond, Va., August 9th, 1898.

Gentlemen—I take pleasure in stating that several local riflemen and myself have carefully tested your make of .22 Long Rifle and .25 Stevens Rimfire Cartridges, at 25, 50, and 100 yards on Standard American Target, using a good solid bench-rest, and we find them to possess superior accuracy and cleanliness and higher velocity than the ordinary cartridges. No miss-fires occurred in shooting 500 of the .22 Long Rifle and 100 of the .25 Rimfire Cartridges and the shooting was very even, indicating uniformity of the fulminate and powder charge. We have also tested your Semi-Smokeless Rifle Powder at 50 yards. The Powder is very moist burning and does not cake and harden in barrel like most black powders.

Yours very truly,
Roanoke, Va., July 9th, 1898. W. D. WILLIAMSON

## Listen Then Act

Insist on having them

## The Peters Cartridge Co.

CINCINNATI; 88 Chambers St., New York

SEND YOUR ORDER TO

HIBBARD, SPENCER, BARTLETT & Co., Chicago
A. L. PETERS, Agent, St. Paul
F. B. CHAMBERLAIN COM. Co., St. Louis
PAUL HOWARD, Norfolk, Va.
RICHMOND HARDWARE Co., Richmond, Va.
CHATTANOOGA HARDWARE Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.
LOUIS FRITTS HARDWARE Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.
GREEN & CALDWELL, Chattanooga, Tenn.
PHILLIPS, WEBB & Co., Nashville, Tenn.
SCHNEIDER, DAVIS & Co., Dallas, Tex.
A. B. CLARK & SON, Richmond, Va.
CHAS. KING & SON, Alexandria, Va.
JULIUS LEWIS HARDWARE Co., Raleigh, N. C.
WOODWARD, WRIGHT & Co., New Orleans
DAY & BAILEY GROCER Co., Memphis
BAKER & JAMES, Natchez, Miss.

And hundreds of other first-class houses everywhere

# Shooting and Fishing Guide

**......TO THE NORTHWEST**

A complete directory of the best locations, giving kinds of game and fish, distances from St. Paul, lakes, names of guides, hotels, character of country, etc.

Send 2c. Stamp

Mention RECREATION

**F. I. WHITNEY**
Gen'l Pass. Agent
Great Northern Railway
**ST. PAUL, MINN.**

**Do You Hunt?**
**Do You Fish?**

Do you go into the woods or mountains, for any purpose?

If so, you need a COMPASS

**GALL & LEMBKE** 21 Union Square
New York

put them up in watch cases, carefully fitted and adjusted, and a man who carries one of them need never have any doubt as to where North is.

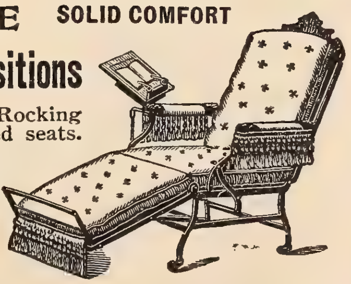
Mention RECREATION.

**ADJUSTABLE** **SOLID COMFORT**

**250 Different Positions**

Reading, Reclining, and Rocking Chair. Cane or perforated seats. Upholstered to suit purchaser. Reversible cushions. Essential to parlor, sick-room, or library. Must be seen to be appreciated. Send for Catalogue.

**MARKS ADJUSTABLE CHAIR CO.,**
**1144 Broadway, New York**



# Alive With Game

Are you interested in securing an interest in a game preserve of 150,000 acres of land in Texas?

10,000 acres deeded, and balance leased at nominal price for long time.

**Ducks Geese Fish**
**Deer Turkeys**
**and Quails in adundance.**

All fenced except 60,000 acres.

*CLOSE TO RAILROAD*

*Write* D. GRIFFIN GUNN, Prest.
Chicago, St. L. & T. A. L. Ry. Co.
San Antonio, Texas

Mention RECREATION

**NAVAJO INDIAN RUGS AND BLANKETS**

were made for the camp, by a nation of campers. There is nothing their equal. A rare collection to select from. Also Indian Relics in endless variety for Indian Rooms, Dens, and Smoking Rooms.

Capt. C. W. RIGGS
No. 74 University Place, Cor. 11th St.
Opp. Hotel Albert NEW YORK CITY

The New Haven Arms Co.'s shotgun which you sent me for 30 subscriptions suits me in every respect. It makes an even pattern and the finish and general appearance are far ahead of what I expected. Neither do I see any reason why it will not be a durable arm. Old gun men tell me it is as good as I could buy for $30 in cash.

Earl W. Raino, Manchester, N. H.

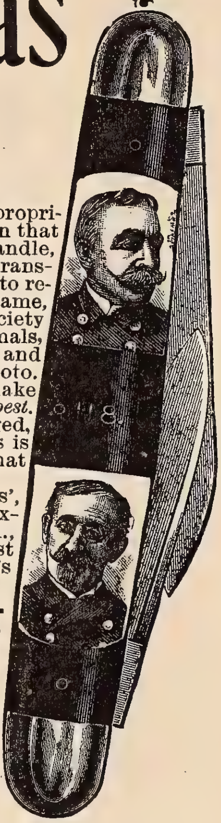
I received the Ithaca hammerless gun you sent me as premium. Please accept my thanks. The Ithaca people were very prompt in sending the gun, and it reached me in good shape, just as ordered. It is a beauty, and a close, hard shooter. I regard it as a gift, for it cost me neither time nor money. B. F. Rawdon, Windsor, Ohio.

I acknowledge receipt of the Syracuse gun you sent me as premium. I do not think there is a better gun made, in the same grade, and I heartily thank you for so valuable a premium. Everyone who has seen it thinks it a great prize, as I did so little work to get it.

Samuel Garinger, Goshen, Ind.

I received the Kenwood Sleeping Bag you gave me as premium for 10 new subscriptions to your magazine. My friends all wonder how you can afford to give such valuable premiums.

W. F. Hyer, Chatham, Mass.



**A Happy Idea—
it will make a welcome
Christmas
Gift**

**The Novelty Knives** are most appropriate for Christmas Gifts, for the reason that you can have under one side of the handle, which is indestructible and perfectly transparent, the name of the party who is to receive the knife, your own or any name, address or dates: on the other side society or trade emblems, pictures of pet animals, poultry, or celebrities—Dewey, Schley, and many others; your own or friend's photo. (if a large one is sent from which to make copy). *The material and finish is the best.* Blades are of razor steel, hand forged, tested, and a warranty for six months is given with each knife purchased that they are free from defects.

Ladies', 2 bl., 80c.; 3 bl., $1.25. Boys', 2 bl., 75c. Mechanics', 2 bl., $1.50. Texas, 2 heavy bl., $1.75. Carpenters', 3 bl., $2.00. Razor—novelty handle, finest steel and guaranteed, $3.50. Hunter's Lock Knife, No. 470, $2.00.

**The finest novelty on the market for high-grade advertising.**

Send stamp for Circular. Agents wanted everywhere.

**NOVELTY CUTLERY CO.
33 Bar St., Canton, Ohio**
Mention RECREATION

The annual meeting of the L. A. S. will be held in New York City in January next—the date and place to be named in a circular which will be sent to members in the near future.

## APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP IN THE L. A. S.

**ARTHUR F. RICE, Secretary L. A. S., 19 W. 24th St., New York.**

DEAR SIR: Enclosed ONE DOLLAR for membership fee for one year.

I certify that I am eligible to membership in the L. A. S. under the provisions of the constitution, and refer to 2 League members (or to 3 other reputable citizens) named hereon.

**Name**........................................

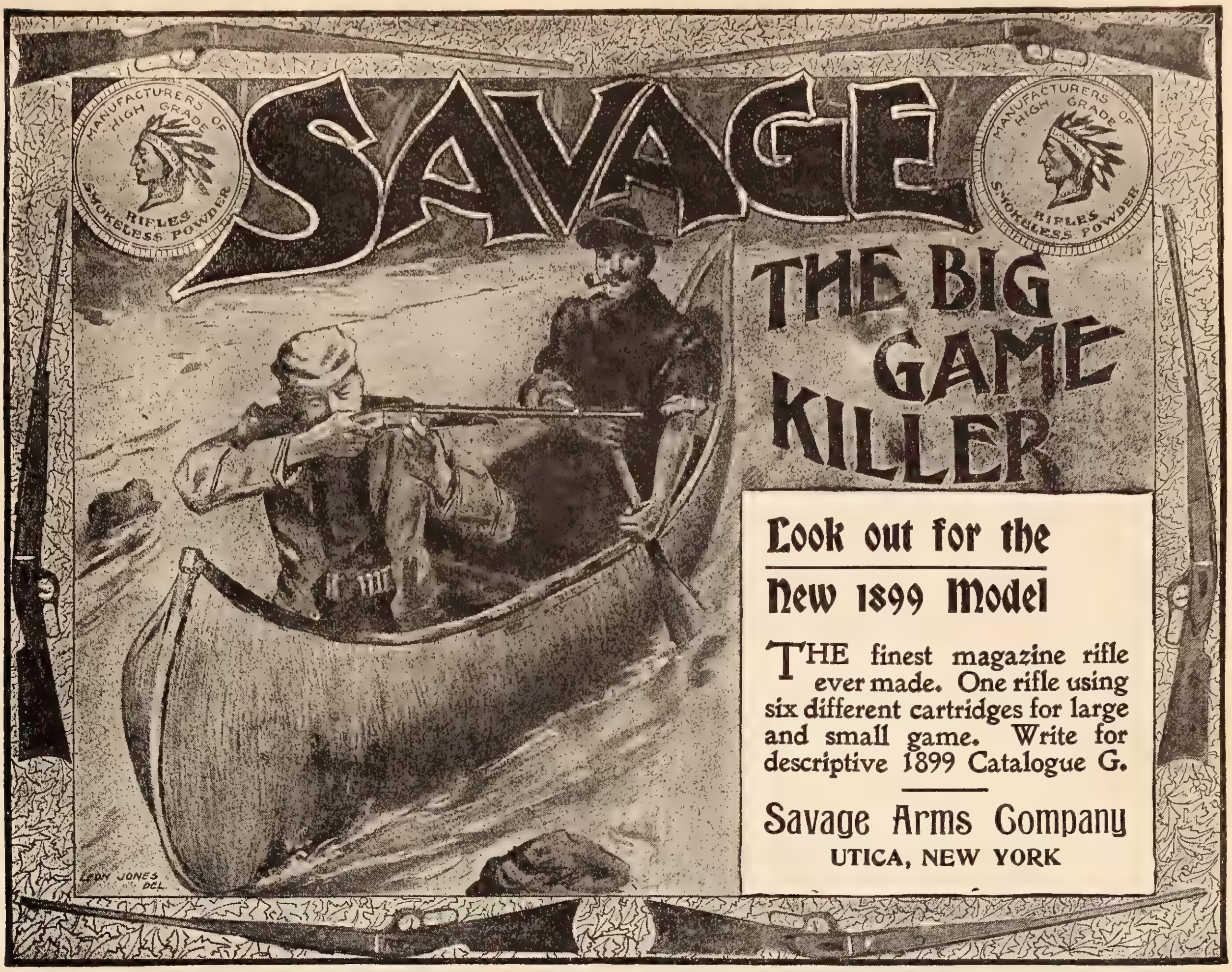
**Street or P.O. Box**........................................

**City or Town**........................................

........................................

**Detach this, fill out, and send in with your dollar, AT ONCE**

**References**


MANUFACTURERS OF HIGH GRADE RIFLES SMOKELESS POWDER
SAVAGE
MANUFACTURERS OF HIGH GRADE RIFLES SMOKELESS POWDER
THE BIG GAME KILLER
LEON JONES DEL.

**Look out for the**

**New 1899 Model**

THE finest magazine rifle ever made. One rifle using six different cartridges for large and small game. Write for descriptive 1899 Catalogue G.

Savage Arms Company
UTICA, NEW YORK

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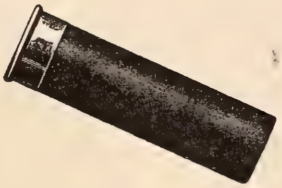
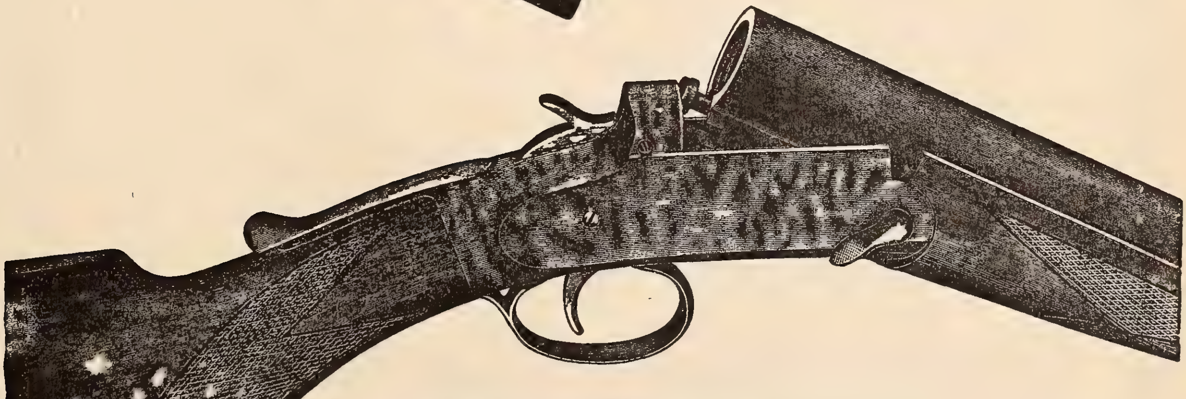
THERE ARE MORE

# DAVENPORT SINGLE GUNS

**SOLD**  THAN ANY OTHER MAKE



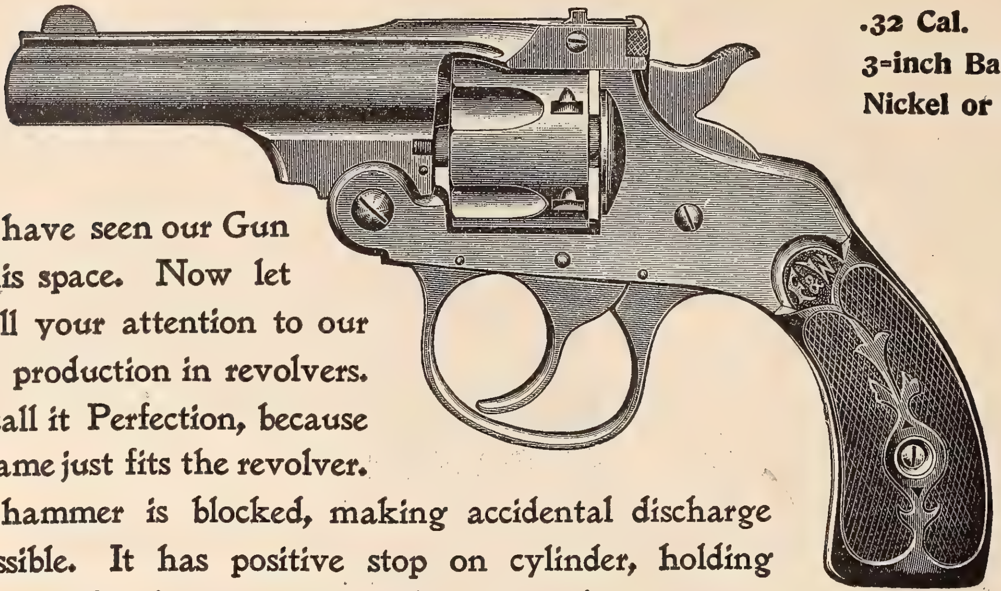
They have merit, are well made, and shoot well.

Our single shot gun, with AUTOMATIC EJECTOR, is the most popular gun of this kind on the market.

Send for new catalogue of single guns and rifles.

**THE W. H. DAVENPORT FIRE ARMS CO., Norwich, Conn.**

# "PERFECTION AUTOMATIC"



**.32 Cal.**
**3-inch Barrel**
**Nickel or Blue**

You have seen our Gun in this space. Now let us call your attention to our latest production in revolvers. We call it Perfection, because the name just fits the revolver. The hammer is blocked, making accidental discharge impossible. It has positive stop on cylinder, holding the same firmly in position when in pocket. Weight only 12 ozs., and 10 ozs. in bicycle size.

No better pistol at any price. This retails at $4.00.

**Forehand Arms Co.** WORCESTER MASS.

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# In Your Excitement

while bait-fishing, did you ever try to reel your "bob" or float through the rings . . . and lose your fish? Perhaps. Let us give you a tip:—The Bristol Automatic Fishing Line Float is a new wrinkle—*taking care of itself*, and having serious objections to allowing you any such liberties as the aforesaid. Made by the same people who manufacture the celebrated Bristol Steel Fishing Rods, a full description and cuts of same may be found in their Catalogue "R." Send for it.

The Horton Manufacturing Co., Bristol, Conn.

Mention RECREATION.

# FINE GUNS

**All the Prominent ENGLISH and AMERICAN MAKES**

Scott's, Westley-Richards, Purdey, Lang, Colt, Parker,
Smith, Lefever, Etc., Etc.

OTHER GUNS TAKEN IN TRADE

# SWEDISH LEATHER JACKETS

Soft and pliable as kid. Not shrunk or injured by water. A complete protection to sportsmen or any exposed to cold or wet. For horseback riding, driving, or walking in cold weather. Worn under the overcoat, they are a handsome garment and much used. A capital jacket for bicycle use, skating and sleighing.

☞We take the entire product of the manufacturers of above Finest Jackets, and this make cannot be obtained elsewhere in the United States.

**A Quality, of the very finest skin - $18.00**
**A Quality, not as fine, $8.00, $10.00 and $15.00**

Send measurement around chest outside vest. If money is sent with order we will forward free by mail, and, if not satisfactory on receipt, we will return money on return of Jacket. We are already selling many of them. Entirely different from any other make.

☞As there are many different makes of Leather Jackets in the market advertised as finest, etc., mostly made here of common skins, we invite those desiring such to send for one of ours, and if not found superior on examination to any other, it can be returned at our expense or we will refund money.

**WM. READ & SONS, 107 Washington Street, Boston**
Sole American Agents for these Finest Imported Skins

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# Hand-Loaded Shells with..

# Walsrode Powder

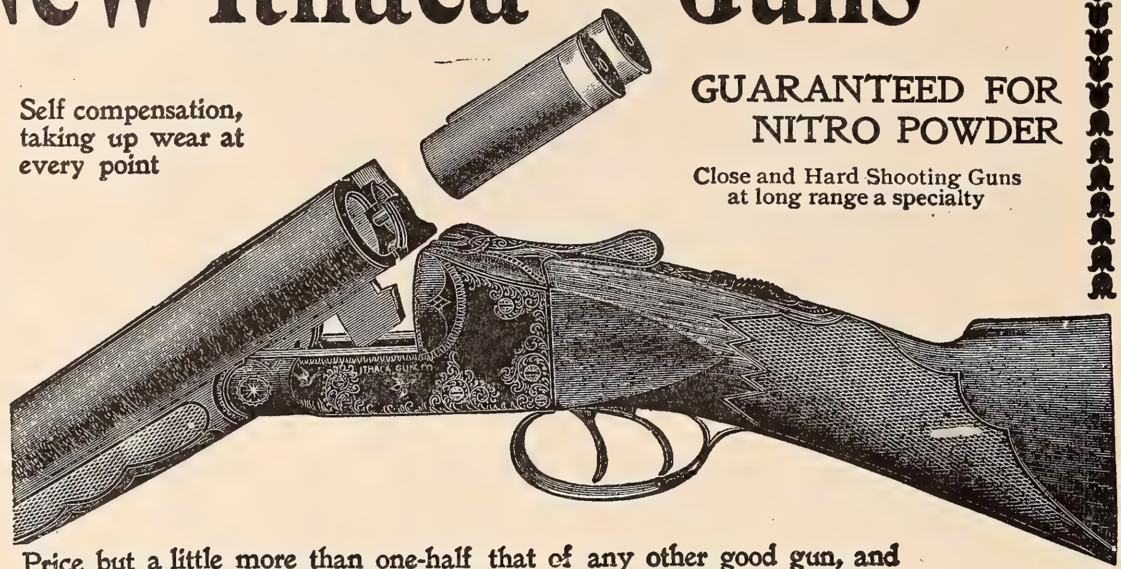
| | | Per 100 | Per 1000 |
|---|---|---|---|
| Climax Shells, | 12g. . . . | $2.25 | $20.00 |
| High Base, | 12g. . . . | 2.50 | 22.50 |
| Acme or Leader, | 12g. . . . | 2.75 | 25.00 |
| Special Imported, | 12g. . . . | 3.50 | 30.00 |

*IF ONCE TRIED YOU WILL USE NO OTHER*

**Schoverling, Daly & Gales,** 325 BROADWAY
NEW YORK

...Agents for DALY GUNS...

New Ithaca Guns



Self compensation, taking up wear at every point

GUARANTEED FOR NITRO POWDER

Close and Hard Shooting Guns at long range a specialty

Price but a little more than one-half that of any other good gun, and warranted in the most positive terms, shooting included

ITHACA GUN COMPANY, ITHACA, N. Y.

Send for circular and ask for special prices
Mention RECREATION

Manufacturers of fine Hammer and Hammerless Guns

**For Sale:** Live Buffalo, Elk, Mountain Sheep, Antelope, Mule Deer, Wolves; Black, Brown, Cinnamon and Grizzly Bears. Prompt and careful shipments.

Hunting and tourist parties outfitted and guided at reasonable rates. Expert guides always employed.

References: Arthur Brown, Supt., Philadelphia Zoo; E. M. Bigelow, Chief, Dept. of Parks, Pittsburgh, Pa.; W. T. Hornaday, Director, N. Y. Zoo Garden and G. O. Shields, Editor RECREATION.

Address Howard Eaton, Medora, N. D.

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Schoverling, Daly & Gales, 315 Broadway, New York, announce that they are now sole New York agents for the Mauser hunting rifle. This will be interesting news to many people who have been reading of the remarkable killing power of this weapon.

---

"What kind of a cat is that, Johnnie?" "That's a long range cat, sir." "Why long range?" "'Cause she's a Mauser!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

---

Received the Manhattan camera and think myself more than paid for the 12 names I sent you. Ed. Stein, Richmond, Ind.

---

Husband—How do you like the view?
Wife (with ecstacy)—Oh, I am speechless.
Husband—I shall stay and build a house.
—Tit-Bits.

Success to RECREATION. Wish it came weekly instead of monthly. Your little game hog gun is a dandy. Please send me one, but of much larger bore, full choke, to use on a party of hunters who insisted on killing pet squirrels from the trees in a good old neighbor's yard. Each man was fined $1.50. Are they men, tame hogs, or game hogs?

Quails are plentiful, owing to a large grain crop. Sportsmen can find good shooting, anywhere near here, on line of railroad. No room for game hogs.

E. G. Steele, Rock Hill, S. C.

---

Received gun from Ithaca people and have been trying and showing it ever since. The shooting qualities are all right; also the way it is put up and fits. Every subscriber is well pleased with RECREATION and I am more than pleased with my prize.

W. M. Barrett, East Windsor, Pa.

---

I am much pleased with the gramophone, and surprised to get so good an instrument for the small number of 25 subscribers. I shall start soon to get another club.

O. W. Middaugh, Elmira, N. Y.

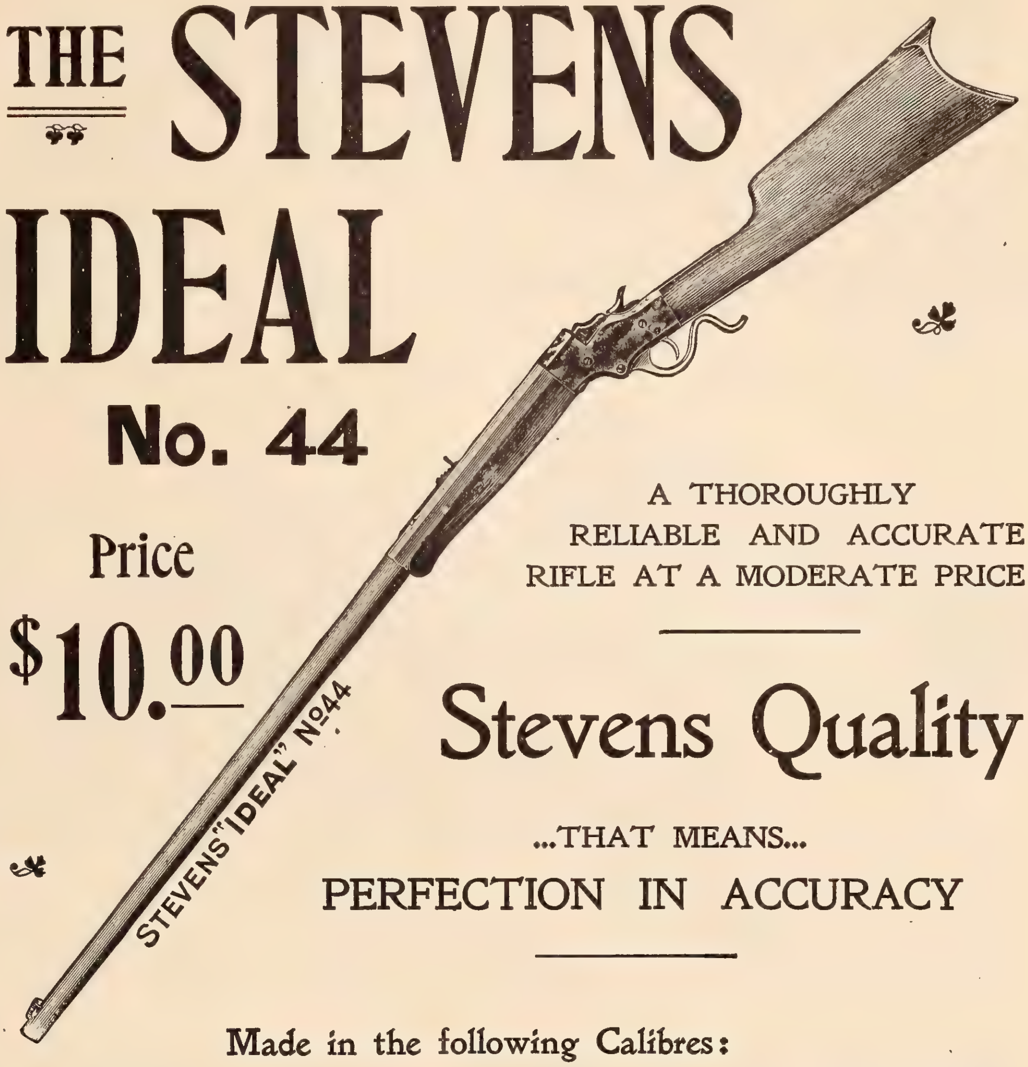
---

Received the flag to-day. It is a beauty, and in the name of the club I thank you heartily for it.

Oscar Cobb, Long Branch, N. J.

# THE STEVENS IDEAL

## No. 44



Price

$10.00

A THOROUGHLY
RELIABLE AND ACCURATE
RIFLE AT A MODERATE PRICE

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## Stevens Quality·

...THAT MEANS...
PERFECTION IN ACCURACY

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Made in the following Calibres:

.22 Long-Rifle R. F., .25 Stevens R. F., and .32 Long R. F. Standard length of barrel for rim-fire cartridges, 24 inches. Weight, 7½ pounds.

.25-20 Stevens C. F., .32-40 C. F., .38-55 C. F., and .44-40 C. F. Standard length of barrel for centre-fire cartridges, 26 inches. Weight, 7¾ pounds.

Half-octagon barrel, oiled walnut stock and fore-arm, rifle butt, case-hardened receiver, sporting rear and Rocky Mountain front sight.

Also for such cartridges as .25-21 Stevens, .25-25 Stevens, .32-20, .32 Ideal, .38-40, etc., $12 List.

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*Our new 80-page catalogue is sent free
on receipt of stamps for postage*

## J. STEVENS ARMS & TOOL CO.

P. O. Box 444,
CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS.

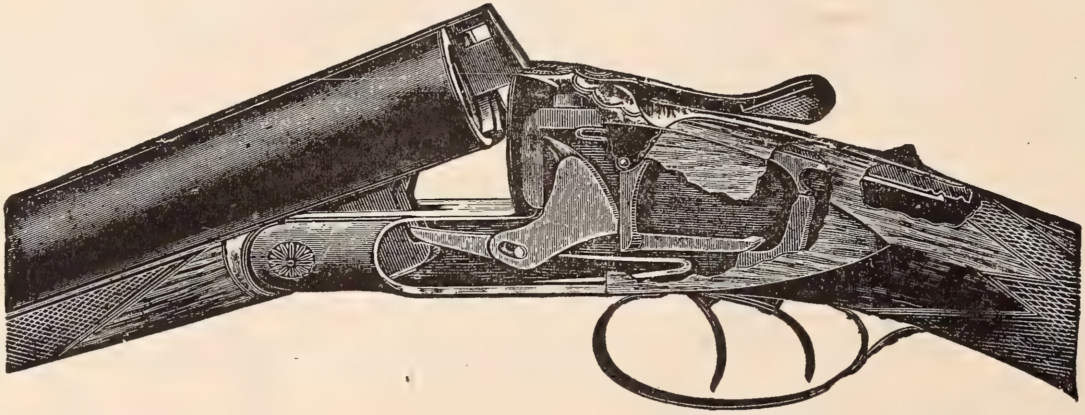
*For Field or for Trap,*
*For Pot Hunting or Fun,*
*No Sportsman is Equipped*
*Without a Syracuse Gun*

**"More Truth Than Poetry"**

WE DO NOT SAY THAT

# Syracuse Hammerless Guns

"ARE AS GOOD" AS ANY GUN IN THE MARKET



THEIR simplicity of construction and superiority of finish stamp them "BETTER" for practical all-round work than any gun in the market. The "old, old story" but, nevertheless, substantiated by every man who ever drew a Syracuse to his shoulder.

*Here is what men say of the Syracuse who are using it . . .*

I promised to tell you exactly what I thought of the SYRACUSE HAMMERLESS GUN you sent me, after having given it a thorough trial. I spent two weeks in Minnesota, during October, and as the chickens and ducks were wild, had an excellent opportunity to test the killing qualities of this gun. I killed as often and as far, with my 12-gauge SYRACUSE, as those of our party who were shooting more expensive 8 and 10-gauge guns, and which required, or at least used, nearly double the ammunition. I am satisfied I shall never own a better gun, for the money, than the SYRACUSE. I can heartily recommend it to all who want a moderate-priced, yet good, close, hard-shooting gun.

HARRY A. BEAVER, Cadillac, Mich.

Accept my thanks for the valuable little SYRACUSE HAMMERLESS GUN. The shooting qualities of the SYRACUSE, and its neat appearance, cannot be beaten by any gun I ever saw, for the money.

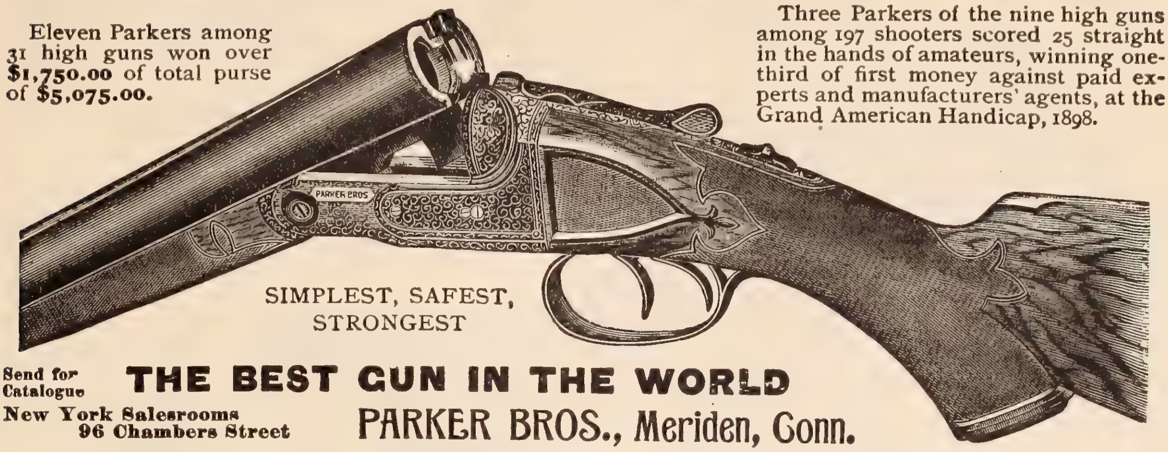
CHARLES L. BIGART, Dunmore, Pa.

SYRACUSE ARMS COMPANY
SYRACUSE, N. Y., U. S. A.

## THE OLD RELIABLE PARKER GUN AGAIN AT THE FRONT!

Eleven Parkers among 31 high guns won over **$1,750.00** of total purse of **$5,075.00.**

Three Parkers of the nine high guns among 197 shooters scored 25 straight in the hands of amateurs, winning one-third of first money against paid experts and manufacturers' agents, at the Grand American Handicap, 1898.



SIMPLEST, SAFEST,
STRONGEST

**THE BEST GUN IN THE WORLD**

**Send for Catalogue**

**New York Salesrooms
96 Chambers Street**

PARKER BROS., Meriden, Conn.

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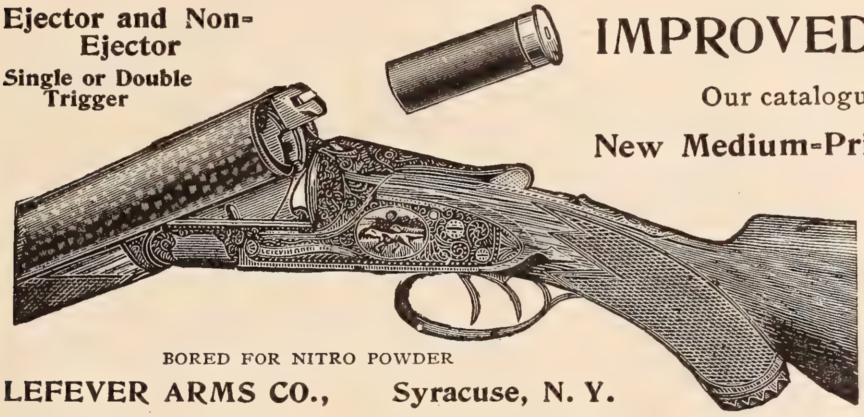
## You are not up to date **unless you have seen the**

## IMPROVED LEFEVER

**Ejector and Non-Ejector**

**Single or Double Trigger**



Our catalogue describes our

**New Medium-Price Hammerless**

**This New Trap and Field Gun** meets the requirements of sportsmen who desire a first-class and reliable gun but are not prepared to buy our higher grades.

BORED FOR NITRO POWDER

**LEFEVER ARMS CO., Syracuse, N. Y.**

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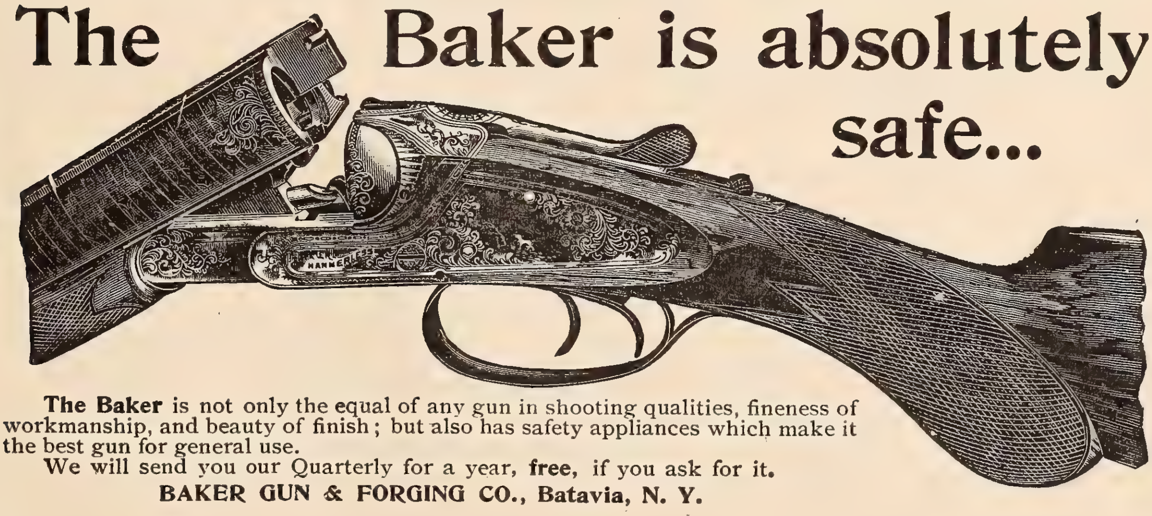
## The Baker is absolutely safe...



**The Baker** is not only the equal of any gun in shooting qualities, fineness of workmanship, and beauty of finish; but also has safety appliances which make it the best gun for general use.

We will send you our Quarterly for a year, **free**, if you ask for it.

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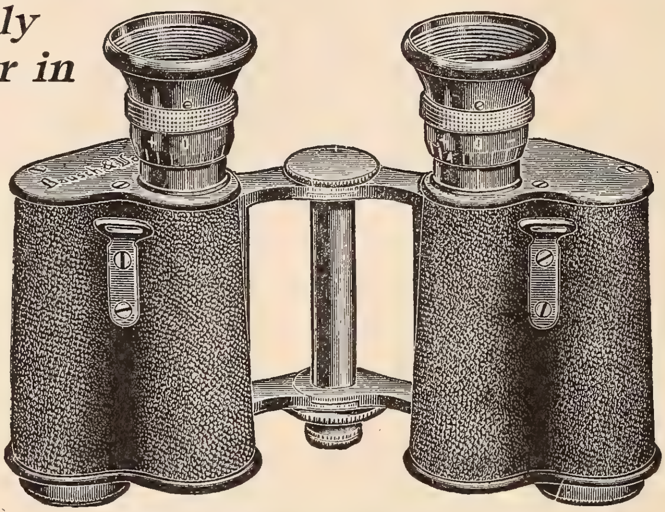

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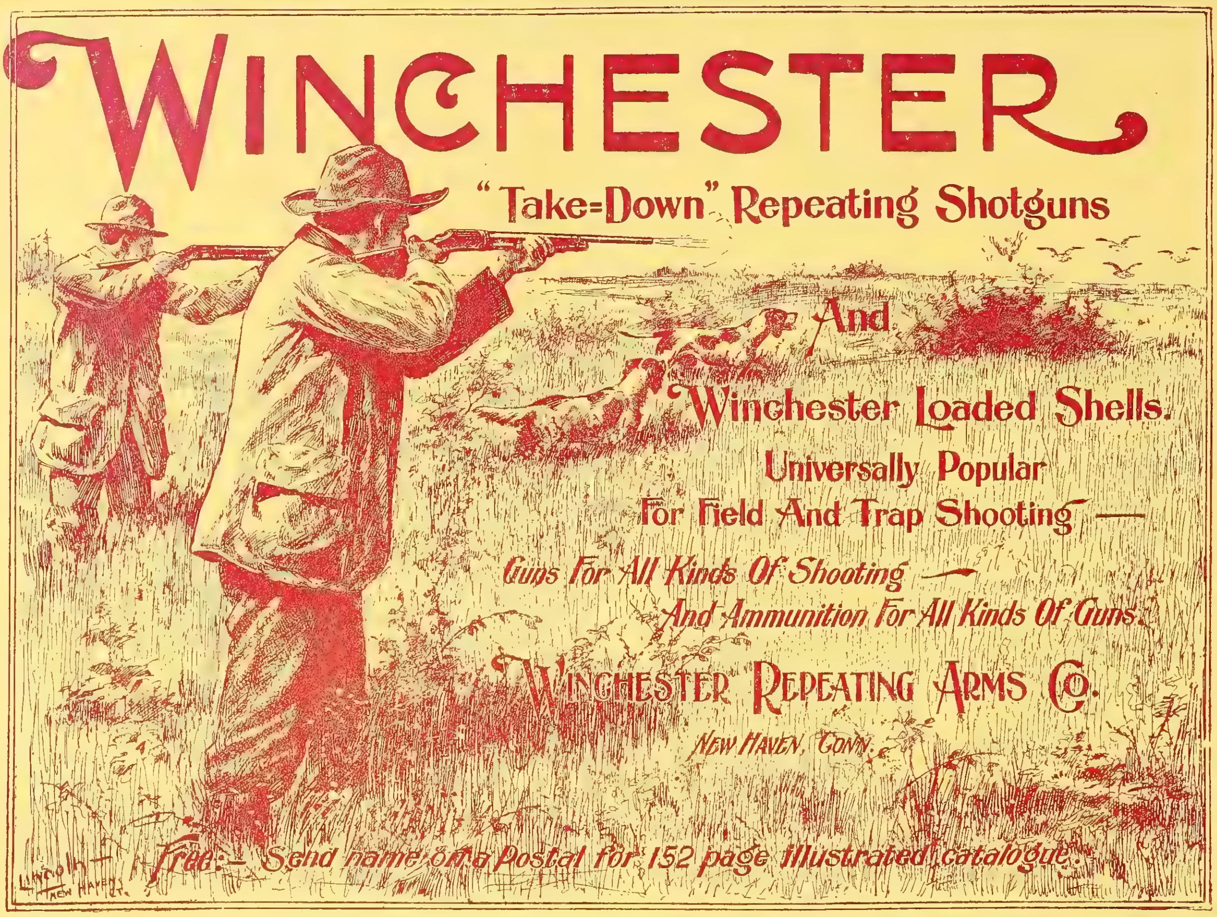

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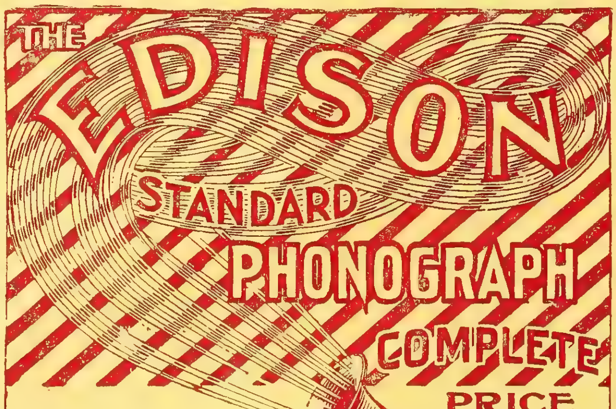

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